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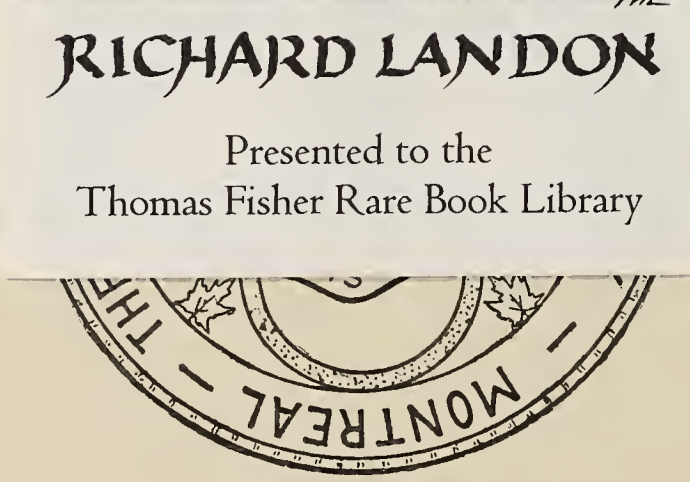

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JANUARY, 1897, TO JUNE, 1897

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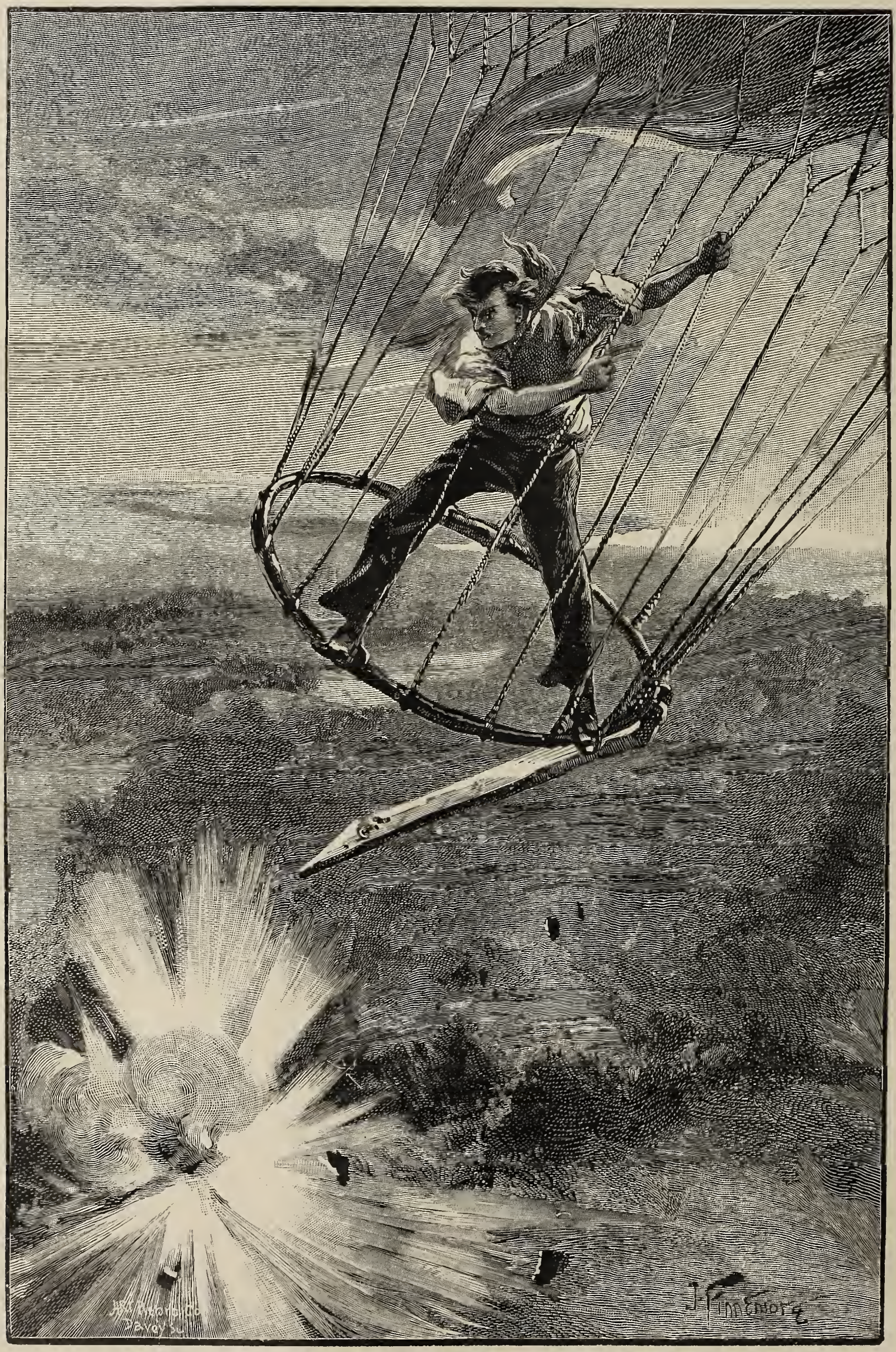

"IN MID-AIR THE MACHINE EXPLODED."

(*See page* 15.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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The Adventures of a Man of Science.

By L. T. Meade and Clifford Halifax, M.D.

VII.—A RACE WITH THE SUN.

IT was in the spring of 1895 that the following apparently unimportant occurrence took place. I returned home somewhat late one evening, and was met by my servant, Silva, with the words:—

"A lady, sir—a nun, I think, from her dress—is waiting for you in your study."

"What can she want with me?" I asked. I felt annoyed, as I was anxious to get to work on some important experiments.

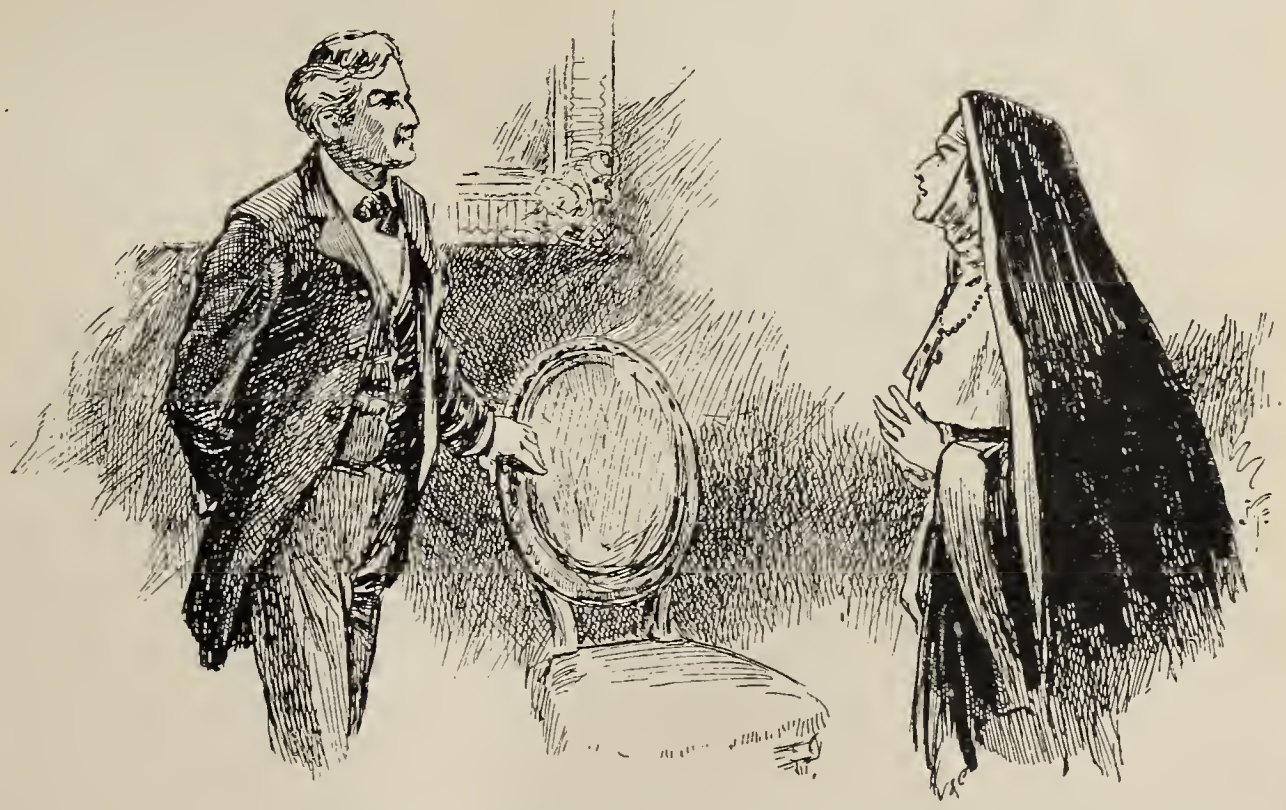
"She is very anxious to have an interview with you, sir—she called almost immediately after you had gone out, and said if I would allow her she would wait to speak to you, as her mission was of some importance. I showed her into the study, and after a quarter of an hour she rang the bell, and desired me to tell you that she would not wait now, but would call again later. She left the house, but came back about ten minutes ago. I did not like to refuse her, and——"

"Quite right, Silva; I will see to the matter," I answered.

I went straight to the study, where a bright, young-looking woman, in the full costume of a nun of the Church of Rome, started up and came forward to meet me. She made a brief apology for intruding upon me, and almost before I could reply to her, plunged into the object of her visit. It so happened that she knew a young man in whom I was interested, having come across him when in hospital—she confirmed my views with regard to him—told me a subscription was being got up for his benefit, and asked if I would contribute towards it. I gave her two sovereigns—she expressed much gratitude, and speedily left the house.

At this time I was lecturing in several quarters, and did not give another thought to such an apparently uninteresting event. In the autumn of the same year, however, I was destined to recall it with vivid and startling distinctness.

During the special autumn I was, as I fondly hoped, approaching the *magnum opus* of my life—I was in a fair way to the discovery of a new explosive which would put gunpowder, dynamite, and all other explosives completely in the shade. It was to be smokeless, devoid of smell, and also of such a nature that it would be impossible for it to ignite except when placed in certain combinations. Its propelling power would be greater than anything in existence; in short, if it turned out what I dreamed, it would be



"SHE MADE A BRIEF APOLOGY FOR INTRUDING UPON ME."

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a most important factor in case of war, and of immense use to England as a nation. Giddy hopes often throbbed in my head as I worked over it.

My experiments were progressing favourably, but I still wanted one link. Try as I would I could not obtain it. No combinations that I attempted would produce the desired result, and in much vexation of spirit I was wondering if, after all, the secret of my life would never reveal itself, when on a certain afternoon Silva opened the door of my laboratory and announced two visitors. This was an unusual thing for him to do, and I started up in surprise and some involuntary annoyance. A tall man had entered the room—he was dark, with the swarthy complexion of a gipsy ; his eyes were small, closely-set, and piercing ; he had a long beard and a quantity of thick hair falling in profusion round his neck. Immediately following him was a little man, in every sense of the word his antitype. He was thin and small, clean-shaven, and with a bald head. The two men were total strangers to me, and I stood still for a moment unable to account for this intrusion. The elder of the two came forward with outstretched hands.

"Pardon me," he said, "I know I am intruding. My name is Paul Lewin—this is my friend, Carl Kruse. We have had the pleasure of listening to your lecture at the Royal Society, and have taken these unceremonious means of forcing ourselves upon you, for you are the only man in England who can do what we want."

"Pray, sit down," I said to them both. I hastily cleared two chairs, and my uninvited guests seated themselves. Lewin's face seemed fairly to twitch with eagerness, but Kruse, on the contrary, was very quiet and calm. He was as immovable in expression as his companion was the reverse. The elder man's deep-set eyes flashed ; he looked me all over from head to foot.

"You are the only person who can help us," he repeated, breathing quickly as he spoke.

"Pray explain yourself," I said to him.

"I will do so, and in a few words. Mr. Kruse and I heard you lecture in the early part of last summer. From hints you let drop it became abundantly clear to us both that you were in the pursuit of a discovery which has occupied the best part of both our lives. We are in a difficulty which we believe that you can explain away. We had hoped not to ask you for any assistance, but time is precious—any moment you may perfect your most interesting experiments. In that case the patent and the honour would be yours, and we should be out of it. Now, we don't want to be out of it, and we have come here to ask you frankly if you will co-operate with us."

I felt the warm blood rushing into my face.

"I don't understand you," I said ; "to what discovery do you allude?"

"To that of the great new explosive," said Kruse.

I sprang to my feet in ill-suppressed excitement.

"You must be making a mistake," I said. "I have not breathed a word of the matter over which I am engaged to a living soul."

"You dropped hints at your lecture, which made it plain to us that you and we were on the same track," said Kruse. "But, here, I can prove the matter." He took a note-book hurriedly out of his pocket and began to read from it.

I listened to him in dismay and astonishment. There was not the least doubt that these men were working on my own lines—nay, more, that their intelligence was equal to my own, and it was highly probable that they would be first in the field.

"The fact is this," said Lewin : "my friend and I have been really working with you step by step. While you have been perfecting your great explosive in your London laboratory, we have been conducting matters on a larger and freer scale in our more extensive laboratories off the Cornish coast. The solitude of our place, too, enables us to test our explosive in the open air. Now, we know exactly the point to which you have come, and your present difficulty is"—he dropped his voice to a semi-whisper—"you are trying to combine certain gases to produce a certain result. Now, we have discovered what you want, but our explosive is still far from perfect, owing to the instability of nitrogen chloride"—he dropped his voice again.

"You can help us," he said, abruptly ; "I see by your face that you have certain information which will be valuable to us. Now we, on our side, have information which will be of immense benefit to you. Will you join us in the matter? You have but to name your own price."

I could not help staring at Lewin in astonishment—he started impatiently from his seat.

"This is the state of the case, sir," he continued : "our lives have been spent over this matter—it is a great work—a magnificent

discovery; it is nearly complete. When absolutely completed we intend to offer it to the German Government for something like a million sterling—but there is a probability that you may be first in the field. If you patent your discovery before ours, we are done men. Will you be content to work with us, or"—he stopped, his face was crimson, his eyes seemed to start from his head.

"My friend is right," said Kruse, "but he is far too excitable: I have told him so over and over. We know of your discovery, Mr. Gilchrist; we believe that you can help us, and we know that we can help you. We are working on the same lines. The discovery of this new explosive means money, a very large fortune, and fame. Now, we don't mean to resign our own share in this without a struggle, but we are satisfied to go hand in glove with you. Will you visit us in Cornwall and help us with our experiment? We will impart to you gladly what we know, on condition that you in your turn give us information. You thus see that between us the discovery is complete; without our united efforts it may be a very long time before it is ready for use. Let us go shares in the matter."

"WILL YOU BE CONTENT TO WORK WITH US?"

"I am not working at this thing for money," I said. "I am an unmarried man, and have as much money as I need. When my discovery is complete I shall offer it to the English Government—they can do what they please with it—my reward will be the gain which it will give to my country. This is a time of peace, but on all hands men are armed to the teeth. The discovery of this explosive, if it means all that I hope it may mean, will be a most important factor in case of war."

Kruse laughed somewhat nervously.

"We are not so quixotic as you are," he said; "I have a wife, and my friend, Lewin, has large claims upon him which make it essential that he should make money where he can. Now, will you come to terms or not? The fact is this, our knowledge is indispensable to you, your knowledge is indispensable to us—shall we go shares or not?"

I thought for a little. I had begun by being much annoyed with my strange visitors, but now, in spite of myself, I was interested. They not only knew what they were talking about, but they had something to sell, which I was only too willing to buy.

"Can I look at your notes for a moment?" I said to Kruse.

He immediately handed me his note-book. I glanced over what he had written down—his statements were clear and to the point. There was no doubt that he and his companions were working on identical lines with myself.

"I cannot give you an answer immediately," I said; "your visit has astonished me; the knowledge that you and I are working at a similar discovery has amazed me still more Will you call upon me again to-morrow? I may then be in a position to speak to you."

They rose at once, Lewin with ill-suppressed irritation, but Kruse quietly.

The moment I was alone I gave myself up to anxious thought. It was impossible to pursue any further investigations that day, and, leaving the laboratory, I spent the rest of the evening in my study. At night I slept little, and on the following morning had resolved to make terms with the Cornish men. They both arrived at ten o'clock, accompanied now by a pretty young woman, whom Kruse introduced as his wife. The moment I saw her face I was puzzled by an intangible likeness to somebody else—she

was fair-haired, and, I had little doubt, had German blood in her veins—her eyes were large and blue, and particularly innocent in expression—her mouth was softly curved; she had pretty teeth and a bright smile—she was like thousands of other women, and yet there was a difference. I felt certain that she was not a stranger to me, but where and under what possible circumstances I had met her before was a mystery which I could not fathom. She apologized in a pretty way for forcing herself into my presence, but told me she was really as much interested in the discovery as her husband and friend, and as the matter was of the utmost importance, had insisted on coming with them to visit me to-day.

Having asked my guests to be seated, I immediately proceeded to the subject of their visit.

"I have thought very carefully over this matter," I said, "and perceive that it may be best in the end for us to come to a mutual arrangement, but I can only do so on the distinct understanding that if this explosive is completed it is not to be offered to a foreign nation, except in the event of the English Government refusing it. That is extremely unlikely, as, if it is perfected on the lines which I have sketched out in my mind, it will be too valuable for us as a nation to lose. I am willing, gentlemen," I continued, "to help you with my knowledge, provided you allow a proper legal document to be drawn up, in which each of us pledges the other that we will take no steps with regard to the use of the explosive or the surrendering our rights in it, but with the concurrence of all three. My lawyer can easily prepare such a document, and we will all sign it. On those terms and those alone I am willing to go with you."

Lewin looked by no means satisfied, but Kruse and his wife eagerly agreed to everything that I suggested.

"It is perfectly fair," said Mrs. Kruse, speaking in a bright, crisp voice; "we give you something—you give us something. When the explosive is complete we go shares in the matter. We are willing to sign the document you speak of. Is it not so, Carl?"

"Certainly," said her husband. "Mr. Gilchrist's terms are quite reasonable."

Lewin still remained silent.

"I have nothing else to suggest," I said, looking at him.

"Oh, I am in your hands," he said then; "the fact is, the thing that worries me is having to offer this to England. I am not a patriot in any sense of the word, and I believe Germany would give us more for it."

"My terms are absolute," I repeated. "I am rather nearer to perfect discovery than you are, and the matter must drop, and we must both take our chances of being first in the field, if you do not agree to what I suggest."

"I am in your hands," repeated the man. "When the legal document is drawn up I am willing to sign it."

"And now," said Mrs. Kruse, coming forward and pushing back the fluffy hair from her forehead, "you will immediately arrange to come to us in Cornwall, will you not, Mr. Gilchrist?"

"Certainly," I replied, "and the sooner the better, for if this thing is to be completed, we have really no time to lose. I can go to Cornwall the day after to-morrow, and bring my lawyer's document with me."

"That will do, capitally," said Mrs. Kruse—"we ourselves go home to-night—we are greatly obliged to you. This is our address." She took out her card-case as she spoke, extracted a card, and hastily scribbled some directions on the back.

"Our place is called Castle Lewin," she said—"it is situated on the coast not far from Chrome Ash—the country around is very wild, but there is a magnificent view and some splendid cliffs. Your nearest station is Chrome Ash. Our carriage shall meet you there and bring you straight to Castle Lewin."

"You had best take an early train," said Lewin, "that is, if you want to arrive in time for dinner. A good train leaves Paddington at 5.50 in the morning. I am sorry we are asking you to undertake so long a journey."

"Pray do not mention it," I answered; "I am quite accustomed to going about the country, and think nothing of a few hours on the railway."

"We will expect you the day after to-morrow," said Mrs. Kruse; "we are greatly obliged to you. I am quite sure you will never repent of the kindness you are about to show us." She held out her hand frankly, her blue eyes looked full into mine. Again I was puzzled by an intangible likeness. Where, when, how had I met the gaze of those eyes before? My memory would not supply the necessary link. I took the hand she offered, and a few moments later my guests had left me alone.

I went out at once to consult my lawyer and to tell him of the curious occurrence

which had taken place. He promised to draw up the necessary document, and begged of me to be careful how far I gave myself away.

"There is no doubt that the men are enthusiastic scientists," I said. "It is plainly a case of give and take, and I believe I cannot do better than go shares with them in the matter."

Mr. Scrivener promised that I should have the terms of agreement in my possession that evening, and I returned home.

The next day I made further preparations for my Cornish visit, and on the following morning, at an early hour, took train from Paddington to Chrome Ash. The season of year was late October, and as I approached the coast I noticed that a great gale was blowing seawards. I am fond of Nature in her stormy moods, and as I had the compartment to myself, I opened the window and put out my head to inhale the breeze.

I arrived at Chrome Ash between five and six in the evening. Twilight was already falling and rain was pouring in torrents. It was a desolate little wayside station, and I happened to be the only passenger who left the train. A nicely appointed brougham and a pair of horses were waiting outside, and with her head poked out of the window, looking eagerly around, I saw the pretty face of Mrs. Kruse.

"Ah, you have come; that is good," she said. "I determined to meet you myself. Now, step in, won't you? I have brought the brougham, for the night is so wild. We have a long drive before us, over ten miles—I hope you won't object to my company."

I assured her to the contrary, and seated myself by her side. As I intended to return to town on the following day, I had only brought my suitcase with me. This was placed beside the driver, and we started off at a round pace in the direction of Castle Lewin.

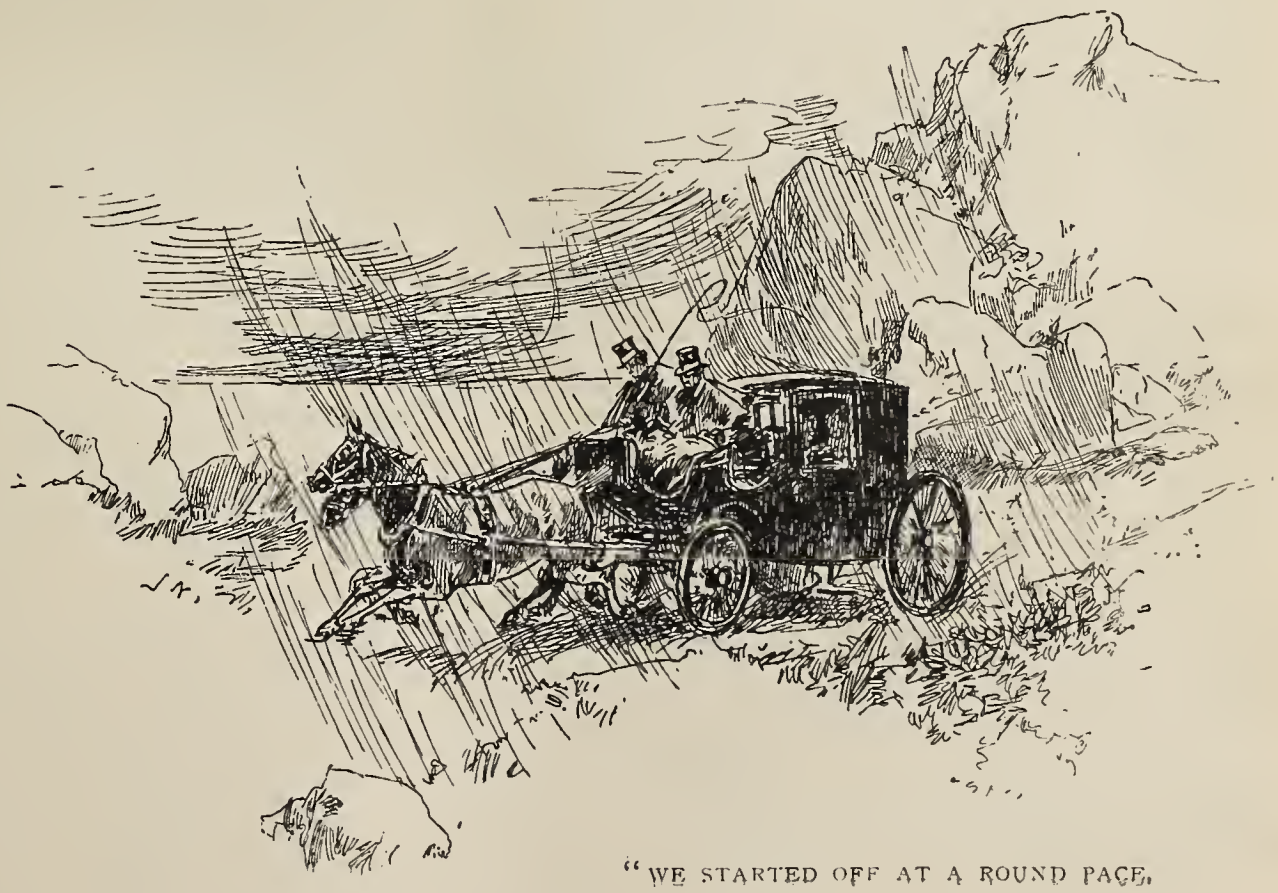
To get to this out-of-the-way part of the country we had to skirt the coast, and the wind was now so high that the horses had to battle against it. The roads were in many places unprotected, and less surefooted beasts might have been in danger of coming to grief as they rounded promontories and skirted suspicious-looking landslips.

The drive took over an hour, and long before we reached Castle Lewin darkness enveloped us. But at last we entered a long avenue, the horses dashed forward, the carriage made an abrupt turn, and I saw before me an old-fashioned, low house with a castellated roof and a tower at one end. We drew up before a deep porch, a manservant ran down some steps, flung open the door of the brougham, and helped Mrs. Kruse to alight.

"See that Mr. Gilchrist's luggage is taken to his room," she said, "and please tell your master and Mr. Lewin that we have returned. Come this way, please, Mr. Gilchrist."

She led me into a square and lofty hall, the walls of which were decorated with different trophies of the chase. The floor was of oak, slippery and dark with age, and although the evening was by no means cold, a fire burned on the hearth at one side of the room. The fire looked cheerful, and I stepped up to it not unwillingly.

"From the first of October to the first of May I never allow that fire to go out," said the young hostess, coming forward and rubbing her hands before the cheerful blaze. "This, as I have told you, Mr. Gilchrist, is a solitary place, and we need all the home comforts we can get. I am vexed that my husband is not in to receive you—but, ah! I hear him." She started and listened attentively.



"WE STARTED OFF AT A ROUND PACE.

A side door which I had not before noticed opened, and Kruse and his extraordinary dark companion both entered the room. They were accompanied by a couple of pointers, and were both dressed in thick jerseys and knickerbockers. Kruse offered me his hand in a calm, nonchalant manner, but Lewin, who could evidently never check his impetuosity, came eagerly forward, grasped my hand as if in a vice, and said, with emphasis :—

"We are much obliged to you, Mr. Gilchrist—welcome to Castle Lewin I am sorry the night is such a bad one, or, late as it is, we might have had a walk round the place before dinner."

"No, no, Paul," said Mrs. Kruse, "you must not think of taking Mr. Gilchrist out again—he has had a long railway journey and a tiring drive, and would, I am sure, like to go to his room now to rest and dress for dinner."

"I will show you the way," said Kruse.

He took me up a low flight of stairs —we turned down a corridor, and he threw open the door of a pleasant, modern-looking bedroom. A fire blazed here also, the curtains were drawn at the windows, and the whole place looked cheery and hospitable. My host stepped forward, stirred up the fire to a more cheerful blaze, put on a log or two, and telling me that dinner would be announced by the sounding of a gong, left me to my own meditations.

I stood for a short time by the fire, and then proceeded to dress. By-and-by the gong sounded through the house, and I went downstairs into the hall. The pointers were lying in front of the fire, and a great mastiff had now joined their company. The mastiff glanced at me out of two bloodshot eyes, and growled angrily as I approached. I am always fond of dogs, and, pretending not to notice the creature's animosity, patted him on his head. He looked up at me in some astonishment ; his growls ceased ; he rose slowly on his haunches, and not only received my caresses favourably, but even went the length of rubbing himself against my legs. At this moment Mrs. Kruse, in a pretty evening dress, tripped into the hall.

"Ah, there you are," she said, "and I see Demoniac has made friends with you. He scarcely ever does that with anyone."

At this instant Lewin and Kruse entered the hall. I gave my arm to Mrs. Kruse, and we went into the dining-room. During dinner the gale became more tempestuous, and Kruse and his wife entertained me with tales of shipwreck and disaster.

The cloth was removed, and an old mahogany table, nearly black with age and shining like a looking-glass, reflected decanters of wine and a plentiful dessert.

"Pass the wine round," said Lewin. "Pray, Mr. Gilchrist, help yourself. I can recommend that port. It has been in bins at Castle Lewin since '47, and is mellow enough to please any taste."

So it was, being pale in colour and apparently mild and harmless as water. I drank a couple of glasses, but when the bottle was passed to me a third time, refused any more.

"I never exceed two glasses," I said, "and perhaps as we have a good deal to do and to see——"

"I understand," said Mrs. Kruse, who was still seated at the table. "We will have coffee brought to us in my husband's study ; shall we go there now?" She rose as she spoke, and we followed her out of the room. We crossed the hall, where the fire still smouldered on the hearth, and entered a large, low-ceiled room at the opposite side. Here lamps were lit, and curtains drawn ; the place looked snug and cheerful.

"We may as well look over your document before we repair to the laboratories, Mr. Gilchrist," said Kruse. "I gather from what you said in town that you do not care to impart any of your knowledge to us until we have signed the agreement."

"I have brought it with me," I answered ; "with your permission I will go and fetch it."

I left the room, went up to my bedroom, took my lawyer's hastily-prepared agreement from its place in my suit-case, and returned to the study. As I did so, the following words fell upon my ears :—

"It will be the third cup, Carl—you will not forget?"

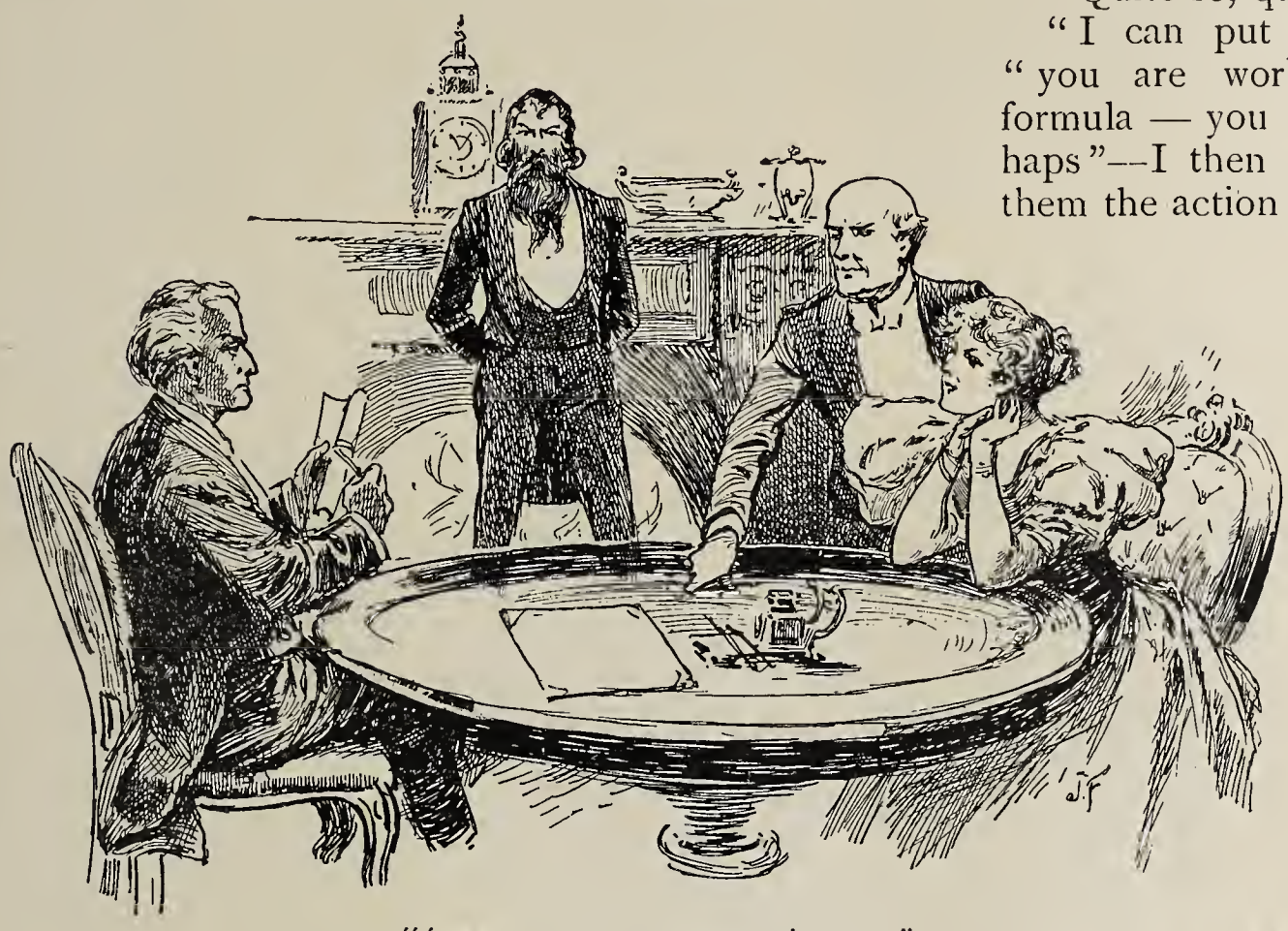
I could not hear Kruse's reply, but the words uttered by his wife struck on my ears for a fleeting moment with a sense of curiosity—then I forgot all about them. The full meaning of that apparently innocent sentence was to return to me later.

Lewin, who was standing on the hearth with his hands behind him, motioned me to a chair. Mrs. Kruse sat down by the table —she leant her elbows on it, revealing the pretty contour of her rounded arms, her eyes were bright, her cheeks slightly flushed—she certainly was a very pretty young woman ; but now, as I gave her a quick, keen glance, I observed for the first time a certain hardness round the lines of her mouth, and also a steely gleam in the blue of her eyes which made me believe it just possible that she

might have another side to her character. As I looked at her she returned my gaze fully and steadily—then raising her voice she spoke with some excitement.

"Carl," she said, "Mr. Gilchrist is ready, and we have no time to lose. Remember that to-night, if all goes well, we perfect the great explosive. Now, then, to work."

"Here is the agreement," I said, taking the lawyer's document out of its blue envelope—"will you kindly read it? We can then affix our signatures, and the matter is arranged."



"'HERE IS THE AGREEMENT,' I SAID."

Kruse was the first to read the document. I watched his eyes as they travelled with great speed over the writing. Then he drew up his chair to the table, and dipped his pen in ink preparatory to signing his signature.

"Hold a moment," I said; "we ought to call in a servant to witness this."

A slightly startled look flitted across Mrs. Kruse's face, but after an instant's hesitation she rose and rang the bell.

The footman appeared—he watched us as we put our names at the end of the paper, and then added his own signature underneath. When he had left the room Kruse spoke.

"Now that matter is settled," he said, "and we can set to work. You know, I think, Mr. Gilchrist, exactly how far we have gone." Here he produced his pocket-book and began to read aloud.

I listened attentively—Mrs. Kruse and Lewin stood near—I noticed that Mrs. Kruse breathed a little quicker than usual; her breath seemed now and then to come from her body with a sort of pant.

"At this point we are stuck," said Kruse, pulling up short; "we have tried every known method, but we cannot overcome this difficulty."

"And for the success of the experiment," I interrupted, "it is almost an initial knowledge."

"Quite so, quite so," said Lewin.

"I can put you right," I said; "you are working with a wrong formula — you do not know, perhaps"—I then began to explain to them the action of a substance as yet never used in the combination in which I had worked it. I was interrupted in my speech by Kruse.

"Anna," he said, "get paper. Write down slowly and carefully every word that Mr. Gilchrist says. Now, then, sir, we are ready to listen. Are you all right, Anna?"

"Quite," she answered.

I began to explain away the main difficulty. Mrs. Kruse wrote down my words one by one as they fell from my lips. Now and then she raised her eyes to question me, and her use of technical terms showed me that she was completely at home with the subject.

"By Jove! Why did we not think of that for ourselves?" said Lewin, interlarding his remark with a great oath.

"We are extremely obliged to you, Mr. Gilchrist," said Kruse. "This sweeps away every difficulty, the discovery is complete."

"Complete? I can scarcely believe it," said Mrs. Kruse.

At this moment the servant entered with coffee; it was laid on the table, and we each took a cup.

"You told me," I said, when I had drained off the contents of the tiny cup which had been presented to me, "that you have failed in this initial difficulty, and yet you have conquered in a matter which baffles me." I then named the point beyond which I could not get.

"Yes, we certainly know all about that," said Kruse.

"You will give me your information?"

"Of course, but the best way of doing so is by showing you the experiment itself."

"That will do admirably," I replied.

"If you are ready we will go now," said Mrs. Kruse.

She started up as she spoke, and led the way.

We left the study, and, going down some passages, found ourselves in the open air. We were now in a square yard, surrounded on all sides by buildings. Lewin walked first, carrying the lantern. Its light fell upon an object which caused me to start with surprise. This was nothing less than a balloon about twenty feet in diameter, which was tied down with ropes and securely fastened to an iron ring in the pavement. It swayed to and fro in the gusts of wind.

"Halloa!" I cried, in astonishment, "what is this?"

"Our favourite chariot," answered Mrs. Kruse, with a laugh. "Wait a moment, Paul, won't you? I want to show our balloon to Mr. Gilchrist. Is it not a beauty?" she added, looking in my face.

"I do not see any car," I replied.

"The car happens to be out of order. You do not know, perhaps, Mr. Gilchrist, that I am an accomplished aeronaut. I do not think I enjoy anything more than my sail in the air. It was only last Monday——"

"My dear Anna, if you get on that theme we shall not reach the laboratories to-night," interrupted her husband. "This way, please, Mr. Gilchrist."

He opened a door as he spoke, and I found myself in a large laboratory fitted up with the usual appliances.

Kruse and his companion, Lewin, began to show me round, and Mrs. Kruse stood somewhere near the entrance.

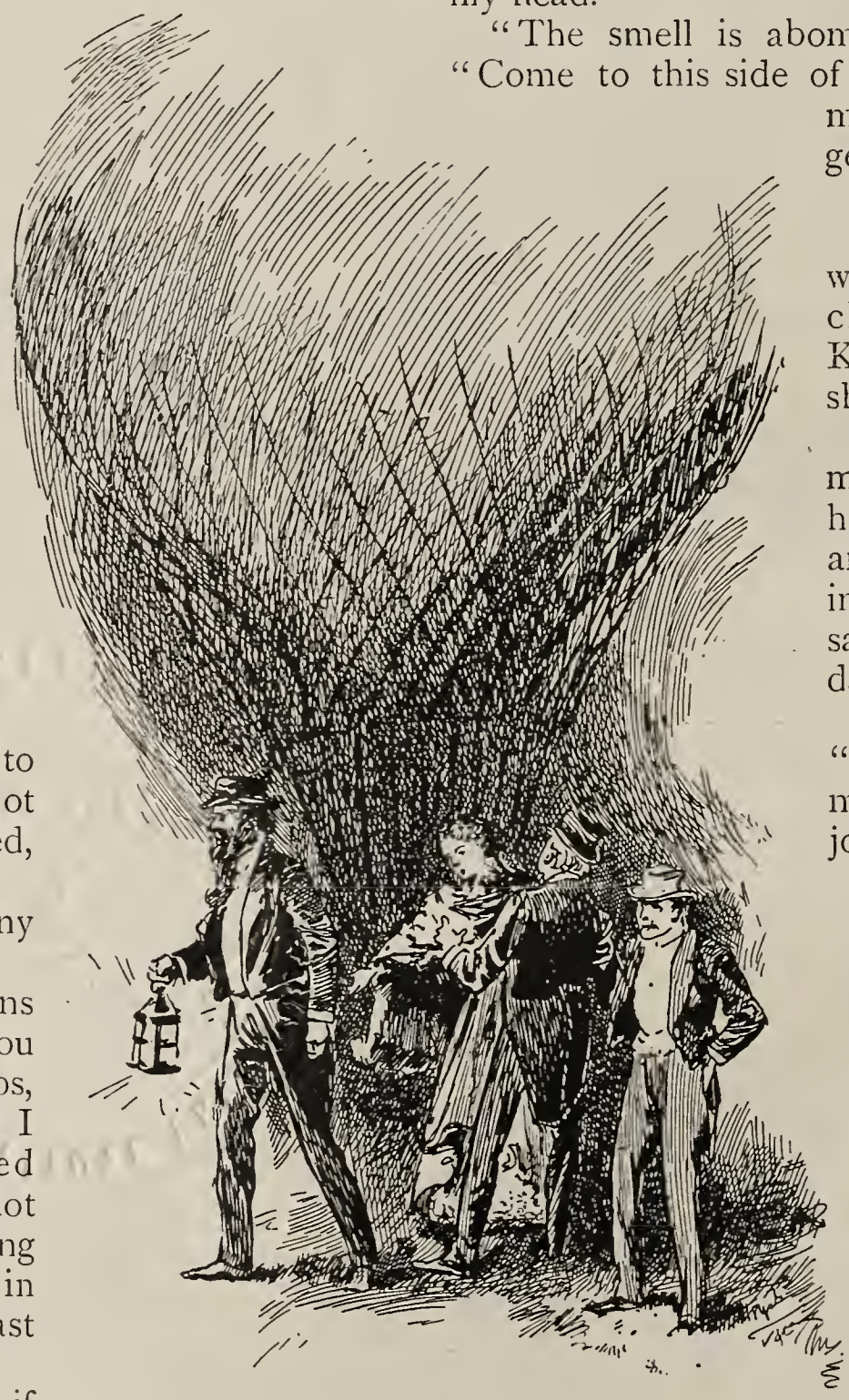
The laboratory was full of a very disagreeable smell—Kruse remarked on this, and began to explain it away.

"We were making experiments until a late hour this afternoon," he said, "with some isocyanides, and as you are aware, the smell from such is almost overpowering, but we thought it would have cleared away by now."

"I hope you don't mind it?" said Lewin.

"I know it well, of course," I answered, "but it has never affected me as it does now. The fact is, I feel quite dizzy." As I spoke I reeled slightly and put my hand to my head.

"The smell is abominable," said Kruse. "Come to this side of the laboratory; you may be better if you get nearer the door."



"HALLOA! WHAT IS THIS?"

I followed my host.

"What is the matter with you, Mr. Gilchrist?" said Mrs. Kruse, the moment she looked at my face.

"It is those fumes, my dear," said her husband; "they are affecting Mr. Gilchrist in a curious way—he says he feels quite dazed."

"I do," I answered. "My head is giddy; it may be partly the long journey."

"Then I tell you what," said the wife, in an eager voice, "you shall not be worried with any more experiments to-night. The best thing you can do is to go straight to bed, and then in the morning the laboratory will be fresh and wholesome. Carl and Paul Lewin will experiment for you in the morning to your heart's content."

"Yes, really it is the best thing to do," said Kruse.

I sank down on a bench.

"I believe you are right," I said.

My sensations puzzled me not a little.

When I entered the laboratory I was full of the keenest enthusiasm for the moment when Kruse and his companion should sweep away the last obstacle towards the perfecting of the grand explosive—now it seemed to me that I did not care whether I ever learned their secret or not. The explosive itself and all that it meant might go to the bottom of the sea as far as I was concerned. I only longed to lay my throbbing and giddy head on my pillow.

"I will take your advice," I said. "It is quite evident that in my tired state these fumes must be having a direct and poisoning effect upon me."

"Come with me," said Kruse; "you must not stay a moment longer in this place."

I bade Mrs. Kruse and Lewin good-night, and Kruse, conducting me through the yard where the balloon was fastened, took me to my bedroom. The fire burned here cheerfully—the bed was turned down, the snowy sheets and befrilled pillows seemed to invite me to repose. I longed for nothing more in all the world than to lay my head on my pillow.

"Good-night," said Kruse—he held out his hand, looking fixedly at me as he spoke. The next moment he had left the room.

I sank into a chair when he was gone, and thought as well as I could of the events of the evening, but my head was in such a whirl that I found I could not think consecutively. I threw off my coat and, without troubling to undress, lay down and fell into a deep and dreamless slumber.

"Have you got the hydrogen and chlorine ready?"

These words, whispered rapidly, fell upon my ears with distinctness. They did not disturb me, for I thought they were part of a dream; I had a curious unwillingness to open my eyes or to arouse myself—an unaccountable lethargy was over me, but I felt neither frightened nor unhappy. I knew that I was on a visit to Lewin and Kruse in Cornwall, and I believed myself to be lying on the bed where I had fallen into such heavy slumber some hours ago. I felt that I had slept very deeply, but I was unwilling to awake yet, or stir in any way. It is true I heard people bustling about, and presently a vessel of some kind fell to the floor with a loud clatter. A woman's voice said, "Hush, it will arouse him," and then a man made a reply which I could not catch. My memory went on working calmly and steadily. I recalled how the evening had been passed—the signing of the document—the balloon in the yard, the horrible smell in the laboratory. Then I remembered as if I heard them over again Mrs. Kruse's words when I returned to the study, "*It will be the third cup.*" What did she mean? Why should I be bothered with this small memory now? I never wanted to sleep as I did at this moment—I had never felt so unaccountably, so terribly drowsy.

"I hope that noise did not wake him," said a voice which I knew was no echo of memory, but a real voice—I recognised it to be that of Mrs. Kruse.

"He is right enough," replied her husband. "I gave you enough narceine to put into his coffee to finish off a stronger and a bigger man—don't worry. Yes, Lewin, I will help you in a moment to carry him into the yard."

"The storm is getting less," said Mrs. Kruse. "Be quick. Oh, surely he is dead!" she added.

"If not dead, all but," replied her husband. "I tell you I gave him a stiff dose—he never moved nor uttered a sigh when we took him from his bedroom."

Lethargic as I undoubtedly was, these last words had the effect of making me open my eyes. I did so, blinking with the stupor which was oppressing me. I stared vacantly round me. Where was I?—what had happened? My limbs felt as if weighted with lead, and I now experienced for the first time since I had heard the voices an unaccountable difficulty in stirring them. I tried to raise my hand, and then I was conscious of a hideous pang—the knowledge flashed across me that I was bound hand and foot. I was, then, the victim of foul play—but, good God! what? What awful discovery had I just made? My memory was becoming quite active, but my whole body felt numbed and dulled into a lethargy which almost amounted to paralysis. Making a great effort, I forced myself to turn my head. As I did so a woman's face peered down into mine. It was the face of my hostess, Mrs. Kruse. She turned quickly away.

"He is not dead," I heard her whisper; "he is coming to."

At that moment I knew where I was—I was lying on the floor of the laboratory. How had I got there—what was about to happen? I found my voice.

"For God's sake, what is the matter?" I cried; "where am I? Is that you, Mrs. Kruse? What has happened?"

The moment I spoke, Mrs. Kruse stepped behind me, so that, bound as I was, I could no longer see her face or figure. The light

in the laboratory was very dim, and just then the huge form of Lewin came between me and it. He bent over me, and, putting his hand under my shoulders, lifted me to a sitting posture—at the same moment Kruse took hold of my feet. In that fashion, without paying the slightest attention to my words, they carried me into the yard where the balloon was fastened. The contact with the open air immediately made me quite wide awake, and a fear took possession of me which threatened to rob me of my reason.

"What are you doing? Why am I bound in this fashion? Why don't you speak?" I cried.

They were dumb, as though I had not uttered a word. I struggled madly, writhing in my bonds.

"Mrs. Kruse," I cried out, "I know you are there. As you are a woman, have mercy; tell me what this unaccountable thing means. Why am I tied hand and foot? If you really mean to kill me, for God's sake put me out of my misery at once."

"Hold your tongue, or I'll dash your brains out," said the ruffian Lewin. "Anna, step back. Now, Carl, bring the ropes along."

As the brute spoke he flung me with violence upon a plank, which ran across the iron hoop to which the meshes of the great balloon were attached. I struggled to free myself, but in my bound condition was practically powerless.

"What are you doing? Speak; tell me the worst," I said. I was gasping with terror, and a cold sweat had burst out in every pore.

"If you want to know the worst, it is this: you are going to carry your secret to the stars," said Lewin. "Not another word, or I'll put an end to you on the spot."

As he spoke he and his companion began to lash me firmly to the plank. My hands, which were already tied together round the wrists, were drawn up over my head and fastened securely by means of a rope to one end of the plank; my feet were secured in a similar manner to the other. Just at this instant a sudden bright flash of lightning lit up the yard, and I caught sight of a large dumb-bell-shaped glass flask, and also what appeared to be a tin canister. These Kruse held in his hand and proceeded, with Lewin's assistance, to fasten round the *outer* side of the plank, just under where I was lying. They were kept in their places by an iron chain. As soon as this operation was over Lewin began to slash away at the ropes which kept the balloon in the yard. I now found myself lying stretched out flat, unable to move a single inch, staring up at the great balloon which towered above me. It was just at that supreme moment of agony, amid the roaring of the gale, that Mrs. Kruse, coming softly behind me, whispered something in my ear.

"I give you one chance," she said; "the loop which binds your hands to the plank is single." She said nothing more, but stepped back.

The next instant, amid a frightful roar of thunder, the balloon was lifted from its moorings and shot up into the night. As it

"HE AND HIS COMPANION PROCEEDED TO LASH ME TO THE PLANK."

cleared the buildings the full force of the gale caught it, and I felt myself being swept up with terrible velocity into the very heart of the storm. Blinding flashes of lightning played around me on every side, while the peals of thunder merged into one continuous, deafening roar. Up and up I flew, with the wind screaming through the meshes of the net-work and threatening each moment to tear the balloon to fluttering ribbons. Then, almost before I was aware of it, I found myself gazing up at a wonderful, star-flecked firmament, and was drifting in what seemed to be a breathless calm. I heard the thunder pealing away below me, and was conscious of bitter cold. The terrible sense of paralysis and inertia had now, to a great extent, left me, and my reason began to re-assert itself. I was able to review the whole situation. I not only knew where I was, but I also knew what the end must be.

"Hydrogen and chlorine," I muttered to myself. "The dumb-bell-shaped glass vessel which is fastened under the plank contains, without doubt, these two gases, and the tin canister which rests beneath them is full of nitro-glycerine." Yes, I knew what this combination meant. *When the first glint of the sun's rays struck upon the glass vessel it would be instantly shattered. The nitro-glycerine would explode by the concussion, and the balloon and I myself would be blown into impalpable dust beyond sight or sound of the earth.*

This satanic scheme for my destruction had been planned by the fiends in human shape who had lured me to Cornwall. Having got my secret from me, they meant to destroy all trace of my existence. The deadly poison of narceine had been introduced into my coffee. I knew well the action of that pernicious alkaloid, and now perceived that the smell in the laboratory had nothing whatever to do with my unaccountable giddiness and terrible inertia. Narceine would, in short, produce all the symptoms from which I had suffered, and would induce so sound and deadly a sleep that I could be moved from my bed without awakening. Yes, the ruffians had made their plans carefully, and all had transpired according to their wishes. There was absolutely no escape for me. With insane fury I tore at my bonds. The ropes only cut into the flesh of my hands, that was all.

The storm had now passed quite out of hearing, and I found myself in absolute stillness and silence. I was sailing away to my death at the dawn of day. So awful were the emotions in my breast that I almost wished that death would hasten in order to end my sufferings. Why had not the hydrogen and chlorine exploded when I was passing through the storm? Why had the lightning not been merciful enough to hurry my death? Under ordinary circumstances they would certainly have combined if they had been subjected to so much actinic light. I could not account for my escape, until I suddenly remembered that in all probability the stop-cock between the two gases in the dumb-bell-shaped glass had only been turned just when the balloon was sent off, in which case the gases would not have had time to diffuse properly for explosion.

At the dawn or day the deadly work would be complete. The question now was this—how long had I to live, and was there any possible means of escape?

The action of the drug had now nearly worn off, and I was able to think with acuteness and intelligence. I recalled Mrs. Kruse's strange parting words, "The loop which binds your hands to the plank is single." What did she mean? After all, it was little matter to me how I was bound, for I could not stir an inch. Nevertheless, her words kept returning to me, and suddenly as I pondered over them I began to see a meaning. The loop was single. This, of course, meant that the cord was only passed once round the rope straps which secured my wrists together. I nearly leapt as I lay upon my hard and cruel bed, for at this instant a vivid memory returned to me. Years ago I had exposed a spiritualist who had utilized a similar contrivance to deceive his audience. His wrists had been firmly tied together, and then a single loop was passed between them, and fastened to a beam above his head. He had been able to extricate himself by means of a clever trick. I knew how he had done it. Was it possible that my murderous hosts had tied my hands to the plank in a similar manner? If so, notwithstanding their sharpness, what an oversight was theirs!

In desperate excitement I began to work the cord between my wrists up and up between my palms until I could just reach it with my little finger, and by a supreme effort slipped it over my left hand. Great God, I was free! I could now move my hands, although they were still tightly tied together round the wrists. In frantic despair I began to tug and tear at the cords which bound them. Cutting hard with my teeth, I at last managed to liberate my hands, and then my next intention was to unfasten the horrible

explosive from the plank. Here, however, I was met by what seemed to be an insuperable difficulty. The glass vessel and the tin canister had been secured round the plank by means of a chain, which was lashed in such a manner that by no possible means could I undo it. I was now free to move, but the means of destruction were still close to me. How long had I before the sun would rise? Even now the light in the heavens was getting stronger and stronger. What should I do? My hands were free and I could sit up. In another moment I had managed to untie the cords from my legs. And then, with many a slip and struggle, I contrived to clamber up the network till I came to the balloon itself, when I set to work to tear at the silk with my nails and teeth like a man possessed. After almost superhuman efforts, I managed to make a very small hole in the silk. This I enlarged first with my finger and then with my whole hand, tearing away the silk in doing so till I had made a huge rent in the side of the balloon. As soon as this happened, I knew that the balloon would slowly, but surely, begin to descend. The question now was this: how soon would the sun rise? Perhaps in an hour, but I thought sooner. The murderous explosive was so secured to the plank that there was not the smallest chance of my getting rid of it. My one and only chance of life was to reach the ground before the sun got up. If this did not happen, I should be blown to atoms.

"I MADE A HUGE RENT IN THE SIDE OF THE BALLOON."

The stars were already growing faint in the heavens, and, sitting on the plank, holding the meshes of the balloon on either side, I ventured to look below me. I saw, with a slight feeling of relief, that the wind must have changed, for, instead of being blown seawards, as was doubtless the intention of my murderers, I had gone a considerable way inland. I could see objects, trees, villages, solitary houses dotted in kaleidoscope pattern beneath me—it seemed to me as I gazed that the world was coming up to meet me. Each moment the trees, the houses, assumed more definite shape. Within a quarter of an hour I saw that I was only about six hundred feet from a large park into which I was descending.

A grey, pearly tint was now over everything—this, moment by moment, assumed a rose hue. I knew by past experience that in five minutes at the farthest the sun would rise, and striking its light across the glass vessel would hurl me into eternity. In an agony of mind, I once more directed all my attention to the terrible explosive. I knew that in this fearful race between me and the sun, the sun must win unless I could do something—but, what? That was the question which haunted me to the verge of madness. I was without my coat, having been lashed on to the plank in my shirt, or I might have tried to cover the dumb-bell glass from the fatal light. The feasibility of breaking the glass vessel, and so allowing the gases to escape, also occurred to me for an instant, but I was afraid to try it—first, because I had only my fists to break it with; and second, if I did, the blow might explode the nitro-glycerine. Suddenly I uttered a shout which was almost that of a crazy person. What a fool I was not to have noticed it before—there *was* a means of deliverance. By no possible method could I unfasten the iron chain which secured the infernal machine to the plank, but the plank itself might be unshipped. I observed that it was secured to the iron hoop by thick and clumsy knots of rope. With all the speed I could muster, for seconds were now precious, I gently worked the chain

along the plank till it and the infernal machine had reached one end. I noticed with joy that here the chain was loose, as the plank was thinner. Seating myself on the hoop and clinging to the meshes with one hand, I tore and tugged away at the knots which secured the plank with the other. Merciful God! they were giving way! In another instant the plank fell, hanging to the hoop at the opposite side, and as it did so, the infernal machine slipped from the free end and fell.

I was now within 300ft. of the earth, and, clinging for bare life to the meshes of the balloon, I looked below. There was a sudden flash and a deafening roar. In mid-air, as it fell, the machine exploded, for the sun had just risen. In another moment my feet had brushed the top of a huge elm tree, and I found myself close to the ground. Seizing the opportunity of open space I sprang from the balloon, falling heavily on the wet grass.

The instant I left it, the balloon, relieved from my weight, shot up again into space, and was lost to view behind the trees. I watched it disappear, and then consciousness forsook me.

I was picked up by a game-keeper, who conveyed me to his own cottage, where I was well and carefully nursed, for the exposure and shock which I had undergone induced a somewhat severe illness. When the fever which had rendered me delirious abated, my memory came fully back, and I was able to give a faithful and circumstantial account of what had occurred to a neighbouring magistrate. Immediately on hearing my story, the superintendent of police in London was telegraphed to, and a detachment of his men went to Castle Lewin, but they found the place absolutely deserted. My would-be murderers had beyond doubt received news of my miraculous escape and had decamped.

I have only one thing more to say. On my return to London, amongst a pile of letters which awaited me, was one which I could not peruse without agitation; it ran as follows:—

"I SPRANG FROM THE BALLOON."

"You acted on my hint, and have escaped truly as if by a miracle. We are about to leave the country, and you will in all probability never hear anything of us again. But it gives me pleasure even in this crucial moment to let you know how easily you can be duped. Have you ever guessed how we got possession of that secret which was all yours and never ours? Do you recall the lady who, dressed as a nun, came to see you about six or seven months ago? You believed her story, did you not? May I give you one word of warning? In future, do not leave your alphabetically arranged note-books in a room to which strangers may possibly have access. Farewell."

Life on a Greenland Whaler.

By A. Conan Doyle.

From a] Capt. D. Gray. Mr L. Smith. Dr. C. Doyle. Capt. J. Gray. G. W. Walker. Dr. Neale. [*Photograph*

ON THE QUARTER-DECK

IT has been my good fortune to have an experience of a life which is already extinct, for although whale-ships, both English and American, still go to Davis' Strait, the Greenland fishing—that is, the fishing in the waters between Greenland and Spitzbergen—has been attended with such ill-fortune during the last ten years that it has now been abandoned. The *Hope* and the *Eclipse*, both of Peterhead, were the last two vessels which clung to an industry which was once so flourishing that it could support a fleet of a hundred sail; and it was in the *Hope*, under the command of the well-known whaler, John Gray, that I paid a seven months' visit to the Arctic Seas in the year 1880. I went in the capacity of surgeon, but as I was only twenty years of age when I started, and as my knowledge of medicine was that of an average third year's student, I have often thought that it was as well that there was no very serious call upon my services.

It came about in this way. One raw afternoon in Edinburgh, whilst I was sitting reading hard for one of those examinations which blight the life of a medical student, there entered to me a fellow-student with whom I had some slight acquaintance. The monstrous question which he asked drove all thought of my studies out of my head.

"Would you care," said he, "to start next week for a whaling cruise? You'll be surgeon, two pound ten a month and three shillings a ton oil money."

"How do you know I'll get the berth?" was my natural question.

"Because I have it myself. I find at this last moment that I can't go, and I want to get a man to take my place."

"How about an Arctic kit?"

"You can have mine."

In an instant the thing was settled, and within a few minutes the current of my life had been deflected into a new channel.

In little more than a week I was in Peterhead, and busily engaged, with the help of the steward, in packing away my scanty belongings in the locker beneath my bunk on the good ship *Hope*. And this, my first appearance aboard the ship, was marked by an absurd incident. In my student days boxing was a favourite amusement of mine, for I had found that when reading hard one can compress more exercise into a short

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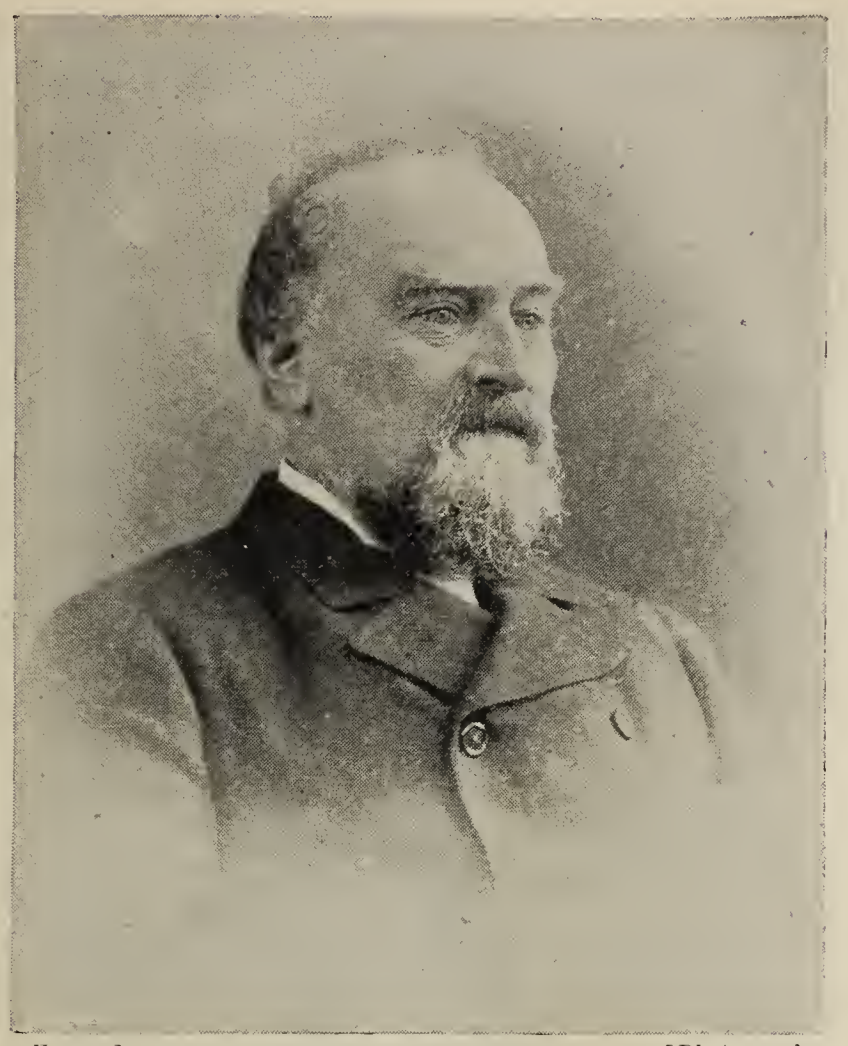
time in this way than in any other. Among my belongings therefore were two pairs of battered and discoloured gloves. Now, it chanced that the steward was a bit of a fighting man, so when my unpacking was finished, he, of his own accord, picked up the gloves and proposed that we should then and there have a bout. I don't know whether Jack Lamb still lives—but if he does I am sure that he remembers the incident. I can see him now, blue eyed, yellow-bearded, short but deep-chested, with the bandy legs of a very muscular man. Our contest was an unfair one, for he was several inches shorter in the reach than I, and knew nothing about sparring, although I have no doubt he was a formidable person in a street row. I kept propping him off as he rushed at me, and at last, finding that he was determined to bore his way in, I had to hit him out with some severity. An hour or so afterwards, as I sat reading in the saloon, there was a murmur in the mate's berth, which was next door, and suddenly I heard the steward say, in loud tones of conviction: "So help me, Colin, he's the best surrr-geon we've had! He's blackened my e'e!" It was the first (and very nearly the last) testimonial that I ever received to my professional abilities.



From a] CAPTAIN JOHN GRAY. *[Photograph.*

He was a good fellow, the steward, and as I look back at that long voyage, during which for seven months we never set our feet upon land, his kindly, open face is one of those of which I like to think. He had a very beautiful and sympathetic tenor voice, and many an hour have I listened to it, with its accompaniment of rattling plates and jingling knives, as he cleaned up the dishes in his pantry. He knew a great store of pathetic and sentimental songs, and it is only when you have not seen a woman's face for six months that you realize what sentiment means. When Jack trilled out "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still," or "Wait for Me at Heaven's Gate, Sweet Belle Mahone," he filled us all with a vague, sweet discontent, which comes back to me now as I think of it. As to his boxing, he practised with me every day, and became a formidable opponent — especially when there was a sea on, when, with his more experienced sea-legs, he could come

From a] THE "HOPE." *[Photograph.*

charging down with the heel of the ship. He was a baker by trade, and I dare say Greenland is as much a dream to him now as it is to me.

There was one curious thing about the manning of the *Hope*. The man who signed on as first mate was a little, decrepit, broken fellow, absolutely incapable of performing the duties. The cook's assistant, on the other hand, was a giant of a man, red-bearded, bronzed, with huge limbs, and a voice of thunder. But the moment that the ship cleared the harbour the little, decrepit mate disappeared into the cook's galley, and acted as scullery-boy for the voyage, while the mighty scullery-boy walked aft and became chief mate. The fact was, that the one had the certificate, but was past sailoring, while the other could neither read nor write, but was as fine a seaman as ever lived; so, by an agreement to which everybody concerned was party, they swapped their berths when they were at sea.

COLIN MCLEAN.
From a Photo. by J. Shivas, Peterhead.

Colin McLean, with his six foot of stature, his erect, stalwart figure, and his fierce, red beard, pouring out from between the flaps of his sealing-cap, was an officer by natural selection, which is a higher title than that of a Board of Trade certificate. His only fault was that he was a very hot-blooded man, and that a little would excite him to a frenzy. I have a vivid recollection of an evening which I spent in dragging him off from the steward, who had imprudently made some criticism upon his way of attacking a whale which had escaped. Both men had had some rum, which had made the one argumentative and the other violent, and as we were all three seated in a space of about seven by four, it took some hard work to prevent bloodshed. Every now and then, just as I thought all danger was past, the steward would begin again with his fatuous, "No offence, Colin, but all I says is that if you had been a bit quicker on the fush——" I don't know how often this sentence was begun, but never once was it ended, for at the word "fush" Colin always seized him by the throat, and I Colin round the waist, and we struggled until we were all panting and exhausted. Then when the steward had recovered a little breath he would start that miserable sentence once more, and the "fush" would be the signal for another encounter. I really believe that if I had not been there the mate would have killed him, for he was quite the angriest man that I have ever seen.

There were fifty men upon our whaler, of whom half were Scotchmen and half Shetlanders, whom we picked up at Lerwick as we passed. The Shetlanders were the steadier and more tractable, quiet, decent, and soft-spoken; while the Scotch seamen were more likely to give trouble, but also more virile and of stronger character. The officers and harpooners were all Scotch, but as ordinary seamen, and especially as boatmen, the Shetlanders were as good as could be wished.

There was only one man on board who belonged neither to Scotland nor to Shetland, and he was the mystery of the ship. He was a tall, swarthy, dark-eyed man, with blue-black hair and beard, singularly handsome features, and a curious reckless sling of his shoulders when he walked. It was rumoured that he came from the South of England, and that he had fled thence to avoid the law. He made friends with no one, and spoke very seldom, but he was one of the smartest seamen in the ship. I could believe from his appearance that his temper was Satanic, and that the crime for which he was hiding may have been a bloody one. Only once he gave us a glimpse of his hidden fires. The cook—a very burly, powerful man—the little mate was only assistant—had a private store of rum, and treated himself so liberally to it that for three successive days the dinner of the crew was ruined. On the third day our silent outlaw approached the cook with a brass sauce-

pan in his hand. He said nothing, but he struck the man such a frightful blow that his head flew through the bottom, and the sides of the pan were left dangling round his neck. The half-drunken and half-stunned cook talked of fighting, but he was soon made to feel that the sympathy of the ship was against him, so he reeled back grumbling to his duties, while the avenger relapsed into his usual moody indifference. We heard no further complaints about the cooking.

From a] THE HARPOONING BOAT. *[Photograph.*

There are eight boats on board a whaler, but it is usual to send out only seven, for it takes six men each to man them, so that when the seven are out no one is left on board except the so-called "idlers," who have not signed to do seamen's work at all. It happened, however, that on board the *Hope* the "idlers" were an exceptionally active and energetic lot, so we volunteered to man the eighth boat, and we made it, in our own estimation at least, one of the most efficient both in sealing and in whaling. The steward, the second engineer, the donkey-engine man, and I pulled the oars, with a red-headed Highlander for harpooner, and the handsome outlaw to steer. Our tally of seals stood as high as any; and in whaling we were once the harpooning and once the lancing boat, so our record was an excellent one. So congenial was the work to me, that Captain Gray was good enough to offer to make me harpooner as well as surgeon if I would come with him upon a second voyage, with power to draw the double pay. It is as well that I refused, for the life is such a fascinating one that I could imagine that a man would find it more and more difficult to give it up. Most of the crew are never called upon to do so, for they spend their whole lives in the same trade. There were men on board the *Hope* who had never seen corn growing, for from their boyhood they had always started for the whaling in March and returned in September.

One of the charms of the work is the gambling element which is inherent in it. Every man shares in the profit—so much for the captain, so much for the mate, so much for the seaman. If the voyage is successful, everyone is rich until another spring comes round. If the ship comes home clean, it means a starvation winter for all hands. The men do not need to be told to be keen. The shout from the crow's-nest which tells of the presence of a whale, and the rattle of the falls as the boats are cleared away, blend into one sound. The watch below rush up from their bunks with their clothes over their arms and spring into the boats in that Arctic air, waiting for a chance later for finishing their toilet. Woe betide the harpooner or the boat-steerer who by any clumsiness has missed a fish! He has taken a five-pound note out of the pocket of every meanest hand upon the ship. Black is his welcome when he returns to his fellows.

From a] HARPOON AND GUN. *[Photograph.*

What surprised me most in the Arctic

regions was the rapidity with which you reach them. I had never realized that they lie at our very doors. I think that we were only four days out from Shetland when we were among the drift ice. I awoke of a morning to hear the bump, bump of the floating pieces against the side of the ship, and I went on deck to see the whole sea covered with them to the horizon. They were none of them large, but they lay so thick that a man might travel far by springing from one to the other. Their dazzling whiteness made the sea seem bluer by contrast, and with a blue sky above, and that glorious Arctic air in one's nostrils, it was a morning to remember. Once on one

FLENSING A [WHALE—I.E., CUTTING OFF THE BLUBBER IN LONG STRIPS WHILE THE WHALE IS ALONGSIDE.
From a] [*Photograph.*

of the swaying, rocking pieces we saw a huge seal, sleek, sleepy, and imperturbable, looking up with the utmost assurance at the ship, as if it knew that the close time had still three weeks to run. Further on we saw on the ice the long, human-like prints of a bear. All this with the snowdrops of Scotland still fresh in our glasses in the cabin.

I have spoken about the close time, and I may explain that, by an agreement between the Norwegian and the British Governments, the subjects of both nations are forbidden to kill a seal before the 3rd of April. The reason for this is, that the breeding season is in March, and if the mothers should be killed before the young are able to take care of themselves, the race would soon become extinct. For breeding purposes, the seals all come together at a variable spot, which is evidently pre-arranged among them, and as this place may be anywhere within many hundreds of square miles of floating ice, it is no easy matter for the fisher to find it. The means by which he sets about it are simple but ingenious. As the ship makes its way through the loose ice-streams, a school of seals is observed travelling through the water. Their direction is carefully taken by compass and marked upon the chart. An hour afterwards perhaps another school is seen. This is also marked. When these bearings have been taken several times, the various lines upon the chart are prolonged until they intersect. At this point, or near it, it is likely that the main pack of the seals will be found.

When you do come upon it, it is a wonderful sight. I suppose it is the largest assembly of creatures upon the face of the world—and this upon the open ice-fields hundreds of miles from Greenland coast. Somewhere between 71deg. and 75deg. is the rendezvous, and the longitude is even vaguer; but the seals have no difficulty in finding the address. From the crow's-nest at the top of the main-mast, one can see no end of them. On the furthest visible ice one can still see that sprinkling of pepper grains. And the young lie everywhere also, snow-white slugs, with a little black nose and large, dark eyes. Their half-human cries fill the air; and when you are sitting in the cabin

From a] CUTTING UP WHALE ON BOARD. *[Photograph.*

of a ship which is in the heart of the seal-pack, you would think you were next door to a monstrous nursery.

The *Hope* was one of the first to find the seal-pack that year, but before the day came when hunting was allowed, we had a succession of strong gales, followed by a severe roll, which tilted the floating ice and launched the young seals prematurely into the water. And so, when the law at last allowed us to begin work, Nature had left us with very little work to do. However, at dawn upon the third, the ship's company took to the ice, and began to gather in its murderous harvest. It is brutal work, though not more brutal than that which goes on to supply every dinner-table in the country. And yet those glaring crimson pools upon the dazzling white of the ice-fields, under the peaceful silence of a blue Arctic sky, did seem a horrible intrusion. But an inexorable demand creates an inexorable supply, and the seals, by their death, help to give a living to the long line of seamen, dockers, tanners, curers, triers, chandlers, leather merchants, and oil-sellers, who stand between this annual butchery on the one hand, and the exquisite, with his soft leather boots, or the savant, using a delicate oil for his philosophical instruments, upon the other.

FLENSING AND CUTTING UP BLUBBER ON BOARD.
From a Photograph.

I have cause to remember that first day of sealing on account

of the adventures which befell me. I have said that a strong swell had arisen, and as this was dashing the floating ice together the captain thought it dangerous for an inexperienced man to venture upon it. And so, just as I was clambering over the bulwarks with the rest, he ordered me back and told me to remain on board. My remonstrances were useless, and at last, in the blackest of tempers, I seated myself upon the top of the bulwarks, with my feet dangling over the outer side, and there I nursed my wrath, swinging up and down with the roll of the ship. It chanced, however, that I was really seated upon a thin sheet of ice which had formed upon the wood, and so when the swell threw her over to a particularly acute angle, I shot off and vanished into the sea between two ice-blocks. As I rose, I clawed on to one of these, and soon scrambled on board again. The accident brought about what I wished, however, for the captain remarked that as I was bound to fall into the ocean in any case, I might just as well be on the ice as on the ship. I justified his original caution by falling in twice again during the day, and I finished it ignominiously by having to take to my bed while all my clothes were drying in the engine-room. I was consoled for my misfortunes by finding that they amused the captain to such an extent that they drove the ill-success of our sealing out of his head, and I had to answer to the name of "the great northern diver" for a long time thereafter. I had a narrow escape once through stepping backwards over the edge of a piece of floating ice while I was engaged in skinning a seal. I had wandered away from the others, and no one saw my misfortune. The face of the ice was so even that I had no purchase by which to pull myself up, and my body was rapidly becoming numb in the freezing water. At last, however, I caught hold of the hind flipper of the dead seal, and there was a kind of nightmare tug-of-war, the question being whether I should pull the seal off or pull myself on. At last, however, I got my knee over the edge and rolled on to it. I remember that my clothes were as hard as a suit of armour by the time I reached the ship, and that I had to thaw my crackling garments before I could change them.

From a] WHALE'S PALATE, SHOWING WHALEBONE. *[Photograph.*

This April sealing is directed against the mothers and young. Then, in May, the sealer goes further north; and about latitude 77deg. or 78deg. he comes upon the old male seals, who are by no means such easy victims. They are wary creatures, and it takes good long-range shooting to bag them. Then, in June, the sealing is over, and the ship bears away further north still, until in the 79th or 80th degree she is in the best Greenland whaling latitudes. There she remains for three months or so, and if she is fortunate

From a] A NARWHAL. [*Photograph.*

she may bring back 300 or 400 per cent. to her owners, and a nice little purse full for every man of her ship's company. Or if her profits be more modest, she has at least afforded such sport that every other sport is dwarfed by the comparison.

It is seldom that one meets anyone who understands the value of a Greenland whale. A well-boned and large one as she floats is worth to-day something between two and three thousand pounds. This huge price is due to the value of whalebone, which is a very rare commodity, and yet is absolutely essential for some trade purposes. The price tends to rise steadily, for the number of the creatures is diminishing. In 1880, Captain Gray calculated that there were probably not more than 300 of them left alive in the whole expanse of the Greenland seas, an area of thousands of square miles. How few there are is shown by the fact that he recognised individuals amongst those which we chased. There was one with a curious wart about the size of a beehive upon his tail, which he had remembered chasing when he was a lad on his father's ship. Perhaps other generations of whalers may follow that warty tail, for the whale is a very long-lived creature. How long they live has never been ascertained; but in the days when it was customary to stamp harpoons with the names of vessels, old harpoons have been cut out of whales bearing names long forgotten in the trade, and all the evidence goes to prove that a century is well within their powers.

It is exciting work pulling on to a whale. Your own back is turned to him, and all you know about him is what you read upon the face of the boat-steerer. He is staring out over your head, watching the creature as it swims slowly through the water, raising his hand now and again as a signal to stop rowing when he sees that the eye is coming round, and then resuming the stealthy approach when the whale is end on. There are so many floating pieces of ice, that as long as the oars are quiet the boat alone will not cause the creature to dive. So you creep slowly up, and at last you are so near that the boat-steerer knows that you can get there before the creature has time to dive—for it takes some little time to get that huge body into motion. You see a sudden gleam in his eyes, and a flush in his cheeks, and it's "Give way, boys! Give way, all! Hard!" Click goes the trigger of the big harpoon gun, and the foam flies from your oars. Six strokes, perhaps, and then with a dull, greasy squelch the bows run upon something soft, and you and your oars are sent flying in every direction. But little you care for that, for as you touched the whale you have heard the crash of the gun, and know that the harpoon has been fired point-blank into the huge, lead-coloured curve of its side. The creature sinks like a stone, the bows of the boat splash down into the water again, but there is the little red Jack flying from the centre thwart to show that you are fast, and there is the line whizzing swiftly under the seats and over the bows between your outstretched feet.

And there is the one element of danger—for it is rarely indeed that the whale has spirit enough to turn upon its enemies. The line is very carefully coiled by a special man named the line-coiler, and it is warranted not to kink. If it should happen to do so, however, and if the loop catches the limbs of any one of the boat's crew, that man goes to his death so rapidly that his comrades hardly

know that he has gone. It is a waste of fish to cut the line, for the victim is already hundreds of fathoms deep.

"Haud your hand, mon," cried the harpooner, as a seaman raised his knife on such an occasion. "The fush will be a fine thing for the widdey." It sounds callous, but there was philosophy at the base of it.

This is the harpooning, and that boat has no more to do. But the lancing, when the weary fish is killed with the cold steel, is a more exciting because it is a more prolonged experience. You may be for half an hour so near to the creature that you can lay your hand upon its slimy side. The whale appears to have but little sensibility to pain, for it never winces when the long lances are passed through its body. But its instinct urges it to get its tail to work on the boats, and yours urges you to keep poling and boat-hooking along its side, so as to retain your safe position near its shoulder. Even there, the fin rolled over the other way, and we knew that it was dead. Who would swap that moment for any other triumph that sport can give?

The peculiar other-world feeling of the Arctic regions—a feeling so singular, that if you have once been there the thought of it haunts you all your life—is due largely to the perpetual daylight. Night seems more orange-tinted and subdued than day, but there is no great difference. Some captains have been known to turn their hours right round out of caprice, with breakfast at night and supper at ten in the morning. There are your twenty-four hours, and you may carve them as you like. After a month or two the eyes grow weary of the eternal light, and you appreciate what a soothing thing our darkness is. I can remember as we came abreast of Iceland, on our return, catching our first glimpse of a star, and being unable to take my eyes from it, it seemed

From a] WALRUS ON DECK. *[Photograph.*

however, we found upon this occasion that we were not quite out of danger's way, for the creature in its flurry raised its huge side-flapper and poised it over the boat. One flap would have sent us to the bottom of the sea, and I can never forget how, as we pushed our way from under, each of us held one hand up to stave off that great, threatening fin—as if any strength of ours could have availed if the whale had meant it to descend. But it was spent with loss of blood, and instead of coming down such a dainty little twinkling thing. Half the beauties of Nature are lost through over-familiarity.

Your sense of loneliness also heightens the effect of the Arctic Seas. When we were in whaling latitudes it is probable that, with the exception of our consort, there was no vessel within 800 miles of us. For seven long months no letter and no news came to us from the southern world. We had left in exciting times. The Afghan campaign had been undertaken, and war seemed imminent

with Russia. We returned opposite the mouth of the Baltic without any means of knowing whether some cruiser might not treat us as we had treated the whales. When we met a fishing-boat at the north of Shetland our first inquiry was as to peace or war. Great events had happened during those seven months: the defeat of Maiwand and the famous march of Roberts from Cabul to Candahar. But it was all haze to us; and, to this day, I have never been able to get that particular bit of military history straightened out in my own mind.

The perpetual light, the glare of the white ice, the deep blue of the water, these are the things which one remembers most clearly, with the dry, crisp, exhilarating air, which makes mere life the keenest of pleasures. And then there are the innumerable sea-birds, whose call is for ever ringing in your ears: the gulls, the fulmars, the snow-birds, the burgomasters, the looms, and the rotjes. These fill the air, and below, the waters are for ever giving you a peep of some strange new creature. The commercial whale may not often come your way, but his less valuable brethren abound on every side. The finner shows his ninety feet of worthless tallow, with the absolute conviction that no whaler would condescend to lower a boat for him. The mis-shapen hunchback whale, the ghost-like white whale, the narwhal, with his unicorn horn, the queer-looking bottle-nose, the huge, sluggish, Greenland shark, and the terrible killing grampus, the most formidable of all the monsters of the deep, these are the creatures who own those unsailed seas. On the ice are the seals, the saddle-backs, the ground seals, the huge bladdernoses, 12ft. from nose to tail, with the power of blowing up a great blood-red football upon their noses when they are angry, which they usually are. Occasionally one sees a white Arctic fox upon the ice, and everywhere are the bears. The floes in the neighbourhood of the sealing-ground are all criss-crossed with their tracks—poor, harmless creatures, with the lurch and roll of a deep-sea mariner. It is for the sake of the seals that they come out over those hundreds of miles of ice—and they have a very ingenious method of catching them, for they will choose a big ice-field with just one blow-hole for seals in the middle of it. Here the bear will squat, with its powerful forearms crooked round the hole. Then, when the seal's head pops up, the great paws snap together, and Bruin has got its luncheon. We used occasionally to burn some of the cook's refuse in the engine-room fires, and the smell would, in a few hours, bring up every bear for many miles to leeward of us.

But pleasant as the voyage is, there comes a day when the prow must be turned south once more. The winter comes on very suddenly sometimes, and woe betide the whaler which may be caught lagging. In September, then, our boats were taken in, our blubber tanks screwed down, and the *Hope* was fairly homeward bound. Far off loomed the huge peak of Jan-Mayen Island, the ice-blink glimmered and faded away behind us, and I had seen the last which I am ever, save in my dreams, likely to see of the Greenland Ocean.

From a] POLAR BEAR AND CUBS. *[Photograph.*

NOTE.—*We have much pleasure in announcing that a new Serial Story by Dr. Conan Doyle is now in preparation for* THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXXII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

STRANGERS IN THE HOUSE.

AMONGST the first work to be done in the new Session that opens this month is the re-appointment of the Select Committee nominated last year to inquire into the circumstances that led up to the raid on the Transvaal. It may be useful, for purposes of reference, to give a list of the members of the Committee as it is set forth in the columns of the Paris *Gil Blas*. It runs thus: Sir milord Willam Hardtcourte, Sir H. Campell Bamnermard, Sir Michael Chicks Black, Sir Richard Webster, Lydney Bluxtone, H. Lebouchère Bigham, Sir Hart-Dyki, and M. Chamtertain.

When on Mr. Gladstone's trip to the Kiel Canal the *Tantallon Castle* touched at Copenhagen, a local paper gave a list of the principal guests, which included Lord Randoll, Lord Welley, Sir Writh Pease, Sir John Leng Baith, and Sir Cuthbert Quiets. Under these disguises fellow-passengers recognised Lord Rendell, Lord Welby, Sir Joseph Pease, Sir John Leng, and (though this was more difficult) Mr. Cuthbert Quilter, M.P.

But for picturesque spelling of proper names Paris beats Copenhagen.

A STATUE FOR LORD RANDOLPH.

A suggestion thrown out on this page last year has been taken up by the member for Birkenhead, who has addressed to the First Lord of the Treasury inquiry as to the possibility of finding within the precincts of the Houses of Parliament a site for a memorial of Lord Randolph Churchill. Mr. Arthur Balfour diplomatically replies that if the First Commissioner of Works is approached on the subject by a responsible committee, he will give the matter his full consideration.

There, for the while, the matter rests. It is probable that, sooner or later, this honour will be done to one of the strongest, ablest, and most original Parliamentarians of the later Victorian age. One deterrent influence is the fearsome consequences of similar endeavour to do honour to the memory of Mr. Bright. The smug block of marble last year placed in the outer lobby of the House of Commons labelled John Bright casts a baleful shadow over further enterprise in analogous direction. It is felt that it would be better to leave Lord Randolph Churchill's memory enshrined in the hearts of those who knew him than to attempt to perpetuate it for posterity in the fashion Mr. Bright has been dealt with.

SIR GEORGE BALFOUR, K.C.B.

A notable, unvarying, and unexplained phenomenon of the House of Commons is the failure of men who enter it after having established high reputation in India. The matter is the more marvellous since success in such a career implies exceptional ability. Three cases within recent memory illustrate the rule. Sir George Balfour, who represented Kincardineshire in three Parliaments, had a distinguished executive and administrative career in India. Having served in the artillery till he rose to the rank of Major-General, he became President of the Military Finance Commission of India, and was, for a while, chief of the Military Finance Department.

In his sixty-third year he began a new life in London, entering upon Imperial politics with the zest of perennial youth. He took to speaking in the House of Commons as a duck takes to water. But no House—the great Liberal Parliament elected in 1868, the Conservative host under Mr. Disraeli's leadership in the 1874 Parliament, nor the Liberals, back again like a flood in 1880, would listen to the poor old General. For years he plodded on, his face growing more deeply furrowed, his voice taking on nearer resemblance to a coronach. In lapses of the roar of "'Vide! 'Vide! 'Vide!" that greeted his rising, the wail of the General was heard like the far-off cry of a drowning man in a storm at sea.

In the end he retired from the struggle, and for a Session or two sat silent in his familiar seat behind the Front Bench. A look of yearning pathos filled his eyes as he watched member after member upstanding, and delivering a speech to which the House more or less attentively listened, whereas him it had persistently shouted down.

SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL.

The member for Kirkcaldy was of tougher metal than his colleague of Kincardineshire. He was, moreover, a far abler man. Sir George was Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal during the great famine. Quitting

THE LATE SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL.

India whilst the plague had not been entirely stayed by his energetic and well-directed efforts, the *Times* threw its hands up in Editorial despair. The question of what would become of India when Sir George Campbell had forsaken it seemed at the time appalling.

When he first took his seat for Kirkcaldy, Sir George was still in the prime of life as time is counted in the political arena. Just turned fifty, he might reasonably count on fifteen, perhaps twenty, years of active life in which on new ground he might repeat, even excel, his triumphs in India. Indian questions he had at his finger ends. But in the course of an active life and wide reading he had amassed a store of information on a wider range.

Perhaps that was the secret of his Parliamentary failure. He could talk on any subject at any length, and was not indisposed to oblige. A further peculiar disadvantage was possession of one of the most rasping voices ever heard on land or sea. In the 1880 Parliament the mere sound of Sir George Campbell's voice at the opening sentence of a speech was sufficient to send the merry-hearted Unionist majority into a roar of laughter.

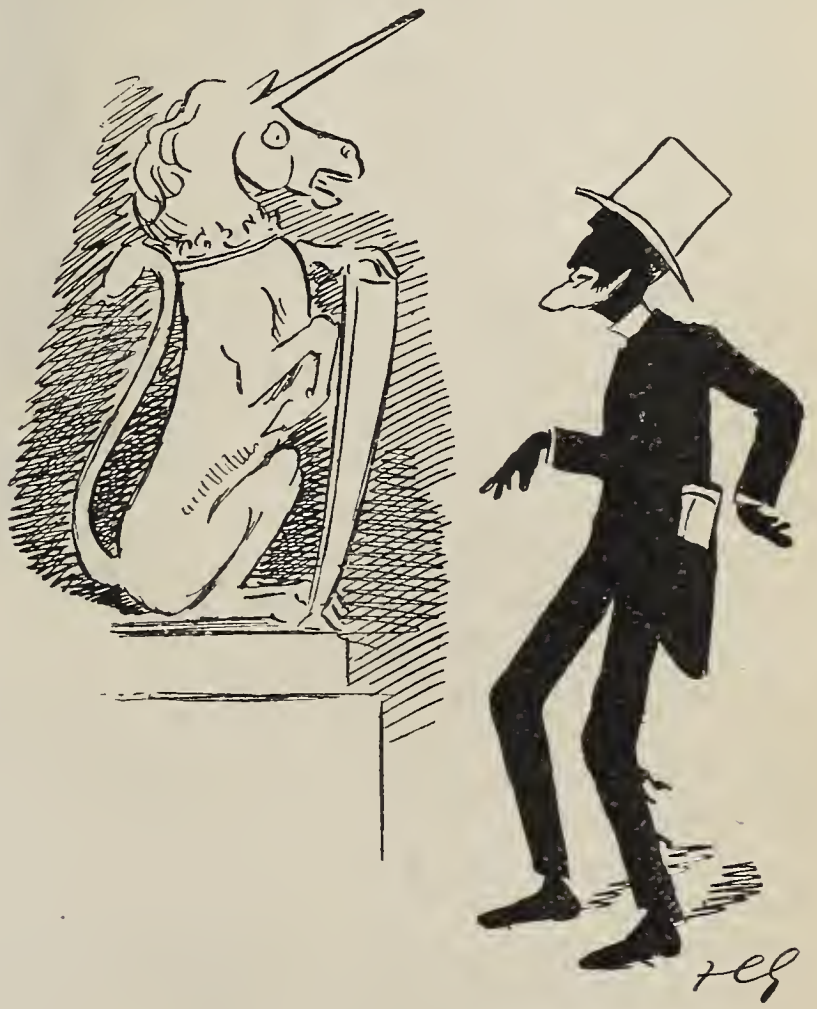
FEARFUL CREATURES!

The temptation to score off Sir George was great, since nothing pleased the House more than success in that direction. One afternoon questions, of which due notice had been given, were addressed to Mr. Plunket, then First Commissioner of Works, with respect to the carving of strange birds and beasts with which the new staircases in Westminster Hall had been ornamented. No one was dreaming of Sir George Campbell. It wasn't his show, but he must needs poke his nose into it. Mr. Plunket had disclaimed authority in the matter.

"Who, then," cried Sir George, at the top of his voice, "is responsible for these fearful creatures?"

Mr. Plunket returned to the table, and turning a beaming face upon Sir George said, in musical voice that contrasted pleasantly with the rasping of a file, "I am not responsible for the fearful creatures in Westminster Hall, or in this House either."

In the following Session Sir George accidentally and undesignedly gave a fresh point to this little gibe by a slip of the tongue. Having, in companionship with Mr. Storey, Mr. Conybeare, and two or three other members below the gangway, long withstood the Government in Committee of Supply, Sir George, in one of twenty-three speeches delivered on a single night, desired to make reference to "the band of us devoted guerillas." In the tornado of his hurried speech he got a little mixed, and presented himself and his coadjutors to the notice of a delighted House as "the band of us devoted gorillas."



"WHAT A FEARFUL CREATURE!"

SIR GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

One of Sir George's minor fads was objection to the device of St. George and the Dragon employed for coins which passed currency in Scotland. St. George was all very well for mere Southerners. North of the Tweed, St. Andrew was the saint. In Committee of Supply he returned to this subject, dwelling upon it as if he approached it for the first time. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had replied a score of times to the question, made no sign, and the Chairman of Committees had risen to put the question. Sir George bore down upon him with ungovernable fury, threatening to move to report progress if he were thus ignored. Mr. W. H. Smith, still with us at the time, interposed with characteristic effort to throw oil on the troubled waters. Sir George, in response, clamoured for a pledge that in any new coinage the familiar device should not be introduced. Hereupon, Sir Wilfred Lawson, ever a man of peace, suggested, as a compromise, that the die should be cut to represent *Sir* George and the Dragon.

Amid the uproarious laughter that followed, the vote under discussion was hastily put and further discussion by Sir George Campbell necessarily deferred.

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE.

Still another eminent Indian statesman who found a low level in the House of Commons was Sir Richard Temple. Sir Richard has recently published the Story of his Life, from which it appears how intimately and directly he was connected with the growth and prosperity of India over a period of twenty-nine years. He was nine years older than Sir George Campbell when he entered the Parliamentary arena. In mental and physical vigour he was at least his equal. Sir Richard's career in India had been one of unchecked advancement—the reward of honest hard work and high administrative capacity. As he himself puts it, he "was fortunate in climbing rapidly up the steps of the ladder in a comparatively short time, and remaining at or near the top for the greater part of my official days."

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE TURNS HIS BACK ON THE HOUSE.

He came to Westminster just as Napoleon went to Spain after his triumphs in Italy and Germany, meaning to possess himself of a new territory as a matter of course. Excluding Irish members from the computation, Sir Richard in one respect beat the record. "In the Commons," he writes, on the day before he took the oath, "I wish to comport myself modestly and quietly." He began by making his maiden speech on the first night on the opening Session of a new Parliament!

Thereafter Sir Richard was one of the most active competitors in the game of catching the Speaker's eye. He had an advantage inasmuch as he was always on the spot. It was his boast that, out of the 2,118 divisions taken in the Parliament of 1886–92, he voted in 2,072. In respect of the mastery of other questions besides those specially pertaining to India, Sir Richard had exceptional claims to the attention of the House of Commons. But he never succeeded in catching its ear, and after a struggle not less gallant or prolonged than that of Sir George Balfour or Sir George Campbell, he shook the dust of the House from off his feet.

THE REASON WHY.

Macaulay, another eminent immigrant from India, after brief experience, described the House of Commons as the most peculiar audience in the world. "I should say," he wrote to Whewell sixty-six years ago next month, "that a man's being a good writer, a good orator at the Bar, a good mob orator, or a good orator in debating clubs, was rather a reason for expecting him to fail than for expecting him to succeed in the House of Commons. A place where Walpole succeeded and Addison failed; where Dundas succeeded and Burke failed; where Peel now succeeds and where Mackintosh fails; where Erskine and Scarlett were dinner-bells; where Lawrence and Jekyll, the two wittiest men, or nearly so, of their time, were thought bores, is surely a very strange place."

In the case of men who have made their mark in India there is not even this attraction of variety. They all prove dinner-bells.

One reason for this is that they enter the House too late in life. There are exceedingly few exceptions to the rule that men do not reach supreme position in the House of Commons unless they enter it on the sunny side of thirty.

More directly fatal to House of Commons success of Indian ex-Ministers and officials is the absolutely altered conditions of life. Stepping from Government House in one of the Provinces of India on to the floor of the House of Commons, they experience a more striking and not so attractive a transformation as Alice realized when she wandered into Wonderland. For years accustomed to autocratic power, his lightest whisper a command, the ex-Satrap finds himself an unconsidered member of a body of men who, unless their demeanour is misleading, would think nothing of tweaking the nose of the ex-Governor of Bombay or the ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal.

The lesson is learnt in time. To begin with, it is difficult for a man who, as Sir Richard Temple boasts in his own case, has ruled over millions, to realize that he must compete with borough members and the like in the effort to catch the Speaker's eye. His earliest natural impulse is to clap his hands and order the optic to be brought to him on a charger. By the time the hard lesson is learned the spirit is broken, ambition is smothered, old age creeps on, and strong, capable, successful men, who have thrown up high appointments in India, in order to serve their country and themselves in a Parliamentary career, find how much sharper than a serpent's tooth is House of Commons' ingratitude.

UNNAMED HEROES.

The gentlemen of England who live at home at ease, and, morning after morning, through an important debate in the House of Commons, glance down the report of speeches delivered on the previous night, reck little of tearless dumb tragedies that take place in the historic Chamber and find no record. It is all very well for the man who has worked off his speech, even if the benches should empty at his rising, and the newspapers give the barest summary of his argument.

Alas, for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them.

WAITING FOR AN OPENING.

Through nights of big debates, for one member who catches the Speaker's eye there are, at least, twenty who compete in the emprise and lamentably fail. It is no uncommon thing to see a member sit hour after hour, notes of his speech in hand, waiting till successive orators have made an end of speaking, eagerly jump up, and be passed over by the Speaker. The House, long inured to the misfortune in others, passes it over without sign of emotion. But it is no light thing for the man directly concerned.

To begin with, he has presumably spent much time in studying the subject of debate and in laborious preparation of a speech. He must be down early to secure a seat. Whilst others go off to chat in the lobby, to smoke on the terrace, to read the papers, or leisurely to dine, he must remain at his post, ready to jump up whenever an opening is made. To take one turn at this and be disappointed is hard. To do it all through a night seems unendurable. To repeat the experience night after night, and hear the division called with the speech yet unspoken, is sufficient to blight existence.

Yet such a fate is by no means uncommon. In some cases a last pang is added by the consciousness that the wife of one's bosom, or the dutiful daughters who believe Pa's oratory would remove mountains of objection, regard the shameful scene from the seclusion of the Ladies' Gallery.

THE FRONT BENCHES.

Disgust and disappointment, born of this evil fate, occasionally find expression in protest against the number and length of speeches delivered from either Front Bench. It will be understood in what mood a member, smarting under constant repulse, sees another chance snatched from him by the interposition of a minor Minister or, worse still, by an ex-Under Secretary rising from the Front Opposition Bench, reeling off his speech as a matter of course and right. In big debates, where the pressure of oratory is overpowering and time limited, the Whips on either side make up a list in due order of precedence, which they hand to the Speaker. This he is glad

TRYING TO CATCH THE SPEAKER'S EYE.

enough to avail himself of, whilst not abrogating his right to make such selection as he pleases.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

In olden times, before the closure was, the House was to a considerable extent at the mercy of a single member in the matter of closing a debate. Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell reduced to a perfected system the habit of interposing at the moment when a big debate seemed to have come to a natural conclusion. In his day there was neither the twelve o'clock rule nor closure. Talk might, not infrequently did, go on all through the night and fill the wearied hours of the succeeding morn. Mr. Gladstone, as Leader of the Opposition, would wind up the debate from the point of view of his party; Mr. Disraeli, as Leader of the House, would reply, a task usually completed between one and two o'clock in the morning. The Speaker would rise to put the question, and tired members would gratefully prepare for the march through the division lobbies, and the subsequent rush for cabs.

MISSED!

TALKED OUT HIS OWN BILL.

1877, when

At this critical moment would be discovered below the gangway Mr. O'Donnell on his feet, leisurely fixing his eye-glass preparatory to delivering a long speech that might just as well have been spoken before dinner. The House howled, and, using the phrase in a Parliamentary sense, tore its hair and rent its garments. But it felt its impotence, and Mr. O'Donnell relentlessly used his power. When the continuous roar of "'Vide! 'Vide! 'Vide!" filled the Chamber, Mr. O'Donnell seized the opportunity of silence enforced on himself quietly to study his notes. The conflict lasted for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, according to the reckless heat of passion. But there was never any variation of the conclusion. When six hundred members had shouted themselves hoarse, Mr. O'Donnell continued and concluded his speech, to the prolongation of which members had contributed the odd ten or fifteen minutes.

"'VIDE!
'VIDE!
'VIDE!"

Members of the present House of Commons have never heard the old Parliamentary roar of passionate wrath. Sometimes when an unwelcome member interposes in the debate, or another, having been on his legs for an hour, proposes to introduce his seventhly, there is a timid cry of "'Vide! 'Vide! 'Vide!" The change in Parliamentary habit and modes of thought is shown by the fact that the interruption is instantly met by a stern cry of "Order! Order!" in which, if the interruption be persisted in, the Speaker is sure to join. Not that the audience desire to have more of the eloquence from which they have suffered. But it is not, in these days, the fashion to shout down an obnoxious member.

Mr. Courtney remembers when things were quite otherwise. There was a Wednesday afternoon in June, in the Session of

one of its successive appearances. The advocates of the measure—foremost among whom was Mr. Courtney—were flushed with hope of a good division. At a quarter past five, the champion rose to clench the argument in favour of the second reading. Under the standing orders then in force, Wednesday's debate must needs close at a quarter to six. If any member was on his feet when the hand of the clock touched the quarter, the debate would automatically stand adjourned. The House had had enough of debate carried on through a long summer afternoon. Members knew Mr. Courtney's views on the question, and would rather have the division than enjoy opportunity of hearing them formally stated. Accordingly, when he rose there were cries for the division.

But Mr. Courtney, though then comparatively new to Parliamentary life, was not to be put down by clamour. Disregarding the interruption, he went on with his remarks. As he continued the storm rose. Mr. Courtney's back was up, and occasionally so also was his clenched fist, shaken towards high Heaven in enforcement of his argument. At the end of a quarter of an hour a glass of water was brought by a considerate friend. Amid howls of contumely the orator gulped it down. Evidently refreshed, he began again. Nothing was heard beyond the invocation, "Mr. Speaker," and the chorus, "'Vide! 'Vide! 'Vide!" The roar of human voices filled the Chamber with angry wail. When it seemed dying away Mr. Courtney's lips moved, whereat the blast broke forth with renewed fury. Another glass of water was brought, and drank amid demoniac shouts.

MR. COURTNEY'S BACK UP.

So the moments sped till a quarter to six rang out from the clock tower, and Mr. Courtney sat down pale and breathless, secure in the rare triumph of having talked out the Bill whose passage through a second reading he had risen with intent to enforce. That is a scene the like of which members of the House of Commons living under the New Rules will never more look upon.

A NIGHT ALARM.

A well-known member of the House of Commons has brought up from the country a story which illustrates the responsibilities of hospitality. His house standing in an isolated position, with the highway skirting the park walls, he became concerned for the safety of many precious portable things collected under his roof. Taking advice in an experienced quarter, he was advised that the best thing to do was to have all the doors and windows on the ground floor connected with electric-bells. Any attempt to effect burglarious entry would result, not only in the ringing of the bell in the particular room upon which attempt was made, but in every room and every passage on the ground floor.

Shortly after midnight on what had been a peaceful Sabbath, the household were alarmed by a furious ringing of bells. The householder was up with delighted alacrity. Now he would have them! On the way downstairs he met several men of the house party, for the most part scantily dressed, but full of ardour for any possible fray.

As the bells were still ringing in all the rooms, it was difficult to hit upon the one assailed. The host was assisted by the appearance at one of the doors of an esteemed friend with painfully scared look. Explanations following, it appeared that the guest, fancying the room was warm, and being accustomed to sleep at home with his window open, unfastened the latch and threw up the window, with the astounding results recorded.

In future, guests sleeping on the ground floor will be warned of what they may expect as the result of too insistent search of fresh night air.

AN AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE

PART VIII.

THE EPISODE OF THE SELDON GOLD-MINE

By Grant Allen.

ON our return to London, Charles and Marvillier had a difference of opinion on the subject of Medhurst.

Charles maintained Marvillier ought to have known the man with the cropped hair was Colonel Clay, and ought never to have recommended him. Marvillier maintained that Charles had *seen* Colonel Clay half-a-dozen times, at least, to his own never; and that my respected brother-in-law had therefore nobody on earth but himself to blame if the rogue imposed upon him. The head detective had known Medhurst for ten years, he said, as a most respectable man, and even a ratepayer; he had always found him the cleverest of spies, as well he might be, indeed, on the familiar set-a-thief-to-catch-a-thief principle. However, the upshot of it all was, as usual—nothing. Marvillier was sorry to lose the services of so excellent a hand; but he had done the very best he could for Sir Charles, he declared; and if Sir Charles were not satisfied, why, he might catch his Colonel Clays for himself in future.

"So I will, Sey," Charles remarked to me, as we walked back from the office in the Strand by Piccadilly. "I won't trust any more to these private detectives. It's my belief they're a pack of thieves themselves, in league with the rascals they're set to catch, and with no more sense of honour than a Zulu diamond-hand."

"Better try the police," I suggested, by way of being helpful. One must assume an interest in one's employer's business.

But Charles shook his head. "No, no," he said; "I'm sick of all these fellows. I shall trust in future to my own sagacity. We learn by experience, Sey—and I've learned a thing or two. One of them is this: It's not enough to suspect everybody; you must have no preconceptions. Divest yourself entirely of every fixed idea if you wish to cope with a rascal of this calibre. Don't jump at conclusions. We should disbelieve everything, as well as distrust everybody. That's the road to success; and I mean to pursue it."

So, by way of pursuing it, Charles retired to Seldon.

"The longer the man goes on, the worse he grows," he said to me one morning. "He's just like a tiger that has tasted blood. Every successful haul seems only to make him more eager for another. I fully expect now before long we shall see him down here."

About three weeks later, sure enough, my respected connection received a communication from the abandoned swindler, with an Austrian stamp and a Vienna post-mark.

"My dear Vandrift,

"(After so long and so varied an acquaintance we may surely drop the absurd formalities of 'Sir Charles' and 'Colonel.') I write to ask you a delicate question. Can you kindly tell me exactly how much I have received from your various generous acts during the last three years? I have mislaid my account-book, and as this is the season for making the income-tax return, I am anxious, as an honest and conscientious citizen, to set down my average profits out of you for the triennial period. For reasons which you will amply understand, I do not this time give my private address, in Paris or elsewhere; but if you will kindly advertise the total amount, above the signature 'Peter Simple,' in the Agony Column of the *Times*, you will confer a great favour upon the Revenue Commissioners, and also upon

"Your constant friend and companion,

"Cuthbert Clay,

"Practical Socialist."

"Mark my word, Sey," Charles said, laying

the letter down, "in a week or less the man himself will follow. This is his cunning way of trying to make me think he's well out of the country and far away from Seldon. That means he's meditating another descent. But he told us too much last time, when he was Medhurst the detective. He gave us some hints about disguises and their unmasking that I shall not forget. This turn, I shall be even with him."

On Saturday of that week, in effect, we were walking along the road that leads into the village, when we met a gentlemanly-looking man, in a rough and rather happy-go-lucky brown tweed suit, who had the air of a tourist. He was middle-aged, and of middle height; he wore a small leather wallet suspended round his shoulder; and he was peering about at the rocks in a suspicious manner. Something in his gait attracted our attention.

"Good morning," he said, looking up as we passed; and Charles muttered a somewhat surly and inarticulate, "Good morning."

We went on without saying more. "Well, *that's* not Colonel Clay, anyhow," I said, as we got out of earshot. "For he accosted us first; and you may remember it's one of the Colonel's most marked peculiarities that, like the model child, he never speaks till he's spoken to—never begins an acquaintance. He always waits till we make the first advance; he doesn't go out of his way to cheat us; he loiters about till we ask him to do it."

"Seymour," my brother-in-law responded, in a severe tone, "there you are, now, doing the very thing I warned you not to do! You're succumbing to a preconception. Avoid fixed ideas. The probability is this man *is* Colonel Clay. Strangers are generally scarce at Seldon. If he isn't Colonel Clay, what's he here for, I'd like to know? What money is there to be made here in any other way? I shall inquire about him."

We dropped in at the Cromarty Arms, and asked good Mrs. M'Lachlan if she could tell us anything about the gentlemanly stranger. Mrs. M'Lachlan replied that he was from London, she believed, a pleasant gentleman enough; and he had his wife with him.

"Ha! Young? Pretty?" Charles inquired, with a speaking glance at me.

"Weel, Sir Charles, she'll no be exactly what you'd be ca'ing a bonny lass," Mrs. M'Lachlan replied; "but she's a guid body for a' that, an' a fine braw woman."

"Just what I should expect," Charles murmured. "He varies the programme. The fellow has tried White Heather as the parson's wife, and as Madame Picardet, and as squinting little Mrs. Granton, and as Medhurst's accomplice; and now, he has almost exhausted the possibilities of disguise for a really young and pretty woman; so he's playing her off at last as the riper product—a handsome matron. Clever, extremely clever; but — we begin to see through him." And he chuckled to himself quietly.

"PEERING AT THE ROCKS IN A SUSPICIOUS MANNER."

Next day, on the hillside, we came upon our stranger again, occupied as before in peering into the rocks, and sounding them with a hammer. Charles nudged me and whispered, "I have it this time. He's posing as a geologist."

I took a good look at the man. By now, of course, we had some experience of Colonel Clay in his various disguises; and I could observe that while the nose, the hair, and the beard were varied, the eyes and the build remained the same as ever. He was a trifle stouter, of course, being got up as a

man of between forty and fifty; and his forehead was lined in a way which a less consummate artist than Colonel Clay could easily have imitated. But I felt we had at least some grounds for our identification; it would not do to dismiss the suggestion of Clayhood at once as a flight of fancy.

His wife was sitting near, upon a bare boss of rock, reading a volume of poems. Capital

"I HOPE SIR CHARLES WON'T COME AND CATCH US."

variant, that, a volume of poems! Exactly suited the selected type of a cultivated family. White Heather and Mrs. Granton never used to read poems. But that was characteristic of all Colonel Clay's impersonations, and Mrs. Clay's too—for I suppose I must call her so. They were not mere outer disguises; they were finished pieces of dramatic study. Those two people were an actor and actress, as well as a pair of rogues; and in both their *rôles* they were simply inimitable.

As a rule, Charles is by no means polite to casual trespassers on the Seldon estate; they get short shrift and a summary ejection. But on this occasion he had a reason for being courteous, and he approached the lady with a bow of recognition. "Lovely day," he said, "isn't it? Such belts on the sea, and the heather smells sweet. You are stopping at the inn, I fancy?"

"Yes," the lady answered, looking up at him with a charming smile. ("I know that smile," Charles whispered to me. "I have succumbed to it too often.") "We're stopping at the inn, and my husband is doing a little geology on the hill here. I hope Sir Charles Vandrift won't come and catch us. He's so down upon trespassers. They tell us at the inn he's a regular Tartar."

("Saucy minx as ever," Charles murmured to me. "She said it on purpose.") "No, my dear madam," he continued, aloud; "you have been quite misinformed. *I* am Sir Charles Vandrift; and I am *not* a Tartar. If your husband is a man of science, I respect and admire him. It is geology that has made me what I am to-day," and he drew himself up proudly. "We owe to it the present development of South African mining."

The lady blushed as one seldom sees a mature woman blush—but exactly as I had seen Madame Picardet and White Heather. "Oh, I'm so sorry," she said, in a confused way that recalled Mrs. Granton. "Forgive my hasty speech. I—I didn't know you."

("She did," Charles whispered. "But let that pass.") "Oh, don't think of it again; so many people disturb the birds, don't you know, that we're obliged in self-defence to warn trespassers sometimes off our lovely mountains. But I do it with regret—with profound regret. I admire the—er—the

beauties of Nature myself; and, therefore, I desire that all others should have the freest possible access to them—possible, that is to say, consistently with the superior claims of Property."

"I see," the lady replied, looking up at him quaintly. "I admire your wish—though not your reservation. I've just been reading those sweet lines of Wordsworth's :—

> And O, ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
> Forebode not any severing of our loves.

I suppose you know them?" And she beamed on him pleasantly.

"Know them?" Charles answered. "Know them! Oh, of course, I know them. They're old favourites of mine—in fact, I adore Wordsworth." (I doubt whether Charles has ever in his life read a line of poetry, except Doss Chiderdoss in the *Sporting Life*.) He took the book and glanced at them. "Ah, charming, charming!" he said, in his most ecstatic tone. But his eyes were on the lady, and not on the poet.

I saw in a moment how things stood. No matter under what disguise that woman appeared to him, and whether he recognised her or not, Charles couldn't help falling a victim to Madame Picardet's attractions. Here he actually suspected her; yet, like a moth round a candle, he was trying his hardest to get his wings singed! I almost despised him with his gigantic intellect! The greatest men are the greatest fools, I verily believe, when there's a woman in question.

The husband strolled up by this time, and entered into conversation with us. According to his own account, his name was Forbes-Gaskell, and he was a Professor of Geology in one of those new-fangled northern colleges. He had come to Seldon rock-spying, he said, and found much to interest him. He was fond of fossils, but his special hobby was rocks and minerals. He knew a vast deal about cairngorms and agates and such-like pretty things, and showed Charles quartz and felspar and red cornelian, and I don't know what else, in the crags on the hillside. Charles pretended to listen to him with the deepest interest and even respect, never for a moment letting him guess he knew for what purpose this show of knowledge had been recently acquired. If we were ever to catch the man, we must not allow him to see we suspected him. So Charles played a dark game. He swallowed the geologist whole without question.

Most of that morning we spent with them on the hillside. Charles took them everywhere and showed them everything. He pretended to be polite to the scientific man, and he was really polite, most polite, to the poetical lady. Before lunch time, we had become quite friends.

The Clays were always easy people to get on with; and, bar their roguery, we could not deny they were delightful companions. Charles asked them in to lunch. They accepted willingly. He introduced them to Amelia with sundry raisings of his eyebrows and contortions of his mouth. "Professor and Mrs. Forbes-Gaskell," he said, half-dislocating his jaw with his violent efforts. "They're stopping at the inn, dear. I've been showing them over the place, and they're good enough to say they'll drop in and take a share in our cold roast mutton." Which was a frequent form of Charles's pleasantry.

Amelia sent them upstairs to wash their hands—which, in the Professor's case, was certainly desirable, for his fingers were grimed with earth and dust from the rocks he had been investigating. As soon as we were left alone, Charles drew me into the library.

"Seymour," he said, "more than ever there is a need for us strictly to avoid preconceptions. We must not make up our minds that this man is Colonel Clay—nor, again, that he isn't. We must remember that we have been mistaken in *both* ways in the past, and must avoid our old errors. I shall hold myself in readiness for either event—and a policeman in readiness to arrest them, if necessary!"

"A capital plan," I murmured. "Still, if I may venture a suggestion, in what way are these two people endeavouring to entrap us? They have no scheme on hand—no schloss, no amalgamation."

"Seymour," my brother-in-law answered, in his Board-room style, "you are a great deal too previous, as Medhurst used to say—I mean, Colonel Clay in his character as Medhurst. In the First Place, these are early days; our friends have not yet developed their intentions. We may find before long they have a property to sell, or a company to promote, or a concession to exploit in South Africa or elsewhere. Then, again, in the Second Place, we don't always spot the exact nature of their plan until it has burst in our hands, so to speak, and revealed its true character. What could have seemed more transparent than Medhurst, the detective, till he ran away with our notes in the very moment of triumph? What more innocent than White Heather and the little curate, till they landed us with a couple of Amelia's own gems as a splendid bargain? I will not take it for granted *any* man is not

Colonel Clay, merely because I don't happen to spot the particular scheme he is trying to work against me. The rogue has so many schemes, and some of them so well concealed, that up to the moment of the actual explosion, you fail to detect the presence of moral dynamite. Therefore, I shall proceed as if there were dynamite everywhere. But, in the Third Place—and this is *very* important—you mark my words, I believe I detect already the lines he will work upon. He's a geologist, he says, with a taste for minerals. Very good! You see if he doesn't try to persuade me before long he has found a coal mine, whose locality he will disclose for a trifling consideration; or else he will salt the Long Mountain with emeralds, and claim a big share for helping to discover them; or else he will try something in the mineralogical line to *do* me somehow. I see it in the very transparency of the fellow's face; and I'm determined, this time, neither to pay him one farthing on any pretext, nor to let him escape me!"

We went in to lunch. The Professor and Mrs. Forbes-Gaskell, all smiles, accompanied us. I don't know whether it was Charles's warning to take nothing for granted that made me do so—but I kept a close eye upon the suspected man all the time we were at table. It struck me there was something very odd about his hair. It didn't seem quite the same colour all over. The locks that hung down behind, over the collar of his coat, were a trifle lighter and a trifle greyer than the black mass that covered the greater part of his head. I examined it carefully. The more I did so, the more the conviction grew upon me: he was wearing a wig. There was no denying it!

A trifle less artistic, perhaps, than most of Colonel Clay's get-ups; but, then, I reflected (on Charles's principle of taking nothing for granted), we had never before suspected Colonel Clay himself, except in the one case of the Honourable David, whose red hair and whiskers even Madame Picardet had admitted to be absurdly false by her action of pointing at them and tittering irrepressibly. It was possible that in every case, if we had scrutinized our man closely, we should have found that the disguise betrayed itself at once (as Medhurst had suggested) to an acute observer.

The detective, in fact, had told us too much. I remembered what he said to us about knocking off David Granton's red wig the moment we doubted him; and I positively tried to help myself awkwardly to potato-chips, when the footman offered them, so as to hit the supposed wig with an apparently careless brush of my elbow. But it was of no avail. The fellow seemed to anticipate or suspect my intention, and dodged aside carefully, like one well accustomed to saving his disguise from all chance of such real or seeming accidents.

I was so full of my discovery, that immediately after lunch I induced Isabel to take our new friends round the home garden and show them Charles's famous prize dahlias, while I proceeded myself to narrate to Charles and Amelia my observations and my frustrated experiment.

"It *is* a wig," Amelia assented. "*I* spotted it at once. A very good wig, too, and most artistically planted. Men don't notice these things, though women do. It is creditable to you, Seymour, to have succeeded in detecting it."

Charles was less complimentary. "You fool," he answered, with that unpleasant frankness which is much too common with him. "Supposing it *is*, why on earth should you try to knock it off and disclose him? What good would it have done? If it *is* a wig, and we spot it, that's all we need. We are put on our guard; we know with whom we have now to deal. But you can't take a man up on a charge of wig-wearing. The law doesn't interfere with it. Most respectable men may sometimes wear wigs. Why, I knew a promoter who did, and also the director of fourteen companies! What we have to do next is, wait till he tries to cheat us, and then—pounce down upon him. Sooner or later, you may be sure, his plans will reveal themselves."

So we concocted an excellent scheme to keep them under constant observation, lest they should slip away again, as they did from the island. First of all, Amelia was to ask them to come and stop at the Castle, on the ground that the rooms at the inn were uncomfortably small. We felt sure, however, that, as on a previous occasion, they would refuse the invitation, in order to be able to slink off unperceived, in case they should find themselves apparently suspected. Should they decline, it was arranged that Césarine should take a room at the Cromarty Arms as long as they stopped there, and report upon their movements; while, during the day, we would have the house watched by the head gillie's son, a most intelligent young man, who could be trusted, with true Scotch canniness, to say nothing to anybody.

To our immense surprise, Mrs. Forbes-

Gaskell accepted the invitation with the utmost alacrity. She was profuse in her thanks, indeed; for she told us the Arms was an ill-kept house, and the cookery by no means agreed with her husband's liver. It was sweet of us to invite them; such kindness to perfect strangers was quite unexpected. She should always say that nowhere on earth had she met with so cordial or friendly a reception as at Seldon Castle. But—she accepted, unreservedly.

"It *can't* be Colonel Clay," I remarked to Charles. "He would never have come here. Even as David Granton, with far more reason for coming, he wouldn't put himself in our power: he preferred the security and freedom of the Cromarty Arms."

"Sey," my brother-in-law said, sententiously, "you're incorrigible. You *will* persist in being the slave of prepossessions. He may have some good reason of his own for accepting. Wait till he shows his hand—and then, we shall understand everything."

So, for the next three weeks, the Forbes-Gaskells formed part of the house-party at Seldon. I must say, Charles paid them most assiduous attention. He positively neglected his other guests, in order to keep close to the two new-comers. Mrs. Forbes-Gaskell noticed the fact, and commented on it. "You are really too good to us, Sir Charles," she said. "I'm afraid you allow us quite to monopolize you!"

But Charles, gallant as ever, replied with a smile, "We have you with us for so short a time, you know!" Which made Mrs. Forbes-Gaskell blush again, that delicious blush of hers.

During all this time, the Professor went on calmly and persistently mineralogizing. "Wonderful character!" Charles said to me. "He works out his parts so well! Could anything exceed the picture he gives one of scientific ardour?" And, indeed, he was at it, morn, noon, and night. "Sooner or later," Charles observed, "something practical must come of it."

Twice meanwhile, little episodes occurred which are well worth notice. One day I was out with the Professor on the Long Mountain, watching him hammer at the rocks, and a little bored by his performance; when, to pass the time, I asked him what a particular small water-worn stone was. He looked at it and smiled. "If there were a little more mica in it," he said, "it would be the characteristic gneiss of ice-borne boulders, hereabouts. But there isn't *quite* enough," and he gazed at it curiously.

"Indeed," I answered, "it doesn't come up to sample, doesn't it?"

He gave me a meaning look. "Ten per cent.," he murmured in a slow, strange voice; "ten per cent. is more usual."

I trembled violently. Was he bent, then, upon ruining me? "If you betray me——" I cried, and broke off.

"I beg your pardon," he said. He was all pure innocence.

"'TEN PER CENT.,' HE MURMURED, 'IS MORE USUAL.'"

I reflected on what Charles had said about taking nothing for granted, and held my tongue prudently.

The other incident was this. Charles picked a sprig of white heather on the hill one afternoon, after a picnic lunch, I regret to say, when he had taken perhaps a glass more champagne than was strictly good for him. He was not exactly the worse for it, but he was excited, good-humoured, reckless, and lively. He brought the sprig to Mrs. Forbes-Gaskell, and handed it to her, ogling a little. "Sweets to the sweet," he murmured, and looked at her meaningly. "White heather to White Heather." Then he saw what he had done, and checked himself instantly.

Mrs. Forbes-Gaskell coloured up in the usual manner. "I—I don't quite understand," she faltered.

Charles scrambled out of it somehow. "White heather for luck," he said; "and—the man who is privileged to give a piece of it to you is surely lucky."

She smiled, none too well pleased. I somehow felt she suspected us of suspecting her.

However, as it turned out, nothing came, after all, of the untoward incident.

Next day, Charles burst upon me, triumphant. "Well, he has shown his hand!" he cried. "I knew he would. He has come to me to-day with—what do you think?—a fragment of gold, in quartz, from the Long Mountain."

"No!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," Charles answered. "He says there's a vein there with distinct specks of gold in it, which might be worth mining. When a man begins *that* way, you know what he's driving at! And what's more, he's got up the subject beforehand; for he began saying to me there had long been gold in Sutherlandshire—why not therefore in Rossshire? And then he went at full into the comparative geology of the two regions."

"This is serious," I said. "What will you do?"

"Wait and watch," Charles answered; "and the moment he develops a proposal for shares in the syndicate to work the mine, or a sum of money down as the price of his discovery—get in the police, and arrest him."

For the next few days the Professor was more active and ardent than ever. He went peering about the rocks on every side with his hammer. He kept on bringing in little pieces of stone, with gold specks stuck in them, and talking learnedly of the "probable cost of crushing and milling." Charles had heard all that before; in point of fact, he had assisted at the drafting of some dozens of prospectuses. So he took no notice, and waited for the man with the wig to develop his proposals. He knew they would come soon; and he watched and waited. But, of course, to draw him on, he pretended to be interested.

While we were all in this attitude of mind, attending on Providence and Colonel Clay, we happened to walk down by the shore one day, in the opposite direction from the Seamew's Island. Suddenly we came upon the Professor linked arm-in-arm with—Sir Adolphus Cordery! They were wrapped in deep talk, and appeared to be most amicable.

Now, naturally, relations had been a trifle strained between Sir Adolphus and the house of Vandrift since the incident of the Slump; but under the present circumstances, and with such a matter at stake as the capture of Colonel Clay, it was necessary to overlook all such minor differences. So Charles managed to disengage the Professor from his friend, sent Amelia on with Forbes-Gaskell towards the Castle, and stopped behind, himself, with Sir Adolphus and me, to clear up the question.

"Do you know this man, Cordery?" he asked, with some little suspicion.

"Know him? Why, of course I do," Sir Adolphus answered. "He's Marmaduke Forbes-Gaskell, of the Yorkshire College, a very distinguished man of science. First-rate mineralogist—perhaps the best (*but* one) in England." Modesty forbad him to name the exception.

"But are you sure it's he?" Charles inquired, with growing doubt. "Have you known him before? This isn't a second case of Schleiermachering me, is it?"

"Sure it's he?" Sir Adolphus echoed. "Am I sure of myself? Why, I've known Marmy Gaskell ever since we were at Trinity together. Knew him before he married Miss Forbes of Glenluce, my wife's second cousin, and hyphened his name with hers, to keep the property in the family. Know them both most intimately. Came down here to the inn because I heard that Marmy was on the prowl among these hills, and I thought he had probably something good to prowl after—in the way of fossils."

"But the man wears a wig!" Charles expostulated.

"Of course," Cordery answered. "He's as bald as a bat—in front at least—and he wears a wig to cover his baldness."

"It's disgraceful," Charles exclaimed; "disgraceful—taking us in like that." And he grew red as a turkey-cock.

Sir Adolphus has no delicacy. He burst out laughing.

"Oh, I see," he cried out, simply bursting with amusement. "You thought Forbes-Gaskell was Colonel Clay in disguise! Oh, my stars, what a lovely one!"

"*You*, at least, have no right to laugh," Charles responded, drawing himself up and growing still redder. "You led me once into a similar scrape, and then backed out of it in a way unbecoming a gentleman. Besides," he went on, getting angrier at each word, "this fellow, whoever he is, has been trying to cheat me on his own account. Colonel Clay or no Colonel Clay, he's been salting my rocks with gold-bearing quartz, and trying to lead me on into an absurd speculation!"

Sir Adolphus exploded. "Oh, this is too good," he cried. "I must go and tell Marmy!" And he rushed off to where Forbes-Gaskell was seated on a corner of rock with Amelia.

As for Charles and myself, we returned to the house. Half an hour later, Forbes-Gaskell came back, too, in a towering temper.

"What is the meaning of this, sir?" he shouted out, as soon as he caught sight of Charles. "I'm told you've invited my wife and myself here to your house, in order to spy upon us, under the impression that I was Clay, the notorious swindler!"

"I thought you were," Charles answered, equally angry. "Perhaps you may be still! Anyhow, you're a rogue, and you tried to bamboozle me!"

"OH, MY STARS, WHAT A LOVELY ONE!"

Forbes-Gaskell, white with rage, turned to his trembling wife. "Gertrude," he said, "pack up your box and come away from these people instantly. Their pretended hospitality has been a studied insult. They've put you and me in a most ridiculous position. We were told before we came here—and no doubt with truth—that Sir Charles Vandrift was the most close-fisted and tyrannical old curmudgeon in Scotland. We've been writing to all our friends to say ecstatically that he was, on the contrary, a most hospitable, generous, and large-hearted gentleman. And now we find out he's a disgusting cad, who asks strangers to his house from the meanest motives, and then insults his guests with gratuitous vituperation. It is well such people should hear the plain truth now and again in their lives; and it therefore gives me the

greatest pleasure to tell Sir Charles Vandrift that he's a vulgar bounder of the first water. Go and pack your box, Gertrude! I'll run down to the Cromarty Arms, and order a cab to carry us away at once from this inhospitable sham castle."

"You wear a wig, sir; you wear a wig," Charles exclaimed, half-choking with passion. For, indeed, as Forbes-Gaskell spoke, and tossed his head angrily, the nature of his hair-covering grew painfully apparent. It was quite one-sided.

"I do, sir, that I may be able to shake it in the face of a cad!" the Professor responded, tearing it off to readjust it; and, suiting the action to the word, he brandished it thrice in Charles's eyes; after which he darted from the room, speechless with indignation.

As soon as they were gone, and Charles had recovered breath sufficiently to listen to rational conversation, I ventured to observe, "This comes of being too sure! We made one mistake. We took it for granted that because a man wears a wig, he *must* be an impostor—which does not necessarily follow. We forgot that not Colonel Clays alone have false coverings to their heads, and that wigs may sometimes be worn from motives of pure personal vanity. In fact, we were again the slaves of pre-conceptions."

I looked at him pointedly. Charles rose before he replied. "Seymour Wentworth," he said, at last, gazing down upon me with lofty scorn, "your moralizing is ill-timed. It appears to me you entirely misunderstand the position and duties of a private secretary!"

"HE BRANDISHED IT THRICE IN CHARLES'S EYES."

The oddest part of it all, however, was this—that Charles, being convinced Forbes-Gaskell, though he wasn't Colonel Clay, had been fraudulently salting the rocks with gold, with intent to deceive, took no further notice of the alleged discoveries. The consequence was that Forbes-Gaskell and Sir Adolphus went elsewhere with the secret; and it was not till after Charles had sold the Seldon Castle estate (which he did shortly afterward, the place having somehow grown strangely distasteful to him) that the present "Seldon Eldorados, Limited," were put upon the market by Lord Craig-Ellachie, who purchased the place from him. Forbes-Gaskell, as it happened, had reported to Craig-Ellachie that he had found a lode of high-grade ore on an estate unnamed, which he would particularize on promise of certain contingent claims to founder's shares; and the old lord jumped at it. Charles sold at grouse-moor prices; and the consequence is that the capital of the Eldorados is yielding at present very fair returns, even after allowing for expenses of promotion—while Charles has been done out of a good thing in gold-mines!

But, remembering "the position and duties of a private secretary," I refrained from pointing out to him at the time that this loss was due to a fixed idea—though as a matter of fact it depended upon Charles's strange pre-conception that the man with the wig, whoever he might be, was trying to diddle him.

Lightning.

By Jeremy Broome.

1.—Stream lightning at Dubuque, Iowa, U.S.A., July 17, 1887.
From a Photo. by G. E. Davis, Dubuque. Lent by the Royal Meteorological Society.

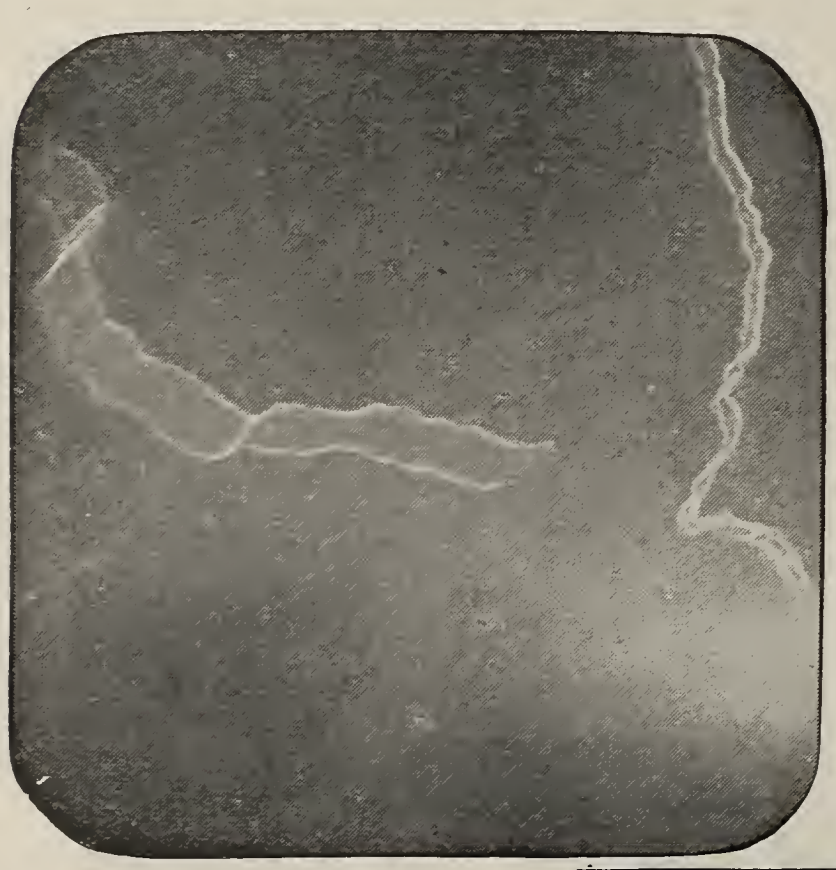
LIGHTNING dearly loves a tortuous path. Sometimes, of course, it goes straight to business and does not stop on the way, but, in the majority of cases, it meanders about the empyrean, curls itself up in a lot of knots, shoots out in flashing filaments, and when it gets tired of roaming, comes down to visit the gas-pipes and stir things up generally. It is a brilliant visitor, but modest people usually avoid it—or try to. In fact, some people put spikes up to ward it off, but there have been cases where even this pointed rebuke has failed.

Be that as it may. In this article we are not concerned with lightning-rods, but with the lightning flash and the ruin it leaves behind. To illustrate it, we have an almost unprecedented collection of photographs. We have pictures of tall oaks laid low, stone walls shattered, trousers demolished, and boots in frightful collapse. And, to crown it all, we have a photograph of a thunderbolt that wasn't a thunderbolt, and a picture of zigzag lightning, the like of which was never seen.

2.—Ramified lightning at Sydney, N.S.W., Dec. 7, 1892.
From a Photo. by H. C. Russell, Sydney Observatory. Lent by the Royal Meteorological Society.

3.—"ARTISTS'" LIGHTNING.
From a Photo. lent by Shelford Bidwell, Esq., F.R.S.

Let us attend to this zigzag lightning. From time immemorial it has been the custom of artists to depict lightning in the jagged form shown by our reproduction (3). But the artists have all been wrong.



4.—RIBBON LIGHTNING.
From a Photo. lent by Shelford Bidwell, Esq., F.R.S.

Out of the thousands of photographs that amateurs and professionals have taken, there has never been a case of a zigzag flash, and it must now be admitted that Nature never works in such a crooked way. The great Turner was the first to paint lightning as it really is, and in one of his famous landscapes we find a simple thread of light in the midst of the gathering clouds. Nasmyth, the inventor, in 1856, contributed a notable paper to the British Association, and gave scientific support to the accuracy of Turner's observation. Yet some artists still use the zigzag flash, and delight therein.

There are several distinct kinds of lightning, and most of these are illustrated by our photographs. In order, however, to show immediately the great contrast between the various forms, we avoid following, for

5.—TRIPLE FLASH OF MEANDERING LIGHTNING.
From a Photo. lent by Shelford Bidwell, Esq., F.R.S.

the moment, the order in which the pictures are arranged, and refer to them only by their numbers. Number 4, for instance, lent to us by Mr. Shelford Bidwell, F.R.S., is an excellent specimen of "ribbon lightning"; (5) is a triple flash of "meandering lightning," in which "knots" are distinctly seen; (7) is also an excellent specimen of "meandering lightning." It was taken in Newark, New Jersey, the camera being

6.—SINUOUS LIGHTNING, WITH RAMIFICATIONS.
From a Photo. by Rev. G. Bastoul, Saint-Palais-Sur-Mer (Charente-Inférieure), France.

7.—MEANDERING LIGHTNING STRIKING TELEGRAPH POLE, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY, U.S.A.
From a Photo. by Wm. Archibald, Newark. Lent by the Royal Meteorological Society.

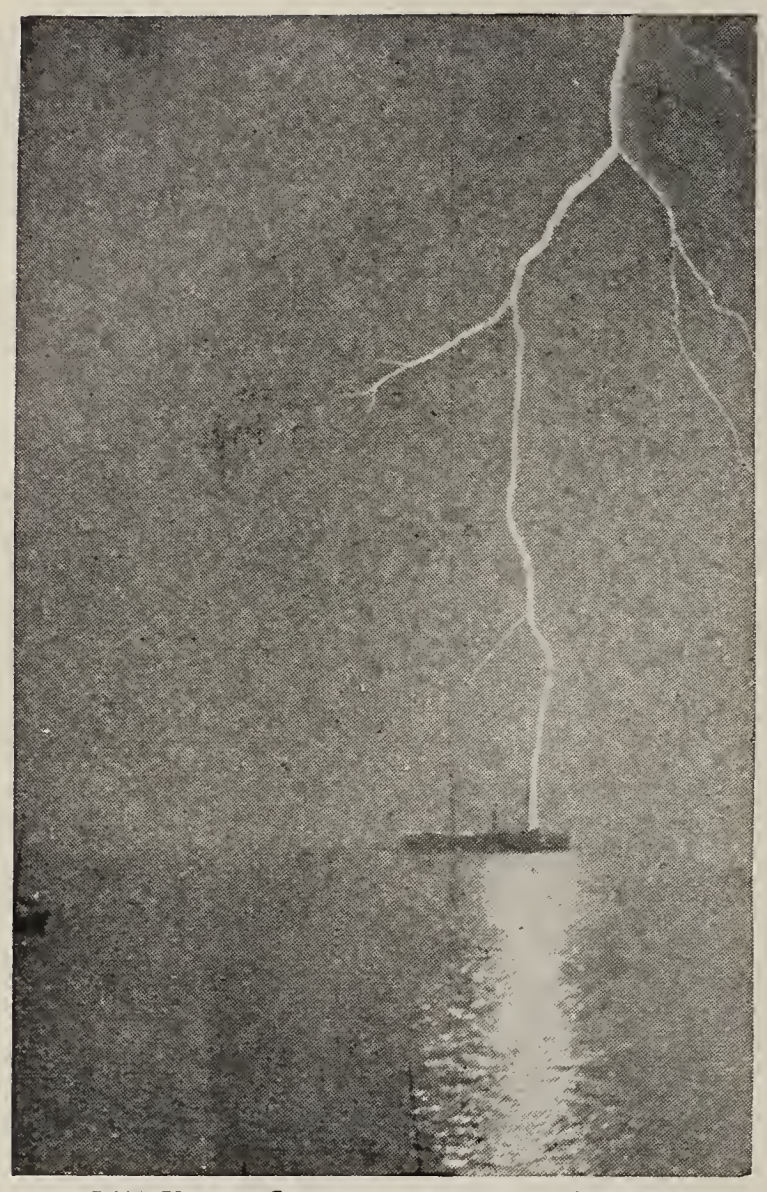
most of the flashes keep the same general direction, though bending irregularly from side to side; (8) shows the ramified flash.

One of the most remarkable flashes ever photographed is shown in (2). It was taken at Sydney Observatory on December 7th, 1892. The flash on to the water was 1,540ft. long, and was not all taken, the upper part being above the limit of the camera. The point at which it struck was 2,000ft. from the camera, and the camera was 160ft. above the water. How well the photograph shows the sleeping town! Yet the night was pitch dark, except for the brilliancy of the lightning, and the plate was so good that it shows even the lights of the street-lamps.

forty-nine feet from the telegraph-pole, which the lightning touched. The Sydney photo. (2), which we mention later, gives a fine idea of the "ramified lightning," in which the small flashes are attached to the main flashes, as fibres are to the roots of trees. A like effect is shown in (6), which is more properly called "sinuous" lightning, as

As a further illustration of the different forms, we reproduce three striking photographs with characters all their own. The first (9) is distinctly ramified, and its seeming connection with the steamship makes it marvellously attractive. But, so far as we know, the flash may have been miles and miles beyond the ship. The next photo. (10) shows "stream"

From a Photo. by] 8.—RAMIFIED LIGHTNING. *[J. Craik, Herne Bay.*



9.—RAMIFIED LIGHTNING BEHIND A STEAMSHIP.
From a Photo. lent by the Royal Meteorological Society.

lightning near Trinity College, Cambridge, about midnight on June 6th, 1889. The flash

10.—STREAM LIGHTNING BEHIND TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.
From a Photo. by Valentine Blanchard & Lunn, Cambridge.

appears to descend directly upon the buildings in the background. The Dubuque, Iowa, photograph (1) shows a curiously-formed flash seen at 10 p.m. on July 17th, 1887. It needs but a mouth and an eye to make it a perfect profile on the sky.

The subject of "lightning prints" has, for many years, occupied the attention of scientists. It was first brought to the notice of the public by Professor Andreas Poey, of Havana, who, in a small pamphlet, published in 1861, cited some two-score cases, in which lightning had photographed objects upon the human skin. In 1825, it was said, a sailor, who had been mending his shirt at the foot of a mast, was struck by lightning, and when the dead body was undressed, the image of a horse-shoe was distinctly visible upon the

11.—ARBORESCENT MARKINGS ON BOY'S ARM, DUNS, BERWICK.
From a Photo. by George Bruce, Duns, N.B.

small of the back—an exact representation, in short, of a horse-shoe nailed to the ship's mast. Another sailor, struck in the same manner, had the name of his ship plainly marked upon his breast. Trees, birds, cows, crosses, and other objects have been photographed in like manner, so it is said. At Errol, a few years ago, the picture of a roof of a house was reported to have been seen on an insulator. But the most remarkable story of all has been written about six sheep killed by lightning about four miles from Bath, in 1812. When the skins of the sheep were taken off, "a facsimile of a portion of the surrounding scenery was visible on the inner surface of each skin."

Of these remarkable occurrences, however, there have been no photographs. Indeed, the only photograph of a lightning print which has been published is probably that reproduced herewith (11). It represents the arm of a boy who was standing by a yew-tree at Duns, in Berwickshire, on June 9th, 1883. When the tree was struck the boy was thrown across the road, and upon examination, he was found to have the "impression of the yew-tree branches" distinctly marked upon his skin. The beautiful fern-like figure would certainly tempt one to believe that the tree had been photographed upon the flesh, but the phenomena is probably due simply to the ramifications of the electric fluid, such as may be seen on a sheet of deflagrated gold-leaf. If this is true, people have been tricked for a century by these reports of "lightning prints."

The effect of lightning on wearing apparel is most curious. A glance at our reproduction (12) will show that when a flash once gets on terms of familiarity with a suit of clothes, it leaves nothing to speak of. The photograph was taken by W. Marriott, Secretary of the Royal Meteorological Society, after a thunderstorm, which passed over the Spaniard's Farm, Hampstead Heath, on June 14th, 1888. Two workmen were eating dinner under a tree when the flash came, rendering one senseless and stunning the other. The stunned man felt no pain, but discovered that his trousers were burning, that his knife had been knocked out of his hand, and that his steel buckles had been torn from his legs. When he had put the fire out in what was left of his trousers, he managed to crawl to the road for assistance. The first man had burns on his right side from shoulder to foot.

13.—CHORISTERS' BOOTS BURNT BY LIGHTNING AT ATCHAM CHURCH, SHREWSBURY.
From a Photo. by J. Laing, Shrewsbury. Lent by G. J. Symons, Esq., F.R.S.

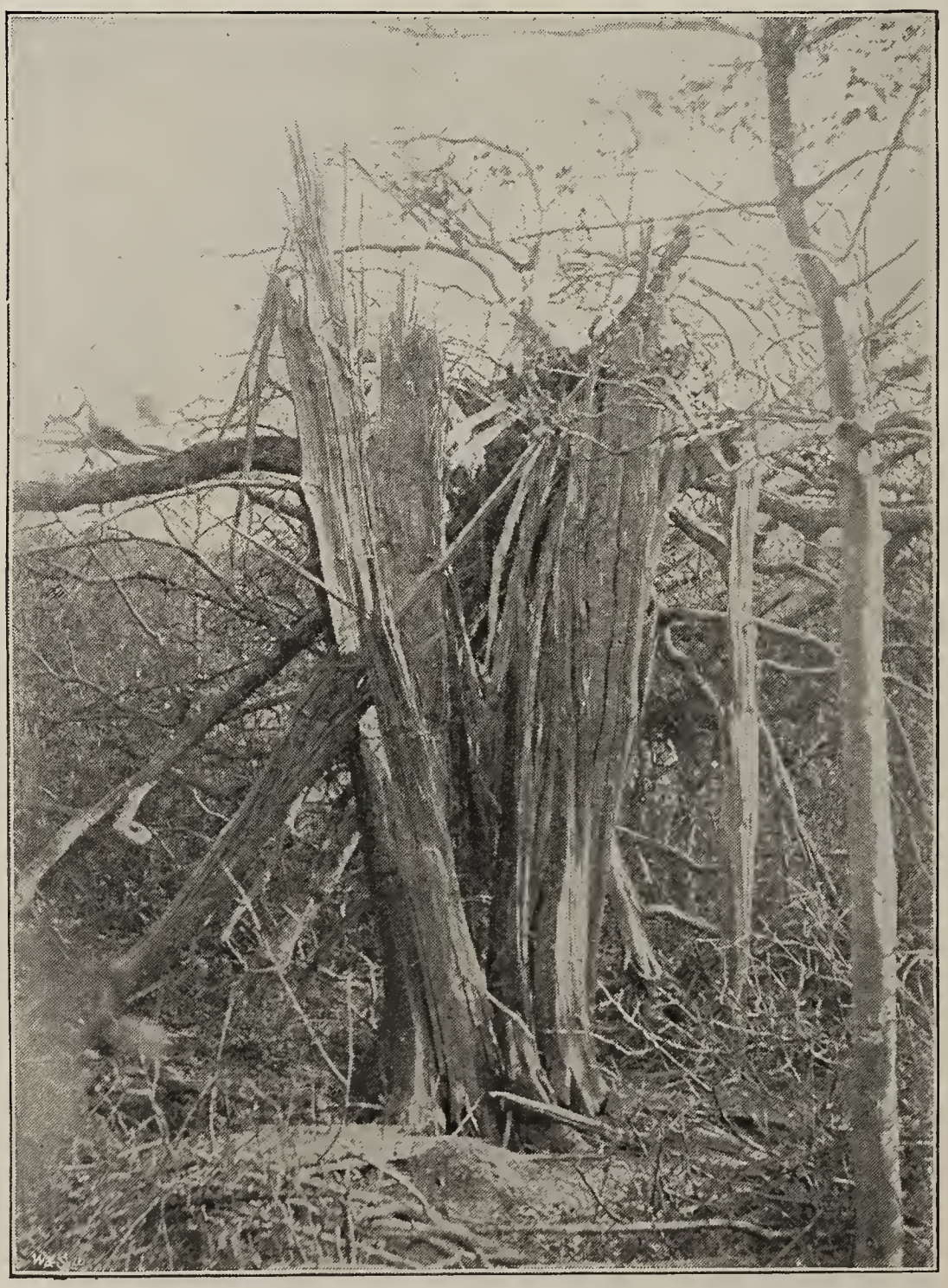
12.—CLOTHES OF MEN INJURED BY LIGHTNING AT HAMPSTEAD HEATH, JUNE 14, 1888.
From a Photo. by Wm. Marriott, Esq.

It is difficult to account for the disruptive effect that lightning has upon clothes, but it is supposed that the current travels along the damp surface of the skin, driving the moisture into vapour, which, on account of its expansion, blows the clothes to tatters. The boots shown in (13) were doubtless burst by this means. They belong to some very respectable

14.—CATTLE KILLED BY LIGHTNING NEAR BURY ST. EDMUNDS.
From a Photo. lent by Herman Biddell, Esq., Playford, Ipswich.

choir boys in Atcham Church, Shrewsbury, which, in July, 1879, was visited by lightning. It may be said, in passing, that the clothes of women are much less likely to be shattered by lightning than the clothes of men. Feminine apparel is loose, whereas the comparative tightness of masculine attire, and the greater tendency to perspiration, offer excellent opportunity for the explosion of expanded vapour.

To show the deadly effect of a lightning flash, we reproduce a photograph (14) sent to us by Herman Biddell, Esq., of Playford, Ipswich. Mr. Biddell writes that the beasts were found lying under a tree near Bury St. Edmunds, and in an interesting paragraph says, *àpropos* of damage to trees: "I fancy the pulverization of the bark of a tree full of sap is the effect of the moisture being instantly converted into steam. I do not think we have any conception of the heat generated by the electric fluid being brought into



15.—OAK SHATTERED BY LIGHTNING AT EWHURST CHURCH, SURREY.
From a Photo. by Admiral J. P. Maclear. Lent by the Royal Meteorological Society.

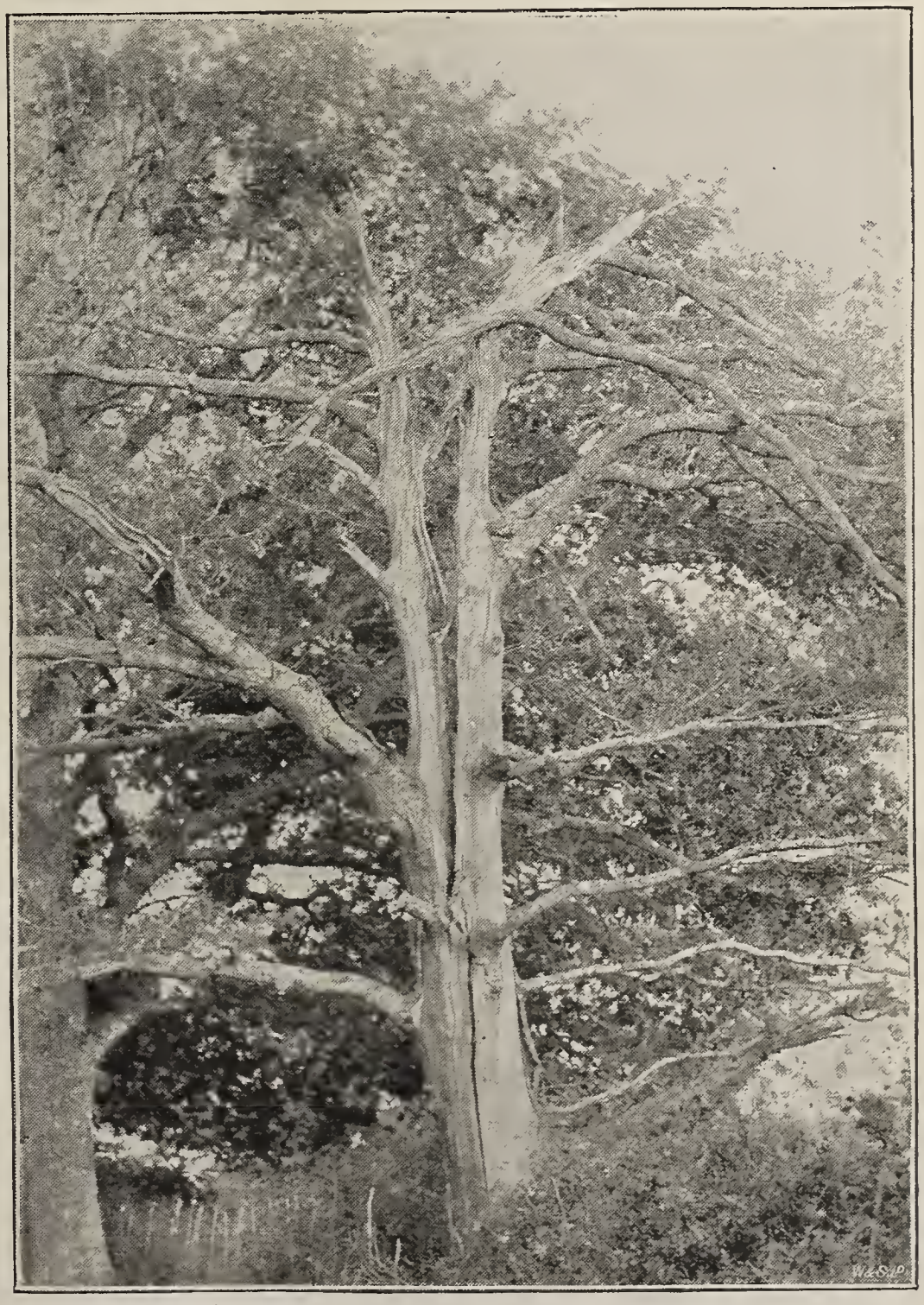
16.—WALNUT TREE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING AT FELTWELL, NORFOLK.
From a Photo. by Miss Anne Newcome, Feltwell Hall, Brandon, Norfolk.

contact with non-conducting matter. Dead trees are never struck by lightning; at least, I never yet saw one."

The tree in (14), it may be noticed, was little harmed, although the poor beasts under it were killed. In (15) we note the effect upon the tree. This oak was struck at 2 p.m., on April 27th, 1895, a quarter of a mile west of Ewhurst Church, Surrey. It sometimes happens that a tree gets off with a scar, or with the loss of a little bark. But in the case of oaks and elms, of which lightning is particularly amorous, the damage is often enormous. Elm, chestnut, oak, and pine are *often* struck; ash *rarely;* beech, birch, and maple *never*. At least, so wrote once a scientist, Mr. Hugh Maxwell, to the American Academy in 1787.

On the evening of September 12th, 1896, during a violent thunderstorm, a large walnut tree in full leaf, in the village of Feltwell, in Norfolk, was struck by lightning and set on fire. The tree blazed most of the night, in spite of heavy rain, until the trunk, which was partly hollow, the tree being an old one, split open, and the next morning the tree presented the appearance shown in the photograph (16). A hen which had been under the tree was killed, but some of her chickens escaped with their feathers on fire.

Lightning, so runs the old saying, never strikes twice in the same place, but, like a bought affidavit, the statement is false. Not only does it sometimes strike twice, but it finishes things up when it comes the second time, as witness the oak in (17). This splendid tree was



17.—OAK STRUCK BY LIGHTNING ON TWO SUCCESSIVE DAYS NEAR CRANLEIGH, SURREY.
From a Photo. by Admiral J. P. Maclear. Lent by the Royal Meteorological Society.

18.—TREE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING, THORNBURY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.
From a Photo. by Frank Holmes, Clifton. Lent by the Royal Meteorological Society.

took place on May 31st, 1894, and the benevolent-looking gentleman standing behind the ruins is Mr. Clark, aged eighty-four. The photograph was lent by G. J. Symons, Esq., who obtained it from Mr. Clark's son.

Professor Tyndall used to tell a story of a lady who, shutting a window casement during a storm, had the gold bracelet on her arm deflagrated by a flash, which left her perfectly unhurt, but with a blue mark around her wrist. The blue mark was oxide of gold—all that was left of the bracelet. Another lady had her bonnet burnt, the wire frame having attracted the lightning, but the wearer was unhurt.

first struck on June 6th, 1889, at 5.30 p.m., and the next day at half-past one it was shivered and split open. The ruin stands on Old Farm, Sachel Court, four miles from Cranleigh, Surrey.

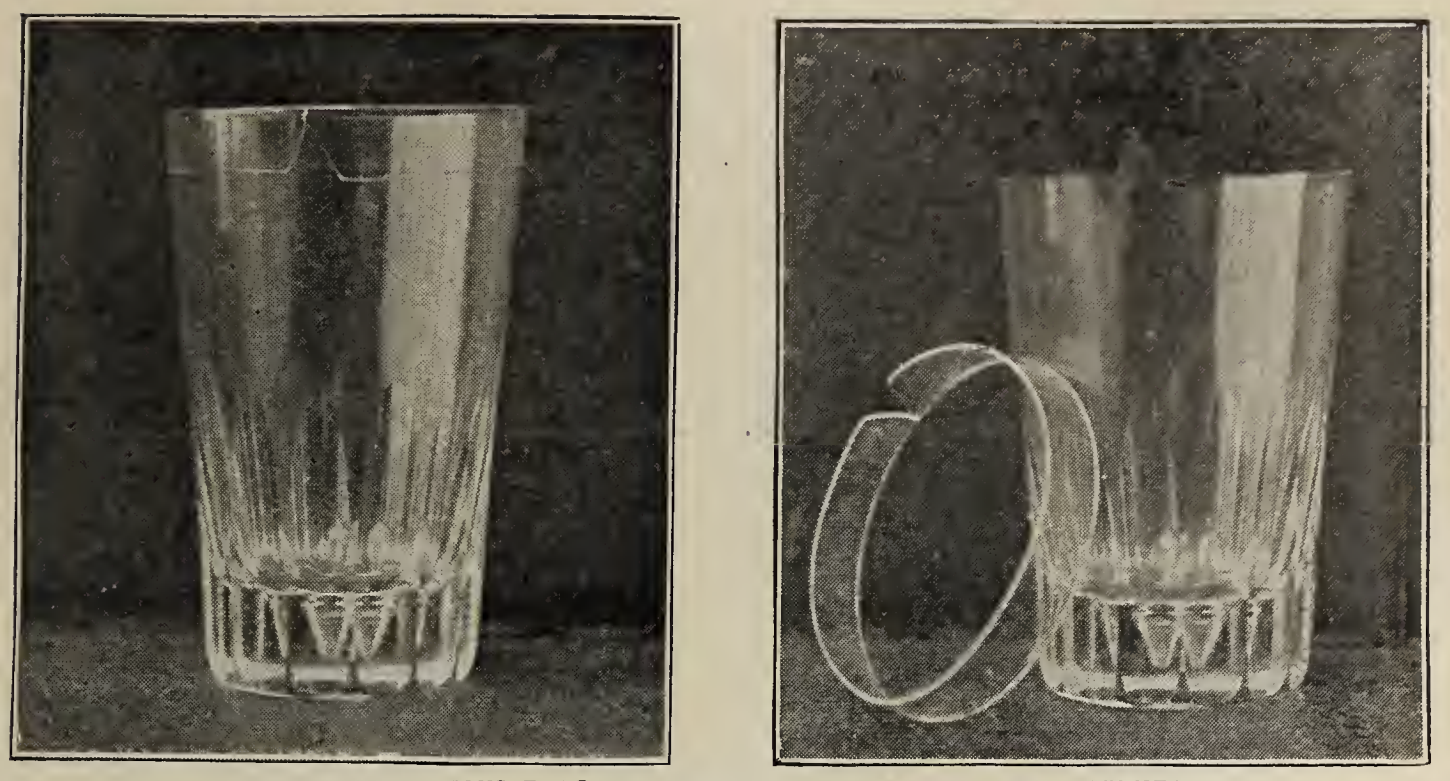
More picturesque than (17) is the ruin shown in (18). The trunk of this tree was ruptured from top to bottom in a series of twisted splits. In this case, the sap of the tree was probably converted into vapour, with the explosive result. The accident occurred at Thornbury, Gloucestershire, July 22nd, 1891. The tree was an oak.

The accompanying reproduction (19) shows the damage done to a stone wall on Cop Hill, Allonby, Cumberland. The thunderstorm

19.—STONE WALL BROKEN BY LIGHTNING AT ALLONBY, CUMBERLAND.
From a Photo. lent by G. J. Symons, Esq., F.R.S.

20.—THE KILBURN THUNDERBOLT, JULY 5, 1877.
From a Photo. lent by G. J. Symons, Esq., F.R.S.

Now comes the "thunderbolt"—that is to say, part of it. It "fell" on July 5th, 1877, at Kilburn, and was picked up by James Parbett, of the Kilburn Fire Station, when it — the thunderbolt — was cold. "Three peals of thunder," says a newspaper account, "were heard in quick succession, and with the last a sheet of fire seemed to fall into Bridge

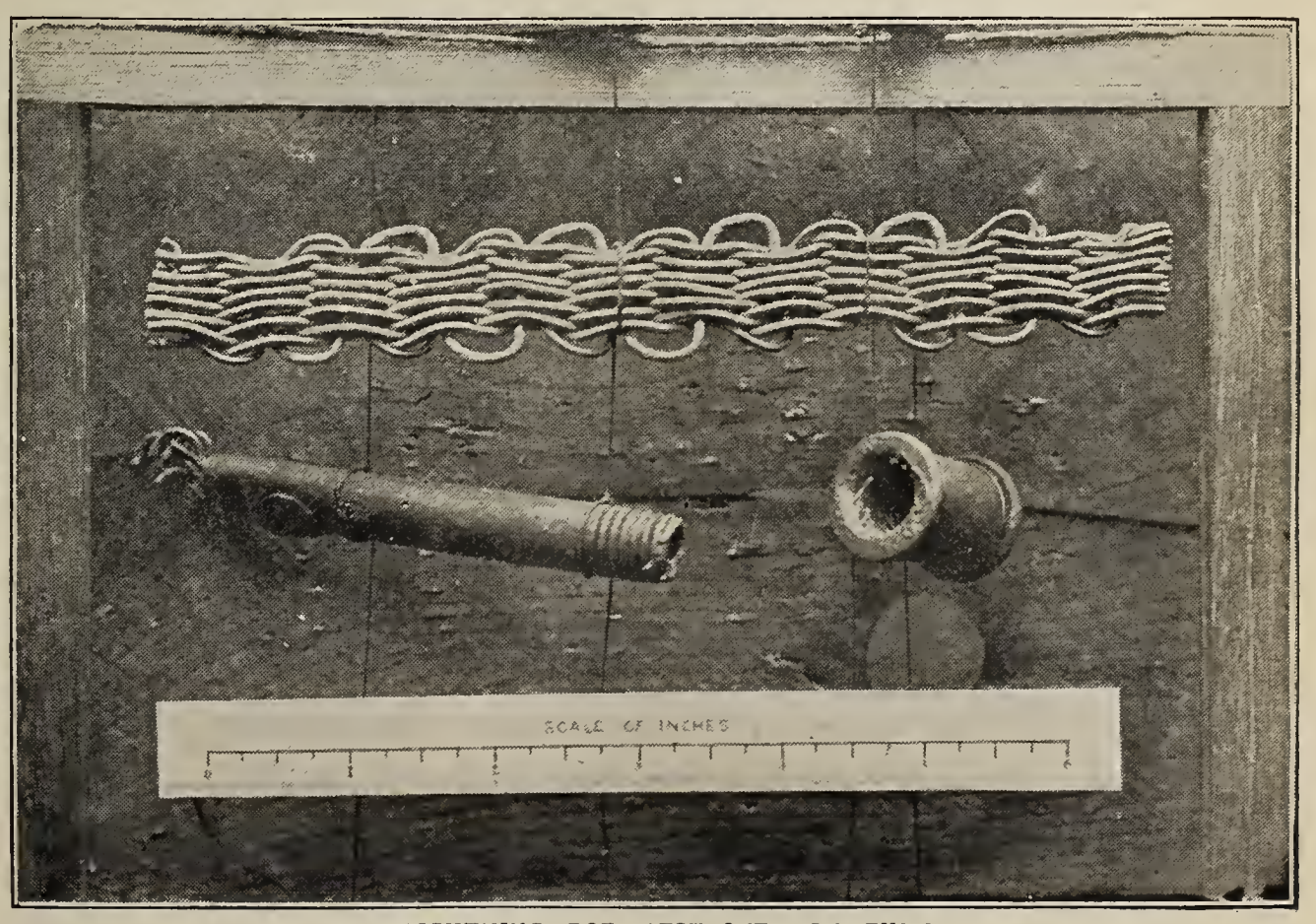


21 AND 22.—CURIOUS FRACTURE OF A GLASS TUMBLER AT LETHERHEAD.
From Photos. lent by A. Dixon, Esq., Letherhead.

Street." (Mark that "seemed.") "The thoroughfare," continues the account, "seemed to be completely in flames, and a material similar to molten metal descended, which, on reaching the ground, coagulated, leaving behind clinkers from an inch to six or seven inches in circumference." Our picture (20) shows one of these pieces; but how like an ordinary domestic clinker it looks! Well, it is a clinker, and fell from one of the fire-engines engaged in putting out the great Kilburn conflagration. The "molten metal" which "descended" was probably a bit of telegraph wire broken and fused by the flash. At least, this is the conclusion of a noted scientist who has a passion for hunting "thunderbolts" down.

Through the kindness of Abraham Dixon, Esq., of Cherkley Court, Letherhead, we are able to show the astonishing result of a lightning flash, which occurred in his gardener's house during a storm on September 7th, 1895. The tumbler (21) was struck, causing a fracture of a perfectly annular character, interrupted only by the triangularly shaped crack shown in (22). So neatly was the glass cracked that the ring (which was about half an inch in width) could be lifted from the tumbler and replaced with a perfect fit. After the storm was over, it was found in place, although perfectly detached.

Fusion is one of the catastrophes that sometimes happen to poorly-made lightning-rods, sometimes on account of poor material, and frequently on account of unequal resistances offered by different portions of the rod. Our reproduction (23) shows portions of a conductor, fused at Upwood Gorse, Caterham, on May 28th, 1879. The circular rod was fused at the screwed union, as shown. The plaited copper-wire failed, probably on account of a bad joint with the circular rod.



23.—LIGHTNING-ROD DESTROYED BY FUSION.
From a Photo. lent by G. J. Symons, Esq., F.R.S.

Dr. Bernard's Patient.

By Henry E. Dudeney.

HERBERT HEATHFIELD was by profession an artist. His father, a prosperous City merchant, would have preferred that his son had joined him in business, but Herbert's tastes did not lie at all in that direction. He had studied many years in the best London and Paris studios, and was an enthusiast and a very successful landscape painter.

His mother had been dead some years, and he had neither brother nor sister. There was a foster-brother who had turned out very badly, and who, after repeated attempts at his reform had failed, had been cut adrift and disowned. This person, whose Christian name was Jacob, was, during his boyhood, ungrateful, quarrelsome and vindictive, and intolerably jealous of Herbert, whom he grew to positively hate. Herbert had not seen Jacob for many years—not, in fact, since they were youths—but he occasionally heard rumours of the man's misdeeds.

When old Mr. Heathfield died, it was well known that Herbert had inherited all his wealth, which was considerable. The artist, who had, so long as it was necessary, been in receipt of a sufficient allowance from his father, had not yet resolved how he would make use of his newly-acquired riches, but he determined to travel for the first few years. He consequently came up to London, so soon as the will was proved and the affairs connected with the estate finally settled, to make some necessary arrangements.

One night he had been visiting an old acquaintance in South London, and he remained until a late hour. As it was fine, though very dark, he thought he would go back to his hotel on foot. He was a man accustomed to taking long walks, and since he had been in London he had missed his favourite exercise.

He knew his way well, and sauntered leisurely along, smoking his cigar, and thinking out plans for the future. In a short time he was on the borders of Clapham Common, across which his road lay. He had fancied once or twice that he was being followed by two or three persons, but had thought that he must be mistaken.

He was about half-way across the common, when suddenly, out of the gloom that surrounded a clump of straggling trees, three men sprang upon him. Herbert was instantly on his defence, but as his only weapon was a stout walking-stick, which he broke in half at the first blow, he had but little chance. However, he made the best use he could of his fists, and sent one of his assailants rolling on the ground. He was turning his attention to another, when he received a terrible blow on the back of his head—and remembered no more.

When Heathfield next recovered consciousness he found himself in bed. As he turned his head a sharp pain shot through it, and somehow immediately reminded him of the attack made upon him on the common. What had happened since? And—what was this bandage across his eyes? He pulled it up and gazed into the room, but it was pitch dark. He could not even see the window. Where was he? He kept quite still and listened. There was the familiar roar of the London traffic: not the subdued rumble of night, but the unmistakable roar, clash, and jangle of mid-day. He fancied he could even hear the rhythmic tramp and tingle-tingle-tingle-ting of tramway horses. What did it mean—this darkness?

He made a movement to raise himself on his elbow, when an invisible hand on his shoulder gently pressed him back, and a woman's voice said, out of the darkness:—

"Hush! Do not rise or excite yourself. You have been very ill, but are better now."

"Who are you?" asked Heathfield. "Where am I? Why is it so dark? What time is it?"

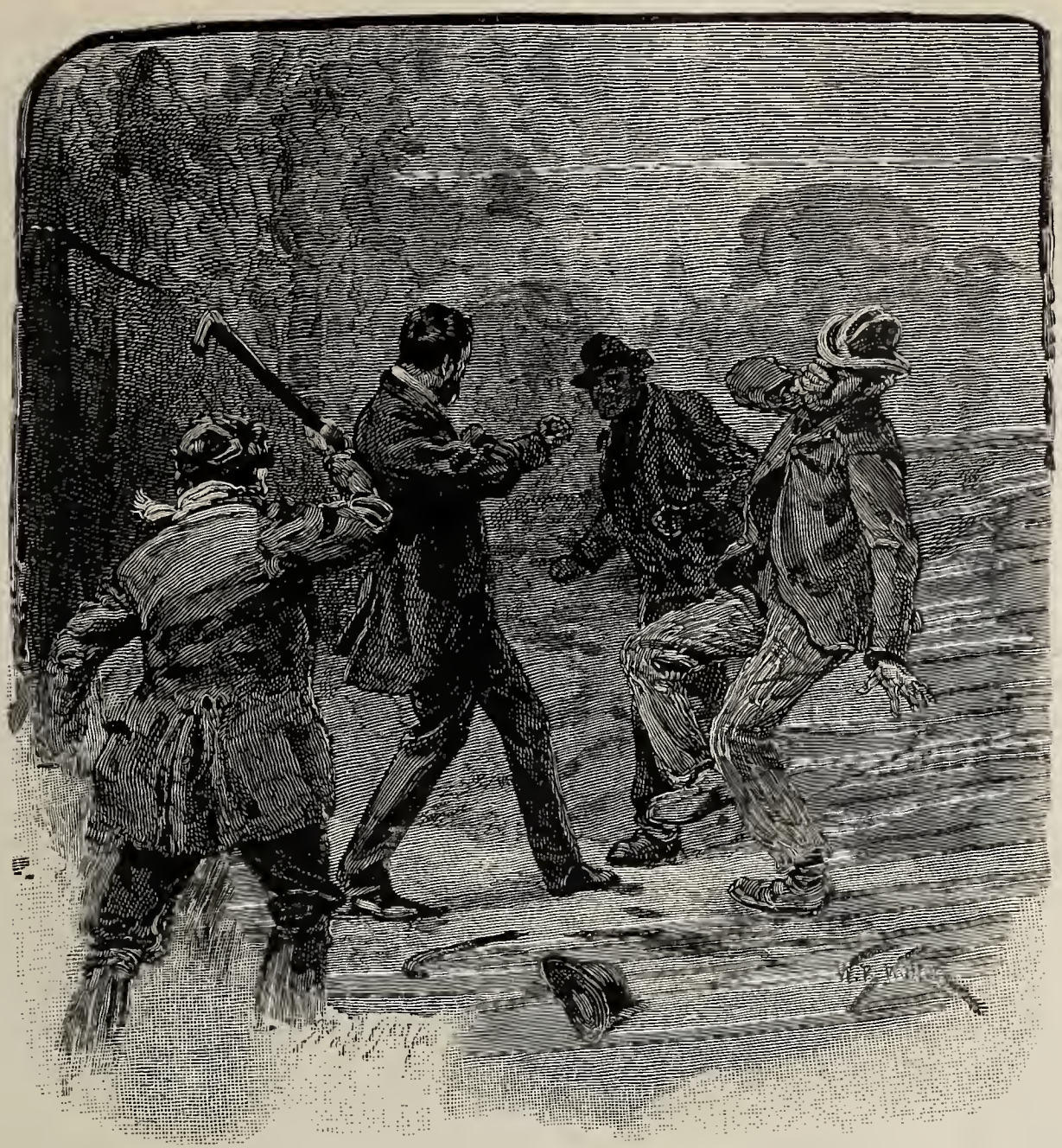
"Be calm, my poor fellow—you are with friends. Try to get a little more sleep, and then, perhaps, I will explain all."

"I cannot sleep," he replied. "It is impossible for me to be calm until you have told me the worst. Speak!"

"Do you think you can bear ill news?"

"Yes, yes! What does this bandage on my eyes mean? Why is it so dark?"

Terrible apprehensions were springing up within him. She placed her cool hand on his hot forehead.



"HE RECEIVED A TERRIBLE BLOW ON THE BACK OF HIS HEAD."

"Poor fellow! Then I fear I must tell you. You are blind!"

"Blind! Blind! Oh, my God, it cannot be! What cursed fate is this? Blind! What is life to me without vision? Every pleasure of my existence came through my eyes! How can I go through the world in perpetual darkness? Never to see the light of Heaven again!"

He reached out his hand, and took hold of hers in a frenzied grasp.

"Oh, it is impossible! Woman, who ever you are, you lie!"

"'Twere better I did," she replied; "but, alas, it is too true! You were found, wounded and insensible, on the common by Dr. Paul Bernard, as he was returning from a patient at two o'clock in the morning. He had you brought here—to his own house—and I was at once engaged as nurse. You have had a narrow escape of your life, and appear to have been the victim of some terrible outrage. Do you know who your assailants were?"

"I have not the slightest idea. Three men suddenly sprang on me out of the darkness, and one felled me with a terrible blow on the back of the head. I know no more."

"But the principal villainy seems to have followed your unconsciousness, for——but you really must try to compose yourself."

"I beseech you to go on! Tell me, is there no hope whatever of my recovering my sight?"

"Not any, I fear. It would seem as if they had deliberately made you blind; probably in order to prevent your afterwards identifying them."

"What horrible barbarity! Why did not they kill me outright?"

"Everything is being done for you that can be done. You must now be as patient as possible, and hope for the best. But do not again, until you have the doctor's permission, remove the bandage from your eyes, or you may get a recurrence of inflammation. And, above all things, do not attempt to rise or turn in your bed. There is also an injury to your spine which demands the greatest care and rest on your part, and any premature strain might disable you from rising for the rest of your life."

Heathfield clenched his fists, and the

features of his face told of great mental agony as he uttered a prolonged groan. To be blind was, indeed, terrible enough; but not to be able to use his limbs, to be compelled to lie on his back for the rest of his days, would be insufferable torture.

Wishing from the bottom of his heart that he were dead, he soon fell into a restless sleep.

Day after day the wretched man lingered on in the darkness that held no hope of dawn. The doctor visited him two or three times a day, and spoke cheerfully and hopefully to him. As for his nurse, she was kind and sympathetic, and most assiduous in her attentions.

Heathfield had no very near relatives, and only a few friends that he cared to communicate with. To one or two he dictated short letters, and one acquaintance he desired to call and see him. The doctor preferred that he should not be excited by visitors for a while, but consented to this one friend being admitted. However, a letter arrived in a day or two saying that he had been called abroad.

Dr. Bernard communicated with the police, and one day a man came and took down his patient's depositions. No clue, though, was discoverable as to the assailants.

One day when Heathfield had been talking to the doctor about his prospects, the patient urged him to let him discharge some of his indebtedness. At first Bernard protested against any present discussion of the subject, but at length yielded, and it was decided that Heathfield should give him fifty pounds on account.

A cheque-book had been found in one of his pockets, and this was produced. Under the guidance of the doctor, who directed his pen to the beginning of each line, he filled up the body of the cheque and signed it. The writing was so successful that Bernard congratulated him pleasantly on his blind penmanship.

But, oh, those terrible days—or, rather, interminable nights! How Heathfield cursed his fate! How he cursed those infamous brutes for not completing their work! Sometimes his nurse would sit and talk to him for hours together; sometimes she would tell him all the news of the day, and even sing to him, for she had a pleasing and well-trained voice. One day she was sitting by his bedside holding his hand.

"Ah!" said Heathfield, "you cannot conceive, Mildred" (for so he had come to call her), "what it means to be doomed to utter darkness for life. To one who had trained his eyes to see innumerable beauties of Nature that are not regarded by most men, it is an intensified torture. I would rather a thousand times that I were dead and buried."

"Oh, you should not say that. Beautiful thoughts and pleasing sounds are still possible for you. Though you cannot see the blue sky, you can hear the brook; though the woodland foliage is invisible to you, you may still delight in the songs of birds and in the art of music. The rose is still fragrant to you and the fruits of the earth as full of flavour."

"What you say is doubtless true in the case of the blind man who is otherwise perfect in body. But here am I, hopelessly infirm, and——"

"No," she broke in, "not hopelessly. As Dr. Bernard told you to-day, it is quite possible that you may recover the full use of your body. But your only chance is a prolonged rest: it may be only for a few months, or it may be for longer."

"But I feel no pain whatever!"

"That is not an uncommon feature in such cases as yours, and it is distinctly in your favour. You are getting on well, and must try to be as patient as possible. Any rash action now might cause you life-long regrets. You know the great specialist you wished called in agreed in every particular with Dr. Bernard's treatment."

"Do you know, Mildred," he went on, "there is one bright spot in all my gloom—one thing that saves this world, for me, from being purgatory?"

"What is that?" she said.

"Can you not guess? It is your sympathy. For you do pity me, Mildred, do you not?"

He drew her hand to his lips, as she stood over him smoothing his pillow. Suddenly Heathfield felt a hot tear drop on his cheek and trickle down to his ear. That one little drop of water meant more to him than volumes of words. He loved her for it.

"Mildred, Mildred! I love you."

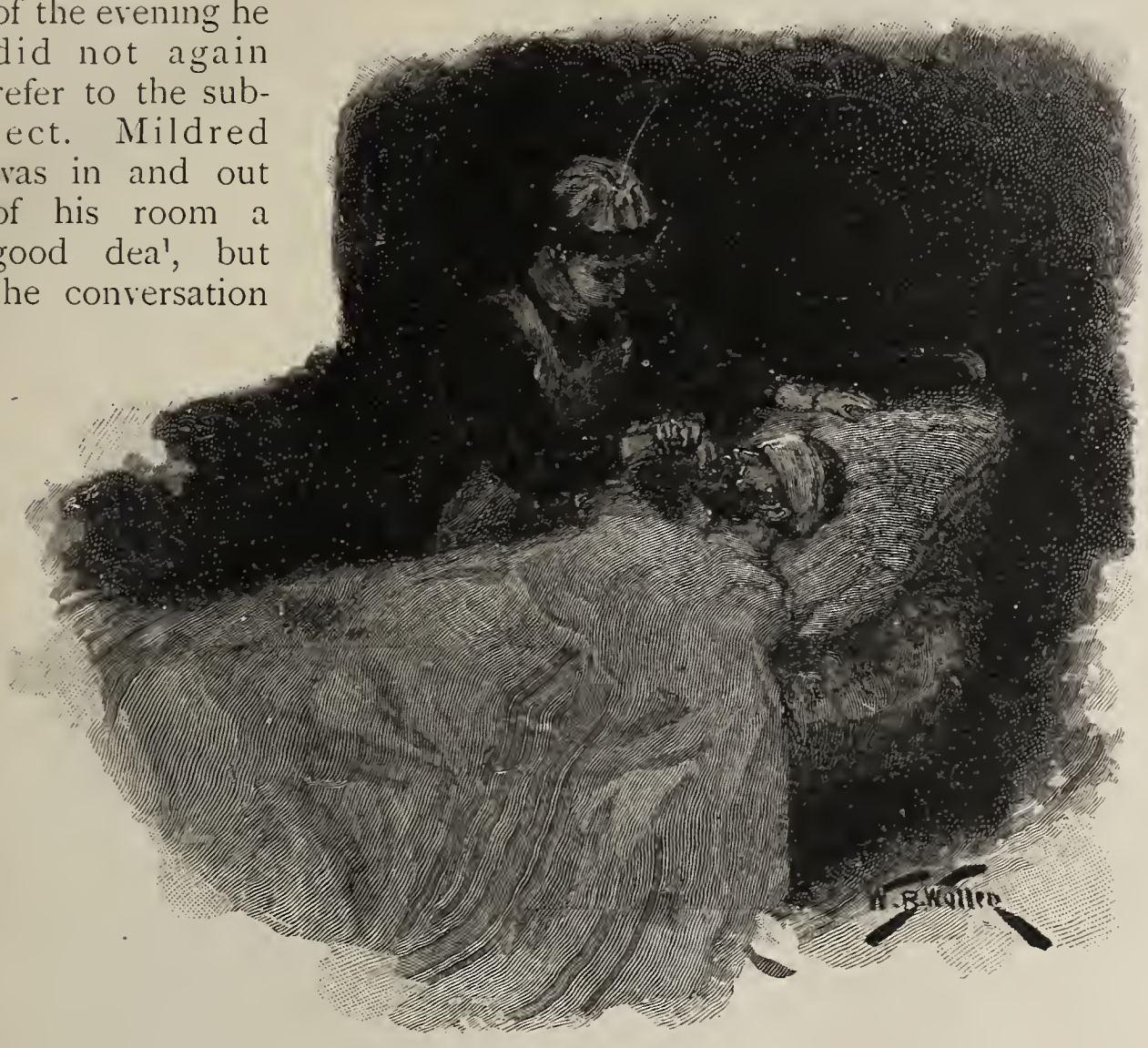
But she hastily dragged her hand from his, and whispered in his ear:—

"Hush! For God's sake, keep quiet," and was gone.

What could this mean? Why did she urge him to keep quiet? Why this air of mystery? Then, all at once, it became clear to him. She feared lest Dr. Bernard should see or overhear his words and dismiss her. He knew how rigid were the rules in this respect at the hospitals. But this was not a

hospital, and all expenses were defrayed by himself. Still, he thought it prudent not to have any unpleasantness with Dr. Bernard, and resolved to be cautious in future.

During the rest of the evening he did not again refer to the subject. Mildred was in and out of his room a good deal, but the conversation was merely that of patient and nurse. As the evening closed in she came and quietly bid him good-night and retired.



"HE DREW HER HAND TO HIS LIPS."

Soon the house was still and the noise of the street grew hushed and mellowed. He could not sleep, but restlessly turned his head from side to side on the pillow. Had he done wrong in telling Mildred that he loved her? It was selfish of him to expect or ask her to devote her life to a living wreck like himself, and perhaps he had mistaken love for gratitude in his own case, and sympathy for love in hers.

A horrible despondency and despair came over him. His mind ran on suicide, and he thought of various ways of destroying life. There was only one way that was practicable, and that was to open an artery. He had studied anatomy when painting in the studios, and could do this successfully. And yet how was he to obtain a knife or a pair of scissors? Under what pretext could he ask for such an article? The request would at once excite suspicion.

Then he remembered that he always carried a penknife in his waistcoat pocket. If his clothes were only in the room and he could manage to drag himself to them! Should he try? Even if the strain cost him his life, so much the better. It was only another way to the desired end. While he was yet resolving on his course of action, he heard the door very quietly open and somebody stealthily enter.

"Who is that?" he called out.

"Hush! Do not speak. It is Mildred," said the nurse in a whisper, as she bent over him. "I have come to befriend you, at the risk of my life, because I love you. Yes, I really love you. But I am under oath. The doors to-night will be unlocked. Save yourself. I cannot say more. Farewell, my poor Herbert. God protect you!"

She bent down and kissed his forehead.

"Mildred," he said, in a loud whisper, "one word!"

But he heard the door gently close. She had gone.

"Befriend me!" he muttered to himself. "At the risk of her life! Under oath! She said the doors would be unlocked and urged me to save myself. What does it mean? Am I mad? If not, what is all this mystery? Can it be that Dr. Bernard also loves Mildred, and that jealousy prompts him to take my life? Well, let him! I do not wish to live."

So his thoughts ran on for some minutes. Then they suddenly took another direction.

"But why should I be a coward? What would Mildred think if she knew that I had not made the least effort to save myself, notwithstanding the warning?"

In the excitement of apprehension, and of some mysterious impending danger, he no longer stopped to reason out any definite plan, but acted on the impulse of the moment. Dragging the bedclothes away from one side, he slid his body round until his legs were hanging over the edge of the bed. Then he

began to raise himself to a sitting posture, and was surprised to find that not only was there no pain, but that so far he had encountered but little difficulty.

Soon, however, a faintness came over him, and he had to throw himself back on the pillows for a rest. In a few minutes he again sat up and let his feet touch the carpeted floor. Next he tried to stand erect, holding on to the back of the bedstead. Oh, how his knees shook under him! How inexpressibly feeble he had become!

Taking occasional rests, he managed to stagger about the room and get, through the sense of touch, some knowledge of its size and contents. It was a fairly large room, with a heavy marble mantelpiece of a kind usually only found on the ground or first floors of houses. Judging from the furniture, he thought it was a sitting-room that had been specially and hastily converted into the uses of a bedroom. There were no dressing-table and washhand-stand — no looking-glass or wardrobe. He felt a large book-case and a round pedestal table, also bearing many books, and a capacious easy-chair.

He had searched in vain for clothes, when his foot caught in something that had fallen from the back of a chair. He picked it up, and felt a garment with a cord and tassels. It was a man's dressing-gown. He felt cold, and would put it on.

"What is that?" he said to himself, as something jingled in one of the pockets as he was tying the cord round his waist. He put in his hand and drew out a tin box of wax vestas.

He was replacing the matches in his pocket, when an idea occurred to him. He had often heard that blind men could tell the difference between light and darkness, that they could not only feel, but in a sense see a bright light when it shone on their sightless eyes. He would try the effect in his own case of holding a light close to his eyes.

He took out a match and prepared to strike it on the roughened side of the box. One blow, and with a sharp crackle the piece of waxed cotton burst into a flame. The light fell full on Herbert Heathfield's face and illuminated the room.

"Great heavens! I am *not* blind! I see! I see!" he exclaimed, in a frenzy, and fell senseless on the floor.

The fallen match had set fire to the bed, and the room was wrapt in flames and stifling with smoke. When Heathfield revived he was half choked, but someone was dragging him from the room, and his head was drenched with cold water that had been thrown on him. He struggled to his feet, and saw that the person who had saved his life was Mildred.

"GREAT HEAVENS! I AM NOT BLIND!"

"Now, for Heaven's sake, fly!" she cried. "I hear him on the stairs. He will kill both you and me!"

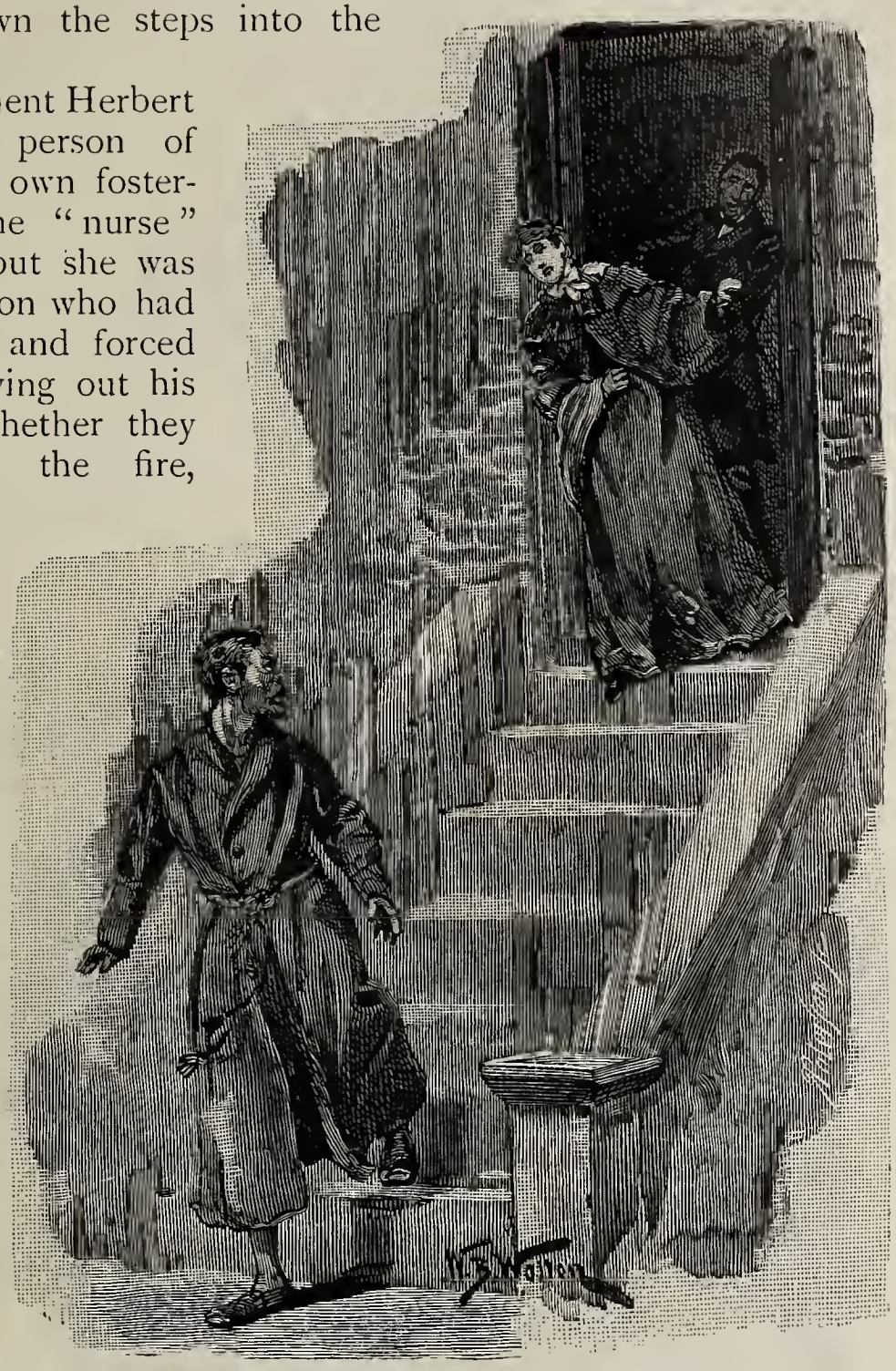
Before he could stop her she had fled through a door. He immediately followed, and found himself in a hall with moonbeams streaming in through the fanlight. He ran to the street door and passed out. As he descended the steps, he heard a cry and

looked round. Mildred was trying to follow, but was being dragged back by Dr. Paul Bernard. He rushed to her assistance, but the door was slammed in his face, and he fell backwards down the steps into the street.

In that brief moment Herbert recognised in the person of "Dr. Bernard" his own foster-brother Jacob. The "nurse" he did not know, but she was evidently some person who had been in his power and forced to aid him in carrying out his diabolical plot. Whether they both perished in the fire, whether he killed the poor woman and escaped himself by the back of the house, or whether both got off, is not known. The house was burnt completely to the ground, and neither has since been heard of.

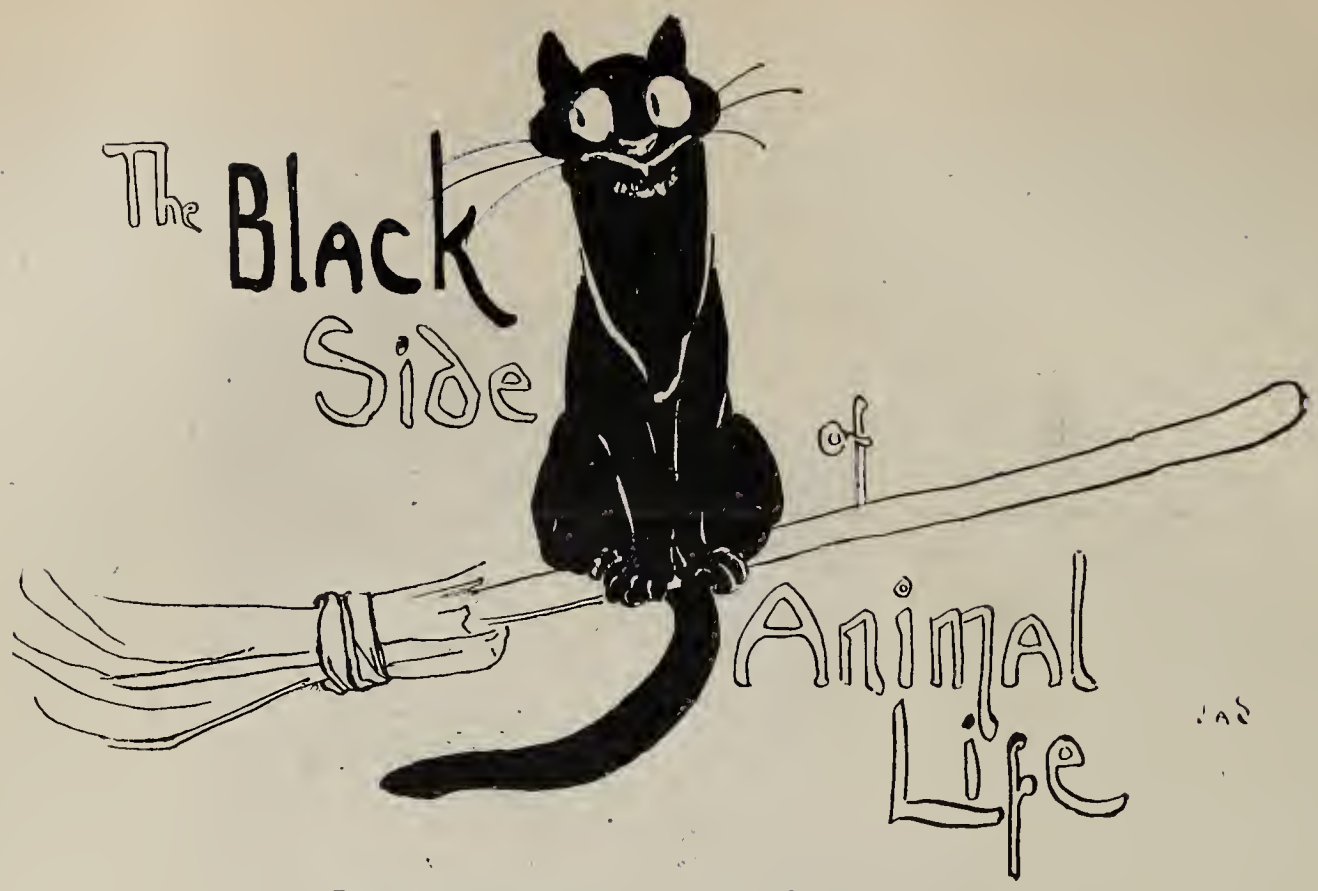
There can be no doubt as to the nature of the plot. The man Jacob determined to obtain for himself some or all of the wealth that Herbert had inherited from his father. He therefore had him waylaid, seized, rendered insensible, and lodged in a house that he had taken and prepared for the purpose. Persuading him that he was blind by putting him in a carefully darkened room, and making him believe that it was necessary for him not to rise from his bed on account of spinal injuries, it was possible for him to keep Heathfield entirely in his power without his being able to recognise him or suspect what was being done.

His greatest difficulty lay in the fact that the bulk of Herbert's property was invested, but subsequent inquiries proved that deeds and transfers were being prepared for signature. The cheque that was supposed to have been drawn for £50 was found to be for £5,000. The pen had evidently been dry until the signature was reached, when, Herbert remembered, Dr. Bernard took the pen from him for a "fresh dip." The body of the cheque was afterwards filled in by another hand. This amount was, fortunately, the full extent of the spoil. The visit of the official from Scotland Yard to take his depositions was, of course, a hoax, as was also that of the medical specialist. His letters had never been posted, while fictitious replies had been read to him.



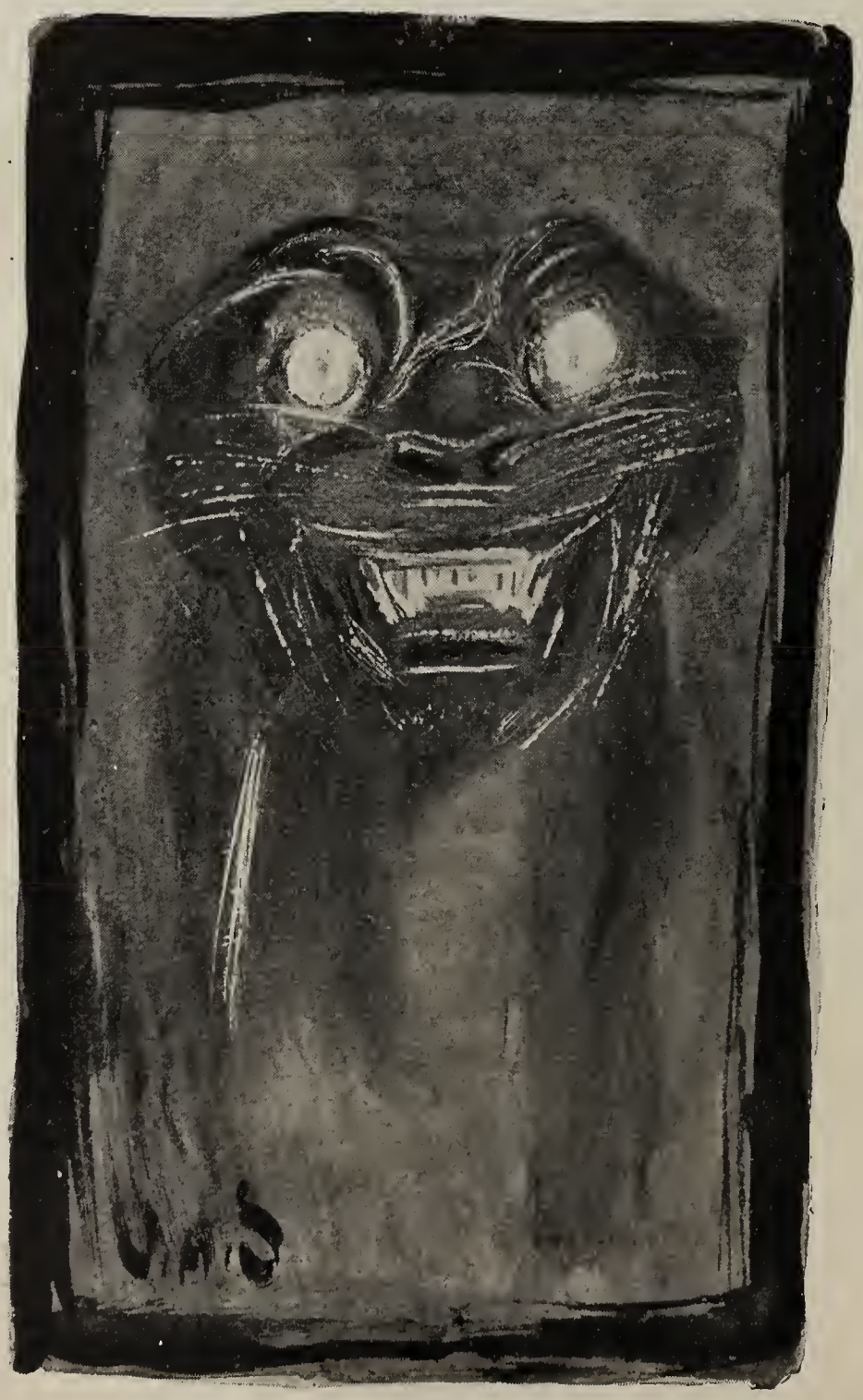
"HE HEARD A CRY, AND LOOKED ROUND."

Heathfield is grateful to his foster-brother for not really blinding and disabling him, as he very well might have done: even the greatest scoundrels have, however, these occasional lapses into mercy. He is also greatly concerned as to the fate of poor Mildred, who, out of her pity and love for himself, probably met a terrible fate; and there is one thing that Herbert Heathfield has firmly resolved to do—to devote a great portion of his money and his time to the care of the blind, with whom he can now so deeply sympathize.



ILLUSTRATED BY J. A. SHEPHERD.

NEVER trust appearances, says the wise old aunt with a sour face of her own. But the precept is futile. Everybody does trust appearances, every day of his life, with varying success. For he who never trusts appearances is as likely to be mistaken as he who always does so. His is the fate of all who live by rule, unaided by the natural gumption that points out the occasion for exception. One rule there is, however, that all may go by, wise or foolish. Never trust a black animal. The black cat is a witch, as everybody knows. The black leopard is worse than a witch. The witch may stick pins in your effigy, in the hope that you will feel the pain ; but the black leopard will stick claws and teeth into your actual person, and so put the pain beyond all question. There must be some reason for the general human horror of all black things. Black was the mourning colour among the Romans, who got it from the Egyptians, who had it from the beginning. A bad day is a black-letter day. A *mauvais sujet* is a black sheep, and we put him in our black list ; and so, being in our black books, we black-ball him at our club. We speak of Black Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, or any other day, when it is a day marked by evil hap. Wicked sorcery was the black art ; the condemning judge wears a black cap, and did so far back as the Black Assize, when so many died of the black death ; and even people not altogether superstitious regard it as very unlucky to



"DEATH."

be knocked down by a blackguard. Now, all this black smoke is not without its original fire; and that there is something in this universal dislike of black, the negative of colour, is evidenced by the generally satanic character of all black animals.

"SATAN."

The black leopard is the most savage and untractable of all quadrupeds. Do you remember "Death," the black leopard in Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew," and the horrible, goggle-eyed Englishman who followed it about, anxious some day to see it eat its tamer? "Death" is no whit overdrawn—rather underdone, indeed. There is a black leopard at the Zoo now; his cheerful name is Satan. Satan hates the whole world, and wants to fight it, to gnaw it, to tear it to rags and splinters; and he is staring, dancing mad, because he can't get at the world to do it. Approach his cage. He is probably raging somewhere in shadow, but, as you come near, he starts up and turns toward you, looking like —Satan. "Ah," he says to himself, "a human creature! Oh, to tear, bite, claw, crunch, and break him to scraps! But, soft, perhaps he'll come a little nearer—Perhaps near enough to grab. G-r-r-r! I'll crawl across to the other side." But, no; tempting as the prospect seems, you refrain from offering him a bite of your fingers. He lies there, black and deadly, his yellow eyes ablaze, ready to bounce on

"G-R-R-R! LET ME GET ROUND TO YOU!"

"COME INSIDE THOSE BARS!"

"EFFERVESCING."

you—if only those bars suddenly melt away! But they don't melt, and you come no nearer. Then Satan flings himself at the bars with a yell, and flies up and down and over and over about his cage, like nothing but a black leopard with about three thousand seidlitz powders, swallowed separately, and suddenly effervescing all together inside him. He claws and bites at the walls, the bars, the floor, even his own tail and feet, in frantic rage at his inability to get near you. And, finally, he rolls over on his back, half-choking, and crunches in his teeth a mouthful of straw snapped from the ground, just to make you understand what would happen to your head if it were where the straw is. And altogether Satan's manners are not of a patient and long-suffering sort. There are meeker creatures, even among the rabbits. And Satan is the only member of the cat tribe that absolutely goes vegetarian with rage. Other black leopards are much as Satan is; and altogether the most animated job a Zoo keeper or a menagerie man ever gets is the turning of a black leopard out of one cage into another. This, more especially if the animal be just brought from another place—for then, the surroundings being strange, it objects to leaving its present quarters, and has to be smoked out with smouldering damp straw. Then, when at last it does come—well! The proceedings are more amusing if viewed from a distance.

Now, zoologists tell us that the black leopard is of precisely the same species as

"VEGETARIAN WITH RAGE."

"NEVERMORE!"

the ordinary spotted quality, differing from it only as a black cat differs from a tabby. So that it is plain that the black leopard's extra dose of original sin arises from his colour alone. Still, it is curious that the black leopard comes from a particular part—Java and the Malay Peninsula—and is never found among the variegated leopards of India. These leopards are really comparatively decent, tamable, and often friendly—when you know them. But the black leopard—never.

It is a blessed relief to turn from Satan to make friends with the comparatively soft-hearted lions and tigers who are his neighbours. It is with difficulty that you restrain yourself from rubbing their heads to make them purr, or dangling a piece of string for them to run after. Beside Satan, they are kitten-like. And all because he's black.

Another black rascal is the raven. A joker, certainly, but one of melancholy exterior. What creature in the whole world could Poe have better chosen than the raven to say "Nevermore"? The raven's character and surroundings are an odd mixture of the dreary and the comic. The raven seems always to be "in at the death," so to speak. What blasted oak, what haunted castle, what gallows at a cross-road, without its raven? Any scene-painter who dabbed in a blasted oak or a gallows without the proper raven sitting on it would be sacked in ignominy, and sent to learn the elements of his trade. And if an art-editor commissioned an artist to illustrate a story with a haunted castle in it, do you think that art-editor would accept a drawing of that castle absolutely bare of ravens? Not he; and quite right, too. Oh, a sinister, sly, melancholy, grim-visaged, and, withal, mischievous and humorous bird is the raven. He cannot do as much damage, perhaps, as a black leopard on the loose, but devastation and the gloating over it form his mission on earth. Thus it is that nothing but his sense of humour saves him from total, neck-and-crop destruction. For people there are who buy the raven and keep him as a pet. He is getting rarer in this country than he

"IN AT THE DEATH."

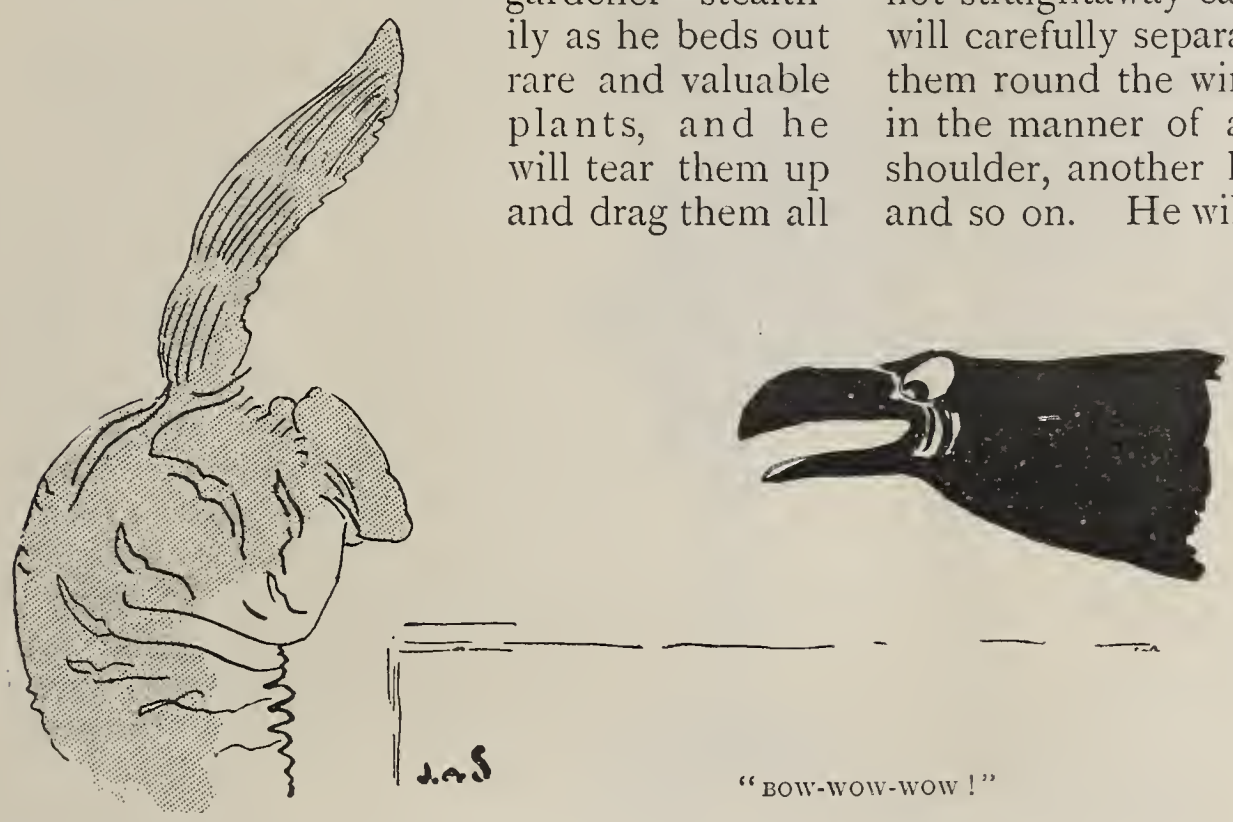
was, and usually he is expensive to buy. But having bought him, the best thing to do next is to give him away instantly ; if possible, give him to an enemy—but, anyway, give him to somebody. Then you will limit your loss to his original price.

To look, however, entirely on the bright side of raven-keeping, you may get a certain amount of fun for your money if you are a millionaire, and don't mind giving up all your worldly possessions to the raven to do as he likes with. There will be certain jokes with the fowls. He will learn to crow and to cluck before he learns anything else, and he will cluck away slily behind a door, till you, listening, begin to count your eggs by hundreds—to say nothing of unhatched chickens—and the hens themselves dash about madly, anxious to discover the unknown champion egg-layer among them. The raven will make a fool of every other creature on the premises—more particularly yourself. He will creep close behind the cat, and startle it with a sudden bark. He will call the dog, in your own voice, from various invisible points of the stable-roof, till something approaching hydrophobia takes possession of the worried quadruped. He will quarrel with the parrot, and pluck feathers from its tail. He will tell horses to "Get over there," and then to

"WHO LAID THAT EGG?"

"HALLOA! MOONING AGAIN!"

get back again, till they sweat and plunge. He will chase terrified housemaids and peck at their heels. He will dog the steps of the gardener stealthily as he beds out rare and valuable plants, and he will tear them up and drag them all about the premises with triumphant croaks. He will hop in at the kitchen window, and leave a few scattered bones where the cook placed a newly trussed fowl; and if the cook doesn't moderate her objections to the meal, he will as likely as not top up with a little dessert off her fingers. True, he will also catch an occasional mouse; but, probably, only because he imagines mice to be a valuable possession of yours, which you are anxious to keep alive and in good condition. When he has killed a mouse he will not straightaway eat it, as a cat would do; he will carefully separate it into joints and hang them round the wires of his own habitation, in the manner of a butcher's shop—a leg, a shoulder, another leg, the head, the brisket, and so on. He will gloat over these for some little while before he begins his meal, and call passers-by to admire his stock. And he will altogether be a big, sardonic, terrible, demoniac bird, and—black.



"BOW-WOW-WOW!"

"Halloa, halloa, halloa! What's the matter here? Keep up your spirits! Never say die! Bow-wow-wow! I'm a devil; I'm a devil; I'm a devil! Hurrah!" shouted Grip, the raven in "Barnaby Rudge." Now, this Grip was Dickens's own raven, which died through eating white paint—if only it had been black paint, probably there would have been no trouble. Now, an ordinary man owning a raven, and so fortunate as to have it die, would probably—echoing the "Nevermore" of Poe's particular raven—cut him-

"WHERE'S THAT DOG?"

self off from all raven society for the future. But the great novelist, daring Fate, bought another raven, which died (with its eye on the meat roasting in the kitchen) after a liberal meal of glazier's putty. Again, if this had only been tar, or black cobbler's wax, the raven would probably have lived to vex the world for many years. The virgin purity of white paint, the pale innocence of glazier's putty, agree not with the sombre blackness and sophisticated devilry of the raven. He is another of the creatures in silhouette.

Truly there is something uncanny in a black cat, if only you look at it (remembering tales of witchcraft and *the* Black Cat tale—Poe's) till the creature hypnotizes you. It is said to be lucky for a black cat to come into the house; but if it goes out again in company with a filleted sole, the case is altered. And all authorities agree that it is unlucky to fall over a black cat and break your nose. In the old days, when witchcraft was still a respectable and remunerative profession, the black cat was found to be a useful, cheap, portable, and convenient form in which to put up one's familiar demon. Moreover, it was an equally useful, portable, cheap, and convenient form to adopt oneself when pressed for space, anxious to preserve incognito, or desirous of seeing in the dark. Though it must have been a trifle trying to a witch of weak stomach to have to play up to the character by eating mice. The devilish atmosphere about it has made the black cat also commercially useful in the trade of novel-writing. If ever you want to invest a character with mysterious, thrilling, occult, and not altogether human attributes, you put a black cat handy to climb about the character's knees and neck and rub against his (or her) legs. That strikes the occult note at once. The character immediately becomes mystic, a dabbler in forgotten lore, a creature of magnetic power—perhaps even a Freemason or an Oddfellow. Or if it be a woman, she stands proclaimed a witch from the beginning, and the cat her familiar spirit. The very first professional implement a wizard "has in" (from the stores nowadays, no doubt) is a black cat, as big as possible, with eyes warranted to gleam unceasingly, and the proper improved phosphorescent back, guaranteed to light a pipe when rubbed the wrong way. It comes even before the extinguisher hat (black, of course), and the black velvet dressing-gown with triangles and skulls all over it, and the indubitable old black-letter book (with more triangles) to be turned over attentively while the wizard looks sideways at the visitor's umbrella handle to read his name on the silver band, and astound him presently by his knowledge.

"'I'M A DEVIL!' SHOUTED GRIP."

The Egyptians knew many things. As we have seen, they knew all about black as a mourning colour long before the first orthodox British funeral started from the original British undertaker's shop. He must have

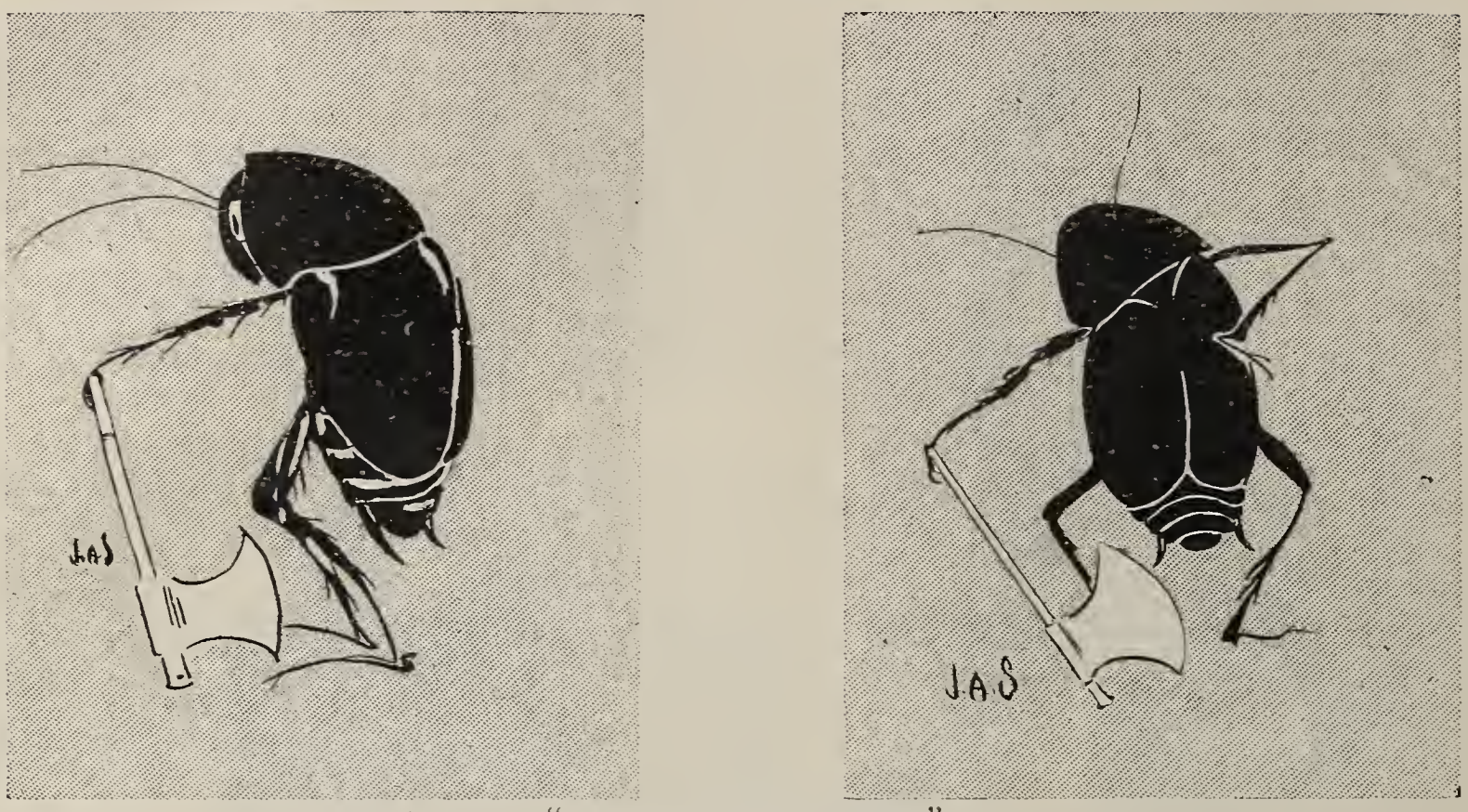
"PLUTO!"

been a great genius, by-the-bye, that original undertaker. Only a genius could have foreseen the possibilities of black as an implement of trade in the way that undertaker did; only a genius could have handled it with such mastery to conjure the last coin from the shallow pocket of dire affliction. Black horses, black palls, black coffins, black vehicles, black feathers, black weepers, black hat-bands, black clothes—all useless except for the occasion, all to be paid for again and again and again, with a black settling-day fittingly to crown the grief of the bereaved every time! But, as to the Egyptians, and as to cats, they invented our cat superstitions, or derived them from the misty beginning, even as they did the functions of black. He who killed a black cat in old Egypt, whether by design or by accident, was killed himself. For the Egyptians knew many things, and doubtless the proverb, "Care killed the cat," was familiar among them. "Begone dull care," sang the hilarious Pharaoh.

"PLUTO THE SECOND'S TRADE MARK."

"PLUTO THE SECOND."

Edgar Allan Poe was past-master of horror and mystery, and he well knew the value of plenty of black in his animals to get his effect. He handled the black cat in fiction as it had never been handled before, and has never been since. He did not debase it to a mere accessory, by way of imparting mystery to a mere human proprietor. The human proprietor was no more than a common drunken ruffian with his decent qualities drunk out of him. The cat Pluto was the central figure and hero of the story; or perhaps we should say the two cats, Pluto the first with his one eye and his total blackness, and Pluto the second with *his* one eye and the white trade-mark on his chest—the gallows! Read the story in a dim room on a black night, and enjoy the black horrors, assisted, if possible, by the immediate presence of many black-beetles. The black-beetle himself, by the way, is only



"THE FURTIVE EXECUTIONER."

one more instance of the original proposition—never trust a black animal. Who would trust a black-beetle? Look at his furtive, murderous, round-shouldered deadliness of shape — a masked, black-clad headsman among insects. Nobody would trust a black-beetle, for he is doubly false, even to his own name. For he is neither black nor a beetle, say the accurate persons—he is a cock-roach; and then he is neither a cock nor a roach.

Human existence, taking its occasional sup of horror from black animals, as it goes along—at the end black animals, in black velvet and black feathers, triumph over its end. There's a deal of mystery about an undertaker's horse. How does it grow its mane and tail? It is whispered that the tail is often brought up tenderly by hand at the upholsterer's, and grafted on with a bent hair-pin. But false hair or none, the undertaker's horse triumphs in the end. "They break us, drive us, ride us," said the horses at Anthony Chuzzlewit's funeral. "Ill-treat, abuse, and maim us for their pleasure. But they die; hurrah! they die!"

"HURRAH! THEY DIE!"

AGE 18.

From a Photo. by Adolphe Beau.

AGE 48.

From a Photo. by The London Stereoscopic Company.

THE LORD MAYOR.

BORN 1840.

MR. ALDERMAN GEORGE FAUDEL PHILLIPS holds the unique position of being the first Lord Mayor whose father has sat in the great civic chair before him. His father, Sir Benjamin Phillips—the first member of the Jewish fraternity permitted to hold office in the Corporation of London — retired from civic life through ill-health in 1888, and the present Lord Mayor was appointed to the vacant aldermancy. Like his predecessors, Lord Mayor Phillips is prominently connected with many societies and institutions. He is chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, governor of the Irish Society, an almoner of Christ's Hospital, a trustee of the Rowland Hill Fund, and a governor of St. Bartholomew's, Bethlehem, and Bridewell Hospitals. Mr. Faudel Phillips is justly noted for his energy and skill in the discharge of civic and commercial duties.

PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by The London Stereoscopic Company.

From a Photo. by] AGE 12. *[A. & E. Seeley, Richmond.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 30. *[Symonds & Co., Portsmouth.*

COMMANDER WELLS.

BORN 1859.

COMMANDER LIONEL DE LANTOUR WELLS, R.N., the new Chief Officer of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, was educated at Cheltenham, and entered the Navy in 1871. He saw active service on a torpedo-boat during the Egyptian War. In 1892 he reached his present rank of Commander, and was appointed senior officer of a flotilla of torpedo-boat destroyers.

From a Photo. by] AGE 22. *[G. West & Son, Gosport.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Maull & Fox.*

MISS MARIE TEMPEST.

LOVELY *O Mimosa San*, otherwise Miss Marie Tempest, is a native of London, and London has made her one of its children of fame. Her rise in the theatrical world is one almost unprecedented when we remember that her *début* took place in 1887, as *Dorothy*, in the opera of that name, and that she now ranks as one of the foremost theatrical celebrities not only in England but in America as well. She received her education mainly in Belgium, and her musical training from Manuel Garcia, obtaining the gold, silver, and bronze medals for singing. She went to the United States in 1890, appearing in "The Red Hussar," "Dorothy," "Carmen," "The Fencing Master," "The Algerian," and other pieces. Four years later she returned to her native shores and played her part of heroine in "An Artist's Model," with what success is well known. Mr. George Edwardes's pretty piece, "The Geisha," at Daly's, gives Miss Tempest yet another opportunity of delighting crowded audiences in the part of *O Mimosa San*.

AGE 6.
From a Photo. by Goulder, New Cross.

From a Photo. by] AGE 24. *[Sarony, New York.*

AGE 19.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

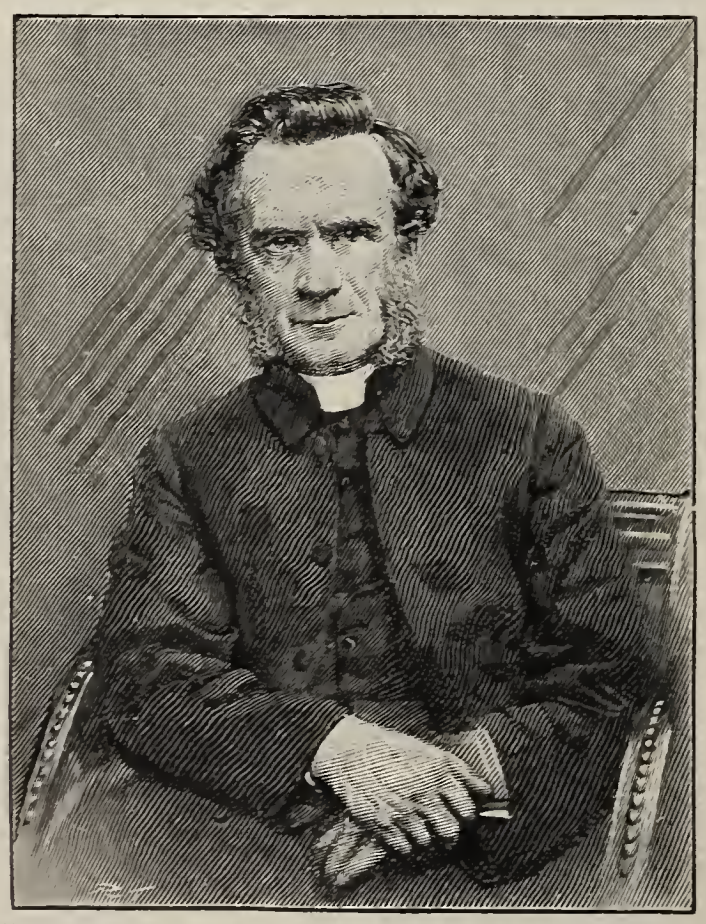
From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Alfred Ellis.*

From a] AGE 24. *[Painting.*

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM.

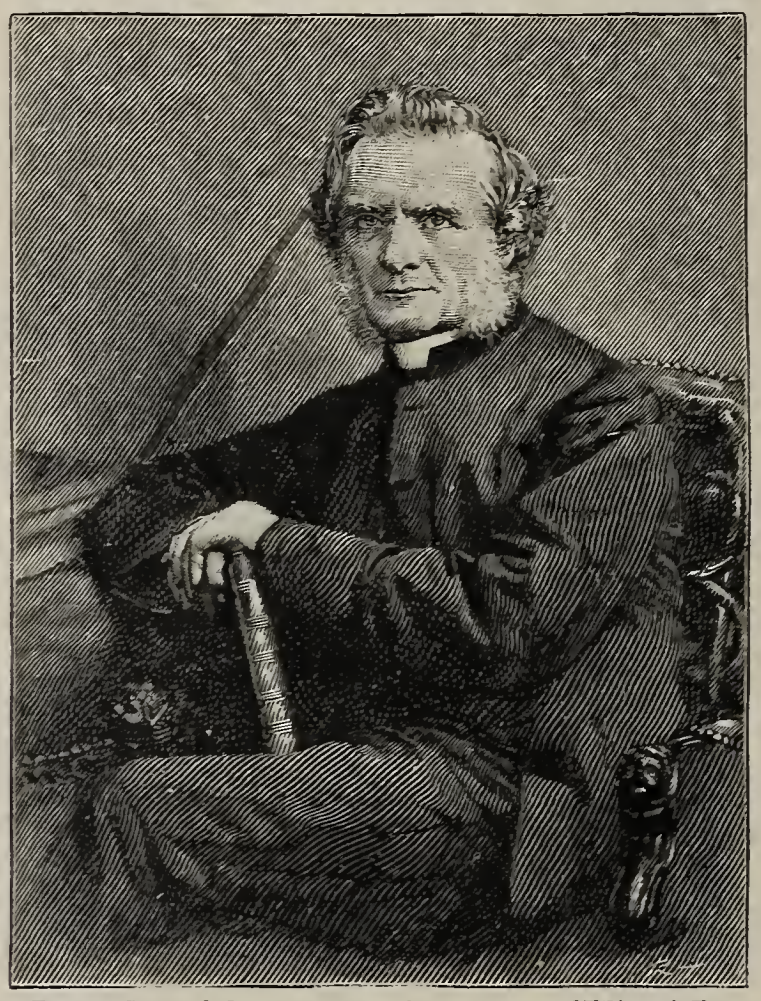
BORN 1825.

THE RIGHT REV. BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of Durham, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His University career was of more than ordinary brilliancy. He was elected Fellow of his college in 1849, and proceeded M.A. in 1851, B.D. in 1865,



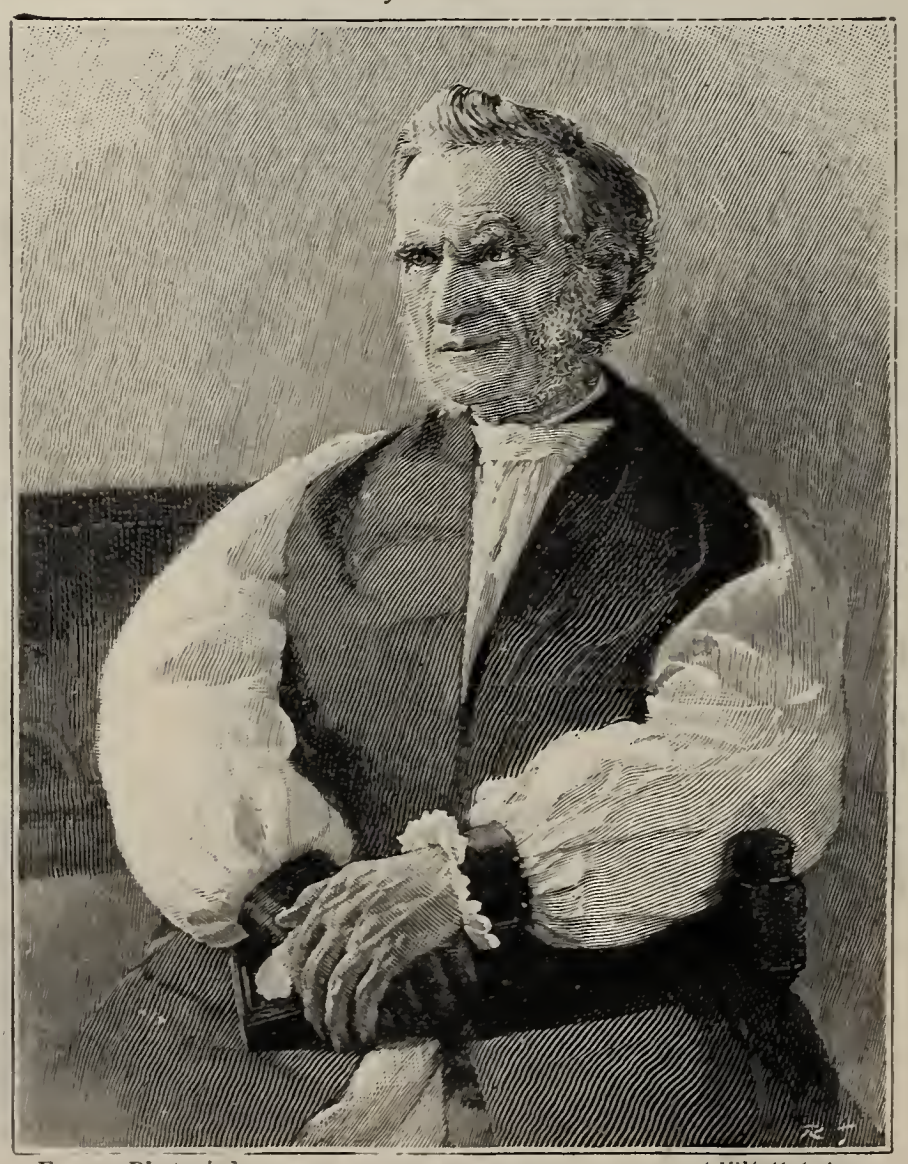
From a Photo. by] AGE 52 *[S. A. Walker.*

and D.D. in 1870. Oxford University conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L. in 1881. In 1851 he was ordained deacon and priest by the Bishop of Manchester, and in 1879 he became Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. Dr. Westcott resigned his residentiary canonry at Peterborough in May, 1883; he was appointed one of the Archbishop of Canterbury's chaplains in the following month;



From a Photo. by] AGE 63. *[Elliott & Fry.*

in October of the same year he was nominated to the canonry of Westminster, and succeeded Bishop Lightfoot in the See of Durham on May 1st, 1890. His theological works are as numerous as they are well known.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

A Child's Memories of Gad's Hill.

By Mary Angela Dickens.

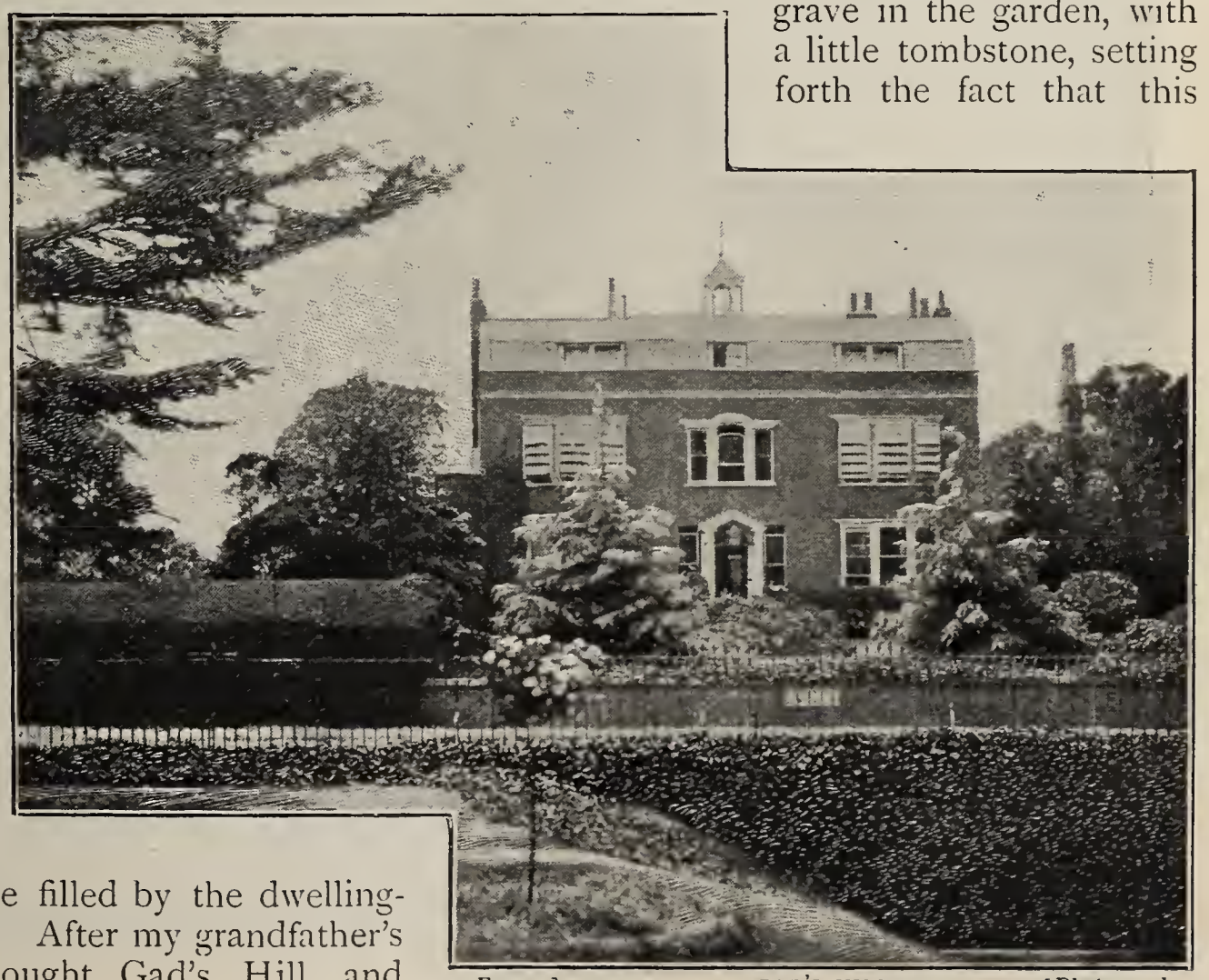
MISS MARY ANGELA DICKENS—AGE 4.
From a Photo. by Mason & Co., Old Bond Street.

EVEN as I write the words I stop, and a little smile and a little sigh come together—as childish memories are apt to bring them! For there are two Gad's Hills in my life; two which are yet one. The picture of the square, red-brick house, with its porch, its bell-turret, and its four bow windows, so familiar to all Dickens lovers, represents for me not only the misty region of these scattered, childish recollections; it is the picture of my home, too—though it is many years now since I have seen it—the picture of that childhood's home which holds a place in one's life never to be filled by the dwelling-places of after years. After my grandfather's death, my father bought Gad's Hill, and I and my brother and sisters grew up there.

My home life there was as happy as a child's life can be. I learned to love the place with the love of intimate familiarity. And yet, to the very last day of my life at Gad's Hill, there were bits about the house and garden which never seemed to me to belong to us—the ordinary, every-day family party, which had taken possession; bits which stood out vaguely for me, as having been left behind by that other life which had preceded ours; as survivals of that past which I could dimly remember.

MISS MARY ANGELA DICKENS—PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Vandyk, Gloucester Road.

Quaint enough are some of the details with which this atmosphere of the past was associated in my mind. There was a little grave in the garden, with a little tombstone, setting forth the fact that this



From a GAD'S HILL. *[Photograph.*

was "The grave of Dick, the best of birds." This best of birds, I knew, had belonged to the "Auntie" — my grandfather's eldest daughter —who had been mistress of the Gad's Hill of those other days when I had been only a visitor there. I think I had a misty feeling that the grave of Dick was lonely, now that its mistress had gone away, and I was sorry for it. The connection of ideas here is, perhaps, natural enough. But why should the looking-glass

THE LIBRARY AT GAD'S HILL.
From a Photo. by Edward Banes, Brompton.

panels of the dining-room door have given me, sometimes—even after Gad's Hill had been my home for years—quite an eerie sense of realization of the life that had been? I cannot say. I only know that I never felt anything but most respectful and a trifle deprecating towards that door.

The Gad's Hill of my very early childhood; the "Gad's" to which I used to go on visits; the "Gad's" which my home of after years was, and yet never was, to

From a] THE DINING-ROOM AT GAD'S HILL. *[Photograph.*

me; had that about it which stamped the remembrance of it clear and distinct upon my baby senses as a thing apart. It had that about it which gave a peculiar character to the passionate attachment to the place which grew in me after it became my home; that which gives a peculiar halo to its memory. To this day, if I hear or read of that mysterious something which is known as the magnetic influence of Genius, I feel again, instinctively, the atmosphere of my grandfather's home as it penetrated the consciousness of a little child visitor.

I have no recollection of ever being told that my grandfather was a great man. There is no shadow in my memory of ever having feared him. But all my recollection is pervaded with the sense that "Venerables"—as I was taught to call him—was not as other men. If I were to reproduce pictorially the old Gad's Hill scenes, which start out for me so vividly on the dim background of the forgotten, I think I should inevitably surround the figure of "Venerables" with a coloured light, or a peculiar line of isolation, as the only possible means by which my sense of the most striking characteristic of those scenes could be expressed.

I have said that I was never afraid of him, and this is true. I was never afraid of his presence. But I recall very clearly a vague sense of dread, only to be described as "creepy," with which his absence — under certain circumstances — inspired me. And the circumstances were these: The Swiss châlet, given to my grandfather by Fechter, stood in the shrubbery almost hidden among the trees. The shrubbery itself was separated from the garden by the high road. It was approached by a tunnel and two flights of steep steps. It was when "Venerables" betook himself to the châlet for long mornings—as I know now, to write—

From a] THE DRAWING-ROOM AT GAD'S HILL. [*Photograph.*

that the haze of the mysterious rose about him in my little mind, and all sorts of undefined and dreadful possibilities presented themselves to me. I can feel myself, now, creeping indoors, when I had been sent to play in the garden, because the thought of that little house among the trees, with its solitary occupant, haunted me. I remember the childish reticence which kept me silent as to the cause of my reappearance, when I had found the consoling society of my "aunties," and the touch of shame with which I met my grandfather afterwards.

But perhaps my tenderest and most

A FAMILY GROUP.
From a Photo. by Mason & Co., Old Bond Street.

personal recollection of my grandfather is in the capacity of doctor. Running about where I had no business to be while dinner was going on, one summer evening, I came into collision with a large saucepan of boiling water; and disastrous consequences ensued to one small foot and leg. I suppose my nurse was to blame, and a guilty conscience made her put me hastily to bed and conceal the accident until dinner was over. I can only just remember lying there, feeling very lonely and neglected, and crying for my "auntie." But I have a very vivid recollection of the subsequent appearance, not only of "auntie," but of "Venerables," and I remember how comforting he was, and what a marvel of wisdom and knowledge I thought him, as he made the poor leg feel much better. And after that I seem to see the pretty room—my aunt's—full of people! I conclude that all the people staying in the house must have come to visit the small sufferer. And out of the mist of faces I distinguish, most distinctly, that of Mr. Marcus Stone—a great friend of mine, in those days—as he stood at the foot of the bed contemplating me with the deepest sympathy! The unfortunate little leg was a long time getting well—at least I suppose it was a long time—and "Venerables" was the only person in whose treatment of it I felt any confidence. I remember how unhappy I was when his absence for a few days left it to the care of the kindest and most loving of aunts.

I have just used the phrase, "a few days." But time has nothing to do with these childish memories of mine. How many visits I paid to this Gad's Hill of the past I do not know. My recollections, for the most part, are like instantaneous photographs on my memory. Each stands alone, unconnected with the other—except by that singularly impressive atmosphere which I have tried to describe. Sometimes it is winter, in my memory; sometimes it is summer. I can remember one arrival with my father and mother—I think it must have been a Christmas visit, for there was snow. I can see the drawing-room as it looked while we had tea, on that occasion—that wonderful drawing-room, with the fire-light and lamp-light reflected everywhere, in the looking-glasses of which my grandfather was so fond. And I can remember our departure, when I disgraced myself by weeping copiously, and declining to go home! But for the most part, as I have said, my memories are isolated pictures. Here is one which I believe to be curiously characteristic of the life of Gad's Hill.

CHARLES DICKENS—AGE 45.
From a Photograph.

THE CHÂLET--GAD'S HILL.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

The scene is the drawing-room, and it is full summer time and early evening. The great bow window is wide open, and the beds of scarlet geraniums, with the waving trees of the shrubbery beyond, make a brilliant background. There is a tall stand of flowers, too, in the corner between the window and the door, and close to it a group of men in evening dress. There are other people in the room. Somebody is late for dinner, and, I think, even the small observer in the muslin pinafore has a notion that "Venerables" does not like people to be late. But "Venerables" himself seems to be wholly unconcerned. He is laughing and talking at a great rate, there, by the stand of flowers. One of the men he is talking to is "Mr. Layard"—afterwards Sir Henry Layard. I see him, now, as distinctly as I see my grandfather; I suppose, because he made a great pet of me, and I was very fond of him. Another is "Mr. Chorley"—H. F. Chorley, the musical critic. He was very kind to me, too, but I fear I was a little ungrateful for his attentions. The others I cannot see; but I know they all laughed very much, and I wondered whether I should have to be very old before I could understand what grown-up people talked about.

The picture fades as I call up another. The dining-room this time, and Christmas morning. The room is decorated with holly and ivy, and the red berries glisten cheerily. It is a long room, with that looking-glass panelled door, before mentioned, at one end. The other end I cannot see. Later on a conservatory was built out there, and subsequent impressions have blurred the older memory, I suppose. One long wall is covered

From a] THE WRITING-ROOM IN THE CHÂLET. [*Photograph.*

with pictures, and against it stands a long sideboard. In the wall facing this are the windows, through which I see snow-covered lawns, and between them the fireplace, with a peculiarly high mantel-piece. Breakfast things are on the table—whether it is before or after breakfast, I do not know; and in front of the fire stands "Venerables," looking down at me. He and I are alone together, and he is giving me a Christmas present, a book called the "Child's Prize." I knew enough, by that time, to be aware that it was somehow highly appropriate that his present should be a book. Indeed, I suspect myself of having believed that he had written the "Child's Prize" from end to end himself, especially for my edification! But his last present to me had been a very magnificent doll's house, and the small recipient of the "Child's Prize" experienced, I blush to own, a keen pang of disappointment.

THE MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE, WITH HER PETS.
From a Photo. by Mason & Co., Old Bond Street.

My last memory of my grandfather has no connection with Gad's Hill, but it is the most vivid of all to me. I was taken—I suppose that I might be able to say in after years that I had heard him—to one of my grandfather's last readings, and the awe and excitement of the occasion make my heart beat a little faster even now as I recall it. "The Christmas Carol" was the reading chosen for me—probably because Tiny Tim was considered to be within my comprehension; but I regret to say that the reading itself went completely over my head, and I only recollect being very frightened and uncomfortable.

ONE OF THE GUARDIANS OF GAD'S HILL.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

The "Venerables" on the platform was quite a stranger to me, and his proceedings were so eccentric as to be most alarming. He took no notice of me, or of my mother; and yet it seemed to me that he never took his eyes off me. And to Tiny Tim himself I owe my one intensely painful and distressing memory of my grandfather, for the climax of my discomfort was reached at last when it dawned upon my poor little faculties that "Venerables" was "crying." I never read the little scene in the carol where Bob Cratchit breaks down—the moment, I suppose, of this tragedy—without remembering the horror and dismay which seized upon me then. I knew nothing whatever about acting; any ideas I had about "pretending" were associated with Christmas pantomime, and did not assimilate at all with the solitary appearance of my grandfather on a dull-looking platform. To me his distress was absolutely real. I had never before seen a grown-up person cry. I had not known that they ever did or ever could do so. And that "Venerables," of all people in the world, should cry with all those people looking on, and that no one should dare—as it seemed to me—to express sympathy, or offer consolation, was nothing short of an upheaval of my universe.

I went to Gad's Hill once again, as a visitor. But the house had lost its master then. And even a little child could feel something of the blank which that loss involved.

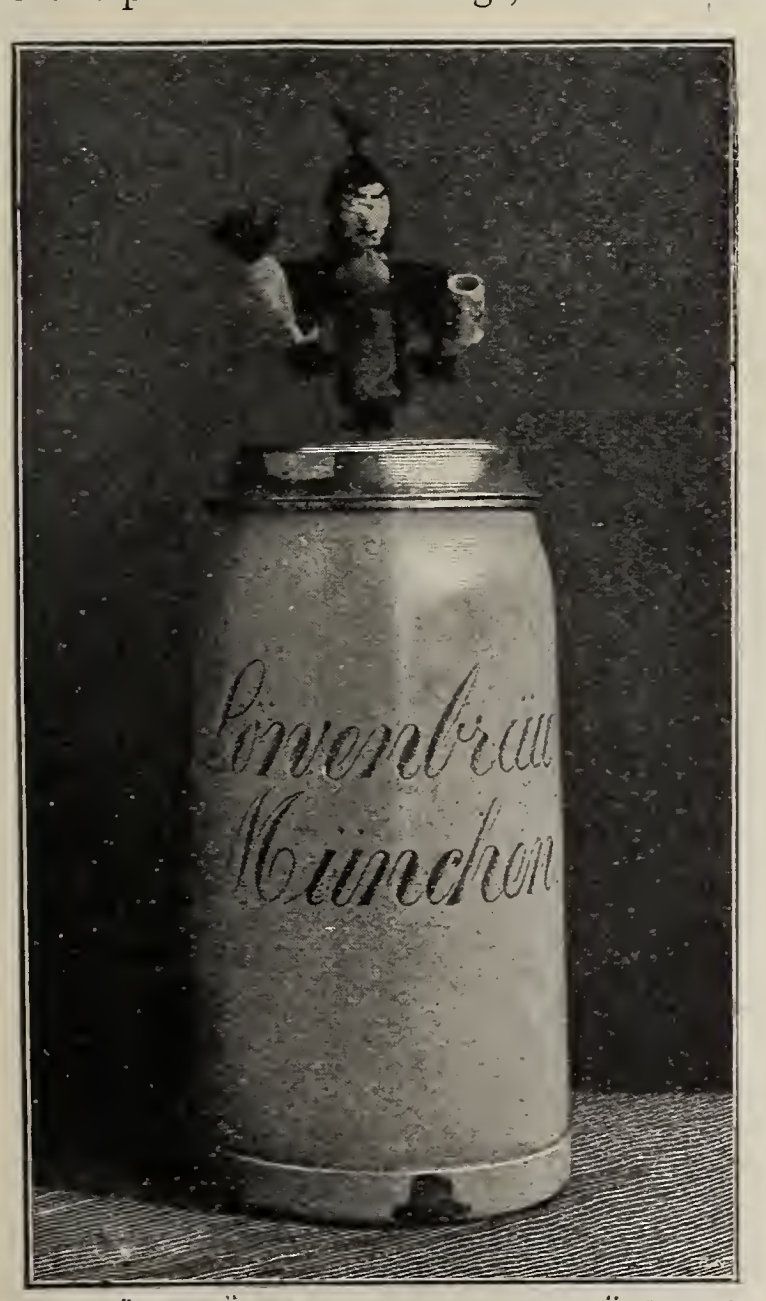
Beer-Markers.

By George Dollar.

[*Illustrations from Photos. by George Newnes, Limited.*]

ALL roads in Germany lead to Munich, where the beer comes from, and all roads in Munich lead to the Löwenbräu Keller, where we got these beer-markers. The Keller is a noted place, possibly not so celebrated as the Hofbräuhaus, or Court Brewery, where the special brew of the Bavarian dignitaries is doled out in foamy quarts and pints to the populace; but in its own way it is unique. It is an enormous hall gaily decorated in evergreen, closely packed with tables, at which natives and visitors sit in loving communion over their "bock," while the band plays. The tunes are good, and the solid contentment of the crowd is sweet to look at; but the beer-markers, in the words of the poet, "take the bun."

To describe them briefly, they are little puppets of knitted wool about four inches high. Now, at the beginning of this article, you will find two pictures of beer-mugs, with the beer-markers stuck fast upon little metal knobs at the top of the handles. The markers are placed there by the beer-drinkers, so that, when the mug goes out to be refilled, it will come back to its proper owner. Each man, therefore, by simply placing his beer-marker upon his mug, always gets his own mug back, and not somebody else's. The pretty "kellnerin," or waitress, is a very careful woman, but as all the mugs in the Löwenbräu Keller



1.—A LÖWENBRÄU BEER-MUG, WITH THE MÜNCHENER KINDL AS BEER-MARKER.

2.—A FANCY BEER-MUG WITH CAPRIVI AS BEER-MARKER.

are alike, she might get them mixed up in the shuffle if the drinkers did not co-operate with her to make mistakes impossible.

The photographs reproduced on these pages will show the variety of the markers. They are nearly all caricatures of the prominent people of the time, as well as a few local figures, unknown to the great world—but about them all there is an excellent likeness to the originals.

3.—EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY.

4.—EMPEROR NICHOLAS II. OF RUSSIA.

5.—BISMARCK.

But let us to the markers. First and foremost stands the Kaiser (3). Note his darting eye and his majestic air. A born ruler, with his manly breast covered with emblems—made of tin. His brown-yarn mustaches sweep across his face as if they wanted to kiss his ears, while a faint tinge of red paint gives colour to his fat cheeks. The little figure is carefully made, and the Kaiser grasps his sword as if he were showing his troops the proper way to fight.

Beside the Kaiser, where the great difference between the Teuton and Slavish features may be seen, we place the Emperor of Russia (4). Now, very few people will believe us when we say that this *is* the Czar, but it really is. The likeness, however, is very poor. The Czar looks aged and distressed. Possibly, the knitter made him so on purpose, as a sly dig at the Czar's late hobnobbing with *la belle France*.

We place Bismarck next (5). After him comes Windthorst (6), the German statesman who died in 1891, and at his left Eugene Richter (7), the Radical leader of the Reichstag, or German House of Commons. When Bismarck was the first figure in Germany, his two greatest political enemies were Windthorst and Richter. If Bismarck wanted a canal dug or an army raised, his opponents were sure to say they weren't needed, and at last the fight got so hot, that if Bismarck had asserted that the Atlantic Ocean was filled with water, the others would have said it was made of mud. Hence, we mention these notabilities together. Note Bismarck's three hairs. They are all he has in the world, and the woman who knit the "Iron Chancellor" did not forget a single one. Mark also Richter's portfolio under his right arm, and his gold watch-chain. And before passing to Ferdinand, note Windthorst's chubby face and expansive mouth.

6.—DR. WINDTHORST.

7.—EUGENE RICHTER.

This (8) is Ferdinand of Bulgaria, whose little son, Prince Boris, lately

8.—FERDINAND OF BULGARIA.

stirred up a lot of excitement for his size, by being admitted to the orthodox faith. In all the caricatures of Ferdinand, you find him adorned with an enormous nose, and in this beer-marker the proboscis stands prominently out. There is nothing more to say about Ferdinand, except that his uniform is made out of blue wool. Indeed, all the beer-markers representing German military men are in blue. The editors and statesmen are in inky black.

Here (9) is an editor, with wise and knowing eyes, and a pen behind his ear. Doubtless Dr. Sigl is unknown in England, but in Munich, where he edits the Catholic paper called the *Fatherland*, he is a noted public character. Sigl is a great opponent of progressive or Radical movements, and advocates the separation of Bavaria from the German Empire. His mustache shows true editorial training.

9.—DR. SIGL, EDITOR OF "VATERLAND."

Herr Ahlwardt, the pompous and well-fed-looking individual who bears down upon us in (10), is a pugnacious anti-Semite who has figured prominently in the Reichstag. Once in a while he gets thrown into gaol on account of the nasty way he says things, and his popularity is as considerable as a mustard-seed. Many of his accusations against the Semites have been proved unfounded, and this has not added to his reputation. But he makes a jolly handsome beer-marker.

10.—HERR AHLWARDT.

Our next reproduction shows Caprivi (11). We also see him upon the fancy mug (2) on the first page of this article. Caprivi succeeded Bismarck as Chancellor, but did not stay in power long. There was a dead set against his policy from the beginning, but during his short term of office he became noted throughout the Empire. This beer-marker is not half so effective as that of Lieutenant von Brüsewitz (12), who has lately set the tongue of Germany agog by killing a civilian in a duel. Brüsewitz is more or less of a military bully, and his opponent is said to have been guilty of no offence. Hence the stir. The people rose against him and pleaded for his punishment, but, at the time of writing, little has been done. With such a reputation, it is but natural that he

11.—CAPRIVI.

12.—LIEUTENANT VON BRUSEWITZ.

should be represented in a defiant attitude, and that his mustache should have an angry spread.

Like Dr. Windthorst, the Shah (13) is represented with gold spectacles. It is, however, not the present Shah, but the late one —he who was once the pet of the English ladies. Most of them will quickly recognise him here as a friend. Emin Pasha (14) was

13.—THE LATE SHAH OF PERSIA.

a popular beer-marker in the days when he was fighting in the Soudan, and trying to bring glory to the German arms. Boulanger's brilliant figure (15) was also frequently seen on the beer-mugs, in the time of his short-lived leadership. His red trousers, blue coat, and beautiful white plume made a very gay appearance.

Here let me add that the "beer-marker" custom has been known to Munich for many years, and that it has been adopted in nearly all of the German cities and towns. In the Löwenbräu Keller the markers are sold for fifty pfennige, or sixpence, each, by an old woman who goes round amongst the beer-drinkers with a basket. She is a well-known character in Munich, and knits the figures herself.

14.—EMIN PASHA.

At the present time, one of the most cari-

15.—GENERAL BOULANGER.

catured men in Germany is Father Kneipp (16), the noted preacher of the "Kneipp cure." Kneipp's theory is that nervous

16.—FATHER KNEIPP.

troubles may be cured if people will systematically promenade with bare feet in the early morning dew. The beer-marker shows a philanthropic face and a watering-pot, from which latter the good "Pfarrer" obtains artificial dew.

The list of great men would be incomplete if we did not have Prince Luitpold, the ruler of Bavaria, amongst them. For the Bavarians are proud of their land, and look upon their Sovereign as equal to the Kaiser any day. Well, here is Luitpold (17), but he wears a slightly uncomfortable look, as if he felt himself a makeshift for the real ruler, Otto, who is said to be insane.

The Munich people are particularly fond of the little figures which represent characters of local reputation. Herr Tiefenbach (18) is one of these. He is a local painter who attracts great attention on account of his curious attire. He has long, flowing hair, wears large spectacles, a long ulster, and constantly carries an umbrella. When he walks down a Munich street he is always followed by a crowd. Our reproduction gives an excellent idea of this most curious mortal, whose reputation in Munich art is of the highest.

17.—LUITPOLD, REGENT OF BAVARIA.

There still remain four beer-markers—the best of the lot. Look at this pretty "kellnerin," with her gay bodice and her two beer-mugs (19). She is a familiar figure to the Germans; but, with all her beauty, she is inferior to our own national institution — the British barmaid. Here, also (20), is "Wurzl," the old vegetable woman, with a giddy carrot in her right hand, and a knobby nose that almost touches her chin. She is not a thing of beauty, and wears the commonest of clothes, but "Wurzl's" heart is always in the right place. We also get a view of "Wurzel Sepp," who, next to the Kaiser and Bismarck, is the best-known man in Germany. He is a queer old fellow, a hermit, in short, who runs an illicit still among the mountains, and who may frequently be seen in this most picturesque costume (21). A short time ago he was seen at the Berlin Exhibition. Lastly comes a little beer-marker in a long robe and hood, with a radish in one

18.—HERR TIEFENBACH.

19.—"KELLNERIN," OR WAITRESS IN A GERMAN BEER-HALL.

20.—"WURZL."

hand and a beer-mug in the other (22). We have already seen him on the top of the Löwenbräu mug (1). He is called the "Münchener Kindl," or "Munich child." By some mysterious chain of events, in the olden time the arms of Munich became a little monk, or "Mönchen," from which we get the German "München," or Munich. Now, the little monk always held a Bible in one of his hands, and raised the other in exhortation. But in the Löwenbräu Keller, we find him with the radish and the beer-mug. The radish, it may be added, is an indispensable accompaniment to a mug of beer. It is cut lengthwise in long, thin strips. It is then opened like a book, and each leaf is sprinkled with salt and then closed again. In a few minutes it is taken up in the fist and well squeezed, when the water runs out of it in streams, like the juice of a lemon, the flesh becomes soft and flabby, and the radish is ready to be eaten. It lies on the table beside the drinkers, and with it the bock becomes nectar. So much for the radish in the hand of the little monk.

22.—COMIC ARMS OF MUNICH REPRESENTING THE "MÜNCHENER KINDL," OR LITTLE MUNICH MONK.

21.—"WURZEL SEPP."

Told to the World.

By Mrs. Egerton Eastwick (Pleydell North).

A ROOM so poor that it could hardly be poorer, and so bare, that but for one presence it would have been apparently empty. In the middle of the floor, where a faint ray of sunlight struggling through the single window rested upon it, stood a square object, which seen in its native simplicity would have proved to be a deal box reversed. On the top of the box was a pillow, and the whole was covered by a piece of coarse clean white calico, the remains of a sheet.

But between the pillow and the sheet a tiny form was outlined, limbs that should have been rounded, but were spare and thin and angular, yet with hardly bone enough to define the angles, so small and limp was the whole figure. The sheet was turned back from a baby face, and the pale sunlight kissed a head covered with curls soft as silk, and still holding in their dead beauty the living sheen of gold. The features were small, delicate, and regular, waxen in imperturbable stillness, pathetic in the hush of sorrow for evermore.

The only touches of colour were in the darkness of the brows, strongly pencilled for such a baby face, and in the curled lashes; beneath these a dim shadow was visible; a blur, a suggestion of eyes that had once been blue and full of life, over which the white lids were not completely closed. The last wail of the child had been heard; in a single year its spirit had touched the four great mysteries—life and sorrow and love and death. So far as humanity was concerned, it was quite alone.

Presently the door opened with a slow, grating creak, and a woman entered. A red-faced, frouzy-looking person, short-skirted, with a big apron tied across her stoutness, a shawl pinned over her bosom, a hat, decorated with a few limp feathers and a damaged red rose, upon her head. In her hand, however, she carried a bunch of fresh lilies and some sprays of myrtle. She drew near the box and stood looking down upon the dead child. Tears rose to eyes which it must be owned were sometimes dim with heavy potations, and raining down the cheeks had to be wiped away with a frouzy rag. She did not attempt to kiss the child.

"THE ONLY VISIBLE LIFE WAS IN THE FLOWERS."

"Bless its little 'eart, it's better off," she muttered; then with careful hand she distributed the flowers over the white sheet; one lily she laid near the face.

Then with slow and heavy step she departed, closing the door again and creaking down the stairs. She was a flower woman who lived in the room below, and she might have sold the bunch of lilies and myrtle for ninepence.

Once more stillness and death and sunshine filled the room; the only visible life was in the flowers; thank God there were no flies; it was still early in the spring and cold. At length, when nearly an hour had passed, the door creaked open again, but more softly than before, and a young woman entered. It

was easy to recognise in her the mother of the child. She could hardly be more than twenty years of age; the features were regular and delicate, the face pale, the eyes large and pathetic; the mouth had taken curves of settled anguish. She caught sight of the lilies upon the sheet, and the sudden tears rushed to the large grey eyes, suffusing them, hanging on to the black lashes, flowing in a resistless torrent down the thin, pallid cheeks. She was still young enough to cry. She knelt beside the box and pressed one of the little waxen hands to the thin bosom against which it had been used to nestle.

"My little—little baby—oh, my heart, I can't—I can't."

It was the thought of the coffin that came into her heart; she had just been to see what it would cost.

A week later and Hymar Meadows sat alone in her room upon the box which had once been a child's cradle, shivering and staring at the bare walls. The sun still shone, but a bitter east wind was blowing, and she would have had no breakfast had not the flower woman brought her a bit of bread and a cup of tea before going out. Hymar's literally last penny had gone on the baby's funeral. She had thought at the time that she would be rather glad than otherwise to starve, if she could only die. But she could not die, and the pangs of cold and hunger stirred a craving for life in her young and still healthy frame. She must live, and she must do something for a living; the question was, what could she do?

To start as a flower girl meant a certain amount of capital, and she had absolutely nothing. As she sat upon her box, she indulged in some retrospect. She saw the room as it had been a year ago, before her husband had fallen ill. He had been employed as scene painter in a lesser theatre; that is, it had been his duty to restore and alter the stock scenes as occasion demanded, and he had earned fair wages.

The little room had then been furnished quite decently, and they had also rented an adjoining one as bedroom. Her fancy conjured up the past comfort, the familiar belongings; the centre table with its crimson cloth, the wooden chairs, the plants in the window, the rough chalk sketches (her husband's designs) upon the walls; the materials for his work strewn around, the few books, his favourites, upon the rough wooden shelves which he had put together, and which she had deftly covered with cretonne. Then had come the baby and her illness, and before she was fully recovered, Tom had taken that cold in the draughty theatre, which settled upon his lungs. He had died just before Christmas, after finishing the work for the pantomime; he had never gone to the theatre again.

The baby had always been weakly, and on the 20th of March, a week yesterday, she had been left quite alone.

How she had subsisted for the last few months she hardly knew. She had done a day's work now and then, but it was always difficult to leave the baby. Yet while it lived she had had hope and love; she had always dreamed of the summer, and of finding some work to do which need not separate them. But all that was over; everything was over but this dull ache, and the physical craving which made itself felt through her numbness.

She was already several weeks behind with the rent of her room: it was not likely that the landlord would have much further patience. What was she to do?

She rose at length, and dragged herself to the cupboard. It contained some cracked china and an old bag of coloured chalks, which lay upon the floor. Her husband's paints she had sold, and the bits of canvas and the brushes; but these had been worthless. She took them out now and looked at them; she spread them out upon the floor; the sunlight touched them and wove them into wonderful patches of colour.

The memory of one of the scenes her husband had sketched came back to her quite clearly: a mountain and a lake; a boat on the lake under the hill, the sail a mere spot of bright light sending reflections across the water; a brown-stemmed tree to the left on the near bank, the sun touching the edges of the bark into a bright yellow.

She began instinctively to trace out her thoughts upon the ground. She had helped Tom sometimes, and he had said that her touch was light and accurate, to be depended upon for the delicate touches. She drew on now until the whole scene came out on the bare floor, a conventional scene enough, but fairly well drawn. She had a natural facility, and hand, eye, and imagination had all been educated during the five years that she had been Tom Meadows's wife.

An idea sprang into her mind which brought a faint glow to her cheek. She had seen the men drawing on the pavements, had wondered over them, at their sickly faces, and their strange productions. To her there

had seemed always a certain pathos in the attempt to bring the vision, the memory of blue skies and trees and meadows into the crowded, dusty thoroughfares; to be rubbed into a meaningless blur when the day was done, or washed out by the first shower; to be trodden out by the ever-thronging, hurrying feet. Her work on the floor was equal to, if not better than, much she had seen in the streets of the town; surely there must be something to be gained by such a trade, or the men would not persevere in it. Why should not she try? The work in itself was a pleasure to her; she found a curious, eager satisfaction in the blending of the colours, in the endeavour to express that which her mind saw. She replaced the chalks in the bag, and rose to her feet; she was very weak, but she would feel better outside in the sunshine; she would seek a sheltered corner, and, perhaps, she might gain a few pence for bread and coffee at dinner-time.

She put on her shabby black hat with the piece of crape on it given by a neighbour, and wrapped herself in her old shawl; then she took the bag of chalks in one hand and her box in the other, and started upon her new venture.

She found a sheltered pavement by the side of a busy thoroughfare, which yet was not in the heart of the city. The opposite wall was overhung by the trees of an old garden, at a little distance away, for the canal had been tunnelled beneath the road; the shadows in the water and the trees decided her choice; she thought the surroundings would be of use to her. She felt very nervous and shy as she sat down on her box and opened her bag of chalks. Her life had been a retired one for the last six years, and she felt as though she must be doing something dangerous and wrong.

She shrank before the curious glances of the passers-by, and trembled when the sturdy figure of a policeman came in view. He gave her a quick, searching look, asked a few questions, a woman on this lay being new

"HE GAVE HER A QUICK, SEARCHING LOOK."

to his experience, and passed on. Soon she was down on her knees and at her work; it possessed a real fascination for her, and she bordered the picture with scrolls and flourishes. Someone in passing dropped a flower; she picked it up and tried to copy that. In her mind she saw no end to the fantastic designs she might try to introduce.

By half-past one she had earned her bread and coffee. In the afternoon, feeling invigorated and refreshed, she thought she would try her hand at a second landscape. To arrive at this she changed the position of the tree and the banks, and tried to imitate the curves and bends of the branches on the opposite side of the way

At dusk, when she gathered up her chalks

and prepared to leave her post for the night, she had taken a shilling in coppers, two sixpences, and a threepenny-piece. At any rate, she need not starve at present, but the return to her desolate room was very bitter. She threw herself upon the bare floor and sobbed; these tears were her baptism into a new phase of sorrow: the ever-growing daily realization of her loss.

During the spring and summer she prospered fairly well. The slight novelty of a woman drawing on the paving stones, the sweetness of a face which yet had a look of untamed wildness, a certain delicacy and taste in her work, interested those who passed; some flung coppers at her carelessly, others offered them with kindly words, some merely stared.

She contrived to live, to gather back a few of her more necessary belongings; her room looked less dreary and empty, but the barren void in her heart nothing could fill; the pain was there always, gnawing at her untutored soul, expressing itself in the wild, tortured look of her eyes.

On Sundays she tramped out to the cemetery. With the autumn, times grew harder; wet days were more frequent, fog and mists set in early that year; Hymar went out when she could, but she coughed and shivered as she sat on her box, and there were so few passengers. Some other work for the winter must be found, but the finding would be no easy matter. Who would employ the street artist? Day by day she grew paler and more sad.

One afternoon she crept out as a faint yellow sunshine took the place of the drizzling rain which had been falling all the morning. The whole world looked wet and dripping. She drew two of her pictures, but her hand failed somewhat in its cunning; the pavement was still wet; the few persons who ventured to walk through the mud hurried by without noticing her; the afternoon went on, and she had taken nothing; she had no money at home.

She sat still, and for a moment closed her eyes, her head was aching wearily. Then, as often happened, she began to see pictures in the darkness. To-day, the visions which sometimes cheered her, making her forget the present in the past, failed to come; and one, never in truth very far absent from her mind, repeated itself obstinately. She saw her room as it had been when she returned after ordering her child's coffin, nothing else. In truth, she was weak, chilled, and feverish; her brain refused to obey instinct or will or the influences of the outer world; when she opened her eyes she still saw only the white coverlet, the outlined form beneath, the head with its sunny curls, the closed eyes, the lilies; the scent of these was surely in her nostrils.

She leaned her head upon her hand, lost to all outward sensations; upon the pavement at her feet she still saw the brain picture. Suddenly she rose to her feet with a sort of cry, and seized her chalks. The wall behind her was flat and smooth: she began to draw upon that. How she did it she never afterwards knew; she was in an abnormal condition, and her fingers produced faithfully the image of her brain.

With swift strokes she defined the figure beneath the folds of the white sheet, the head, the sleeping face, which yet, unmistakably, would never waken into life. She had drawn a dead baby, her own. Her fingers had almost involuntarily disclosed to the world the sorrow which was eating into her heart; it was there, upon the public wall of the common thoroughfare in all its bareness. Only when the last stroke was drawn, she realized what she had done. She drew a long, sobbing breath. A little crowd had gathered round; it seemed impossible that anyone should pass that picture, drawn by the mother's hand, all wrong doubtless as regarded the laws of anatomy and perspective, but instinct with the truth of genius and love that penetrated through ignorance and dominated it.

Hymar had gone back to her seat and covered her face. She heard the chink of coppers upon the pavement, but she could not put out her hand to touch them. It was impossible to take money so earned. She kept her face buried in her hands; she only longed intensely that everyone would pass on and leave her. Her child had died from want; want of the warmth and nourishment which other women could give their children; the world had not helped her then—now she flung her story with all its dumb reproach in the face of the world, and hid her own.

The little crowd passed on; she heard the retreating footsteps, a voice which said, "Poor thing—she is ill—perhaps we ought to tell a policeman."

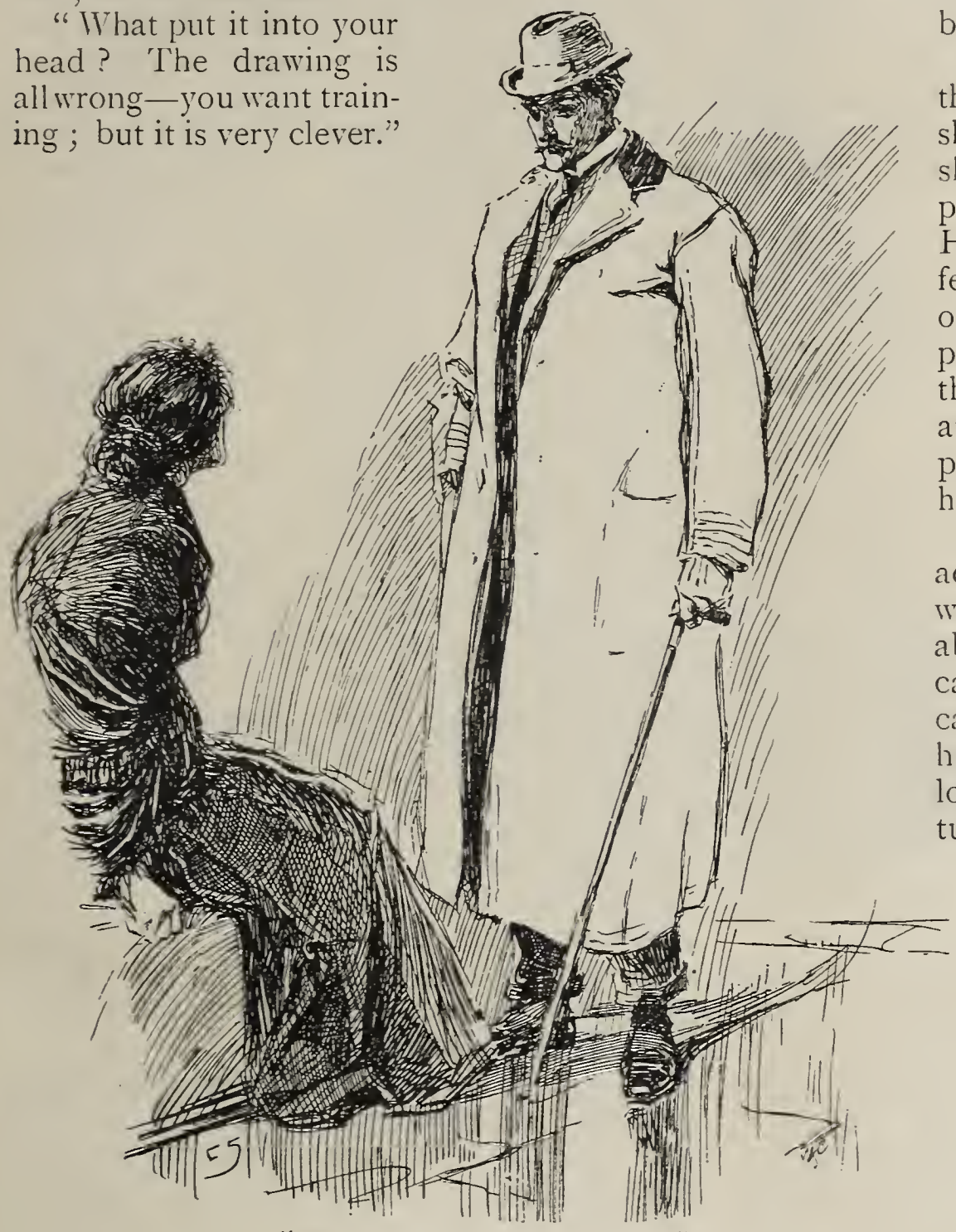
She was just gaining courage to lift her head and make an effort to wipe out that terrible witness, when the sound of other footsteps approaching made her pause and shiver. The tread was that of a man, firm and heavy; perhaps the policeman. The feet stopped close beside her, and for a

while there was dead silence; then a voice full of sympathetic vibrations said, very kindly :—

"How did you do it? What does it mean?"

She looked up, to see a tall man in an ulster, a soft felt hat set upon a quantity of reddish-brown hair. Glancing at her, he said, in the same tone :—

"What put it into your head? The drawing is all wrong—you want training; but it is very clever."



"WHAT PUT IT INTO YOUR HEAD?"

"Clever!" she said, with a sort of fierce anguish—"clever!" And she made a dash at the picture with the chalk-stained rag she carried in her bag.

He caught and stayed her arm.

"Not yet," he said, with imperturbable gentleness. "Tell me all about it first—I am an artist myself."

Tone and manner were so genuinely friendly that she felt reassured.

"I don't know how I came to do it," she half sobbed. "It is my own little baby—and it died, I think, because it was starved—and now the winter is coming on maybe I'll starve too—and if I could die I wouldn't mind—but to live——"

In a few minutes he had drawn from her the short, pitiful story of her life. He did not offer her much sympathy, seeing that in her present state of weakness it would hardly be the wisest treatment.

As she concluded he said, cheerfully :—

"Well, I think we may rub this out now; it is growing dusk, and you had better go home."

He watched her smear over the picture, and noticed that, as she gathered her chalks together, she pushed the pennies on the pavement aside with her foot. He understood the action, and felt that it would be useless to offer her money without further pretext; his fingers relinquished the coin they had been seeking, and he took a card from his pocket-book and handed it to her.

"You will find my name and address there," he said. "If you will call to-morrow morning, about eleven o'clock, I think I can find you employment if you care to take it. In fact, your head is just what I have been looking for, for one of my pictures. I have left the face blank for want of a suitable model. In the meantime, let me pay you for a sitting beforehand, then you will feel bound to come, you know."

He dexterously slipped some silver into her bag, said a pleasant good-night, and strode away before she had time to accept or refuse his proposal. She stood for a moment looking after the tall, retreating figure, then carried the card to a lamp which had just been lit, and read :—

GEOFFREY BURROUGHS,
The White Studio,
Grove Place.

She knew the place well, it was not more than half a mile distant.

Six weeks had passed since Hymar Meadows, the street artist, had stood beneath the gas lamp reading Geoffrey Burroughs's card, and the aspect of her life had during that time completely changed. She had kept her appointment for the following morning, and the sittings which had then begun had

terminated in permanent employment of a different nature.

The artist's housekeeper, who was elderly, and growing slightly infirm, had taken a fancy to the gentle-mannered young woman with the sorrowful eyes, whose ways differed so materially from the generality of professional models. Mrs. Johnson rather shook her head at the idea of Hymar's seeking further engagements among the painting fraternity, and after a few cautious inquiries suggested that she should take the place of household assistant in the modest establishment of Grove Place.

Geoffrey Burroughs did not live altogether at the little two-storied house with the big studio attached. When in town he painted there for many hours a day, and if engaged upon some work of special importance, occupied the bedroom which was always kept in readiness. But his home was considered to be the big house in Queen's Gate, inhabited by his mother and sisters.

During his frequent absences, the studio was left to the care of Mrs. Johnson and her husband, Sandy, who was employed chiefly in the garden, and hitherto the services of the couple had been sufficient. But this winter Mrs. Johnson's health was found to be failing. Geoffrey intended to pass the next few months chiefly at the studio with a view to finishing a large picture for the spring exhibits, and had no mind to change his old servants. Help must be found, but Mrs. Johnson had a horror alike of girls and charwomen. Hymar seemed to present a way out of the difficulty.

She accepted the proposal gratefully. The whole atmosphere of the house was congenial; the studio seemed to her a palace of art and wonder; the kindly ways of the housekeeper and old Sandy gave her a sense of home and rest; Geoffrey Burroughs she regarded as her saviour from the horrors of starvation and despair.

She fulfilled her ordinary duties with careful exactitude, but the painter, her master, had no mind to forget that artistic capacity which it pleased him to think he had discovered. He advised her to cultivate her talent, and to employ her leisure hours in copying the studies he lent her. The studio was to be her charge, and he further told her that, during his absence, she might draw there from studies he would arrange; he himself would afterwards overlook her efforts and give them occasional direction.

The winter months sped quickly. The little household, seldom varying its peaceful routine, lived a life with which the world interfered but little. The painter was absorbed in his work; Hymar, between her household duties, her efforts to carry out her master's instructions, and attendance upon Mrs. Johnson, whose rheumatism often rendered her almost helpless, found little time for thinking. Her memories were not dead, only the hand of a busy present had been laid upon them, dulling the sharpness of their pain.

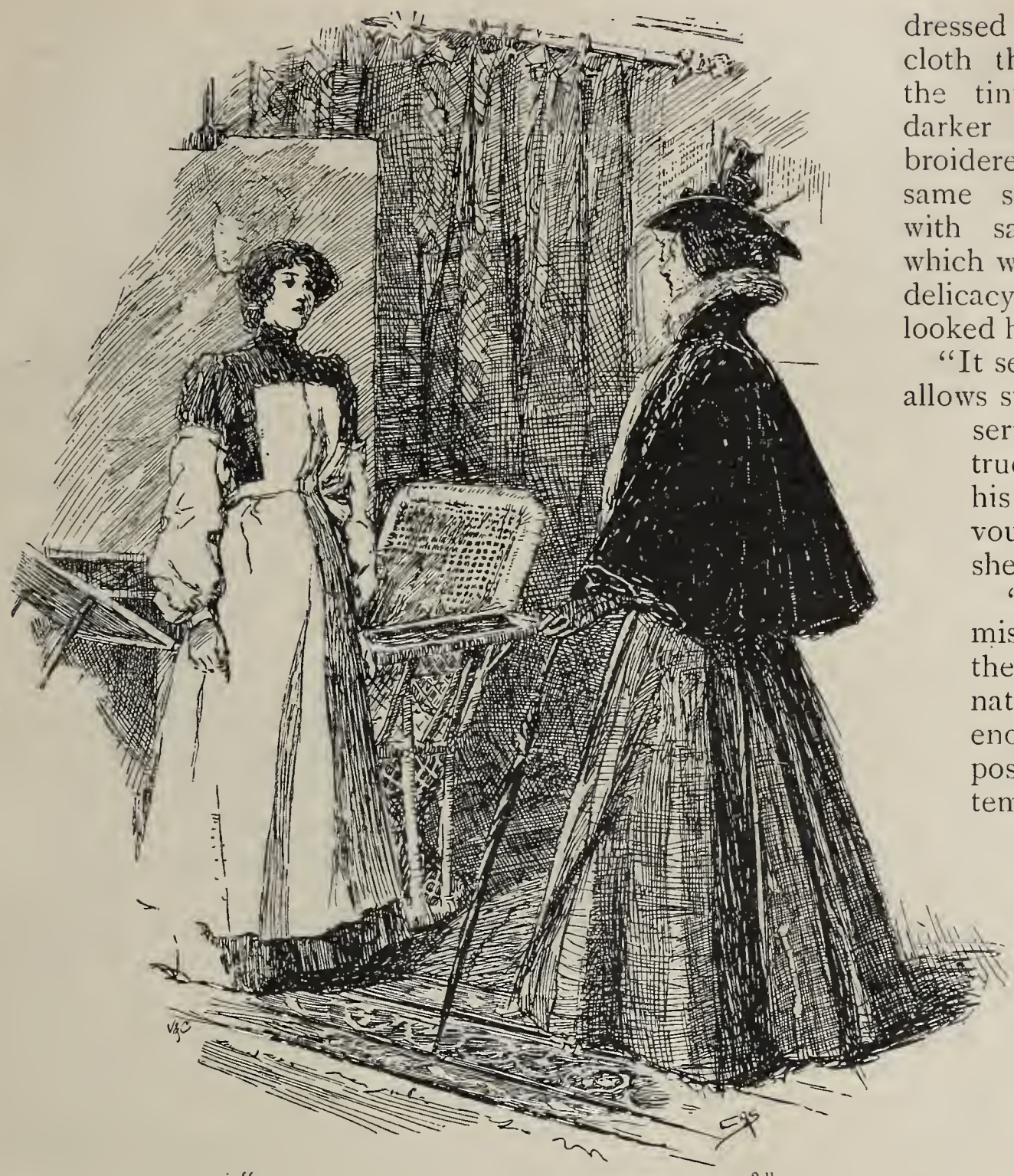
In February Burroughs went to Paris for a fortnight. One afternoon during his absence Hymar sat in the studio, doing her best to draw faithfully an old vase which he had told her to copy before his return. The sun was shining with the soft prophetic warmth which sometimes makes the second month of the year a month of peculiar charm. In the garden, where Sandy was at work as usual, the birds were trying to remember the notes of their old songs, or practising new ones; and a few spring flowers were showing their pale faces above the brown mould.

Hymar sat drawing diligently. Burroughs was expected on the morrow. Presently the door from the road into the garden opened, and two visitors entered: ladies; they came straight towards the studio instead of going to the house, and threw open the door, laughing gaily. Hymar rose, surprised; the strangers paused, and stared, she thought rather strangely. The taller of the two advanced, surveying critically, yet with a sort of far-away glance, the figure in the neat black dress, covered by the linen apron with bib and sleeves.

Hymar had changed greatly during the past five months, her cheeks had rounded and taken a faint tinge of colour—but her face had lost none of its delicacy; the look of close acquaintance with some profound sorrow still lingered in the large eyes which were her most remarkable feature, but the wildness had disappeared; she was altogether softened and improved; the influences of her life had acted upon her best capacities.

"May I ask if Mr. Burroughs has returned?" inquired the visitor. "I did not know he took pupils, but I conclude——"

Hymar blushed. For the first time she realized that her position was a difficult one to explain. "Mr. Burroughs has delayed his journey; he is not expected until to-morrow. I am not a pupil exactly, that is—I am——" She paused before entering into particulars, not being sure of the rights of the intruders. The younger lady, who had not come forward, was gazing at a statue.



"MAY I ASK IF MR. BURROUGHS HAS RETURNED?"

"*I* am Miss Burroughs—Mr. Burroughs's sister," said she who stood in front of Hymar. "I thought my brother had arrived. Perhaps I had better see Mrs. Johnson."

She spoke coldly, and with considerable emphasis.

"I—I am afraid you can't," said Hymar, very humbly. "Mrs. Johnson is ill in bed—I am here to help her, and Mr. Burroughs gives me leave to draw in the studio when my other work is done. If I can take any message——"

Miss Burroughs turned away haughtily.

"Thank you—I will leave a note for my brother. I shall find writing materials, I have no doubt."

Something in the tone caused Hymar to feel abashed; she hurriedly gathered her drawing materials together, and left the room. When the door had closed behind her the girl who had been staring at the statue turned round. She was undeniably handsome, fair, golden-haired, and perfectly dressed in a suit of brown cloth that harmonized with the tints of her hair and darker brows; it was embroidered with silks in the same shades, and trimmed with sable. But the face, which was meant to have the delicacy of a pale tea rose, looked hard, and almost fierce.

"It seems that your brother allows strange liberties to his servant, and gives her truer information as to his movements than he vouchsafes to me, Lotta," she said.

"Oh, Hilda — don't misjudge Geoff. He is the most recklessly good-natured fellow in existence. The girl has imposed upon his easy temper, or else he knows nothing of her impertinence—you saw how confused she was. As for his change of plans, probably he telegraphed to Mrs. Johnson on account of his dinner. Here are pen and ink—I shall give him a good scolding. Fancy his dismay when he finds we have been here."

Miss Burroughs rattled on, but the face of her companion remained clouded; she made no reply, and moved restlessly about the room with a dissatisfied air while the note was being written.

Hilda Mayne had been engaged to Geoffrey Burroughs for nearly two years. They had met while on a sketching tour, and he had fallen a victim to her roseleaf beauty in its russet setting, backed by the glory of an unusually perfect summer. Mr. Mayne, her father, was the squire of the village where Burroughs was staying, and he had brought introductions from mutual friends in town. She had come to Queen's Gate the previous day on a visit to her future mother-in-law, Geoff's return being expected. That he should have elected to go straight to the studio, pleading the possible lateness of his arrival, had been rather a sore point; and his non-appearance in Kensington during the

morning had elicited the present visit. The possibility of a marriage in the spring had been spoken of, and there was much to consider. Under the circumstances, there was some excuse for petulance.

Hilda was not accustomed to be disappointed or neglected, and she seemed inclined to vent her displeasure upon her lover's belongings: she turned over his pictures and sketches with no very gentle hand, and presently brought down a pile of canvases heaped one upon another in a recess, across which a curtain had been draped.

She gave a little cry of impatience, and began to replace the pictures, glancing at each one during the process, and at the dust on her gloves. As she raised one which had been near the bottom of the pile, however, she suddenly became perfectly tranquil, and stood staring at it with an air of incredulous surprise which deepened into disgust. For some minutes no sound was to be heard in the room but the scratching of Lotta's pen.

At length Hilda said, "Lottie, come here."

The scratching ceased instantly. Something in the voice caused Miss Burroughs at once to look round; then, having caught a glimpse of Hilda's face, she rose and hurried to her side. The subject of the sketch which Miss Mayne was holding was the same as that which Hymar in her despair had drawn upon the wall, but Geoffrey had made one or two additions. The idea expressed by Hymar's effort had been deeply imprinted upon his brain, and he had striven to reproduce and extend it—but the result had been thrust aside as a crude failure.

The bareness of the room of which Hymar had told him was hinted at, and he had depicted truly the gleam of yellow light that streamed through the window touching the head of the dead child. To the face he had imparted a strong likeness to the mother. For he had brought Hymar into the picture—he had drawn her kneeling beside the dead child, her face lifted and her eyes fixed upon those which would never again meet them with an answering look. Then a fancy had seized him, and in the background he had introduced a shadowy figure, which bore an unmistakable likeness to himself.

To his own idea he had been a mere onlooker, vague and unrecognised, led by the accident of circumstance into participation in a scene which he felt was the result of the neglect and indifference of the society of which he formed a unit. It was in this way that Hymar's story had affected him, and his face wore an expression that might have been grief, remorse, or pity; or a blending of all three. Miss Burroughs glanced curiously over her friend's shoulder, then seizing one corner of the canvas drew it eagerly nearer to herself, and the two women gazed at the scene portrayed, with hideous misconception of its meaning.

"It is too horrible, Hilda; put it down—let us hide it again." Lotta Burroughs spoke with bated breath, and they pushed the canvases back into the recess, piling them carefully. Then they sat down and looked at one another.

"It seems horribly plain" said Lotta, confusedly—"but, still, Hilda, we don't know. You see what a bold, impertinent creature she is, taking possession of his studio."

"She has every right," said Hilda, coldly. "At least, I, at any rate, shall not dispute her claim—she may be bad, but Geoffrey is worse, for he has deceived me—but I congratulate myself on having discovered the truth—that I am sufficiently enlightened to understand the meaning of this dreadful story which he has not feared to put on canvas. Had I been brought up, or rather allowed myself to remain, in a state of pristine innocence, it might have escaped me."

Lotta Burroughs, who saw an altogether desirable match lost to the family, was inclined to wish, in spite of her well-known advocacy of the rights of her sex, that in this case the pristine innocence had been left undisturbed.

"I think we had better go," she said, in an absent, hopeless sort of way. Hilda rose at once, but Lotta first went to the writing-table and tore her letter to her brother into fragments, which she thrust into her pocket. She was feeling desperately angry with everyone concerned, but chiefly with poor Hymar. When she reached the garden gate, she paused.

"I think, really, Hilda, I must go back; I feel it my duty to say a few words to that unfortunate creature. It is easy to understand why Geoff has been so little at home this winter — such wickedness cannot be allowed to go on; mamma would break her heart. I could get the girl into a home, you know." Hilda Mayne offered no objection, and Miss Burroughs turned back.

Ten minutes later, when she rejoined her friend, her face wore a scared and rather puzzled expression.

"Well?" said Hilda, tentatively.

"I never before saw quite a similar case,

"THEN THEY SAT DOWN AND LOOKED AT ONE ANOTHER."

Hilda—the girl seemed positively unable to understand me when I spoke of the shame of her position. As I entered the studio she came back by the house door, and I went straight to the point at once. Her great eyes stared at me till I lost patience. 'It is no use attempting to deny the truth,' I said; 'unfortunately, my brother himself, of whom I am heartily ashamed, has immortalized the facts.'

"Then I went to the recess and took out the picture. Instead of being conscience-stricken, to my surprise she went down on her knees before it. She cried, 'Oh, my little baby—my darling,' and seized the thing from my hands and kissed it and seemed to forget I was there—her eyes looked hungry. 'Have I been forgetting you, sweet—taking my comfortable ease?' she went on, 'and you lying out there under the cold earth. How could he make it so like you, how could he remember?'

"I felt the tears come to my eyes, Hilda, I did, indeed, shocking and sinful as it all was. So I said, 'If you want to see your baby again, you poor woman, you will change your present mode of life; already my brother's future happiness is ruined. That lady you saw here with me was to have been his wife, now I fear she will never speak to him again. Leave this house before it is altogether too late. I will get you received into a home where you will be shielded from temptation, where you will be kindly treated, and have time for repentance and the chance of making a fresh start.' She sprang to her feet, and her eyes positively flashed fury. She asked me how I dared to insinuate such dreadful things, then she grew quieter, and added, 'As for Mr. Burroughs, my master, he is noble, and honest, and true, but if your friend is like you, his sister, and ready to think evil of him and distrust him—then it is she who is not fit—not good enough for him.' With that she turned her back upon me and began to replace the pictures in the recess, and I could only come away."

"Do you think, Hilda, we can have made a mistake? She will be sure to tell Geoff."

Hymar had been too proud to show in the presence of her assailant the full bitterness of the wound inflicted. She had been taken by surprise; emotions which the peace of the last few months had tranquillized had been roused into sudden fresh vitality, and then had followed an accusation, the full meaning of which in her bewilderment she had at first been hardly able to grasp. When she saw its hideous intent, she was strong enough to repudiate it for herself and to vindicate the friend who had rescued her from despair, but when the door closed behind the woman who had insulted her, she sank down in a miserable little heap. Through all these months her one desire had been to render faithful service to the man to whom she owed so much, and now she learned that her very presence had wrought him nothing but harm, had been the means of perhaps separating him for ever from that

beautiful woman whom it was to be supposed he loved. She was to have been his wife.

Hymar's thoughts travelled back to her own humble girlish love-story. Would she have thrown over her lover on such a bare and vile suspicion? She concluded that the ways of gentlefolk were different. At any rate, she decided this place could be a home for her no longer; her own pride and her good name forbade it, and she could not stay to ruin her friend's happiness. If she disappeared, the story would be explained and forgotten, but so long as she remained she knew that Geoffrey's sense of justice would lead him to defend her, and she would become a mere bone of contention. Also she felt ashamed to face her master, knowing that the construction placed upon his goodness to her must reach his ears. The only course possible seemed to fly. Where? Ah, that poor Hymar could not tell—her heart went out to the only spot on earth which seemed all her own.

She did her work as usual that night and the following morning, attended to Mrs. Johnson, who was fortunately able to come downstairs, and prepared everything with grateful, heart-breaking solicitude for her master's return; he was not expected until about nine o'clock in the evening. When all was ready, she asked leave to go out.

When Geoffrey Burroughs was eating his dinner that night, with a good traveller's appetite, in the warm, firelit dining-room off the studio, he asked for Hymar, wondering why she was not there as usual to change the dishes and attend to his wants. Sandy was fulfilling these duties to the best of his ability, and replied that, having asked leave to go out that evening at seven o'clock, she had not yet returned.

Geoffrey felt annoyed, but when the usual time for closing the house arrived, and Sandy came with anxious face to ask if he should bar the door, Hymar being still out, *he* was seriously disturbed. The weather had changed since the previous day with sudden, treacherous gustiness. During the afternoon sleet had begun to fall, a cold wind from the north-east had set in; and now it was snowing heavily. "Leave the door, Sandy," he said. "I am going to sit up for another hour or so. I will let Hymar in, and give her a scolding."

But the hour passed, and no Hymar came. Geoffrey was really alarmed. Was the girl bad after all, or had some harm befallen her? He drew the curtain aside, and looked out into the bleak, white world—where was the child on this bitter night? He left the curtain undrawn, the lamp-light streaming over the newly-fallen snow, so that if she came she might not fear to ask admittance, and taking a candle, wandered into the studio.

The drawing she had finished was upon the easel she used. He took it up and examined it with critical care. His heart

"HE EXAMINED IT WITH CRITICAL CARE."

was aching; he had looked upon this girl as peculiarly rescued and restored to society by himself; she was a pupil of great promise, and her future had been a source of interest and speculation. He was often laughed at for views which were held to be optimistic and quixotic—he had looked to her to justify them. His experiments had failed so often.

Then he saw that a few words had been written in crayon beneath the drawing: "I tried to finish this right. I thank you from my heart for all your great goodness. I can never tell you how much."

Good heavens! What did she mean? She must have intended to go. He glanced round the room, went to the writing table and opened the blotting-book; there might be some further message. He found one or two torn pieces of paper on which he distinguished his sister's writing. Lotta had been here, then. Already he began to swear internally. Carrying on his investigations, it struck him that the draperies over the recess had been disarranged. Hymar was very careful in these matters, never disturbing things beyond her province. He pushed aside the curtain and saw lying on the top of the pile of canvases the sketch of Hymar and her child, which he had purposely hidden.

"Lotta has been routing," he muttered. "D——, ah, bless her—can this have anything to do with the present mystery?"

He took up the sketch and studied it afresh, trying to read all that it might imply. He returned it to its place almost with a groan, and looked at his watch. It was nearly one o'clock; a wild night, and Hymar had not returned. He went upstairs and roused Sandy, then out to the nearest police-station.

It was in the grey of the early winter's morning that two men entered the Highgate cemetery, and after some searching found their way to a grave of which they had secured the number. It was a very small grave; almost hidden in the snow, but it was distinguished by a dark object not entirely covered.

"Good heavens, she is there!" said Geoffrey Burroughs.

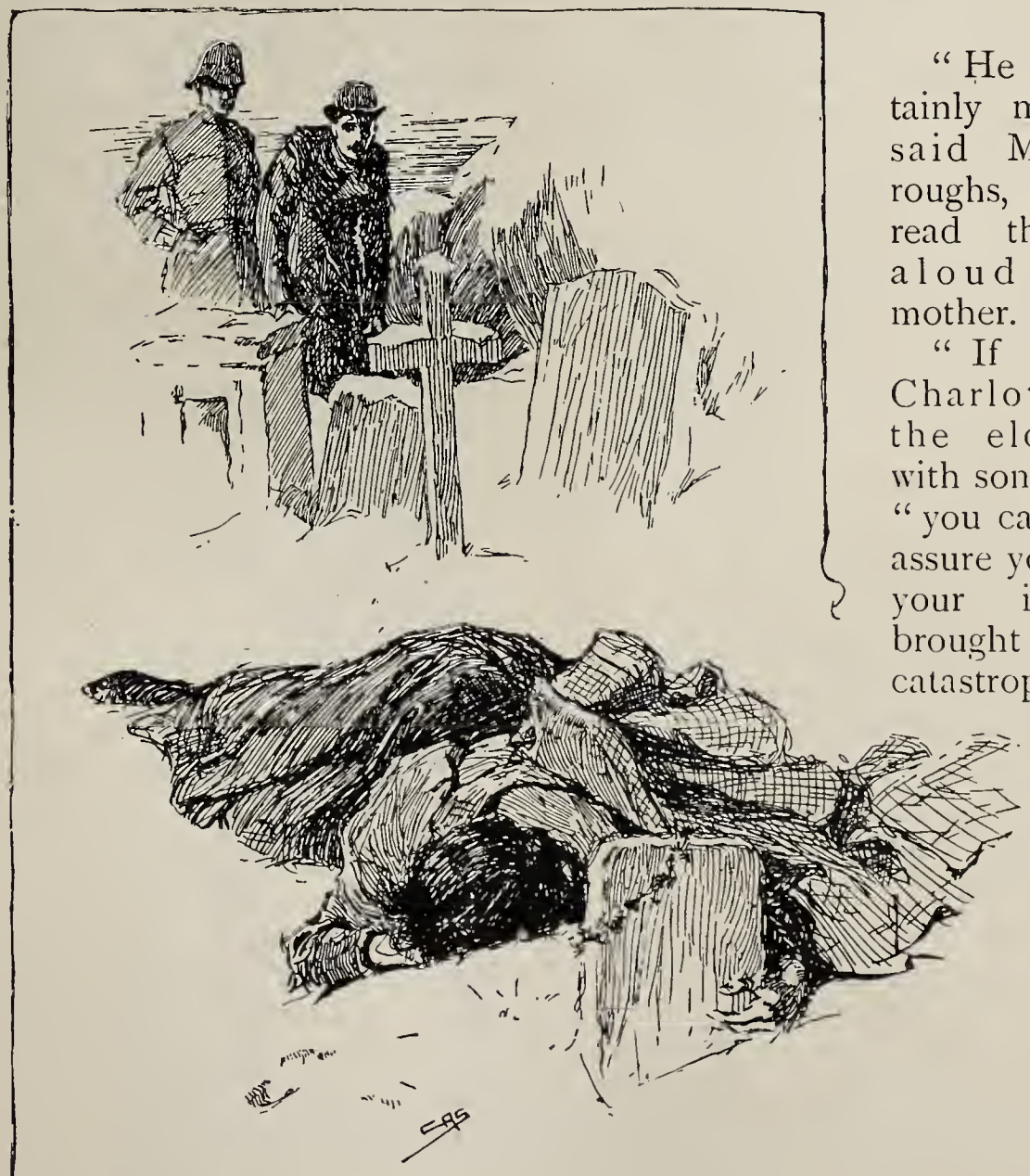
He and the other man, a policeman, lifted her and carried her to the keeper's cottage at the gate.

A week later Geoffrey wrote to his sister.

"You may be thankful," he said, "that the death of a fellow-creature does not lie at your door. They say at the hospital that Hymar Meadows will recover. I suppose you know by this time that Hilda Mayne has broken off her engagement to me. My non-appearance at Queen's Gate the day after my return completed the sum of my offence. Having been up all night, wandering about in the snow, after a long journey, I did not feel fit—but she did not deem my explanation on this and other points sufficient. I am astonished to find with what equanimity I bear my dismissal. Hymar Meadows is ordered the most absolute quiet—so pray make no effort to see her. I have discovered that though her father was a small tradesman, she comes of gipsy origin on the mother's side, which may account for her peculiar name and her high temper. She will probably be ordered to finish the winter in a warmer climate so soon as she is able to travel."

"He will certainly marry her," said Miss Burroughs, when she read this epistle aloud to her mother.

"If he does, Charlotte," said the elder lady, with some asperity, "you can certainly assure yourself that your interference brought about the catastrophe."



"THEY FOUND THEIR WAY TO A GRAVE."

The Greatest Juggler in the World.

By William G. FitzGerald.

SOME men were born to explore; others to write, or paint, or fight. Paul Cinquevalli was born to juggle. As a boy at school he would throw his slate and pencil high into the air, catch the pencil first, and then swiftly draw the letter "A" in three lightning strokes, while yet the slate was in the air.

Therefore it is not to be wondered at that the boy presently ran away from home with a professional gymnast, whose discerning eye saw a fortune in the little fellow. And Paul, by the way, adopted the name of his new guardian.

Soon he made a name, and his father, reversing the parable, came to him and fell upon his neck.

Although rather below medium height, Paul Cinquevalli possesses enormous strength; his patience, too, is almost incredible, and his vigilance unceasing.

The feat depicted in the first photograph calls for all these things. The juggler comes on to the stage wearing the spiked helmet, and carrying four sections of a jointed pole. The tub is then brought on. He would bring it on himself only it's a thing one can't carry about conveniently; it is a family tub, and weighs 44lb. The juggler places it on one section of the pole, and makes it spin. When its velocity is great, he commences to lengthen the pole by fitting the other sections; and at last the lower end of the pole is resting on his shoulder, whilst the tub is revolving madly some 25ft. above his head.

Even so far, this is no ordinary feat of nerve and strength; but what follows would be absolutely incredible were it not that multitudes have seen it done. Raising one hand, Cinquevalli deliberately dashes away the pole from beneath the tub, causing the latter to fall in a perfectly straight line. The great juggler braces himself for a tremendous effort, and after judging the centre, he dexterously catches the huge tub on the spike of his helmet. And there the tub keeps revolving. But only consider the thing. A 44lb. tub falling 25ft. on to a man's head! "If I am only two or three inches out of the centre," said Mr. Cinquevalli to me, "the tub sends me flying across the stage, and nearly breaks my neck with its whirling impact."

CATCHING THE TUB ON THE SPIKE OF THE HELMET.

Once, at Lyons, that tub hurled Mr. Cinquevalli twenty feet from where he stood; and to-day one may see the scars inflicted at various times by its murderous rim.

The wonderful balancing feat shown in the next photo. is the most difficult in even Cinquevalli's *repertoire;* it took him *eight years* to perfect. A glass is held in his mouth. In the glass is a billiard ball, on which is balanced an

ordinary cue. On top of the cue are balanced two other billiard balls, one on top of the other. After eighteen months' weary practice he could maintain the lot in position for one, two, or three seconds—"then my will gave way, and I gave it up." Later on, in Chicago, he again attempted this feat, but found he couldn't do it at all, solely because—as he afterwards found out—there was some heavy machinery working in the basement of the house in which he lodged. He moved to San Francisco, and recommenced practice with some success.

BALANCING THE BILLIARD BALLS (MOST DIFFICULT FEAT EVER EXECUTED.)

It sounds idiotic to say that anyone could do this if the billiard balls were flattened; of course he could. Times beyond number has Mr. Cinquevalli been called upon in various parts of the world to decide bets arising out of this very feat. "It's an utter impossibility," one man will say; "he uses wax or something." But he doesn't.

In these two photos. Cinquevalli is seen in a queer garment. This is his "billiard table" jacket, which was made to his order by a Regent Street tailor. Briefly, he plays an orthodox, scientific game of billiards on his own sinewy person. The jacket is of real billiard cloth, with five beautifully-made pockets of cord and brass wire. The sixth "pocket" is the juggler's own right ear, and his forehead is "spot." His arms and knees serve as cushions, and wonderful cushions they are.

Roberts or Peall would consider the whole game wonderful. "I play an ordinary game of 'fifty up,'" says Mr. Cinquevalli. "Cannons are made in the air. There is a pocket on each shoulder, two in front, and one at the bottom of my back."

The game is a very miracle of neatness and skill. The balls fly into the air, cannon, and then descend, only to glide hither and thither, in and out of the pockets, actuated only by a series of sharp jerks on the part of the player. "When the balls are moving over my back, I am guided only by the sense of touch." And marvellously delicate must that sense be, considering the relative lightness of the balls and the thickness of the green jacket and tights. The prettiest and most difficult move of all is from the low back pocket into one of the shoulder pockets. The ball doesn't seem to know where to go; it runs along hesitatingly, but at last it recognises its destination, and seeks it with a comical little spurt.

Mr. Cinquevalli tells me that the next trick is one involving real danger. A 48lb. cannon-ball is pitched to him, and he catches it on the edge of a dinner-plate. Now, the plate may have flaws in its composition, causing it to shiver to atoms in the juggler's hand and cut him severely, as, indeed, has often been the case. I asked Mr. Cinquevalli how far the cannon-ball might be thrown in this feat. "The farther the better," he replied;

THE HUMAN BILLIARD TABLE.

CATCHING A 48LB. CANNON-BALL ON THE EDGE OF A PLATE.

" for then I have more time to judge where it will descend. In most cases, however," he went on, " my assistant is not strong enough to pitch it very far—as you may imagine."

He is an extraordinary man, this Cinquevalli. He might have his big tub suspended with fine wire, his billiard balls slightly flattened, and his cannon-ball hollow, or made of wood —such as his imitators use. Only, personally, he despises such professional chicanery. Once he saw a Japanese juggler throw up a weighted worsted ball and catch it dead on his forehead. He suggested using an ordinary tennis-ball instead, and he offered one. The Japanese juggler laughed and took it airily. Every time the tennis-ball came down it struck the man's forehead at a different angle, and rebounded a ridiculous distance. After half an hour's practice, that Japanese juggler said the thing was impossible. Now, Cinquevalli literally knows not this word as applied to a juggling feat, so he took home with him that identical tennis-ball, and practised daily for exactly *four months*. He does it easily now. The ball descends, rebounds, and is caught again and again, until it is coaxed down inert.

A MARVELLOUS FEAT WITH PUFF AND DART, FORK AND TURNIP.

An amazing feat of quickness and dexterity is next shown. Cinquevalli holds in his left hand a blow-pipe, loaded with a small dart, whilst in the right he juggles a heavy knife, a fork, and a turnip. All at once the fork is thrown high into the air, followed by the turnip. Some fraction of time before the ascending turnip meets the prongs of the descending fork, the blow-pipe is used and the dart embedded in the turnip. A moment later, the united three are received on the blade of the knife, and the juggler claims his applause.

This beautiful feat grew out of another. At supper in St. Petersburg, one night, Mr. Cinquevalli's host asked him to do something for the company's entertainment. He protested he had no apparatus, whereupon the host (resourceful man!) handed him a knife and fork and a potato that had been boiled in its "jacket" — as every potato should be, by the way.

The famous juggler juggled these things aimlessly for a time until the new trick came to him like a flash. Rising like one inspired, he continued to throw up the three articles, higher and higher.

Suddenly, whilst the potato was falling, Cinquevalli sliced it in halves by a swift movement, and then instantly received each

half on the p int of knife and fork. He suceeeded first time, in fact; but when he began seriously to practise the feat, he realized its extreme difficulty of achievement. The potato could never be depended upon. According to its texture, it would either fall perpendicularly or else evince a sudden briskness on being halved, which would cause it to glance off at peculiar angles. It was only after using almost as many sacks of potatoes as would mitigate an Indian (or Irish) famine, that the juggler was able to combat the vagaries of the erratic tuber.

"RAINY DAY UMBRELLA" TRICK—THE LEMONADE BOTTLE DESCENDING.

It will be seen that Mr. Cinquevalli juggles with very homely articles, and gets ideas for new feats in very curious ways. Take the clever and diverting feat shown in the next two photos. "One summer I was up the Thames picnicking with a party of friends. At Marlow we left the launch, and on the bank there we spread the cloth. Later, I commenced juggling as usual with everything within reach—sardine-boxes, glasses, serviettes, and so on. Then I picked up an umbrella, and presently a bottle half full of lemonade. After juggling these in various ways, I threw up the bottle, opened the umbrella while it was descending, and received it upon the ferrule, while it poured out its contents." Of course, this added a new trick to Mr. Cinquevalli's list.

He only lives to juggle. Once he dropped a half-crown; it fell on to his felt slipper. Without stooping to pick it up, he gave his foot a jerk, and lo! the coin flew into his eye as an eye-glass. When this was done he jerked his slipper upwards from his foot, and it instantly stood meekly, toe upwards, on his massive head.

He has sustained injuries innumerable, and almost any one of these would have induced an ordinary man to seek a less dangerous and trying calling. In his acrobatic days he was doing a wire-walking act in a circus at Odessa. The weight of snow burst the canvas roof and descended into the arena like an avalanche. Of course it swept the wire-walker with it. He fell on to a lady's lap, breaking both her legs; she died, and her guiltless slayer was laid up for weeks.

THE SHOWER.

A very effective feat is depicted in the next two photos. here shown. It is some-

thing of a physical phenomenon, but we needn't enter into that. Mr. Cinquevalli's assistant holds two open razors, and from these are suspended a couple of loops of twisted paper, made before the audience. In the loops is hung a broom-handle.

BREAKING A BROOM-HANDLE RESTING IN PAPER LOOPS ON RAZOR-EDGES—"READY."

The juggler then takes a heavy oak stick, and sharply strikes the broom-handle, breaking it in halves, but without in any way injuring the paper loops that are hung on the razor-edges. Sometimes the trick is varied by placing the broom-handle on two clay-pipes, these pipes being smoked, more or less placidly, by a couple of assistants.

Mr. Cinquevalli performed this interesting feat before a brilliant gathering at Marlborough House, in 1886. The Prince himself was greatly struck with it, and asked the juggler to repeat it again and again, in order that he himself might select razors, broom-handle, and striking stick, and also make the paper loops.

This well-known entertainer has for many years practised the extremely difficult art of doing several things at once, until now one may see him at home writing an important business letter with one hand, juggling three plates with the other, and at the same time carrying on an animated conversation with two different people.

One result of incessant practice in this direction is the successful accomplishment of feats like the one next shown. Here we

THE FEAT ACCOMPLISHED.

FOUR SEPARATE MOVEMENTS AT ONE TIME.

see Mr. Cinquevalli juggling plates with one hand, and keeping a basin revolving on a stick with the other, whilst his powerful head is performing a trick of extraordinary delicacy. On his forehead is balanced a lighted candle, and in his mouth he has an unlighted cigarette in a holder. By certain movements of the jaws the cigarette goes back to the candle, and is lighted and smoked for a while. At length, it is ejected by blowing through the holder, and the latter then inclines again towards the candle, which it extinguishes—that is to say, Mr. Cinquevalli blows through it once more. And, remember, during all this both arms are occupied in different juggling actions.

Elsewhere I remarked that at all times Mr. Cinquevalli is on the look-out for new tricks. I'm afraid he is often something of a trial in the house. The "afternoon tea" feat was actually invented at that cosy, attractive meal, and a remarkably neat trick it is. He juggles first of all with a cup, a saucer, a lump of sugar, and a teapot *half full of tea*. Suddenly the cup descends as if by magic into the saucer, the laggard sugar joins the cup a second later, and before you could count three Mr. Cinquevalli is gallantly pouring out "a nice hot cup"—not indeed for one fair lady, but for a mixed multitude.

THE "AFTERNOON TEA" FEAT—JUGGLING.

Here is, perhaps, the juggler's riskiest feat. He first of all balances two pieces of gas-piping—one on his forehead, the other on his chin. On the former is placed the 48lb. cannon-ball, which the juggler has to transfer to the other piece of piping without using his hands

Slowly the forehead piece inclines forward until it touches the great ball. It slips under it, and then

THE AFTERNOON TEA FEAT—"A NICE HOT CUP."

TRANSFERRING THE CANNON-BALL—A TICKLISH MOMENT.

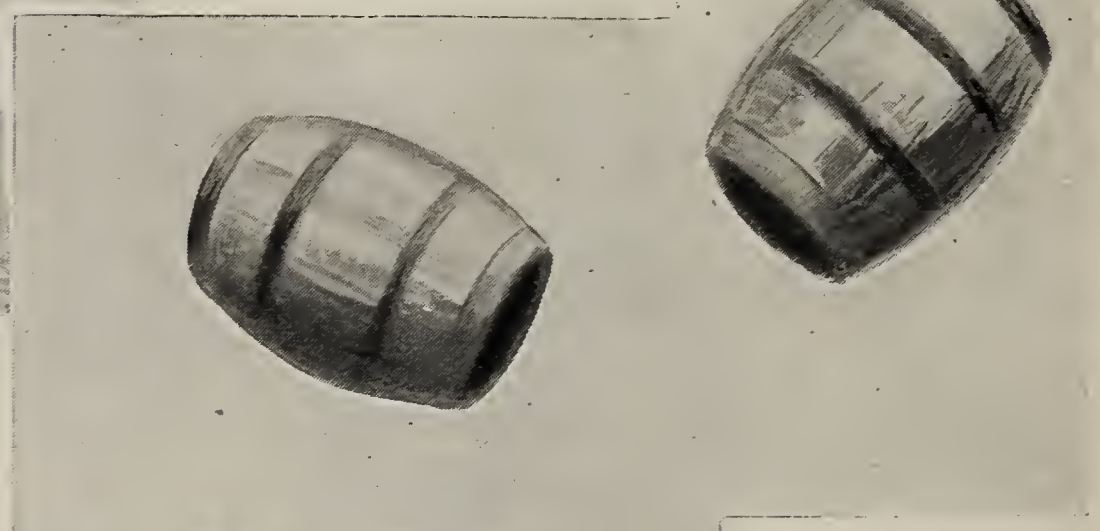
by some extraordinarily delicate movements, it begins to take the weight off the other section of piping. The crucial moment is when the ball is exactly between the two; it is so apt to slip down between them. Obviously, the time for getting out of the way is not great. The 48lb. cannon-ball has only to descend 15in., and Mr. Cinquevalli's head is held well back, as you may see in the photo.

What, then, does he do when it slips? Well, somehow he knows when it is going wrong; he feels it. Quick as thought he turns his face aside, and receives the ball on the side of his neck. Only once or twice has the ball had the best of the incredibly brief race, and then Mr. Cinquevalli couldn't take solid food for days, so sore and stiff were his jaws.

There is hardly a trick that has not its own story. I asked Mr. Cinquevalli how he came to do the extremely difficult feat seen in the next photo.—difficult if only on account of the sheer physical strength called into play.

"Years ago," he said, "I was engaged at Koster and Biall's famous theatre, in Thirty-fourth Street, New York. Every day, on my way to the theatre, I had to pass the shop of a wealthy cooper. One morning he greeted me as usual, and said: 'Say, I saw yer last night, and it were fairly marv'lous—right, straight marv'lous.' Then he pointed to some 18lb. casks, and said: 'Could you juggle them, now?' I said I could, whereupon he declared with rapture that he would make me a set of three, if I would use them. And I use that very set now."

But Cinquevalli can juggle with anything. He juggles a cannon-ball, an egg, a bottle, and a scrap of paper all together; which is amazingly difficult.



JUGGLING THREE CASKS.

No feat illustrates the man's astonishing instinct for his work so well as the one next seen. He was practising the catching of the tennis-ball on his forehead when he chanced to drop one of the balls. As it rebounded, he jumped upon it and struck it in the air, first with the sole of one foot and then with the other.

This led up to the extraordinarily clever war-

dance, which Mr. Cinquevalli executes on the stage, having beneath his feet some tennis-balls. Of course, the steps of the dance are wholly controlled by the upward rebound of the balls, and as

THE "WAR DANCE" WITH TENNIS-BALLS.

this rebound is never twice the same, the dance is proportionately eccentric and diverting. Try this for yourself with two tennis-balls, and you will most certainly realize the apparent impossibility of a sustained dance.

Cinquevalli possesses amazing strength, though no one would think so who met him in the street. Look at the next photo. The juggler has raised his assistant—table, chair, and all—and placed the whole in his mouth, whilst he juggles three balls with evident *nonchalance*. The assistant weighs 10st. 6lb.; the chair 22lb., and the table 15lb. And this in a man's mouth!

The genesis of this remarkable feat was a wager, made in a café in Paris. Cinquevalli was there recognised one day by a gentleman, who betted 500 francs that the juggler could not lift him in the chair above his head. Simply that—no holding the chair in the mouth. The challenge was accepted, and Mr. Cinquevalli retired to practise with a terrified waiter. In a few minutes he came in and won the wager, though with a tremendous effort. "I couldn't hold the gentleman quite at arms' length above my head," he remarked, naïvely, "because he was in such a hurry to get down. Besides, on that occasion the chair was none too strong."

The next photograph shows how complete is the great juggler's command over three separate movements executed at the same time. He juggles some hats with one hand, and holds in the other an inverted straw hat, whirling on a stick. On his forehead is balanced another stick, surmounted by an unfashionable hat.

Mr. Cinquevalli has juggled with his great cannon-ball for many years, but the law of gravitation still renders it a dangerous professional companion. It does not turn upon and rend him, but it sometimes descends upon and cripples him. Tame it may be for a long time, but it breaks out now and then. The photo. reproduced shows a perfectly appalling

JUGGLING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THREE INDEPENDENT MOVEMENTS.

feat, done for the first time in Providence, U.S.A. The manner of it is this: The 48lb. cannon-ball is hoisted up 40ft., measured distance. It rests on a collapsible shelf at this height, and the shelf is controlled by a string, acting on a bolt.

Immediately beneath the ball is placed a big, strong table. The string is jerked; down comes the cannon-ball and smashes that table into firewood. And then Cinquevalli takes the place of the table. The feat calls for great strength, iron nerve, and wonderful skill of judgment. If the stage lights get into the juggler's eyes, the ball will, perhaps, strike him an inch or two out of the proper place—the lower part of the back of the neck—and then he sees stars, and gets "pins and needles" most shockingly. If the deviation were to run to three or four inches, it would mean certain death.

CANNON-BALL FALLS 40FT. ON TO MR. CINQUEVALLI'S NECK, AFTER DEMOLISHING BIG TABLE.

TWO OF A TRADE

By Robert Barr.

IF a man finds himself enduring a night journey on an American railway train, there are two or three things he may do to make life worth living. If he has two dollars to spare, with twenty-five cents extra for the porter in the morning, he may enrich Mr. Pullman to the extent of the two dollars, and thus get a berth in the sleeping car. This is a good way to spend two dollars, and if you are on a line where train robbers are epidemic you are just that much ahead, for what Pullman gets, you may depend the train robbers never see, and so you have the comfort of the berth, and the satisfaction of knowing that your money has been divided between two sets of robbers. Of the two I like Pullman the better, for he certainly gives you something for the money, while the others give you nothing but bad language, with perhaps an ounce of lead thrown in.

If you haven't the two dollars to spare, there are still three things left for you to do. You may sit bolt upright in your seat; or you may turn the back of the opposite seat over, and stretch your weary legs across the chasm; or you may try to lie down on one seat, which you will find to be practically impossible unless you are as short of stature as you are short of cash. Entering a smoking car at night on a through express you will find men in all these three attitudes, doing the best they can with the weary hours that are head of them until daylight breaks.

The smoking car on the night express of the Texas, Belmont, and Crucifer Air Line was well filled with men of all descriptions, most of whom were endeavouring to get some sleep in one or other of the three attitudes above alluded to. There was only one sleeping car on the train at the rear; in front of that came two ordinary cars, then the smoker, the luggage car, the car of the American Express Company, and in front of all, the engine. On that train were two very anxious men, and they sat on camp stools near the big safe in the express car, fully armed, knowing that in that safe were gold packages amounting to over 200,000 dollars, coming east from California. These two men, at least, made no attempt to sleep, but listened,

without saying much, to the express grinding on through the night, the whistle of the engine breaking through the continuous roar with an occasional long toot followed by two short ones. It was now midnight, and in two hours the train would reach Belmont; after that the two guards of the safe would feel easier in their minds. They were at present going through a wild country where anything might happen, although they hoped that the secret of the safe had been well kept. It is astonishing how news leaks out and how quickly it travels when large sums of money are being transported across the plains.

In the forward end of the smoking car four bearded men sat opposite each other playing euchre. They were rough-looking citizens who might have been cow-boys or anything else. The conductor looked askance at them as he collected the money for their ride, for none of them had tickets, but they paid their fares without trouble, and that in itself was a boon, for the conductor expected some dispute from the look of them. Three others had come on at the next station, and were now watching the game. There were a few more passengers in the car who might have been suspected of belonging to the same gang—if gang it was—but no sign of recognition passed between the card-players and the others, who were apparently trying to get some sleep.

"I don't half like the look of that crowd," said the conductor to the brakeman, after he had collected the tickets and the fares.

"What's the matter with them?" asked the brakeman, who was chewing tobacco, taking a bite from a black plug as he spoke. "They seem quiet enough."

The brakeman appeared to be himself about as rough a customer as any of the card-players, and so, perhaps, had a feeling of comradeship for them.

"That's just it. They're too darned quiet," replied the conductor. "If they were real cow-boys playing a real game, there would have been a row before this, sure. That tall black-whiskered man's been looking at his watch a good deal lately, and's been trying to peek through the window 'sif he wanted to know just where we were. I don't like the look of it."

"Think they're going to hold us up?" inquired the brakeman, with a trace of anxiety in his voice.

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised."

"Why, there ain't fifty dollars on the whole train, is there? How many people in the sleeper?"

"Not more'n half-a-dozen; still, there may be some rich cuss on board we don't know anything about. These chaps may be onto him."

"Well," drawled the brakeman, with some deliberation, "I give the T., B., and C. Co. notice that when the firing begins I crawl under a seat. I don't take no lead in mine for thirty-five dollars a month."

The conductor made no reply to this heroic declaration, for at that moment the engine gave a long whistle, and through the entire train ran the shudder of the quickly applied air-brake. The two train men hurried to the outside platform, and the conductor, hanging on by the iron stanchion rods, leaned forward, peering along the side of the slowing train, and saw in the darkness far ahead down the line the waving of a red lantern—the signal of danger.

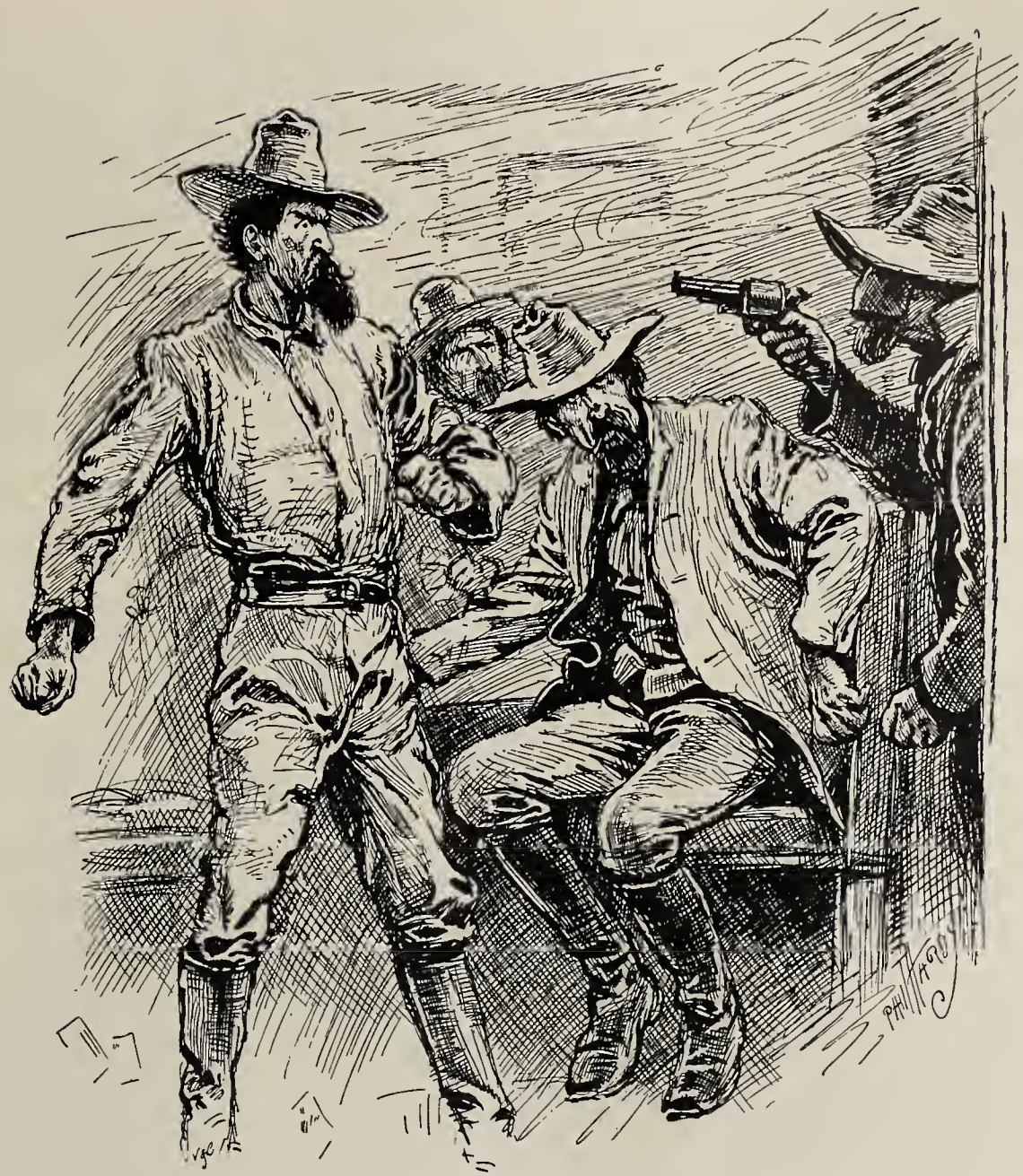
When the train came to a standstill, there appeared on each side of the engine shadowy forms that seemed to have risen from the black earth. In response to a curt command, engineer and stoker threw up their hands and remained in that position, standing out redly against the glare of the engine fires. A masked man with a seven-shooter in his hand entered each door of the smoker, and instantly most of the now wide-awake passengers got under the seats. Not all of them, however. The tall, black-bearded man who had been one of the card-players, rose hastily to his feet, letting the bits of pasteboard flutter unheeded to the floor. He cursed loudly and energetically, using the most fearful language with a dexterity and ease that instantly commanded the respectful admiration of the masked men at each end of the car, who both paid him the immediate compliment of turning the muzzles of their weapons upon him.

"Throw up your hands!" they cried, simultaneously.

"Throw up nothing," cried the man, in a tone of the utmost contempt, although he forbore to make any motion that might indicate he possessed a gun himself. "Do you know who you're chinning? I'm Steve Mannies."

"The deuce you are!" cried one of the masked men, lowering the point of his revolver.

"Same thing," replied Steve, who was justly proud of his well-earned reputation, being known far and wide as the most industrious and capable train robber in all Texas: a quick-firing, straight-shooting, ruthless desperado, afraid of nothing, least of all the law.



"THE TALL, BLACK-BEARDED MAN ROSE HASTILY TO HIS FEET."

"Who's running this show?" demanded Mannies. "Who's your boss?"

"We're Captain Snikes's gang," replied the other, with deference.

"I might a-known it," cried Steve, with unconcealed derision. "It's just like his Sunday-school picnic way of holding up a train. I'm going out to have a talk with him."

The masked man made no attempt to stop Steve and his followers as they poured out of the car into the surrounding darkness.

"What are you about there?" yelled a voice from near the engine. "Don't let those men leave the car."

"It's Steve Mannies and his boys," shouted back the masked man, in excuse.

Although the surprised Captain Snikes merely mentioned the lower regions, there was a tremor in his voice which showed that the unexpected meeting with so noted a man as Steve was not one of unalloyed pleasure.

"See here, Captain," roared the angry desperado. "What's the meaning of this? What are you doing on my territory? Have I been asleep, or jugged, or have I been yelling for help that you've got to poke your nose into my district? Can't I take care of these here trains, or has there been any complaint on the part of the T., B., and C. Company that I'm not looking after them close enough? What in thunder's the reason o' your being out so late at night, anyhow? Some o' you boys 'll catch cold, first thing, you know."

"Why, hang it, Steve," said the Captain, in tones of apology, "I didn't know you were in this locality at all. You see, nobody's heard from you for a month, and we thought perhaps you had struck for Californy. We did, sure. But I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll divide square and fair."

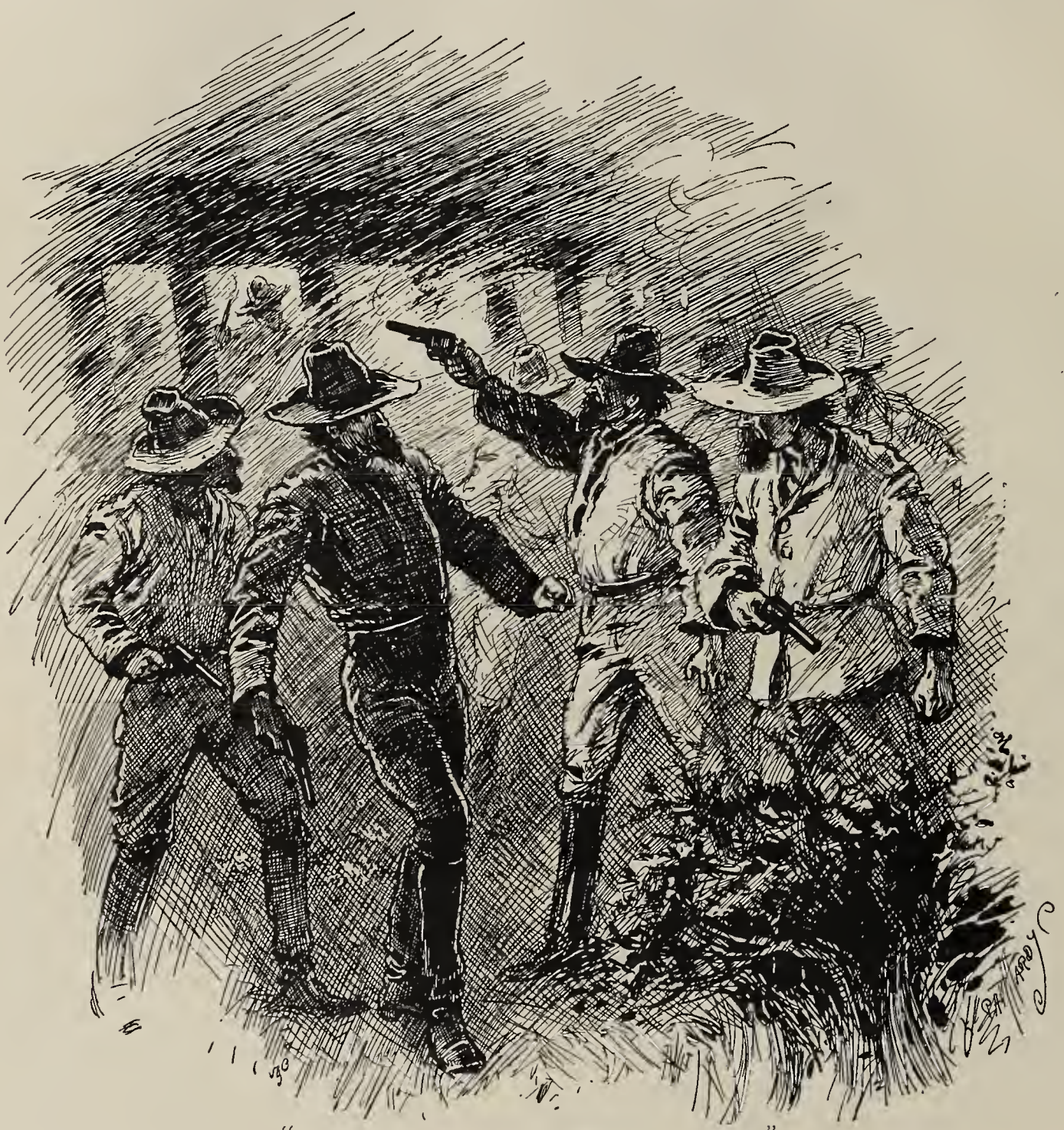
"Divide nothing," cried Steve. "This train's mine, and you've no business here at all. Still, there's nothing mean about me, and I like to encourage amatoors. If you want the passengers, you can have 'em. You go through 'em, and then git."

"We don't want no passengers, not to-night we don't," demurred the Captain. "We got news from 'Frisco, and thought nobody else was onto it. We're after the safe, an' that's what's the matter with this crowd."

"Well, I'd like to oblige you, but that safe's mine. We had news from 'Frisco, too. Did you think we were off on our vacation?"

"Won't you divide?" appealed the Captain. "There ought to be enough to go round."

"Nary a divide," said Steve, determinedly.



"EVERY MAN HAD HIS FINGER ON A TRIGGER."

"The safe's ours, and has been ever since we got on the express. We've got dynamite in a bag to blow her open, and we'd a-been through and away by this time if you hadn't chipped into the game when you weren't wanted."

At this juncture one of the express messengers, with a genius for doing the right thing at the psychological moment, fired at Steve, dimly seen through the radiance from the car windows; missed him, of course, but winged one of the gang standing near, who instantly whipped out his gun with an oath, and blazed away in the direction the shot came from. Each side thought the other had broken the understood truce, and had fired first. Both gangs had been on the alert for that very thing, and every man had his finger on a trigger. In two seconds the biggest fight that part of Texas had ever seen was on, and the black darkness was fitfully spotted with the crimson spitting of revolvers. Cries of rage and pain showed that some at least of the bullets were finding their billets.

The conductor crouching along on the off-side of the train, stole up to the engine, and said in a hoarse whisper to the driver, who still stood dazed, with his hands above his head:—

"For God's sake, John, pull out quick."

"Ain't they covering me?" asked the frightened engineer, in a trembling voice.

"No. You're all safe. They're fighting like cats and dogs. Get a move on you."

"But the track's bound to be torn up ahead."

"We'll have to risk that, John. Anything's better than this. Pull yourself together and clap on all the steam she'll stand," said the conductor, climbing up beside the engineer.

The engine gave three stentorian puffs, so loud that both conductor and engineer

trembled with apprehension lest the sound would be heard by the combatants above the roar of the fusillade, then the train glided almost noiselessly away into the darkness.

When the firing slackened off a bit, the voice of Captain Snikes from behind a bush made itself heard.

"Put up your guns," he yelled. "What's the use of this nonsense? Somebody will get hurt with all this carelessness. Stop your pack of fools, Steve."

"Stop yours," roared Steve. "You began it, you lunkhead."

"We didn't. You fired first."

"You're a liar," cried the thoroughly exasperated Steve. "One o' your men fired at me and hit Bill Simmons. I never see such foolish shooting in my life before. You fellows couldn't hit the Nevada Mountains."

"You're not much better. Well, Steve, seeing it's you, we'll go through the passengers while you blow up the safe."

In answer to this there was a torrent of profanity from Steve that startled both gangs with its comprehensive terseness. The smoke had now partially cleared away. Steve stood between the rails looking eastward at the two rear lights winking maliciously at him in the distance.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" said Steve, more in sorrow than in anger, his stock of malediction running dry when a realization of the joke fate had played upon him became more and more apparent. "While our love-feast was going on, blow me if these tenderfeet didn't steal our train with my dynamite on board! This is what comes of your interference, Captain. There goes nearly a quarter of a million of good, sound money to some cussed bloated capitalist in the east, who has no more right to it than you had, and between the two of you I'm robbed of my own. Hang me if I don't turn farmer, and take up 160 acres of land to grow turnips on!"

"THIS IS WHAT COMES OF YOUR INTERFERENCE, CAPTAIN."

"*The Professor's Puzzles.*"

SOLUTIONS.—By "Sphinx."

THE COINAGE PUZZLE (page 720).—The point of this puzzle turns on the fact that if the magic square were to be composed of whole numbers adding up 15 in all ways, the 2 must be placed in one of the corners. Otherwise fractions must be used, and these are supplied in the puzzle by the employment of sixpences and half-crowns. The following (No. 1) is the arrangement requiring the fewest possible current English coins—fifteen. It will be seen that the amount in each corner is a fractional one, the sum required in the total being a whole number of shillings.

4s. 6d.	4s. 4s.	2s. 6d.
2s. 1s.	5s.	5s. 2s.
5s. 2s. 6d.	2s.	5s. 6d.

1.—THE COINAGE PUZZLE.

THE POSTAGE STAMPS PUZZLE (page 721).—This puzzle is based on a similar principle, though it is really much easier, because the condition that nine of the stamps must be of different values makes their selection an easy matter, though how they are to be placed requires a little thought or trial until one knows the rule respecting putting the fractions in the corners. Here is the solution (No. 2).

THE MAP PUZZLE (page 721).—Strange as it may seem at first sight, the twenty-six districts may all be coloured strictly within the conditions with four colours—the fewest possible. This may be done as follows: A,C,F,I,M,X — red; D,G,N,Q,R,U,Y — blue; H,J,L,O,T,W,Z — yellow; B,E,K,P,S,V —green. Now, if there had been three colours (red, blue, and yellow) in the paint-box, green, orange, or purple could clearly have been obtained by mixing two colours. But four colours cannot be obtained from fewer than three (I am speaking of distinct colours, not gradations of hue). Consequently, there must have been TWO ("not enough colours by one") in the box.

THE FROGS AND TUMBLERS (page 722). — It is perfectly true, as the Professor said, that there is only one solution (not counting a reversal) to this puzzle. The frogs that jump are George in the third horizontal row; Chang, the artful-looking batrachian at the end of the fourth row; and Wilhelmina, the fair creature in the seventh row. George jumps downwards to the second tumbler in the seventh row; Chang, who can only leap short distances in consequence of chronic rheumatism, removes somewhat unwillingly to the glass just above him—the eighth in the third row; while Wilhelmina, with all the sprightliness of her youth and sex, performs the very creditable saltatory feat of leaping to the fourth tumbler in the fourth row. In their new positions it will be found that of the eight frogs no two are in a line vertically, horizontally, or diagonally.

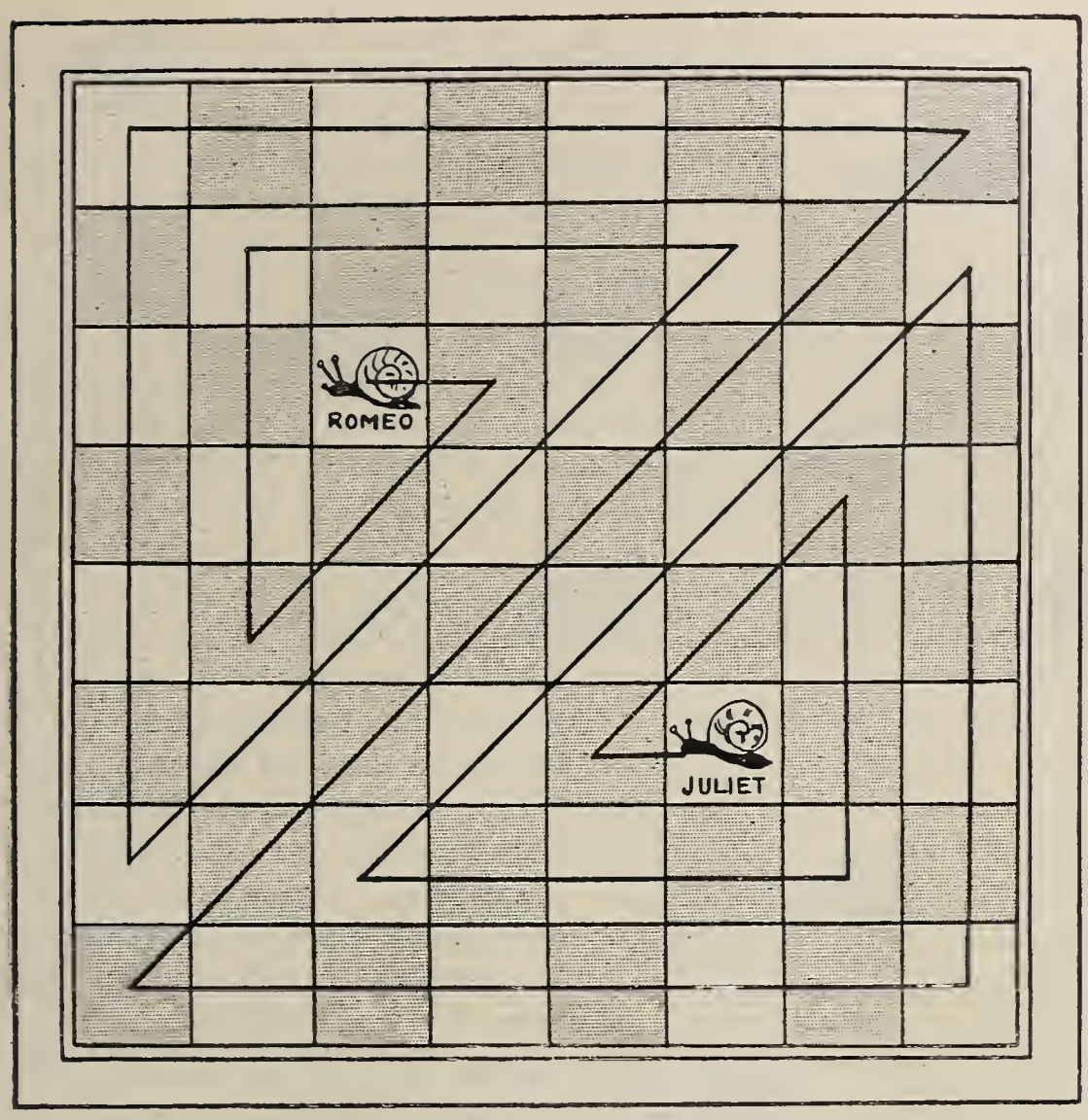
$4\frac{1}{2}$d.	1d.	$\frac{1}{2}$d. 3d.
2d.	3d.	4d.
$2\frac{1}{2}$d.	5d.	$1\frac{1}{2}$d.

2.—THE POSTAGE STAMPS PUZZLE.

ROMEO AND JULIET (page 722).—This is really a very difficult puzzle, though, as the Professor remarked when Hawkhurst hit on the solution, it is "just one of those puzzles that a person might solve at a glance" by pure luck. Yet when the following solution (No. 3), with its pretty, symmetrical arrangement, is seen, it looks ridiculously simple.

It will be found that Romeo reaches Juliet's balcony after visiting every house once and only once, and making fourteen turnings, not counting the turn he makes at starting. These are the fewest turnings possible, and the problem can only be solved by the route shown or its reversal.

ROMEO'S SECOND JOURNEY (page 723).—In order to take his trip through all the white squares only with the fewest possible turnings, Romeo would do well to adopt the following route (No. 4), by means of which only sixteen turnings are required to perform the feat. The Professor informs me that the Helix aspersa, or common or garden snail, has a peculiar aversion to making turnings: so much



3.—THE ROMEO AND JULIET PUZZLE.

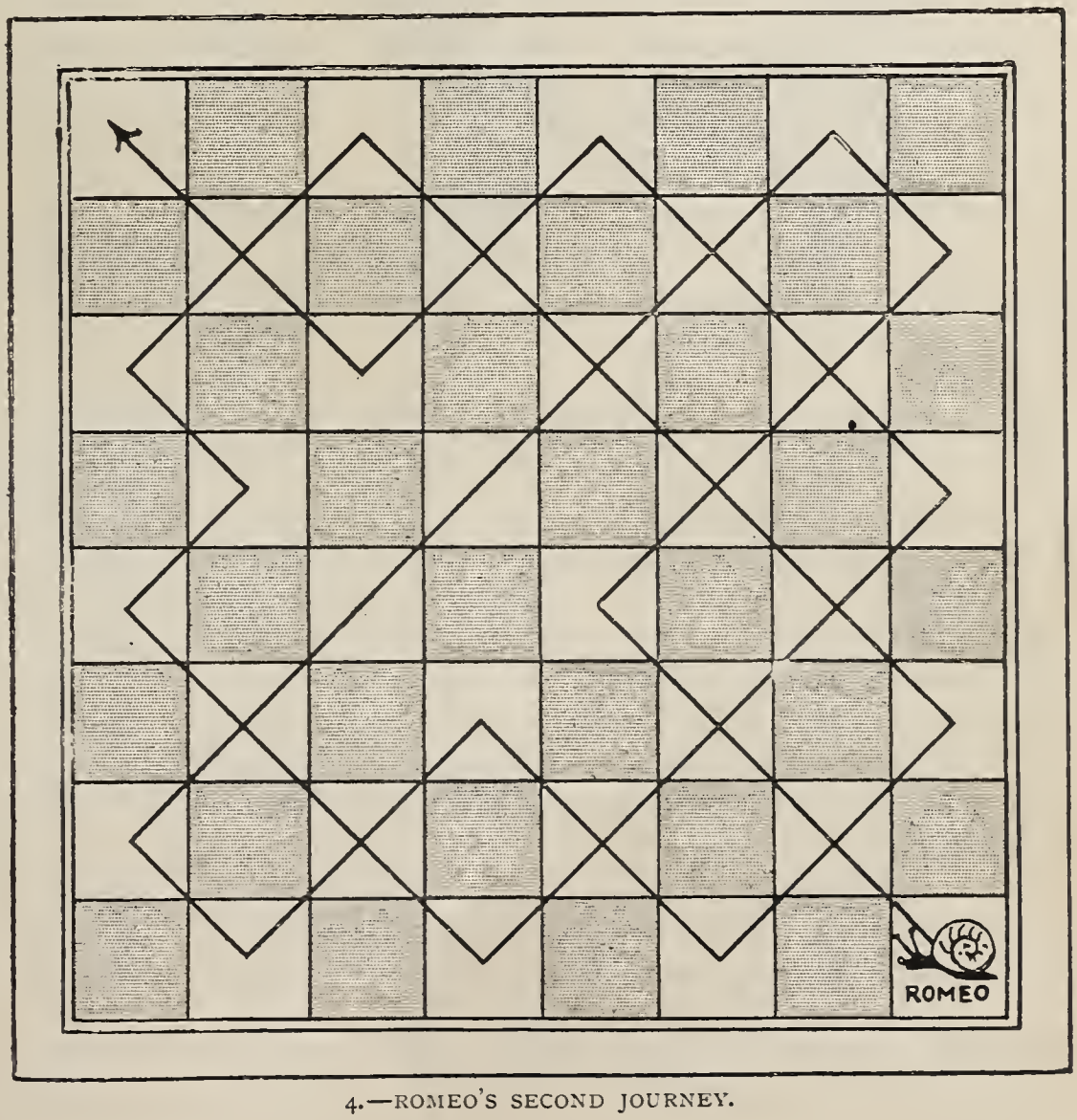
so, that one specimen with which he made experiments went off in a straight line one night, and has never come back since.

THE FROGS WHO WOULD A-WOOING GO (page 723).—This is one of those puzzles in which a plurality of solutions is practically unavoidable. There are two or three positions into which four frogs may jump so as to form five rows with four in each row, but the following is the most satisfactory arrangement—(No. 5).

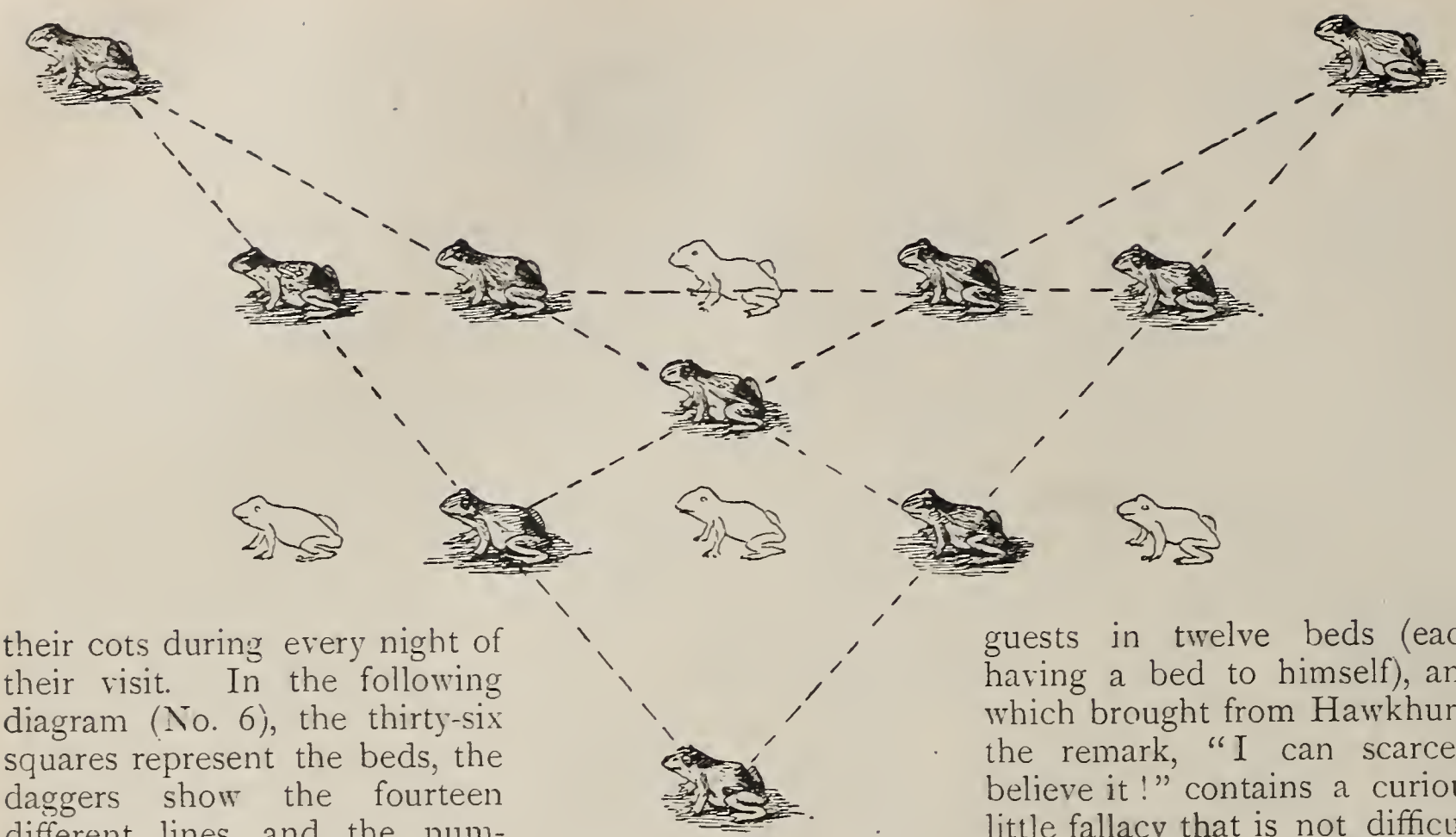
The frogs that have jumped have left their astral bodies behind, in order to show the reader the positions which they originally occupied. Chang, the frog in the middle of the upper row, suffering from rheumatism, as explained above in the Frogs and Tumblers solution, makes the shortest jump of all—a little distance between the two rows; George and Wilhelmina leap from the ends of the lower row to some distance N. by N.W. and N. by N.E. respectively; while the frog in the middle of the lower row, whose name the Professor forgot to state, goes direct south.

THE SIX LITTLE NIGGERS (page 724). — In order to arrive at the lowest sum possible, it is necessary that the six niggers should exercise the strictest economy in the matter of clean sheets. There are fourteen different lines in which it is possible for the niggers to sleep, as Hawkhurst pointed out to the Professor, and it will be obvious at a glance that on each successive night at least five of the niggers must change their cots. The question is whether it is not necessary on some nights for every one of them to occupy a bed different from the one he slept in the night before.

Now, as a matter of fact, by forming lines around each of the four sides of the square in succession, and using the two diagonals as links to pass from what may be called one system into another, it is quite possible for only five niggers to be required to change



4.—ROMEO'S SECOND JOURNEY.



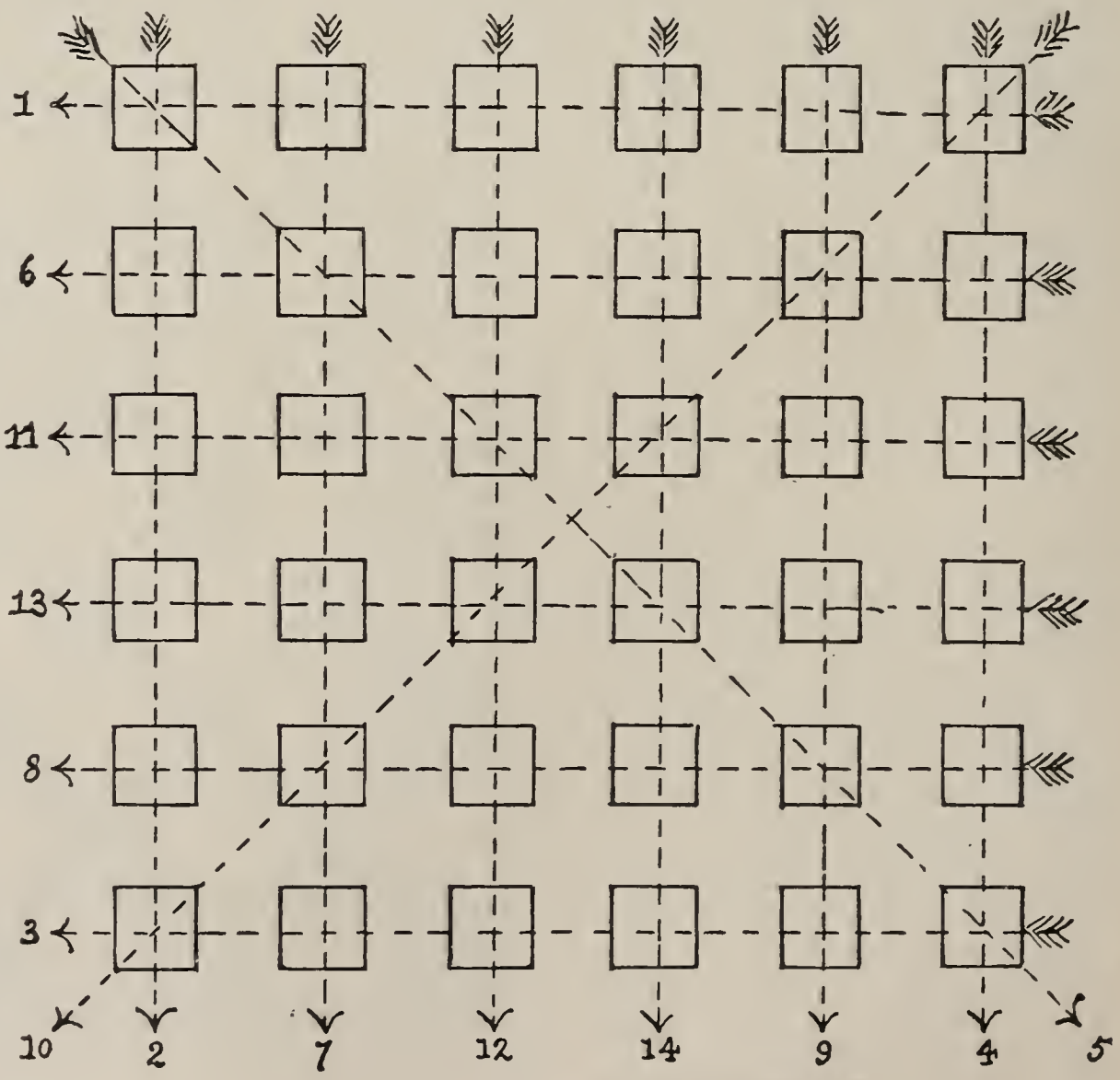
5.—THE FROGS WHO WOULD A-WOOING GO.

their cots during every night of their visit. In the following diagram (No. 6), the thirty-six squares represent the beds, the daggers show the fourteen different lines, and the numbers the order in which those lines are slept in by the boys.

In passing from line No. 1 to line No. 2, it will be seen that each nigger removes to a cot in a straight line along the diagonals, with the exception of the one who slept in the top left-hand corner, who retains his bed; in passing from line No. 2 to line No. 3, five niggers similarly remove in a straight line to new cots, leaving the boy at the bottom left-hand corner in the cot he previously occupied; and so on throughout the series. It will, therefore, be clear that although six pairs of sheets were required on the first night, on each of the thirteen succeeding nights only five clean pairs were necessary. Hence, five times thirteen, added to six, gives seventy-one as the number of pairs of sheets needed during the whole visit, and these at fourpence a pair produce an item in the washing bill of £1 3s. 8d., which is the correct answer.

THE THIRTEEN TRAVELLERS (page 724). — The ancient puzzle quoted by Grigsby, in which it is shown how a clever landlady placed thirteen guests in twelve beds (each having a bed to himself), and which brought from Hawkhurst the remark, "I can scarcely believe it!" contains a curious little fallacy that is not difficult to discover. Of course, the guest fetched from room No. 1 was actually No. 2 (not No. 13), and the thirteenth guest was therefore still unprovided for.

THE STRAND PUZZLE (page 725). — In giving the solution of this puzzle, I need only record the sequence of moves. Having placed the lettered counters in the manner



6.—THE PUZZLE OF THE SIX LITTLE NIGGERS.

shown in the smaller diagram, play them as follows: a,e,h,T,e,h,S,t,T,e,h,S,t,T,e,h,r,n,d,e, h,r,n,d,r,t,S,a—twenty-eight moves in all. As there is never more than one vacant place, it is, of course, unnecessary to distinguish the different squares.

LOYD'S PONY PUZZLE (page 726).—Mr. Loyd, who kindly gave me permission to introduce this curiosity in company with my own puzzles, has sent me the following amusing account of a few of the attempts at solution that he has received from time to time:—

"I have, of course, received during the thirty years which have elapsed since I brought it out, many thousand answers, or attempted answers, to that Pony Puzzle. Many of the arrangements received were very funny and ingenious, reflecting great credit upon the patience and skill of their authors. I send you three specimens, selected pretty much at random, so as to be impartial.

"The first (No. 7) was received from Master Harry Williams, of New York, who said: 'I guess I've got that pony's limbs joined on to their proper places. I don't mind telling you that I caught the prancing pose from Mr. Seward Webb's cob at the horse show. When I found how to do the trick I just went and danced all over the block with delight. If it's wrong, then I'm no judge of horse-flesh.'

7.—HARRY WILLIAMS' SOLUTION.

"A young lady from Atlanta, Ga., presented the following picturesque portrayal of a galloping horse (No. 8). She said: 'There exists a doubt in my mind regarding the compliance with the terms of the puzzle which called for a trotting horse. However, trotters often run just that way, and I am quite sure that no one will be able to present a speedier movement.'

8.—"TROTTERS RUN JUST THAT WAY."

"A gentleman from Kentucky, where

9.—"THE 2.14 GET-THAR PACE."

trotting is cultivated and appreciated, and who is a veteran turfite, sent the following illustration (No. 9) of a prize trotter going at what he calls 'the 2.14 get-thar pace.' He says he takes no credit to himself for solving the puzzle, as he remembers it as a boy, 'when everyone knew how to do it.'

"'The suggestion that everyone knew how to do it confirms the author's suspicion, so often confirmed, that out of the millions of persons who puzzled over this little trick when it was so popular, very few discovered, or even saw, the true secret, which you are now publishing in England for the first time, and which will doubtless amuse and surprise some of the authors of the grotesque answers which have been sent to me.

"An examination of the following arrangement (No. 10) of the three pieces will reveal a little white pony, a regular little trotter, in the centre of the picture. The black portions of the old horse which form the background are a delusion and a snare, only utilized in producing 'a horse of quite another colour.'"

10.—THE AUTHOR'S SOLUTION.

The reader will now understand what the Professor meant when he said, "the answer is very satisfactory, so that the finder will know directly he has guessed it." The solution of this quaint puzzle is undoubtedly as pretty as it is surprising.

"WITTY-SPLINTER"

A STORY for CHILDREN

FROM THE GERMAN OF
CLEMENS BRENTANO.

ONCE upon a time there was a King of Round-about who had, among many other servants, a page-boy who was called Wittysplinter, and he preferred him above all the others, and showered upon him honours and presents, because of his uncommon skill and cleverness, and because everything the King gave him to do he always accomplished successfully. Now, because of the great favour which the King showed to Wittysplinter, all the other page-boys and servants were jealous of him; for, if his cleverness were rewarded with money they generally received nothing but scoldings for their stupidity—if Wittysplinter received praise from the King, they generally received a blowing-up—when Wittysplinter got a new coat to his back, they got instead the application of a stick to theirs, and if Wittysplinter were permitted to kiss the King's hand, they were only allowed to touch it when they got a smack from it.

On account of all these things, therefore, they got very angry with Wittysplinter, and went about murmuring and whispering the whole day long, and putting their heads together and plotting how best they could deprive Wittysplinter of the love of the King. One of them scattered a lot of peas on the steps up to the throne, so that Wittysplinter might stumble and break the glass sceptre which he always had to present to the King; another nailed pieces of melon skin to his shoes, so that he might slide along and make a dreadful mess of the King's gown when he was handing him the soup; a third put all sorts of horrid flies in a straw, and blew them into the King's wig when Wittysplinter was dressing it; a fourth played some other nasty trick, and everyone sought to do something to deprive Wittysplinter of the King's favour. Wittysplinter was so cautious, however, and so clever and watchful, that everything they did was in vain, and he brought all the commands of the King to a successful issue.

Well, when they found that all these manœuvres were quite useless they determined to try something else. Now, the King had an enemy, whom he could never get the better of, and who was always doing him some mischief. This was a giant who was called Sleepyhead, and who lived in a large mountain, where he had a splendid palace, surrounded by a thick, gloomy wood; and with the exception of his wife, Thickasmud, no human being lived with him; but a lion who was called Hendread, and a bear called Honeybeard, and a wolf called Lambsnapper, and a dog called Harescare, acted as his servants. He had also in the stables a horse called Flyinglegs.

Now, there dwelt in the neighbourhood of

Roundabout a very beautiful Queen, Madam Flosk, who had a daughter, Miss Flink, and the King of Roundabout, who wanted to possess all the land adjoining his own, was very anxious to marry Madam Flosk. But she was proud, and let him know that many other Kings were also anxious to marry her, and that she would accept in marriage that King only who was most expeditious, and that he who was first by her side when she went into church next Monday morning at half-past ten should have her as his wife, and all her possessions into the bargain.

Thereupon the King summoned all his household, and put the question to them: "How am I to manage to be first in the church on Monday morning next, and so gain Queen Flosk for my wife?"

Then his servants answered him, and said: "You must gain possession of the horse Flyinglegs, belonging to the Giant Sleepyhead; if you once get astride of it, no one can possibly get there before you; and to get this horse for you no one is more suited than Wittysplinter, who is so successful in all he undertakes."

Thus spoke the wicked servants, in the hope that the Giant Sleepyhead would kill Wittysplinter. The King, accordingly, commanded Wittysplinter to bring the horse Flyinglegs to him.

Wittysplinter got a hand-barrow, and placed a bees' hive on it, then a sack into which he thrust a cock, a hare, and a lamb, and laid it on the barrow; he took with him, also, a long piece of rope, and a large box full of snuff; slung round him a riding whip, fastened a pair of good spurs to his boots, and quietly set off, pushing his barrow in front of him.

Towards evening he had reached the summit of the high mountain, and when he had traversed the wood he saw before him the castle of the giant Sleepyhead. Night drew on, and very soon he heard the giant Sleepyhead and his wife, Thickasmud, and his lion, Hendread, and his bear, Honeybeard, and his wolf, Lambsnapper, and his dog, Harescare, all snoring loudly; only the horse, Flyinglegs, was still awake, and stamping the floor of the stable with its hoofs.

Then Wittysplinter took the long piece of rope very quietly from the sack, and stretched it across in front of the door of the castle from one tree to another, and placed the box of snuff in the middle; next he took the beehive and placed it in a tree by the side of the path, and then went into the stable and undid the fastenings of Flyinglegs. He placed the sack with the lamb, the hare, and the cock on its back, and jumping up himself and using his spurs, he rode out of the stable.

But the horse Flyinglegs could speak, and screamed out quite loudly:—

> Thickasmud and Sleepyhead!
> Honeybeard and Hendread!
> Lambsnapper and Harescare!
> I'm being stolen, so pray beware,

and then it galloped off as hard as it could,

"THEY RUSHED PELL-MELL OUT OF THE HOUSE."

because, with Wittysplinter on its back, it couldn't help itself. Then Thickasmud and Sleepyhead woke up and heard the cry of the horse Flyinglegs. Quickly they awakened the bear Honeybeard, the lion Hendread, the wolf Lambsnapper, and the dog Harescare, and altogether they rushed pell-mell out of the house, to try and catch Wittysplinter with the horse Flyinglegs.

But in the darkness the giant Sleepyhead and his wife Thickasmud stumbled over the rope which Wittysplinter had tied in front of the castle door, and, splosh!—they fell with their eyes and noses right into the box of snuff which he had placed there. They rubbed their eyes and sneezed one time after another, and Sleepyhead said: *"Your good health, Thickasmud." "I thank you," answered Thickasmud, and then said: "Good health to you, Sleepyhead." "I thank you," answered he; and so on, until they had wept the snuff out of their eyes and sneezed it out of their noses, and by the time this had happened Wittysplinter was clear of the wood.

The bear Honeybeard was the first after him, but when he came to the bees' hive the smell of the honey enticed him, and he wanted to eat it; then the bees came buzzing out, and stung him all over the face to such an extent that he ran back half blind to the castle. Wittysplinter had already got some distance out of the wood when he heard the lion Hendread coming bounding after him, so he quickly took the cock out of his sack, and when it flew up into a tree and began to crow, the lion got so dreadfully frightened that it ran back again.

Now Wittysplinter heard the wolf Lambsnapper behind him. He quickly let loose the lamb out of his sack, and the wolf galloped after it, and let him ride off in safety. He was by this time quite near the town when he heard a bark behind him, and looking round saw the dog Harescare coming tearing after him. Quickly he let loose the hare out of the sack and the dog ran after it, and he arrived safely in the town.

The King thanked Wittysplinter very much for the horse, but the wicked servants of the Court were very much annoyed that he had come off with a whole skin. On the following Monday the King mounted upon his horse Flyinglegs and rode off to Queen Flosk, and the horse galloped so quickly that he was there long before any of the other Kings, and had already danced several of his wedding dances when they arrived. Just when he was about to start off home with his Queen his servants said to him: "Your Majesty has indeed the giant Sleepyhead's horse, but how much more splendid it would be if you had his clothes as well, which are said to surpass anything that man has ever seen. The clever Wittysplinter would, no doubt, very soon bring them to you if you commanded him to do so."

The King was at once possessed with a great desire for Sleepyhead's clothes, and again gave the commission to Wittysplinter. When the latter had started off upon the road the wicked servants rejoiced, and thought that this time he would surely not escape the clutches of the giant Sleepyhead.

On this occasion Wittysplinter took nothing with him but a few good strong sacks. On arriving at the giant's castle he climbed up into a tree, and lay hid until everyone was in bed. When everything had become quiet he climbed down again. Just then he heard Madam Thickasmud calling out: "Sleepyhead, my pillow is very low; fetch me a bundle of straw from outside." Thereupon Wittysplinter quickly slipped into a bundle of straw, and Sleepyhead carried him, along with the straw, into his room, shoved him under the pillow, and then lay down in bed again.

As soon as they had fallen asleep Wittysplinter packed all Sleepyhead's and Thickasmud's clothes into his sack, and very quietly and very carefully tied it to the tail of the lion Hendread; then he tied the wolf Lambsnapper, and the bear Honeybeard, and the dog Harescare, who were lying about asleep, fast to the giant's bed, and opened the door very wide. So far he had managed everything just as he would have wished, but he wanted to take away the giant's beautiful bed-cover as well. So he gave the corner of it a slight tug, then another, and another, and so on, until it fell on the floor. He immediately wrapped himself up in it, and seated himself on the sack containing the giant's clothes, which he had tied to the lion's tail. Soon the cool night wind began to blow through the open door and over Thickasmud's legs, and waking up, she cried, "Sleepyhead, you've pulled all the bed-clothes off me. I've nothing at all over me." "Thickasmud, *you've* pulled all the clothes off *me*," and thereupon they began to belabour each other, so that Wittysplinter began to laugh loudly at them. As soon as they heard this they called out "Thieves, thieves! Up Hendread! Up Lambsnapper! Up Honeybeard and Harescare! Thieves, thieves!" At this all the animals woke up, and the lion sprang forth out of the door. Now Wittysplinter, wrapped up in the bed-cover, was sitting on the bundle of clothes tied to the lion's tail; and as soon as the lion began

*NOTE.—The custom of wishing one "Good Health" after a sneeze, prevalent in Germany and other European countries, is supposed to have origin in the fact that the crisis, or turning-point for better or worse of a certain fever, is indicated by a sneeze from the patient, and hence the natural expression of a hope for a favourable recovery.

to run, he was driven along just as if he was in a carriage. He began to cry out several times "kikriki-ki-kri-ki," just like a cock, and the lion got such a fright at this that he ran in mad terror right up to the gates of the city. When quite near to the gates, Wittysplinter took out his knife and cut the string, and the lion, who was going at such a rate that he couldn't stop himself, ran his head full bang against the gates and fell down dead.

The other animals, who had been bound to the bedstead of Sleepyhead and Thickasmud, could not get it out of the door because it was too wide, and they dragged it and pulled it about the room so much that both Sleepyhead and Thickasmud fell out, and became so angry that they beat the wolf, the bear, and the dog to death, although the poor animals really couldn't help it.

"HE COULDN'T STOP HIMSELF."

When the watch in the city heard the noise of the great blow which the lion had given to the gates, they opened them, and Wittysplinter carried the clothes of Sleepyhead and Thickasmud in triumph to the King, who nearly jumped out of his skin with joy, for such clothes had never before been seen. There was, among other things, a hunting-coat, made of the skins of all the four-footed animals, and so beautifully sewn together that one could see the whole story of Reynard the Fox depicted on it. Also a bird-catcher's coat, made of feathers from all the birds in the world, an eagle in front and an owl behind; and in the pockets there were a musical box and a peal of bells, which made music just like all kinds of birds singing together. Further, there was a bathing-dress and a fisher's-dress, made from the skins of all the fish in the world, sewn together so that one saw a whale-hunt and a great catch of herrings on it. Then a garden-dress of Madam Thickasmud's, on which all sorts of flowers and fruits, salads and vegetables, were embroidered. But what surpassed everything else was the bed-cover; it was made entirely of the skins of bats, and all the stars of heaven were represented on it by means of diamonds.

The Royal family were quite dumb with astonishment and wonder. Wittysplinter was kissed and embraced, and his enemies nearly exploded with rage to see that he had again escaped without hurt from the hands of Sleepyhead.

Even yet they did not despair, and put the idea into the King's head that nothing was now wanting to his dignity, but that he should possess the castle of Sleepyhead itself, and the King, who was a very child in these matters and always wanted to have whatever took his fancy, said immediately to Wittysplinter that he wanted Sleepyhead's castle, and that as soon as he got it for him he would be rewarded.

Wittysplinter did not take much time to think about it, and for the third time ran off to the abode of Sleepyhead. When he arrived there, the giant was not at home, and he heard something in the room crying like a calf. Then he looked through the window, and saw Dame Thickasmud chopping wood, and at the same time nursing a little giant on

her arm, who was showing his teeth and bleating like a calf.

Wittysplinter went in, and said: "Good-day, my great and beautiful, broad, and portly dame! How is it that you have got to do so much work and have to nurse your child at the same time? Have you no maids or grooms? Where is your husband, then?"

"Ach," said Madam Thickasmud, "my husband has gone out to invite all his relations to a feast we are going to hold. And I have to cook everything for myself now, for my husband killed the bear, and the wolf, and the dog, that used to help us; and the lion has run off, too."

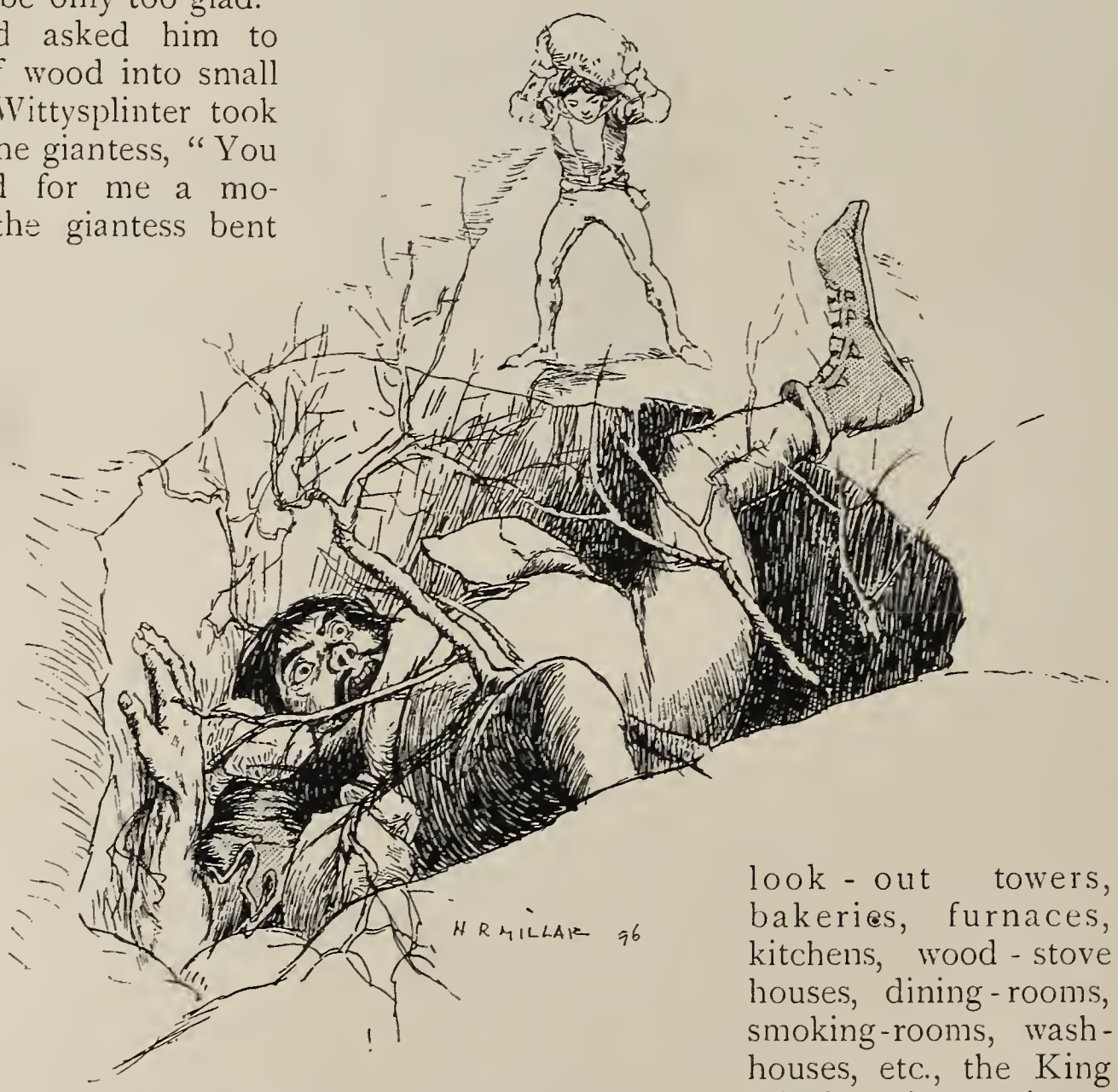
"That is certainly very hard lines on you," said Wittysplinter. "If I could do anything to help you I should be only too glad."

Then Thickasmud asked him to chop up four logs of wood into small pieces for her; and Wittysplinter took the axe and said to the giantess, "You might hold the wood for me a moment, please," and the giantess bent down and caught hold of the wood. Wittysplinter raised the axe in the air, and swish! down it came, and cut Thickasmud's head off and Mollakopp's at the same time, and there they lay.

The next thing he proceeded to do was to dig a large, deep hole right in front of the castle door, into which he threw Thickasmud and Mollakopp, and then covered over the opening with a thin layer of branches and leaves. Then he proceeded to light up all the rooms of the castle with candles and torches, and took a large copper kettle and beat upon it with soup ladles. Then he got a tin wine funnel, and blew a blast on it just like a trumpet, and between each performance he shouted, "Hurrah! Long live His Majesty the King of Roundabout."

When Sleepyhead was returning home towards evening, and saw all the lights in the windows and heard the shouting, he was mad with rage, and ran with such fury against the door that he fell through the hole covered with branches and lay there a prisoner, shouting and making a great noise. Wittysplinter immediately ran down and threw large stones on him, until he had filled up the hole.

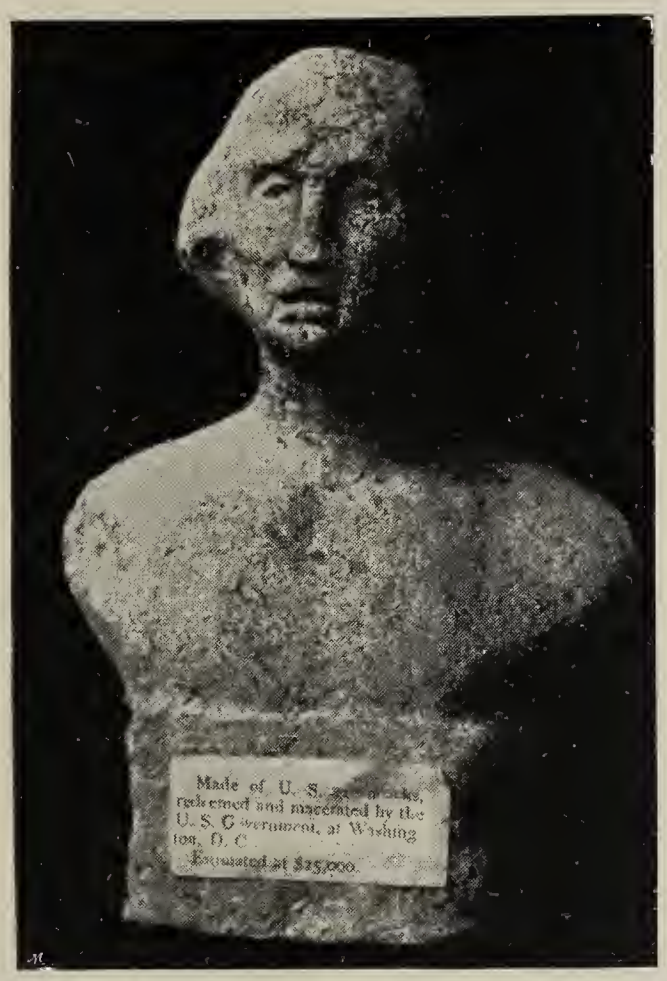
And now Wittysplinter took the key of the castle and ran with it to King Roundabout, who immediately betook himself to the castle along with his wife Flosk and her daughter Flink, and Wittysplinter, and inspected all there was to be seen there. After they had spent fourteen whole days in looking at an immense number of rooms, chambers, cellars, look-out towers, bakeries, furnaces, kitchens, wood-stove houses, dining-rooms, smoking-rooms, wash-houses, etc., the King asked Wittysplinter what he would like as a reward for his faithful services. And Wittysplinter replied that he would like to marry the Princess Flink, if it were agreeable to her. The Princess very readily consented, and they were married and lived in the giant's castle, where they are to be found to this day.



"WITTYSPLINTER THREW LARGE STONES ON HIM."

Curiosities.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]



BUST OF WASHINGTON MADE OF PULPED GREENBACKS.

It is pretty safe to assume that redeemed British paper-money has never been put to such an ingenious use as this. Here we see an antique-looking bust of George Washington, the first President, made entirely from U.S. greenbacks redeemed and macerated by the U.S. Government at Washington, D.C. These busts are sold at the great American Exhibitions, this one in particular having been bought for 2s. (50 cents) at the Centennial Exhibition, held at Philadelphia in 1876. It is estimated that the above bust contains no less than 25,000 dollars' worth of redeemed notes, so that countless humble individuals from Maine to California may be said to possess a fortune in one of these busts. The green money, when macerated, becomes dull gray.

A TORTOISESHELL BONNET PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN.

This is a peculiarly interesting article of attire intended for no less a person than Her Majesty the Queen. It is a bonnet of orthodox Salvation Army shape, and made entirely of tortoiseshell; wherefore, one would think it must needs be more for ornament than use. This costly but inelegant bonnet was made specially for the Queen by the natives of Navigator's Island, but Her Majesty, doubtless realizing the true inwardness of the present, discreetly handed it over to the British Museum, where it may always be seen.

THE LOCHBUY BROOCH—A REMARKABLE HEIRLOOM.

The silver ore of which this brooch is formed was found on the estate of Loch, in the Isle of Mull, and was made by a tinker on the estate, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, about the year 1500. It was handed down by the ladies of the family to one another, until Anna Campbell, lady to Murdoch McLean, who had

no male issue, gave it to Isabella, their daughter, who married John Scroyne, Esq., to whom she presented it on the day of their marriage. The brooch is of circular form, scalloped, and ornamented by small upright obelisks, each set with a pearl at the top. In the centre is a small crystalline ball, considered a magical gem. The top may be taken off, showing a hollow, originally for reliques. It is nearly 5in. in diameter, and weighs about a pound, so that it is not everyone who can wear it.

BLACK BABY WHO WAS THROWN OVERBOARD FROM A SLAVE-SHIP.

The nice, bright, intelligent little fellow seen in the middle of this group has an extraordinary story—a story that well illustrates the romance of the mission field. One day when the tide was out the other four children were playing on the sea-shore at Zanzibar, when they picked up a little black baby, dripping wet and half dead. They ran with their find to Miss Mills, a well-known missionary, and it was afterwards found that the baby had been thrown overboard from a slave-dhow, because he seemed too ill to be worth the slave-dealer's while to smuggle ashore. Miss Mills nursed the little boy back to health and strength, and he became the pet of her school. The photo. was kindly lent by the Universities' Mission to Central Africa.

JAPANESE STIRRUP.

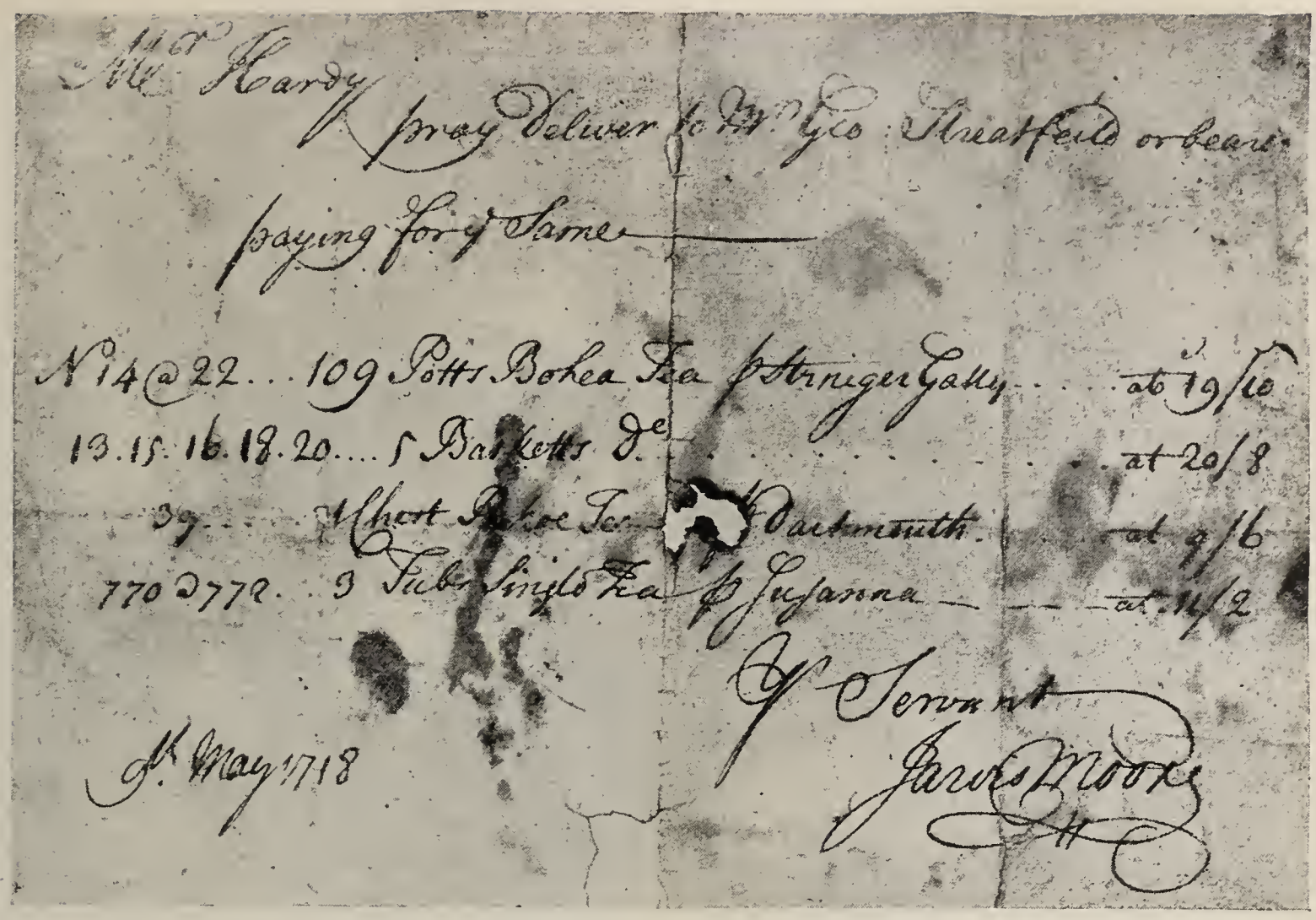
These stirrups are of cast iron, painted black and red. The weight of them is prodigious, being about 3lb. each; they are 14in. long and 6in. wide, and were at one time much used by the Daimios, or aristocracy of Japan. For handicapping, these stirrups might be found somewhat useful;

but what object is to be gained by the use of such weighty articles for ordinary purposes is somewhat difficult to discover—unless weight was supposed to add to the dignity of the Daimio. Made by Chozayemon Nagakuni, in the early part of the eighteenth century.

———

A CURIOUS PIECE OF WORKMANSHIP.

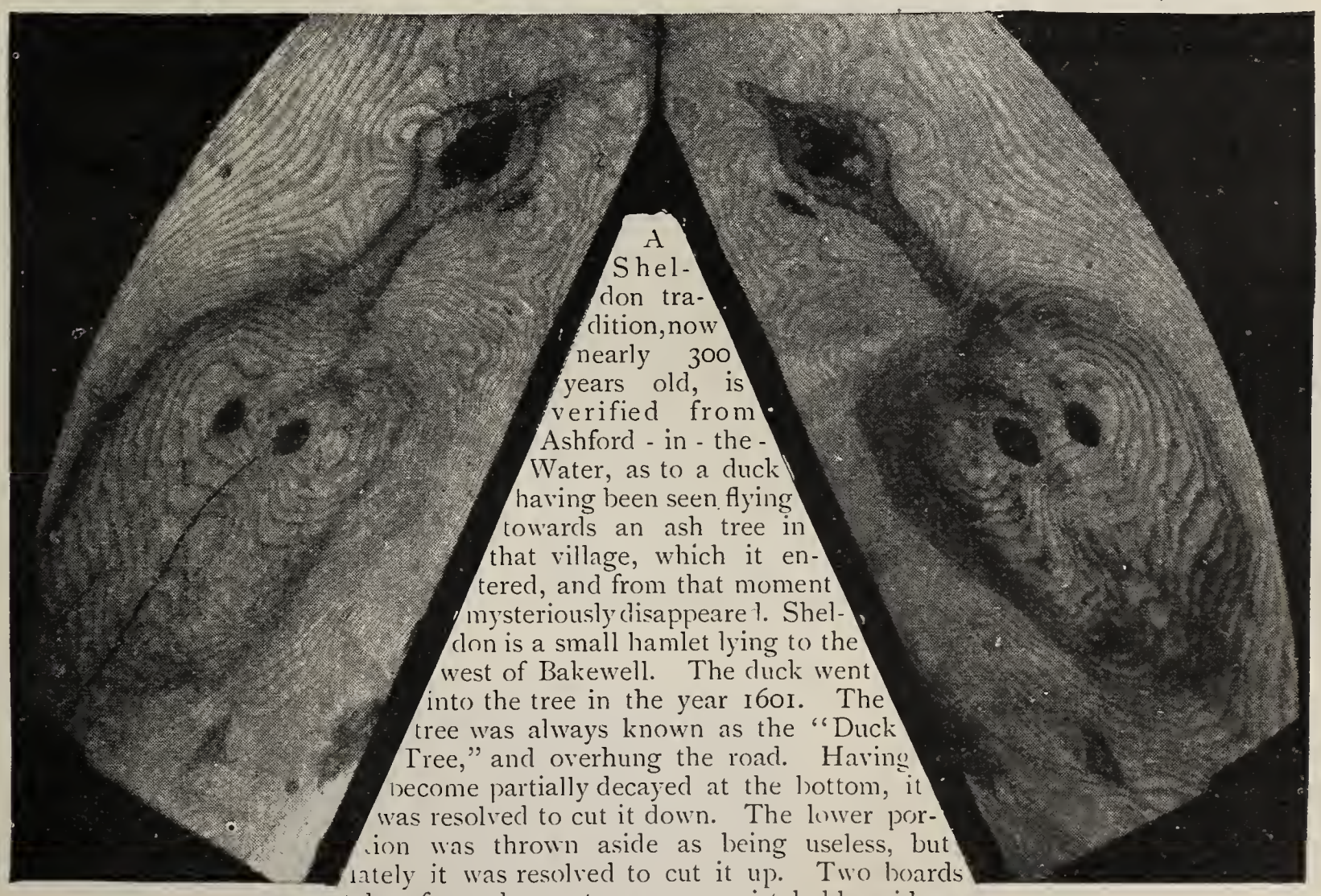
This beautiful little toy group may be seen in the well-known Horniman Museum at Forest Hill, S.E., and will be pointed out on application to Mr. Quick, the courteous curator. The carriage is made from a nautilus shell, whilst the other figures—coachman, attendants, etc.—are fashioned with wondrous ingenuity from the claws of the crayfish. Notice the reckless, dissipated demeanour of the coachman, and the haughty air with which the footman bears himself.


Mr Hardy
pray deliver to Mr Geo Streatfeild or bearer
paying for ye same
N 14 @ 22 ... 109 Potts Bohea Tea p Stringer Galley ... at 19/10
13.15.16.18.20 ... 5 Basketts do ... at 20/8
39 ... 1 Chest Pekoe Tea p Dartmouth ... at 9/6
770 @ 772 ... 3 Tubs Single Tea p Susanna ... at 11/2
Yr Servant
Jarvis Moore
St May 1718

TEA AT NINETEEN SHILLINGS A POUND!

Here we have reproduced a very interesting order sent to a tea-merchant early in the last century. Economical housewives of to-day may very profitably compare the document with their own grocer's books. 19s. 10d. per lb. for Bohea! and 9s. 6d. for the humbler Pekoe! This order was kindly placed at our disposal by the well-known tea-merchants, Messrs. Dakin & Co., of St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.

From a Photo. by] ASTOUNDING STORY OF A DUCK. [*B. Gratton, Bakewell.*



A Sheldon tradition, now nearly 300 years old, is verified from Ashford-in-the-Water, as to a duck having been seen flying towards an ash tree in that village, which it entered, and from that moment mysteriously disappeared. Sheldon is a small hamlet lying to the west of Bakewell. The duck went into the tree in the year 1601. The tree was always known as the "Duck Tree," and overhung the road. Having become partially decayed at the bottom, it was resolved to cut it down. The lower portion was thrown aside as being useless, but lately it was resolved to cut it up. Two boards taken from the centre gave unmistakable evidence of the genuineness of the Sheldon tradition about the lost duck. On one side of each of these boards was the perfect form of a full-sized duck. The body measures 8in. across, and the length, from tail to beak, is 21in. There are holes in both boards at the point where the duck's brains would rest, as if these agencies rotted the timber. This also occurs where the lights and liver settled. The duck appears to have gone head foremost into a hole, which was known to be in the tree, and couldn't get out again.

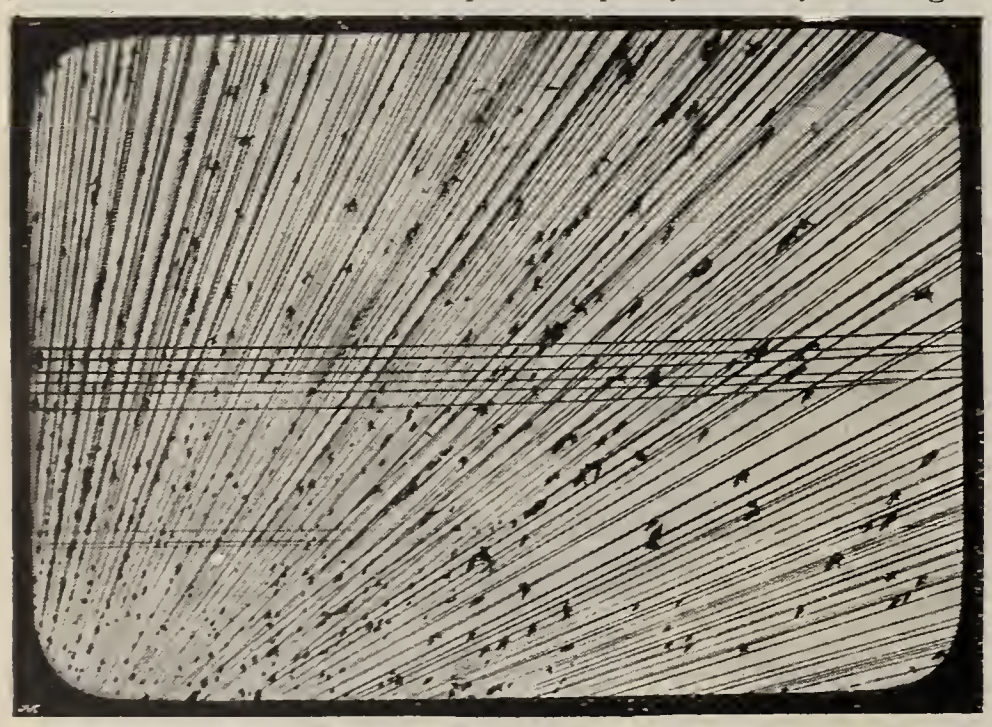
ICE-YACHTING AT ST. MORITZ.

All sorts of sports and games are carried on on the ice at St. Moritz, including curling, figure-skating, and ice-yachting. Our photograph shows a small ice-yacht under full sail. It is great fun, only one requires to be well wrapped up. It needs considerable skill to be able to navigate one of these novel craft properly, and to beat up against a head-wind—when one prevails. Of course, there is not at St. Moritz the same scope for ice-yachting that there is on the vast American lakes, but still, many "skippers" attain wonderful proficiency and get over the ice with surprising rapidity. The ice at St. Moritz, by the way, is always kept as smooth as glass, especially the ice of the rinks close to the hotels. Skaters don't like the ice-yachts, because the latter cut up the ice pretty severely.

SKATING WITH A WIND-SAIL AT ST. MORITZ.

One of the very many diversions that are practised on the frozen lakes at Davos Platz and St. Moritz—two famous Swiss health resorts. It is not everyone that can afford a real ice-yacht, such as the one seen in the other photo. reproduced on this page; so the gentleman here seen has turned himself into a sort of animated ice-yacht. He is skating with a wind-sail which he has rigged up himself. The spar is strapped to the skater's body over his shoulders and round his

waist. The poles attached to the lower corners of the sail he holds in his hands; and then, leaning as it were against the breeze, he glides gently across the lake. It is not very often, however, that this sport can be indulged in, for there is not much wind in the Engadine.



LOCUSTS ON THE TELEGRAPH WIRES IN JOHANNESBURG.

Besides the rinderpest, locusts take a prominent place among the curses of South Africa. They come in swarms of billions, so thick as to obscure the sun like a cloud for ten minutes or more at a time while passing. They even enter the houses and put a stop to business. Sometimes they settle overnight on a field of vast extent, and in the morning, when the sun rises and shines on their wings, that field will resemble a rippling sea of silver. The photograph here reproduced shows how even the telegraph wires in the great gold city of the Transvaal are occasionally covered with these terribly destructive insects.

THE PRICE OF A MAN.

This object, though not particularly striking at first glance, is of very considerable interest, not only on account of its beauty as a fine specimen of the green jade, now so rare, but also from the fact of its representing the price paid by cannibals of the Mare Islands, Polynesia, for a fat man for eating purposes.

GOVERNOR DAVEY'S PROCLAMATION TO THE ABORIGINES.

This is an exceedingly interesting and diverting pictorial proclamation, showing in four simple tableaux the amity, peace, and justice accruing from the rule of the white man. Beyond doubt, Governor Davey conveyed more to the natives of Van Diemen's Land by merely showing these pictures than if he had roared himself hoarse every day for a month. You should understand that these natives could not read; and, therefore, one must admire the ingenuity that prompted the proclamation by pictures. It is all so obvious, so beautiful! Look at No. 1. The white man is embracing the black; the children even are hob-nobbing in touching style; whilst their mothers are rapturously nursing one another's babies. No. 2 shows the cordial meeting and greeting between the Governor and the head-man of the black people; the third native seems an independent spirit, by the way. The next two tableaux are given up to Justice—swift, even-handed justice. So swift, indeed, that the murdered white has scarce touched the earth when his black destroyer is strung up nimbly by one of His Excellency's underlings. But that underling can be just as nimble in the case of a white man slaying his black brother; and Governor Davey looks even more severe.

A CURIOUS MEMORIAL BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.

This picture represents all that remains of the glory of William Smith, who, being possessed of the organ of combativeness and animated by a love of glory, enlisted into the 101st Regiment of Foot. At the Battle of Waterloo, a cannon-ball carried off one of his legs ; and thus commenced and terminated William's military career. As he lay wounded on the field of battle, the dog here represented, blind in one eye, and having also a leg shattered, apparently by a musket shot, came and sat beside him, as it were in sympathy. The dog became William's prisoner ; and when a grateful country rewarded William's services by a pension and a wooden leg, he stumped about accompanied by the dog, his friend and companion. On the 15th of December, 1834, William died. His name, never having been recorded in an extraordinary Gazette, this memorial, representing the dog at a moment when he was ill, and reclining against the mattress on which his master died, was painted by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.

HOGARTH'S "TAIL-PIECE."

A short time before Hogarth was seized with his fatal illness, he suggested preparing this "Tail-Piece." The first idea of the picture is said to have arisen while the convivial glass was circulating round Hogarth's own table. He began next day, and continued his design with great diligence, ingeniously grouping everything that could denote the end of all things. We see a broken bottle ; an old broom, worn to the stump ; the butt end of an old musket ; a cracked bell ; a bow unstrung ; a crown tumbled to pieces ; towers in ruins ; the sign-post of a tavern called the "World's End" falling down ; the moon in her wane ; the map of the world burning ; a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains which held it dropping down ; Phœbus and his horses lying dead on the clouds ; a vessel wrecked ; Time with his hour-glass and scythe broken ; a shoemaker's last and cobbler's end ; a tobacco pipe, with the last whiff of smoke going out ; a play-book opened, with "*Exeunt omnes*" stamped in the corner ; an empty purse ; and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against Nature. "So far so good," said Hogarth, on reviewing his performance ; "nothing remains but this," and taking his pencil, he sketched a painter's palette broken. "Finis !" he then exclaimed, "the deed is done : all is over." It is a very remarkable fact, and not generally known, that Hogarth never again took the palette in his hand, and that he died about a month after he had finished this "Tail-Piece."

"SHE FRONTED HER ENEMY AND HELD HIM AT BAY."

(*See page* 136.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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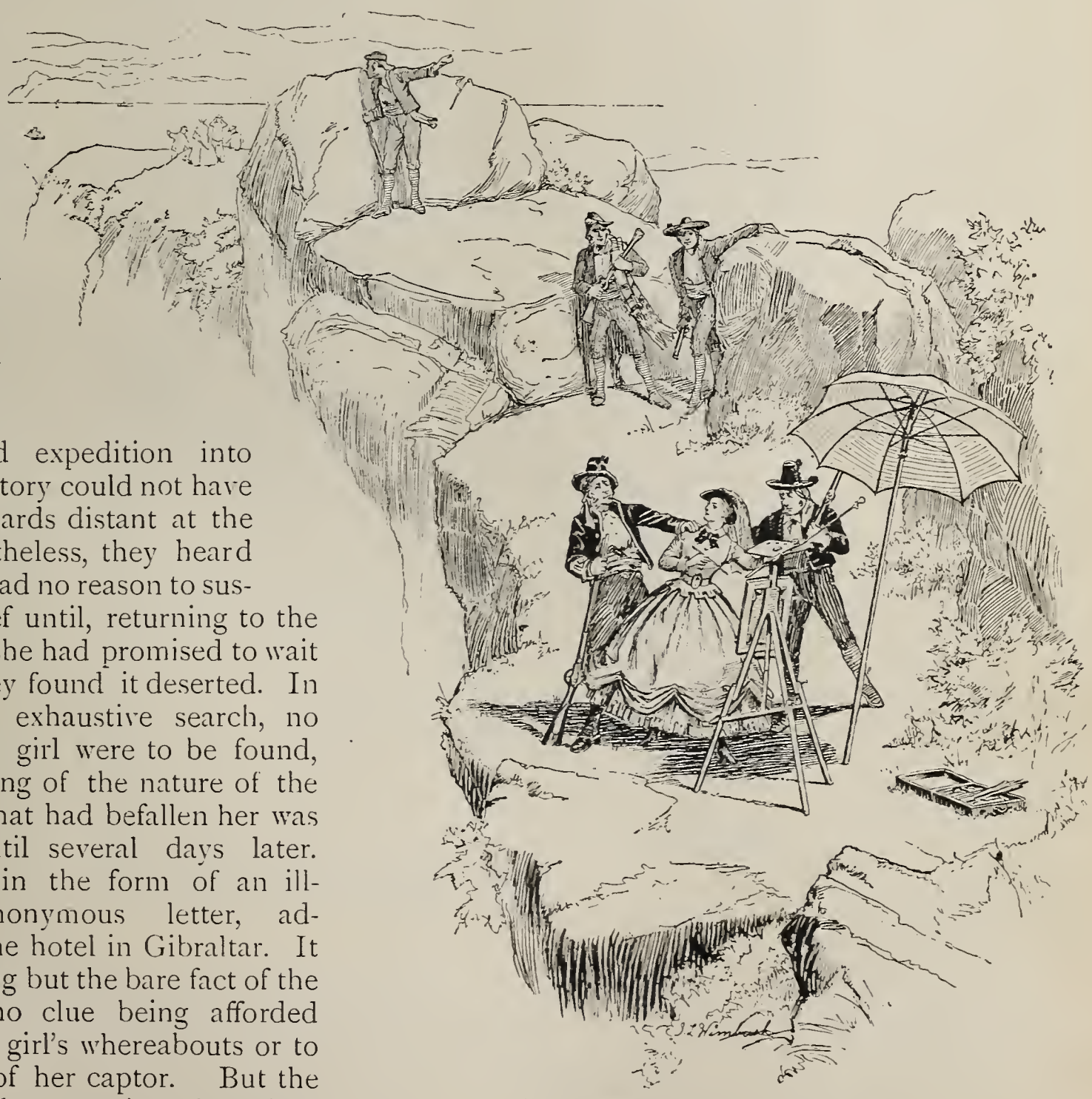
The Marquis of the Lofty Mountain.

By H. A. Rudall.

THOSE among us who are old enough to have been newspaper-readers in the early sixties will remember the painful sensation excited in this country by the announcement that a young English lady, named Evelyn Felbrooke, while sketching outside Gibraltar, had suddenly been pounced upon by Spanish brigands and carried off to the mountains. The party of friends who accompanied Miss Felbrooke on this ill-fated expedition into Spanish territory could not have been many yards distant at the time; nevertheless, they heard no cry, and had no reason to suspect mischief until, returning to the spot where she had promised to wait for them, they found it deserted. In spite of an exhaustive search, no traces of the girl were to be found, and no inkling of the nature of the misfortune that had befallen her was obtained until several days later. This came in the form of an ill-scrawled, anonymous letter, addressed to the hotel in Gibraltar. It stated nothing but the bare fact of the abduction, no clue being afforded either to the girl's whereabouts or to the identity of her captor. But the neatness of the operation, the subsequent silence, the cautious character of this preliminary missive, all suggested the master hand of a notorious scoundrel—one Caspar Sanchez, self-styled "the Marquis."

Sanchez had a vigilance society of his own. The few outsiders who had enjoyed the unique privilege of holding converse with the "Marquis" differed materially in their



"POUNCED UPON BY SPANISH BRIGANDS."

description of his personality—some representing him to be a man of tolerable education and withal courteous in manner, others setting him down as a foul-mouthed, unmitigated ruffian.

Slowly, and with the caution born of long experience in a complicated and delicate branch of industry, did Sanchez put forth his feelers; contriving, meanwhile, to keep himself well in the background. Preposterous sums were hinted at—sums as completely beyond Miss Felbrooke's reach as the liquidation of the National Debt. Mysterious emissaries came and went; hole-and-corner meetings, hedged in by almost superhuman precautions, were charily conceded; but still negotiations flagged, and still the captive's whereabouts remained enshrouded in impenetrable mystery. The fate of Evelyn Felbrooke trembled in the balance.

Another painful feature of this case was the fact that the girl was engaged to be married, shortly after the date on which she had arranged to return to England. Forty-eight hours after news of the disaster reached this country, Philip Laster, her *fiancé*—a stalwart, high-spirited young fellow, little likely to let the grass grow under his feet—was hurrying by express train through France to the Spanish frontier, and thence to Madrid. There, armed with private letters from the Foreign Office, he broke the journey for a day, in order to lodge his complaint with the higher authorities, and to impress upon these the necessity of prompt and vigorous action. He then proceeded southwards into Andalusia in accordance with an intimation, mysteriously conveyed, that in that province, at a time and place thereafter to be specified, secret negotiations would be opened for the ransom of the captive Englishwoman. This, as he knew, involved a meeting between himself and the "Marquis," whose habit it was to grant one appointment for such purpose, and one only. He stayed at Cadiz, Seville, Malaga, and other southern towns, showing himself ostentatiously at theatres, hotels, the markets, the quays, and other places of public resort. He lounged in the Alamedas and principal squares; penetrated into the foul slums of poorer quarters, pressing his inquiries high and low, scanning intently the face of every whining beggar, every suspicious passer-by. He even inserted cautious advertisements in the Gacetas. But no one accosted him, no sign such as had been promised reached him from the "Marquis." Perhaps the continued reticence of this worthy was due to the well-meant but somewhat ostentatious vigilance just then displayed by the "Guardia

"HE LOUNGED IN THE ALAMEDAS AND PRINCIPAL SQUARES."

Civil." With this notion he forsook the more populous towns and took to lonely rambles in the interior, choosing the wildest and most desolate regions, ever on the look-out for chance encounters, chance dangers even; a man, in short, with "appointment" on the brain. As week after week passed without further sign from Caspar Sanchez, the anxiety increased. A silence as of the grave rested over the fate of Evelyn Felbrooke. Some people went so far as to suggest that the unhappy girl had already died in her captivity — in a strange country, among ruffians of the vilest type, far away from lover, friends, and home.

From time to time he was told that the "Marquis" had been seen, now in one district, now in another. In consequence of one of these rumours —mostly emanating from the imagination of his informants— Philip shifted his quarters to Granada. From the front window of his hotel in that place, there was spread before him a wondrous panorama of the ancient town, crowned by the ruined palace of the Alhamrid monarchs, and of the white peaks of the Sierra Nevada, dreaming in a sky of profoundest blue. But neither the beauty of the scene, nor the stirring memories associated with it, exercised their fascination over a mind engrossed by one overmastering anxiety. When he turned his eyes towards the mountains, across which, even in the summer months, came a freshening breath, his thoughts strayed longingly and sorrowfully to the dear one he had lost. When he wandered within the precincts of the Alhambra, it was with no tourist's enthusiasm, but with a vague hope of being watched and followed.

One morning, unable longer to bear the torture of inaction, Philip started for a few days' journey farther into the interior, taking with him, this time, a guide acquainted with the caves and passes, the hidden haunts of the Gitanos, the poorer villages, and certain parts of country long held in evil repute. But ill luck was in the air. The day after his departure from Granada an old man of sinister aspect, with only one practicable eye, limped up to the hotel and inquired anxiously for the "Inglés." On being told the traveller had flown, he turned grumbling away. Old Miguel carried in his pocket the very letter which Philip was awaiting with such feverish impatience. This curiously-worded epistle, signed by the "Marquis" himself, still exists. It runs as follows :—

"ONE-EYED MIGUEL."

"If Philip Laster, friend of the girl Evelyn Felbrooke, now our guest in the mountains, still desires to buy a cask of that unrivalled wine, grown nowhere but on the estate of the Marqués de Monte Alto, he will attend to-night, *alone and unarmed*, at the tavern a mile beyond the village of Puentas, known as the 'Three Pigeons.' The Englishman, if acting in good faith, will incur no risk. His safe return is hereby guaranteed by one who was never known to break his word.

(Signed) "CASPAR SANCHEZ.
(Marqués de Monte Alto.)"

Thus, owing to a peculiarly untoward combination of circumstances, the much-longed-for "appointment" miscarried; and one-eyed Miguel, frightened, not without reason, at the non-success of his mission, returned slowly to the place he came from, breathing hard, and muttering as he went, "He'll beat me like a dog!" The opportunity of a meeting between Philip and the "Marquis" thus missed, was never renewed. Nevertheless, an interview did take place, at the "Three Pigeons," on the very night and at the very hour fixed in the "Marquis's" letter to Philip. It is with this interview, held under singular conditions, and fraught with consequences vitally affecting the fate of Evelyn Felbrooke, that the present story is concerned.

The "Three Pigeons," though described by the "Marquis" as a tavern, had long since fallen from its original use, and was now little better than a ruin. It is not easy to imagine how entertainment for man and beast could at any time have been in request in this solitary region at the foot of a mountain. A low, rambling structure of villainous aspect, with broken windows and tottering walls, it was eyed somewhat askance by the superstitious country folk, and when passing it they generally crossed themselves. Had they been venturesome enough to explore the place, they would have discovered at least one room which had not been entirely abandoned to the rats and the weather, and could even boast a few articles of rough furniture. This was a long, lofty apartment, entrance to which was obtained by a door opening from the courtyard. The ceiling was raftered; the walls displayed coloured patches of curiously-variegated patterns, the efflorescence of damp and decay. For signs of habitation there were a few plain chairs, a deal table, a tall wooden press looming ghostly in one corner, and in another a heap of miscellaneous rubbish, chiefly rusty weapons and tattered military garments. Here, on the night of the appointment, sat one-eyed Miguel mending an old leather saddle by the light of a single candle stuck in a bottle—the sole illuminant in that stable-like apartment, save a charcoal brazier, which stood in the middle of the floor, and within a limited radius shed a red glow of comfortable warmth.

There was a break in the fine weather usually prevailing at that season of the year. The afternoon had been cloudy, and as nightfall approached a distant continuous rumbling warned old Miguel that a storm was gathering in the mountains. Already the wind was rising, and as the old man turned from his work with a peculiar sidelong jerk of his grizzled head, he heard the swish of rain in the courtyard.

"A fine night," he muttered, "for Don Caspar's mountain ride. Marquis? Bah! Sham Marquis, but real king of cut-throats and thieves!"

Gratitude was the last sentiment reasonably to be looked for among veterans in the Marquis's service. Old Miguel's missing eye had been lost in a skirmish; his leg disabled by a bullet wound. His sole pension, like that of other retainers in similar plight, consisted of an extra allowance of curses and blows.

"Whistle away," he cried, as the wind grew shriller, "but if you pipe the tune I should like best to hear, you'll pipe sham Marquis, horse and all, straight to perdition over the mountain edge. But, no! You'll whistle in vain. Neither wind nor rain, nor all the thunder of the bottomless pit, ever stopped the Marquis on his way to an appointment."

The undelivered letter, lying on the table, seemed to stare at him unpleasantly. He threw the saddle impatiently into a corner.

"Never mind. To-night, at least, the Marquis will have his stormy ride for nothing. Worse luck for me—for he'll beat me like a dog. Worse luck, too, for that young Englishwoman they talk of, still a prisoner on the hills. . . . A murrain on the Marquis and all his crew!"

Amid the tumult outside Miguel now heard another sound, which brought to his one eye the look of a hunted animal.

"The Marquis's knock! When he hears I couldn't find the Inglés, he'll murder me—string me up to that beam like Pepe last year. Oh, brave wind, merry wind, why didn't you whistle my tune?"

After unbolting the door with shaking fingers, he drew back in surprise. Before him, instead of his dreaded master, he saw a white-faced stripling. Staggering forward with half-closed eyes, the youth cried feebly, "Help! Help, good folk!" It might almost be said that he was blown by the storm through the doorway into the old man's arms.

"Not the Marquis, after all; but a young fellow lost in the storm!"

As the stranger seemed to be in the last stage of exhaustion, Miguel carried him out of the semi-darkness to a chair near the

table, and surveyed him curiously by the dim candle-light.

"I think I'm dying," said the boy, faintly.

"Better death in the storm than shelter here."

Miguel drew a flask from his pocket and put it to his lips.

"You have travelled far?" He answered by a feeble nod.

"Over the mountains?"

"Yes."

"Here. Drink again before you go."

At the last words the wayfarer turned to Miguel with an imploring look.

"You will not—you cannot have the heart to——"

"Heart!" echoed the old man, with a laugh. "We have no hearts here. None of us have."

Miguel again forced him to drink, scrutinizing him narrowly the while. Suddenly he started back with an exclamation.

"Ho! Ho! A woman!"

Denial was useless. After a short silence the stranger, to whose cheeks a slight colour had already returned, answered, mournfully:—

"Yes—a hapless Englishwoman flying for her life."

"From justice?"

"No. From one of the world's vilest criminals and his ruffianly crew."

One-eyed Miguel thought again for a while, and nodded his head.

"I see; kidnapped on the mountains."

Even while he uttered this sentence, another thought came to him as in a flash.

"And yet—and yet," he muttered, "it's impossible. Your name?" he asked.

"You would not know it. Three days ago their chief was called away. I bribed one of my gaolers—a woman—and she gave me food and this disguise. Since then I have tramped the lonely hills, wandered through dismal forests—anywhere—anywhere—to get away from that horrible place!"

The old man gave vent to a significant "Ha!" and grinned half-maliciously, half-compassionately.

"And now, poor fool, you've hurried into the lion's den." He sidled nearer to her and whispered in her ear: "Are you so anxious, then, to see the Marquis again?"

"AFTER UNBOLTING THE DOOR, HE DREW BACK IN SURPRISE."

On hearing that name the girl sprang up with a cry of terror.

"The Marquis! You know him?—you!"

"Ill luck pursues you, pretty lady. All in this house, myself included, are his servants and slaves. In a minute the Marquis will be here."

The girl made a hurried movement as if to escape; then, falling into a chair, she pressed her hands to her face.

One-eyed Miguel became pensive. He had followed the reports of Evelyn Felbrooke's abduction and imprisonment with something of professional interest. That this was Evelyn Felbrooke herself, he no longer doubted.

"The girl," he reflected, "has friends and money. The Marquis will beat me like a dog." There was, in fact, many an old score to be settled between himself and Caspar Sanchez, and as he stood contemplating his visitor, a certain notion, dimly apprehended at first, began to form itself in his aged brain.

"I need no longer," he said, "ask your name. The whole country is ringing with it. Here's the very latest news about your-

self in the *Gaceta*. I got it in the town this morning. Listen: 'The fate of the unfortunate young Englishwoman, Evelyn Felbrooke, who was kidnapped some weeks ago by a band of ruffians not far from Gibraltar, is causing renewed anxiety, the ransom demanded being altogether beyond the resources of her family. Mr. Philip Laster, who is said to be affianced to the young lady, has just arrived in Spain.'"

"Philip! Poor Philip!" cried the girl, with a sob. "Ah, if I could find him now!"

"The very thing I was saying to myself this morning. And he would have been here—yes, at this very moment — if I could have delivered into his hands this letter. Read for yourself." With small ceremony he broke the seal of the Marquis's letter, and spread it open before her. Evelyn read the letter attentively, and, with a despairing gesture, moved towards the door.

"You are right, I must go from here—at once—at once!"

But Miguel placed his hand upon her arm: "Gently, pretty lady!"

"THE MARQUIS HIMSELF AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL."

"Do you want to prevent me?" she asked, in a frightened voice.

With a sly look the old man went as softly as his limp would allow to the door.

"That's the tramp of his horse on the road."

Evelyn heard it too, and gazed at him terror-stricken.

"Yes," repeated Miguel, looking out cautiously. "It's the Marquis himself at the foot of the hill. You're too late."

Fear seemed to give her fresh strength; she ran towards Miguel with outstretched hands. "For the love of Heaven—say, quickly — where — where can I hide from him?"

"Hide!" he answered, with a contemptuous chuckle. "The whole house is a hiding-place for him and his people —and therefore none for you—even now he's in the courtyard."

Miguel became suddenly serious; the plan that had meanwhile been working within the recesses of his brain now took definite shape.

"Listen to me. Another instant and he'll be here. If you go, you are lost; and you are lost if you stay. Suppose, now, you neither go nor stay?"

The girl stared at him.

"Suppose, I mean, you are someone else? Give me all your attention, pretty lady; and if ever you get away from here, remember a poor, half-blind, ill-used old man." He pointed to the letter. "The Marquis comes to meet Philip Laster. Good. There," he said, pointing to the door, "is the Marquis. And here," pointing to Evelyn herself, "stands Philip Laster."

The notion tickled the old man; he stooped with suppressed laughter. "Yes. *You* shall take the young Englishman's place, and strike a bargain for your own life. What say you?"

Evelyn was so taken aback by this extraordinary proposal that at first her heart failed her.

"Safe conduct to the town, remember," urged Miguel. "The Marquis never breaks his word. It would ruin his business."

"But if he discovers me?"

Miguel crouched in the corner and rummaged among the pile of rubbish. "Another cloak," he said, throwing one over her shoulders, "a tuft on those pretty lips, and an extra touch or two will hinder that." There was no lack of such paraphernalia in that abode of intrigue and chicanery, nor of dexterity in applying it, to judge from the deftness with which the old man set to work. In a few minutes a transformation was achieved sufficiently satisfactory to elude suspicion, though by no means complete enough to defy suspicion should this unluckily be aroused. This done, Miguel limped about the room with wonderful alacrity, and snatching from the cupboard a magnum of wine and two tall glasses, placed them upon the table.

"Give me the letter," said Evelyn, at length, searcely knowing what she did.

"Courage, pretty lady," said Miguel, hobbling to the door. "You have entered the lion's den. You shall beard the lion in his den! I go to announce the young Englishman's arrival."

A moment later Evelyn was alone. "Courage," the old man had said; and assuredly never did she need it more than at that moment when she was about again to meet that cold-blooded miscreant face to face. Evelyn listened to the old man's departing footsteps with a strange feeling that she had heard them all her life, and that they were in some mysterious way connected with her destiny. Mechanically and uncritically her mind received impressions of the grotesque objects around her. She was conscious, too, that the "Marquis" had not arrived alone, for the clock of horses and the oaths of his followers reached her ears from the courtyard. Feeling some hard substance in the cloak Miguel had given her, she drew from it a little silver pistol, and examined the strange chasing on the handle. She had time to wonder whether it was loaded, and whether Heaven had sent it for her protection. Soon, without looking round, she felt the presence of the Marquis, as he stood in the shadow of the doorway. She hid the weapon quickly.

Miguel accompanied his master to the threshold.

"The young Englishman is there, Excellency," he said, pointing to the slight figure standing motionless near the table. He left the two together, muttering, as he went out, "The saints be with you, pretty lady, and help you better than they have till now!"

The man who advanced differed widely in personal appearance from the fancy portrait usually associated in the popular imagination with Caspar Sanchez; and much of the romance connected with this dreaded name was apt to vanish at the first sight of a somewhat squat figure and coarse-grained though regular features, which at one time might have been handsome, but now, in middle age, carried unmistakable traces of a vicious and turbulent past. He was redeemed from commonplace by a certain air of authority, and by grey eyes of a penetrating, singularly disagreeable, expression. As for his reputed urbanity, this was too suggestive of a reserve of vulgar bluster behind, and too manifestly forced, to be persuasive. Nevertheless, the almost genial air with which he approached the stranger contrasted in a welcome manner with the kind of reception expected.

"I owe you, Señor Inglés, a thousand apologies," he began, in perfectly fluent English. "The state of these cursed roads must excuse my want of punctuality."

The youth before him hesitated for a few moments, and then made the inevitable plunge.

"I presume I am addressing——"

"Don Caspar Sanchez, Marqués de Monte Alto, now and ever at your service. And *I*, no doubt, see before me the young English gentleman, Mr.—Mr.——"

"Philip Laster, named in this letter from yourself."

"All in perfect order," said the Marquis, glancing at his signature.

Evelyn spoke and moved with something of the imperfect consciousness of a somnambulist; listening to the sound of her own voice as if it proceeded from some distant person. The Marquis continued to survey her with curiosity.

"You are young," he said, at length—"very young to be intrusted with so delicate a mission."

"That, Marquis, concerns the persons I represent."

"Oh! Don't think I am offended," he hastened to add. "On the contrary, their selection gratifies me. It shows that your friends recognise in Caspar Sanchez a man of

honour, anxious, like themselves, to secure the safety of our charming guest."

"Or prisoner!"

The Marquis waved his hand with a deprecating gesture, and began to show unmistakable signs of vexation.

"Tut, tut! An unpleasant word; a word, I flatter myself, we may banish from our conversation. This is, I know, a delicate matter. But we meet to-night as two sensible men of the world, to discuss it calmly and in good faith."

"In plain terms," suggested Evelyn, with an air of confidence astonishing to herself, "to arrange the terms of ransom."

Again thus early in their conference the Marquis seemed to be seriously annoyed. Turning with a frown that might have been interpreted as a warning, he exclaimed:—

"Hold! my friend!"

For some moments he puffed his cigarette in silence; but presently resumed with a more friendly air. "You have for a second time been guilty of a slight indiscretion . . . But I pardon the word. See! I blow it away in that curl of smoke." As he spoke, a blue ring of tobacco-smoke floated slowly upwards towards the rafters.

"If," said Evelyn, with some trepidation, "in my anxiety to hasten the business I have unwittingly——"

"You spoke of a ransom, young sir," replied the Marquis, with a touch of returning severity. "The unpleasant position in which the young lady still remains; the uncertainty of her fate from day to day—these things, believe me, are as painful to me as to yourself. But I, like you, am no more than an emissary of others. To-night you honour me with your presence, I take it, in order to comply with the little formality invariably observed on these occasions. You come to buy, for a price to be agreed upon, a cask of this wine." He pointed to the magnum on the table.

"The object is the same," said the youth. "The restoration of this lady to her friends."

"I see but one obstacle to its attainment."

"And that is——?"

"Yourself!" said the Marquis.

Clearly their interview was about to enter upon a new phase. The grey eyes began to take their most unpleasant expression.

"I speak frankly, Señor Inglés. It is *you* who render negotiation impossible."

"I am at a loss to explain," began the youth, uneasily.

"Yet the remark should not surprise you. Read again the conditions of this meeting as set forth in the very paper now in your hand. What do they imply? Good faith and mutual trust."

The visitor bowed in silence.

"After all, it is a mere formality. But I am a stickler for the proprieties. Before we exchange another word I am obliged to ask for the custody, the temporary custody, of the weapon now in your possession."

Her heart gave a sudden bound. He had seen it, then, after all.

"I feel sure it will be unnecessary for me, under the circumstances, to do more than proffer a courteous request."

Amid an awkward silence, with head slightly bent, the youth slowly surrendered the weapon. Sanchez examined it with no little curiosity.

"So trifling a matter as this little toy," he remarked, "I can quite understand had escaped your attention."

"Yes. I—I had forgotten it."

"Singularly enough, the sight of this ornamental weapon has an especial interest for me. In fact, it once was mine." He turned to her with a smile. "How long has it been yours?"

The youth stammered some half-audible reply.

"I ask the question out of mere curiosity, and because this belongs to a pair. I missed it some time ago, and supposed it to have been stolen. No doubt you found it?

"Stay," said the Marquis, fixing his gaze upon her. "Let me help you. Wealthy English travellers, we know, are constantly on the look-out for bargains of this sort. Say—you bought it?"

"In the town—yes."

The Marquis nodded approvingly. "It would be quite impossible for you to offer a more satisfactory explanation."

With a slight bow he placed the offending weapon close beside him upon the table; desiring, no doubt, it should remain there as a reminder to them both of an embarrassing incident satisfactorily disposed of. The continuous thunder-roll was gradually nearing, and outside the rain increased in violence. Suddenly mindful of the claims of hospitality, the Marquis filled the two glasses to the brim, with a rich, amber-coloured fluid. He held up his own admiringly to the light.

"The night is rough. The miserable quarters in which I am forced to welcome you are not fit to kennel a dog. But while we chat, you shall sip a wine such as kings and emperors may sigh for in vain!"

The Marquis did not exaggerate its marvellous qualities. When Evelyn—not without a passing misgiving—touched the glass with her lips, the glorious liquor seemed already to revive her sinking courage.

"Well," exclaimed her host, enthusiastically, "may they call it Bottled Sunshine! Older than living man, mellow with years, yet luscious with the ardour and sparkle of youth—this is, and always will be, the chief pride of my life—next to my character. Join me, then. Drink to two bright eyes, the memory of which even now stirs my heart to quicker beats."

These words produced an effect little suspected by the speaker, and it was with difficulty that Evelyn repressed her rising indignation.

"Ah, my friend," he continued, "you are not the first who has sat in that chair to bargain for a cask of the precious liquor. Think seriously before you bid for what we may truly call the Elixir of Life. For does not a life hang on its purchase? I see you hesitate. Perhaps, after all, the relatives were scarcely wise to send so young a man—Can I help? Shall I bid for you?" Slowly he raised one hand and cried, "Four thousand pounds!"

"'FOUR THOUSAND POUNDS!' HE CRIED."

"You believe our family to be rich—you think——"

"Tut, tut, I think nothing. According to the protestations invariably made in such cases, England ought to be the poorest nation in the world."

"This is monstrous," exclaimed the girl. She rose as if about to depart, but the Marquis motioned her back.

"I have something more to say—something I would gladly have spared you. But you drive me. You drive me." He leant forward across the table and spoke very slowly.

"Since starting on my journey — three days ago—I have received news of the girl."

News? Had he heard, then, of her escape? Did he recognise her even now?

"You force me to be frank. I left her safe and well. But that last news has caused me grave anxiety. Evelyn Felbrooke is in danger!"

The proposition was undeniable, but something in the speaker's manner impelled Evelyn to regard him intently.

"This morning I was horrified at receiving from head-quarters—this." He handed her gravely a little cardboard box of oblong shape. "When told that it was to be handed to the girl's friends, I guessed too well its contents."

"A box? From her?"

"That box I regret—deeply regret—to say contains a human finger!"

For the first time Evelyn lost self-control. She flung the packet from her with a shuddering cry.

"Ah! Villains! villains!"

"I need hardly say that this sad step was taken without my knowledge and approval."

As she sank back in the chair, the room spun round, the candle in the bottle grew dim. A conviction, however, that to faint would be to invite certain destruction, is likely to act as a wonderful restorative in such situations. Meanwhile, was not the Marquis eyeing her in a manner almost to justify her former suspicion that he was playing a game of cat and mouse?

"Believe me, young sir, I sympathize with your most natural agitation. Another sip of this wine will help you to follow me further." He refilled the glass and compelled her to drink. "First let me hasten to explain. Perhaps I ought to have done so earlier. This little packet is sent as a warning—a threat, if you will—but nothing more. Rest assured on my word, the word of a man of honour, that Evelyn Felbrooke, up to the present time, has suffered no harm."

"But that—that?" stammered Evelyn, pointing to the thing on the floor.

"There," said the Marquis, with a curious smile, "you trench upon the secrets of the prison house. But let us return to our matter. Once more in the new, I may say the terrible, light just thrown upon the situation, I await your bid for a cask of this wine .... And while the devil is playing out of doors with his match-box and tinder, remember—a Life is at Stake!"

A vivid flash illuminated the room; and, for the first time, the thunder burst immediately over their heads with a deafening crackle, followed by a clank as of Vulcan's hammer, a hissing of angry torrents, and another sound like the jingling harness of frightened horses. Next morning the lower parts of the district were found to have been flooded. Within a few yards of the house a huge fir tree, charred and splintered, lay across the path.

The scene inside the "Three Pigeons" immediately after the detonation was a strange one. The Marquis had raised one arm high above his head, and there he sat, and with an impudent grin of triumph, as if to suggest that he, Caspar Sanchez, commanded the battalions of the sky. His figure seemed to grow larger, and the red glow of the brazier, falling full upon him, helped to complete the Mephistophelian effect.

In front of the Marquis the youth, resting his chin on his hands, leaned forward across the table and regarded him long and thoughtfully, till the last after-roll had reverberated and died away in the vast rotunda of the mountains.

The sound of the Marquis's voice awoke Evelyn from her reverie.

"The thunder has made you pensive, young sir. So much the better. You do well to take time before making another bid. For my part, I could almost wish you would never bid at all."

"Why?"

At that moment a man's voice, singing to the thrum of a guitar, was heard above the storm. The barbaric tune, proceeding apparently from one of the colonnades, was delivered in the nasal sing-song peculiar to the country people of those parts.

"You hear that blockhead, Bartolo, making night hideous with his sentimental ditties? Now, when I listen to that wretched tinkle, I am lifted high above the world and its sordid cares. I soar into the land of dreams, and am happy. Ah! You smile. You colder English are slow to believe that romance, poetry, music, the glamour and passion of love, may thrill the heart of even Caspar Sanchez, Marqués de Monte Alto!"

The fellow drank again.

"Croak away, love-sick scarecrow. Croak away! You've caught Caspar Sanchez in one of his weaker moods. Again his thoughts fly back to the mountains, and to the one fair English face. But pardon me, young sir. This idle talk will have scant interest for you."

Presently the singing ceased; and the Marquis, observing his companion's continued silence, took an almost apologetic tone.

"I know how strange all this must sound to you. But, truth to say, that infernal quavering yonder revived such tender memories that, if he hadn't stopped, I think I should have slit the scoundrel's windpipe."

"Meanwhile," said Evelyn, at last, "we wander from our business."

"You recall me to my senses. A truce to sentiment. I blow this kiss to the mountains. But before we come down to the hard, cruel facts of life, drink again; drink with me to Evelyn, the beauteous Evelyn, queen of my soul!"

The wine was potent, and the cheeks of both had become flushed. Seldom, surely, was a more singular drinking bout. For Evelyn, perhaps, it was fortunate that her host's appreciation of his own sample saved her from the awkward consequences of a too pressing hospitality. As for Sanchez, he was too well-seasoned a tippler, and also too wary a diplomatist, to risk muddling his brain at a time when important business was at stake.

"Still silent?" he said. "Shall I come once more to the rescue? See. I bid again." Then he raised one hand as before, and cried, "Five thousand!"

For the moment Evelyn did not realize the drift of this fresh piece of audacity. Nevertheless, she was prudent enough to abstain from useless protests.

"To-night," the Marquis observed, "our market seems to be rising by leaps and bounds. You alone can check its course. You ask me how? Simply, my friend, by doing what you might have done at first: by closing the bargain. Believe me, our conversation is now taking a serious turn."

There he spoke the truth. No sooner had the youth hinted at the necessity of consulting with his friends than the Marquis rose, cold, composed, and determined.

"It seems to me, young sir, that we have been wasting precious time."

It was an entire change of front. The air of mock geniality with which Sanchez had occasionally enlivened the earlier proceedings was now entirely abandoned. Making a formal bow, he said, significantly:—

"I, too, must consult my friends," and then, without further parley, stalked out of the room.

"SINGING TO THE THRUM OF A GUITAR."

Left alone for a second time, Evelyn had ample leisure to reflect upon the unexpected course this interview had taken. The sense of impending danger, and of her own defenceless position, was heightened when, pressing her face close to the little side window, she looked out upon the courtyard. The storm was fast rolling away. A momentary gleam of moonlight fell upon the dripping courtyard, but was obscured an instant after by flying clouds that chased each other in furious haste, to join another fray in some far-off battlefield. Outside she descried the Marquis himself, surrounded by a motley, gesticulating group, and she rightly divined that the consultation had already begun.

Something touched her shoulder; and, turning round, Evelyn was startled to see before her one-eyed Miguel. Perking his head like some foul bird, the old fellow whispered, hoarsely: "They're hatching treachery, pretty lady!" and quickly disappeared—by what means of egress she was unable to explain. With a vague feeling that the net was slowly but surely closing round her, she awaited the return of her persecutor.

The conference was a long one. When at last the Marquis reappeared, Evelyn saw at once that the crisis had come. He no longer offered her a seat; and himself remained standing. Passing the table, he pushed the glasses a little aside, as if to intimate that that part of the matter was at an end. His observations were now curt and to the point.

"I have a few questions to ask you."

Questions! Ignorant as she was of the

exact relations between Philip Laster and the Marquis, of the places her lover had lately visited, the steps he had lately taken to obtain her release, the very suggestion filled her with dismay. Evidently the interrogatories had been carefully prepared, and between each Sanchez made a short turn up and down the room, taking time, apparently, to formulate them in precise terms that had been agreed upon.

"I assume that you bring an authority, duly signed by this girl's relations, to act on their behalf?" No, but it would be forthcoming at the proper time.

"Now," rejoined her interlocutor, "is the proper time, and the only time."

Means of payment: What had he? In what way was this to be assured? He could only stammer in reply that all promises would faithfully be fulfilled. The vagueness of this answer did not fail to arrest the Marquis's attention, and each moment his manner became more disconcerting. Stopping in his walk, he remarked, as if thinking aloud: "Not such a guileless stripling, after all."

In her agonizing anxiety to end the interview, Evelyn again made a move to depart. "Early to-morrow you shall hear from me," she said.

"Not so fast, young sir," interposed the Marquis, raising his hand.

In her desperation, she turned upon him almost defiantly. "Till then, Marquis, I claim of Caspar Sanchez, the man of honour, the man who has never broken his word, safe conduct to the town!"

"If I so choose," said the other, with the shadow of a smile. "I might ask who violated the conditions: you or I? Read them again. 'Alone, unarmed' . . . . And *you*"—here he shrugged his shoulders—"prate to me of honour!"

The Marquis's next words were somewhat less alarming.

"Don't misunderstand me. Let that little incident be forgotten. I ask to continue our conversation for a short time longer, with quite another object." He added, with sudden gravity: "If the proceedings of to-night should turn out to have been a blind, a premeditated farce, a dishonourable attempt to pry and equivocate, then, indeed, you will have wasted the most precious moments of that unhappy girl's life."

During the questions that followed, Sanchez ceased to pace the floor, but, standing motionless, held her fast under the spell of those unpleasant grey eyes.

"After that long interview with my messenger at Cordoba you made, I think, certain representations?"

She answered with a faint "Yes."

"And—let me see—you stayed at Cordoba about a week?"

At this question Evelyn staggered as if he had struck her. Sanchez was about to test her knowledge of her lover's past movements.

"Pardon my stupidity," he said, with a smile, "of course, as we both know, I ought to have said Malaga."

Struggling like a bird in the fowler's mesh, Evelyn whispered a scarcely audible assent.

The Marquis again smiled. He knew well that, from him, Philip Laster had received no messenger, either in Cordoba or Malaga. But who, then, was this young fellow, and why did he come here? Was he a spy? Was this a trap set by the authorities? Far as ever from divining the real truth, he found in the presence of that youth—unprimed with plausible answers to even the simplest questions—matter of utmost perplexity.

Then followed the most terrible quarter of an hour in Evelyn's life. Compared with the anguish of that ordeal, all her previous sufferings and alarms sank into insignificance. The Marquis had an easy task, and seemed to prolong the cross-examination with a malicious enjoyment. He forced her to lie for the pleasure of watching her confusion; made her describe places she never had visited, journeys she never had made. He tempted her to recount impossible incidents, to recite the contents of non-existent letters, and, playing upon her bewildered faculties as upon a musical instrument, caused her to enmesh herself ever deeper in an inextricable tangle of names, dates, places, and events. Almost from the first, she saw that she was lost; that her struggles were the hopeless, half-mechanical struggles of a drowning person. Beads of perspiration stood upon her forehead, while, with leisurely interest, Sanchez watched her agony, and listened to the incoherent phrases, the stammering, the almost idiotic gibber, into which she gradually fell under the strain of that terrible inquisition. Her senses wandered at last; she stood gasping before him, with a foolish look in her eyes, as if to ask him for help, and stretching wide her arms uttered a long, piteous cry.

The immediate discovery of that other fatal secret which would have doubly sealed her doom was delayed by an unexpected diversion.

Old Miguel, limping quickly into the room, with panic-stricken face, announced the arrival of a visitor. "He will take no refusal," said the old man. The arrival of a stranger at so late an hour set the Marquis reflecting. "He says you will find the name there," added Miguel, handing him a folded paper.

"'HE WILL TAKE NO REFUSAL,' SAID THE OLD MAN."

Caspar opened it hurriedly, and in his astonishment read aloud, "Philip Laster." Did fancy play him a trick, or was it an echo of his own voice that gasped, almost at the same time, "Philip"? He darted a look of fresh suspicion in the direction of the young Englishman and noted his agitation. But Miguel had further news to impart; news which he had kept for the last, not, it appeared, out of any friendly consideration for his master's feelings. "I think there's mischief abroad! The stranger has brought with him a troop of the Civil Guard."

Having launched his thunderbolt, old Miguel, deeming it prudent to give Sanchez a wide berth, quickly made for the door. To say that the Marquis, at that critical moment, experienced any kind of fear, would be to deny him the credit of that one quality of courage which redeemed his nature from utter contempt. He grasped the situation at a glance. Whoever this lad might be, the real Philip, it was clear, had now come upon his track. The house would be surrounded; already his ragged crew, chattering noisily in various dialects, were hurrying to and fro in the courtyard. Whatever might happen to them, his own safety was assured. The Civil Guard, it is true, were upon him—but not for the first time; and so practised a strategist was scarcely likely to have neglected ample provision for such an emergency. But before accomplishing his subterranean exit, something remained to be done. As he stood face to face with the false Philip Laster, the youth who for some unknown reason had laid this trap for his destruction, there was that in his countenance which had proved the death-warrant of many a helpless prisoner. Some shots were fired; one rascal managed to climb the roof and, scampering overhead, nearly thrust his foot through a hole in the rotten rafters. Sanchez, preserving his coolness, drew something from his belt; but when he turned round two great surprises were in

store for him. First, the feel of cold metal pressed firmly against his forehead ; the cause of which he speedily understood. Her wits sharpened by mortal fear, Evelyn had snatched from the table the forgotten silver "curiosity," and now held her finger upon the trigger. Secondly, a wonderful change in the appearance of the young Englishman himself.

There was one silent witness to this scene, whose presence in the room can only be explained by his perfect knowledge of the peculiar construction of the Marquis's retreat. This was old Miguel, who out of curiosity, or impelled by some other motive, had crept back and concealed himself in a shadowy corner. From the description afterwards given by him, mostly in grotesque pantomime, it was easy to gather that in this moment of supreme peril the girl was splendid. By some bold inspiration, she had quickly discarded her disguise, and her natural hair, released from its imprisonment, now fell in golden clusters upon her shoulders. Erect, flashing defiance, beautiful in the flush of excitement, she fronted her enemy, and held him at bay. He recognised her at last.

"The girl herself!" he muttered, between his teeth. All her long-repressed indignation, all her scorn and loathing of the man before her, were concentrated in her next words—the last ever addressed by her to Caspar Sanchez, Marqués de Monte Alto :—

"The girl you thought in your power has escaped. The Civil Guard are even now at your door. Yes! Cowardly insulter of women! Assassin! Thief! Cur! *I told you we should meet again!*"

Thus she held him while the noise outside increased, and until rough, eager hands seized the Marquis from behind, and dragged him down. While they were pinioning him, a well-known figure darted forward, and a moment later Evelyn, with an hysterical sob, flew into her lover's arms. Whatever sympathetic feeling this spectacle may have inspired in the breasts of many of the rough specimens of humanity now gathered around them, one, at any rate, was occupied with wholly different reflections. In the opinion of Miguel, this prolonged embrace, at a time when so many matters demanded attention, was, to say the least, inopportune. Failing to attract their attention by other means, he approached Evelyn and twitched her sleeve. Then, relapsing into the professional beggar's whine acquired by long practice at church doors and market-places, he stretched forth an open palm, and, as if repeating a lesson, called out, in piteous, nasal tones :—

"*I* was the first to tell them. Old Miguel showed them the way, pretty lady!"

Illustrated Interviews.

No. LII.—SIR CLEMENTS MARKHAM AND THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

By William G. FitzGerald.

IT is not usual to associate with the learned societies stories of weird adventure, and romance more strange, more thrilling than the wildest flights of fiction; but the magnificent Institution in Savile Row is the striking exception that goes to prove the rule. To realize this, it is only necessary to recall the marvellous exploits of such men as Schomburgk, Ross, Layard, Livingstone, Barth, Burton, M'Clintock, Franklin, Speke, Grant, Cameron, Baker, Stanley, Thomson, Greely, Emin Pasha, Selous, Littledale, Nansen, and many others whose names will be found recorded in the list of Gold Medallists in the entrance-hall of the Royal Geographical Society.

When a man is about to explore remote and unknown parts of the earth, he comes to the R.G.S. for a little coaching in methods of observation; and the moment he has returned from the wilds, the very first thing he does is to read a paper before that appreciative body. From this, then, some slight notion of the fascinating romance attaching to the Society may be obtained; but I hope to demonstrate conclusively, even in this brief sketch, that the R.G.S. is the most interesting institution in the world.

SIR CLEMENTS MARKHAM, K.C.B., F.R.S., ETC.
(President of the Royal Geographical Society.)
From a Photo. by The Van Der Weyde Light, Regent Street.

The distinguished President, Sir Clements Markham, K.C.B., F.R.S., whose portrait appears on this page, is well known as the leading British geographer and a voluminous writer on many subjects. My interview with him took place at the Society's head-quarters in Savile Row. He is a Yorkshireman, born at Stillingfleet in 1830. At fourteen he joined the Navy, and although his stay in that branch of the Service was short, yet he had plenty of stirring adventures, such as hunting the Riff pirates in the Mediterranean. A few years later, we find young Markham going to the Arctic regions, with Austin's expedition, in search of Franklin; and on his return he passed his exam. for lieutenant, and then left the Service. That was in 1851.

The next phase of Sir Clements' career was his work in Peru, where he went to study the language, explore the ruins, and search for antiquities. But his greatest achievement was certainly the introduction into India of the cinchona plant, with the result that the price of quinine—most indispensable of drugs to sojourners in tropical lands—gradually fell from the prohibitive guinea an ounce to a shilling, or even less. In 1854 Sir Clements joined the R.G.S., in 1862 he became secretary, and held that position for twenty-five years, receiving the gold medal on his retirement. He became President in 1894.

The R.G.S. possesses a museum of interesting objects, besides a collection of original autograph maps by General Gordon, Livingstone, Grant, Speke, Baker, Littledale, Curzon, and others. It may well be imagined that these autograph maps are fascinating to contemplate, by reason of the extraordinary circumstances under which they were prepared. Mr. St. George Littledale, for example—virtually alone in the untrodden wilds of Tibet (his only companion being his almost prostrate but plucky wife)—never failed to work at his map-making every night, notwithstanding the piercing cold, which caused his frozen fingers to stick to the brass mountings on his instruments.

But poor Sir John Franklin's Admiralty certificate, which is next reproduced, is perhaps the most interesting thing to be seen at the Society's head-quarters. It was found

H. M. S. ships Erebus and Terror

28 of May 184 } { Wintered in the Ice in Lat. } 0° 5' N Long. 98° 23' W

Having wintered in 1846 — 7 at Beechey Island in Lat } 74° 43' 28" N. Long 91° 39' 15" W after having ascended Wellington Channel to Lat 77° and returned by the West side of Cornwallis Island.

Commander.

Sir John Franklin commanding the Expedition.

All well

WHOEVER finds this paper is requested to forward it to the Secretary of the Admiralty, London, *with a note of the time and place at which it was found*: or, if more convenient, to deliver it for that purpose to the British Consul at the nearest Port.

QUINCONQUE trouvera ce papier est prié d'y marquer le tems et lieu ou il l'aura trouvé, et de le faire parvenir au plutot au Secretaire de l'Amirauté Britannique à Londres.

CUALQUIERA que hallare este Papel, se le suplica de enviarlo al Secretario del Almirantazgo, en Londrés, con una nota del tiempo y del lugar en donde se halló.

EEN ieder die dit Papier [illegible], wordt hiermede verzogt, om hetzelve, ten spoedigste, [illegible] aan den Heer Minister van de Marine der Nederlanden [illegible], of wel aan den Secretaris der Britsche Admiraliteit, [illegible] en daar by te voegen eene Nota, inhoudende de tyd en de plaats alwaar dit Papier is gevonden geworden.

FINDEREN af dette Papiir ombedes, naar Leilighed gives, at sende samme til Admiralitets Secretairen i London, eller nærmeste Embedsmand i Danmark, Norge, eller Sverrig. Tiden og Stædit hvor dette er fundet önskes venskabeligt paategnet.

WER diesen Zettel findet [illegible] hier-durch ersucht denselben an den Secretair des Admiralitet [illegible] einzusenden, mit gefälliger angabe an welchen ort und zu [illegible] gefundet worden ist.

Party consisting of 2 Officers and 6 Men left the Ships on Monday 24th May 184

RECORD FOUND IN A CAIRN IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS, TELLING THE FATE OF THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION.

POST-OFFICE CAIRN IN THE POLAR REGIONS, MADE OF EMPTY MEAT-TINS.

among the stones of a big cairn by Sir Leopold M'Clintock's search expedition of 1857. The paper, which is stained with rust spots, was contained in a tin case, and is, in fact, *the* record of the long-lost expedition.

Besides Franklin's own notes—and, by the way, he was a Vice-President of the R.G.S. —much additional information is given round the margin of this historical document: "Sir John Franklin died on the 11th June, 1847; and the total loss by deaths in the expedition has been to this date, nine officers and fifteen men."

In order that it may be fully understood what a cairn is, I reproduce here a singularly interesting one, erected by the Nares Arctic Expedition of 1875–6. This is a "post-office" cairn, established at the winter quarters of the *Discovery* in August, 1876. It is built entirely of empty meat tins. Records are frequently left in these cairns; provisions, too, are buried under them; whilst others are erected for survey purposes.

I imagine the R.G.S. possesses the most interesting collection of photographs in the world. The traveller's Alma Mater is not neglected; her fellows are always in touch with her whereso-ever they may be, and they delight in adding to her already unique collection photographic records of the wonderful sights they behold at the ends of the earth.

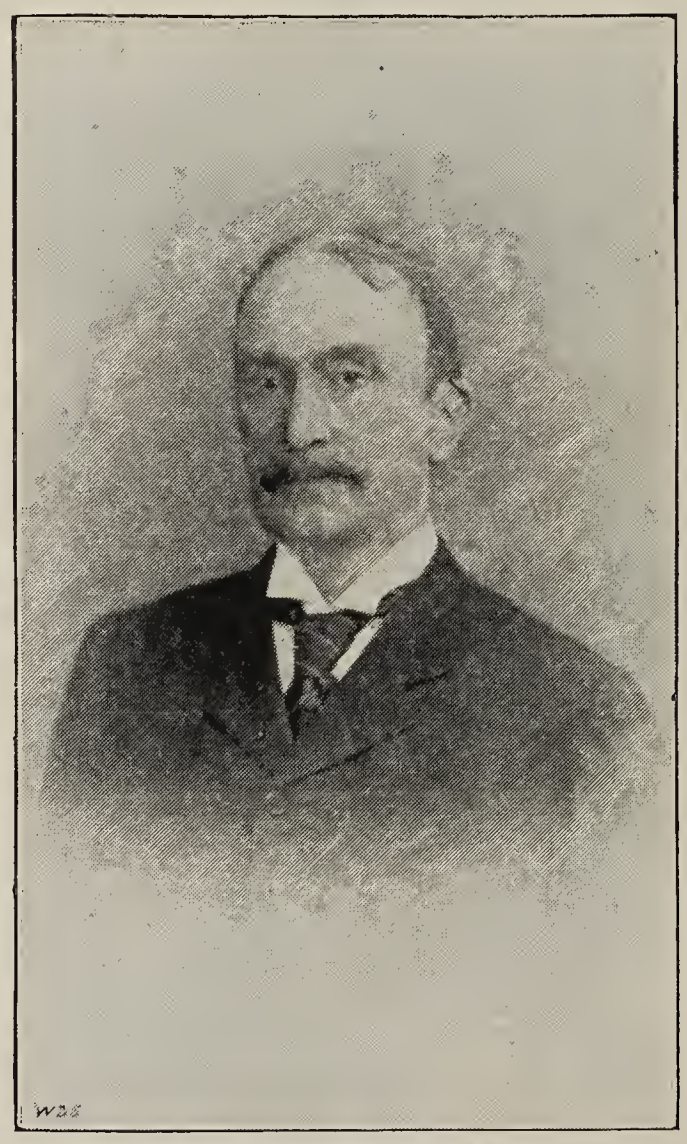
The next photo. shown was also taken during the Arctic Expedition of 1875–6. The precipice depicted was near the spot where the *Discovery* took up her quarters for the winter, and the official description

A MOUNTAIN OF PURE COAL.

beneath the view tells us that "the smooth face of the rock is pure coal."

The very evolution of the Royal Geographical Society was of peculiar interest. I say "evolution" instead of "inception," for the Society grew out of the Raleigh Club, founded in 1826 by Sir Arthur Broke. According to this gentleman's original scheme, the world was to be mapped out into so many divisions, corresponding with the number of members, so that the Society collectively should have visited nearly every part of the known globe.

The dinner given at the first regular meeting was a remarkable function—mainly by reason of the outlandish "wittles." Sir Arthur Broke himself contributed a haunch of reindeer venison from Spitzbergen; a jar of Swedish brandy; rye cakes baked near the North Cape; a Norway cheese; and—by way of dessert—some preserved cloudberries from Lapland. A ham from Mexico next figured on the festive board, as also did a loaf made from wheat brought by the donor from Heshbon, on the Dead Sea. Food for reflection, truly. The Raleigh Club was the immediate forerunner of the Royal Geographical Society. The original list of members of the latter contained 460 names, and the last original member died in 1896. To-day, the R.G.S. has nearly 4,000 Fellows. The library contains nearly 70,000 volumes and pamphlets, and the map-room, 120,000 sheets of maps (including atlases) and about 12,000 photographs.



MR. J. SCOTT KELTIE.
(Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society.)
From a Photo. by J. Thomson.

The histories of the various expeditions promoted or encouraged by the Society is one long series of marvellous, magnificent records, commencing with Burnes's amazing journey to Bokhara, and Chesney's survey of the Euphrates in the thirties, right down to Nansen's world-famous expedition to the Polar regions. The infinite care and patience exercised by the heroes of the R.G.S. are well exemplified by the eminent Indian surveyor, Capt. T. G. Montgomerie. This officer surveyed Kashmir and the mighty mass of mountains up to the frontier of Tibet. He took observations from peaks 20,000ft. above the sea, yet his accuracy was so wonderful, that in a circuit of 890 miles only a discrepancy of 8-10ths of a second in latitude and 1-10th in longitude was found.

Another adventurous traveller mentioned in the Society's roll of honour was Dr. Arminius Vambéry, a Magyar (the R.G.S. is catholic in its scope), who in 1865 penetrated to Khiva in the disguise of a Dervish, and thence through the deserts of the Oxus to Bokhara and Samarkand. Livingstone's connection with the Society is well known; his sextant may now be seen in the museum at Savile Row.

The present secretary of the Society, Mr. J. Scott Keltie, is peculiarly well fitted for the position, which calls for an encyclopædic knowledge of men and things and places. Almost the very first thing returned travellers do on arriving in England is to seek Mr. Keltie's office; from which it may be inferred that the secretary's work is more than interesting, apart from its arduous nature.

Let me recall the circumstances of my own visit. The man who has just gone in to Mr. Keltie has been delimiting some unsettled boundary of the Amir's dominions, and he wants to arrange with Mr. Keltie about reading a paper on the wild places and peoples bordering on Afghanistan. Waiting below is a disappointed traveller, who failed to reach Lhasa, the mysterious sacred city of Tibet; and whilst waiting for an interview with the secretary, he enters into conversation with another occupant of the waiting-room, who, having done some good business for a pearl-fishing company in the Torres Strait, took it into his head that he would like to cross the broadest part of New Guinea, where no white man had ever been before.

Then, perhaps, the two men will pass on the stair Sir Harry Johnston, the scourge of

slave traders, yet the daintiest of Central African heroes, who has his table spread in the wilderness with immaculate napery. Sir William Martin Conway will turn up a little later for a chat about Spitzbergen, and may encounter Colonel Trotter, just home from the source of the Niger, or the veteran Sir Erasmus Ommanney, who has come in to talk about Nansen. A wonderfully interesting place, the R.G.S. head-quarters.

Mr. Keltie, on geographical impostors, is more than entertaining. Here is a pen-picture of a little comedy enacted quite recently in his office. Enter a cultured gentleman from Scandinavia. Knows Nordenskjöld, Andrée, Nansen — thought he would just call and pay his respects, as he was in town. Chats for a long time, and then—"Dear me! What a muddle I'm in about that cheque—been expecting it these three days. Mr. Keltie—ah—I *don't* like asking you; but *could* you, as a favour, lend me . . . ." and so on.

This turned out to be the very gentleman who posed as Dr. Nansen's brother in Edinburgh, and to whom a citizen of that classic city was about to give a big dinner. The detectives heard of the gentleman, however, and the gentleman heard that the detectives had heard of *him*, so he didn't wait for the dinner.

The photographs reproduced in this sketch of the Royal Geographical Society give some faint idea of the extraordinary sights witnessed by travellers in various parts of the world — strange customs and marvellous natural phenomena.

As to queer customs, the accompanying photograph surely illustrates one of these. It is one of a set presented by the Geographical Society of Finland, and it shows how a newly-married girl has to pay homage to her mother-in-law. One doesn't quite know whose house it is in which the ceremony is taking place; presumably it belongs to the mother-in-law, a lady of unamiable aspect. The litter is deplorable, but probably it is washing-day.

AN EXTRAORDINARY FINNISH CUSTOM—NEWLY-MARRIED GIRL PAYING HOMAGE TO HER MOTHER-IN-LAW.

As to the wonders of Nature witnessed by those who look upon the R.G.S. as their head-quarters, what can be more impressive than the giant trees of California? Two unique photos. from the Society's collection are here reproduced, which give a really adequate idea of the vast size of these trees. In the first we are looking through two of the giants at a huge domed building, which has been built on the stump of one of the trees. Of course, this building is dwarfed in the photo. by the enormous trunks in the foreground; but look at the second photo., which shows the interior of the structure. The floor is, of course, the top of the tree-stump, and who shall say that a county ball could not be given in this most extraordinary of rooms?

GIANT TREES OF CALIFORNIA—EXTERIOR OF HOUSE BUILT ON THE STUMP OF THE ORIGINAL BIG TREE.

I may say here that the R.G.S. is not merely the head-quarters of geographical science in Great Britain; it is virtually the head-quarters for the whole world. Its

INTERIOR OF HOUSE BUILT ON STUMP OF GIANT TREE REFERRED TO ABOVE.

awards are eagerly sought after by foreign explorers, and here are a few names from its long roll of heroes: "Baron C. von der Decken—founder's medal—for his two geographical surveys of the lofty mountains of Kilima-njaro. The Pundit Nain Singh—patron's medal—for his great journeys and surveys in Tibet, and along the Upper Brahmaputra, during which he determined the position of Lhasa. Dr. Gustav Nachtigal—founder's medal for his great journey through the Eastern Sahara, during which he explored the previously unknown regions of Tibesti and Baghirmi." And lastly we have Dr. Nansen.

There is no more interesting department in this great institution than the one presided over by Mr. John Coles, who left the Navy at the close of the Russian War. It is Mr. Coles who coaches intending travellers, and among his more famous pupils may be mentioned Joseph Thomson, Mr. Littledale, and the Right Hon. G. N. Curzon. Practical demonstrations are carried out in the observatory on the roof of the building, and also on Mitcham Common, near Mr. Coles's own residence.

In the great map-room—which is subsidized by Government—Mr. Coles sits nearly all day, at the mercy of people who want to know things. Like his able colleagues, Mr. Coles is a very mine of information. And he has need of his extensive knowledge. The map-room being open to the public, the curator naturally receives some strange visitors. "I get," he said, "both verbally and by letter, a great number of inquiries respecting the climate of of various regions. Insurance companies, even, write to say that they

MR. JOHN COLES.
(Curator of the Map-room).
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

are about to issue a policy for some big amount to an intending traveller; what sort of risks will he have to run from fevers, natives, and wild beasts where he is going?"

Men going abroad on service or on sporting trips, gravely consult Mr. Coles as to the details of their outfit; and all this information is readily and gratuitously given. Among the curator's correspondents there must be some very queer folk, judging from the extraordinary letters I have seen. "Would it be possible," wrote one man, earnestly, "to be in one island on a Saturday, and row across to another and find it Sunday?"

The very instruments used by Mr. Coles in his teaching have a romantic history. Take, for example, his theodolite. "Originally it was made for Dr. Mullins, who took it across Madagascar. It was then taken up towards Lake Victoria, in East Africa. After Dr. Mullins died in Africa, the instrument was brought home. It was then taken by me across the mountains and untrodden paths of Iceland for a thousand miles. Next it was lent (as many R.G.S. instruments are) to a person who took it within the Arctic Circle for magnetic observations, and after that it was again sent out to East Africa for a year's surveying. It was later on returned to me, and has since been constantly used in giving instruction, for it is as perfect now as the day it was bought."

One wonders, by the way, what becomes of scientific instruments taken by savages from explorers they have murdered. Quite possibly such instruments are used as ornaments. A theodolite would make an imposing brooch, and a couple of sextants a taking pair of earrings for some savage beauty.

I gladly acknowledge here the courteous assistance rendered me by Mr. Coles in the selection of the remarkable photos. that are reproduced in this article. Consider for a moment the accompanying illustration; it depicts the Akabar, or Great Caravan, which, starting from Morocco once a year, crosses the Sahara, and is bound for the Western Sudan and Timbuktu. The Akabar is usually composed of 10,000 camels, each carrying goods valued at £50. Observe the great fan-shaped erections on the camels' backs. It is interesting to note that these contain the women of each household, who are in this way screened from vulgar observation.

THE GREAT CARAVAN CROSSING THE SAHARA—SHOWING HOW THE WOMEN ARE CARRIED.

In wading through the great boxes of photos. at the Royal Geographical Society, one envies the widely-scattered Fellows of that body, so wonderful are the peoples they meet and the places they visit. It is commonly supposed that all savages lead a lazy life, and have nothing else to think about but "knockin' the stuffin'" out of their peaceable neighbours. The head-hunters of Borneo take to collecting human heads much

KASHMIRI WOOD-CARRIERS—LOAD 240LB.

as our own leisured classes adopt slumming—solely as a light and interesting occupation, entailing much *kudos*. But travellers frequently come across real hard-working people in savage lands. Look at the two Kashmiri wood-carriers depicted in the accompanying illustration. This photo. was presented to the Society, with others, by Captain H. H. Deasy, who has been recently attempting to reach the sacred city of Lhasa, in Tibet. Captain Deasy met these men near Bandipura, in Kashmir. "I weighed one load," he says, "and it turned the scale at 240lb." No wonder the poor fellows carry a pole to lean upon!

Hard work, we know, falls to the lot of woman among savage races. The next photo. shown was taken by Dr. Holub, an Austrian, in South Central Africa (Barotseland); and it depicts a woman of powerful build hoeing in the gardens. The institution of the *crêche* being unknown in the Barotse country, the big, comical baby accompanies its mother, being fastened securely on to her broad back.

One might, indeed, go on indefinitely reproducing photos. out of the Society's splendid collection—particularly as these show that there is hardly a square mile of the earth's surface that has not been visited by some daring Englishman armed with camera and gun. The next photo. illustrates the extraordinary growth of orchids on a tree.

NATIVE WOMAN AT WORK IN GARDEN—BAROTSE COUNTRY.

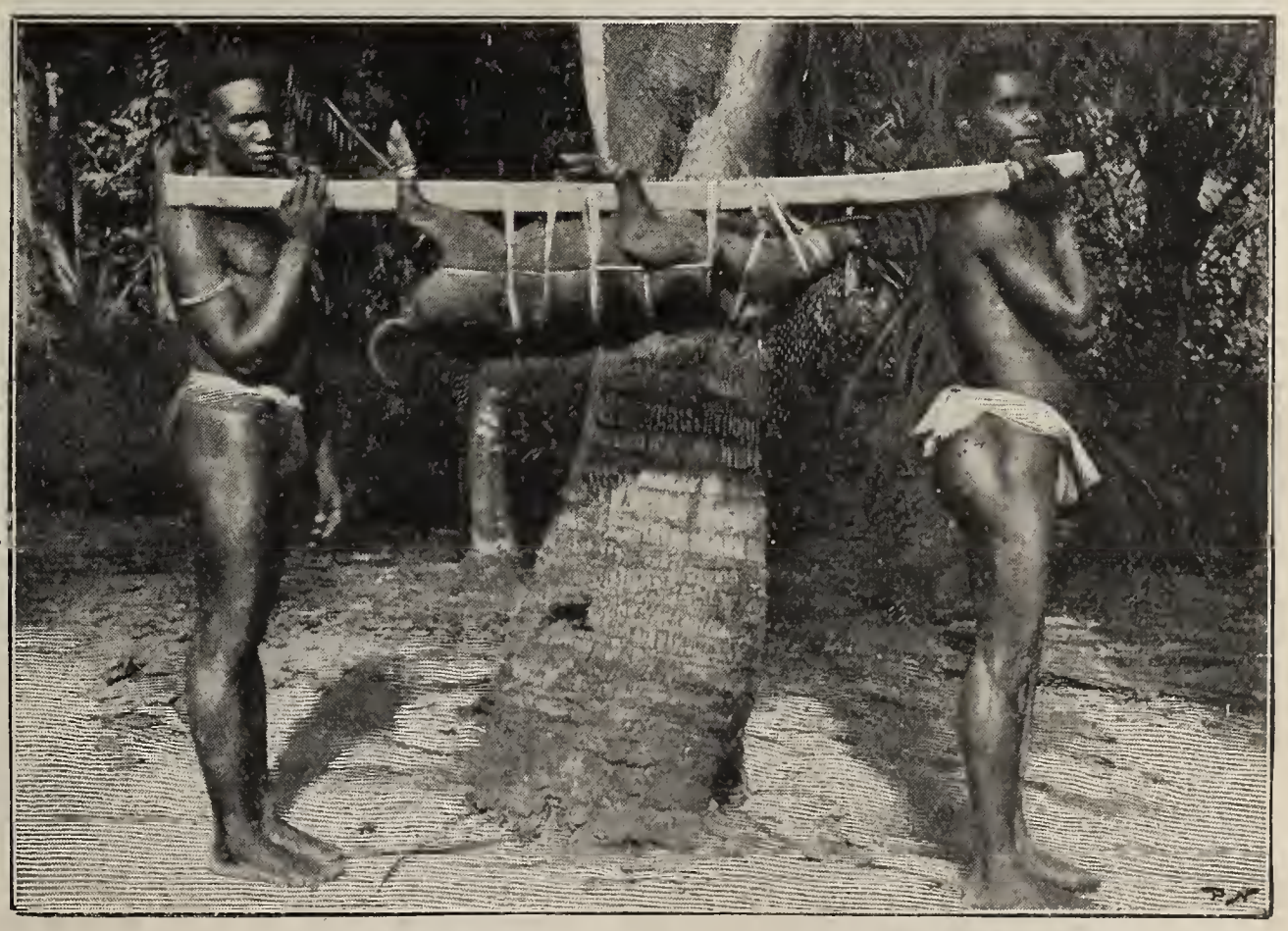
SHOWING HOW ORCHIDS GROW ON TREES IN NEW GUINEA.

Those glorious exotics, we know, are parasitic plants, but I doubt whether an actual photo. of them *in situ* has ever before been reproduced in a popular magazine. Experienced orchid-hunters are sent out to Central America, New Guinea, and elsewhere, by such firms as Sander and Co., of St. Albans; and the adventures of some of these collectors would fill many volumes with thrilling narratives. So dense is the forest in many cases that, in order to get at the plants, the tree itself has to be felled; this, of course, necessitates a large and expensive retinue.

The denseness of tropical forests, by the way, is illustrated in an interesting manner by the accompanying photo. Here we see how the natives of Guadalcanar (one of the Solomon Islands) carry a pig through the forest. They would carry in the same way a prisoner or a wounded man. It is difficult enough to "persuade" a pig along a London street, but it would be absolutely impossible to drive one through the dense undergrowth of a tropical forest. This photo., as well as its immediate predecessor, was presented to the R.G.S. by Mr. C. M. Woodford, who took them in 1886-7 in New Guinea and the Fiji and Solomon Islands.

The Royal Geographical Society instructs travellers in a wonderfully complete manner. That invaluable little book, "Hints to Travellers," issued by the Society, and used by travellers of all nationalities, contains information on outfit, by Mr. Douglas Freshfield, Mr. Whymper, Sir Harry Johnston, and others, and medical and surgical hints by a famous Army surgeon. Some elementary knowledge of medicine and surgery is obviously of vital necessity to explorers. The knowledge of the healing art possessed by "doctors" in savage lands may be peculiar, but it is rarely extensive. I reproduce here a portrait of the "koodoo," or medicine man, of a tribe in Siberia. According to our ideas he is not the kind of practitioner that compels one's faith and respect; but he is far from being the most forbidding medicine man ever encountered by travellers.

Besides Mr. Coles's lessons in observing



METHOD OF CARRYING A PIG THROUGH THE FOREST IN THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

"KOODOO," OR MEDICINE MAN, OF TRIBE IN SIBERIA.

and surveying, there are other lessons given under the Society's auspices in photography, meteorology and climate, geology, botany, natural history, and anthropology. Lastly, the explorer is carefully instructed as to the taking of "squeezes." I hasten to explain. What is meant is wet paper "squeezes" of monuments, inscriptions, and similar things which cannot be bodily removed.

Dr. Hugh R. Mill, who presides at the R.G.S. over the finest geographical library in the world, is himself a scientist of distinction. Like Mr. Coles, the librarian also receives extraordinary letters from remote parts of the world. The "flat-earth man" (and there is a number of him) still afflicts the genial doctor, who, however, takes no notice whatever of his despairing argument, "Is the eye a perfect instrument?"

Before me as I write is a specimen of the amazing letters that sometimes figure in Dr. Mill's correspondence. It is written from Dallas, Texas:—

> MY DEAR SIR,—I beg to take the liberty of asking you to kindly decide a controversy on the following question, which at present agitates the mind of two of my friends. It is:—
>
> IS ENGLAND IN EUROPE?
>
> Kindly answer either in affirmative or negative, and greatly oblige,
>
> Yours very truly,
>
> ———

DR. HUGH R. MILL.
(Librarian, Royal Geographical Society.)
From a Photo. by Maull & Fox.

Dr. Mill's reply to this "poser" was a masterpiece of cautious diplomacy. Asked why, he said he suspected it was a bet. Formerly he used to take great pains in answering such letters; but one day he got a note thanking him most effusively for his reply, and stating, incidentally, that the writer had won a large sum of money.

"Do salmon go up Niagara?" was another question sent thousands of miles to the R.G.S.; and "Is there a town in any part of the world called 'Trilby'?" was another.

This latter, Dr. Mill tells me, was a trade-mark case—something connected with stockings; and no geographical name can be registered as a trade mark. Almost needless to say, there now *is* a town called "Trilby," and—equally of course—that town is in one of the Western States of America. Some of the earlier geographical works under Dr. Mill's care contain pictures of impossible human beings, strange and fearsome animals, and maps of utterly non-existent islands and continents. Written as valuable contributions to science, these books are extremely interesting, not to say funny; but there are also in this marvellously complete library examples of far more modern mendacity.

A certain gentleman—for reasons best known to himself—elected to pose as a great explorer, so he published a work on his supposed travels in New Guinea. The book was written diary-fashion, and it contained an abundance of detail—very startling detail, too. A wonderful fellow, the writer! He described tigers in this island where no one else ever saw a tiger; spoke of winged animals; and he had discovered a mountain 32,000ft. high. He called it, appropriately, "Mount Hercules," and a picture of it forms the frontispiece of the book.

The newspaper reviews were great—simply great; and the "explorer"—who possibly had never been out of London—thought his fame had come to stay. But that mountain fell upon him, so to speak. You see, he was foolish enough, in his passion for detail, to give the latitude and longitude of Mount Hercules.

The late secretary of the R.G.S. (Mr. Bates) one day set himself to work out the exact position of this stu-

pendous mountain, which was, at length, triumphantly proved to be located 600 *miles out at sea !*

As might be expected, the Society's great collection of photographs contains many interesting ones bearing upon the religions of various native races. Whilst looking over these I came upon the accompanying curiosity. This strange object is a figure of Christ, which was made by the Indians for a chapel at Azara, in Paraguay. The traditional likeness is curiously suggested ; notice, too, the long robe, the girdle, and the crown of thorns. This latter is a little anachronistic, for Christ is here supposed to be delivering the Sermon on the Mount. The head is of wood rudely but effectively carved, and painted with brilliant pigments.

It is a truism to remark that no instinct is more common to the human race than the worship of — *something ;* even one's own ancestors. But perhaps the most extraordinary form of worship on record is that indicated in the last photo. reproduced here.

FIGURE OF CHRIST MADE BY INDIANS IN PARAGUAY.

BEARS' SKULLS SET UP FOR WORSHIP IN YEZO ISLAND.

This shows a number of bears' skulls set up for worship by the Ainus in the Island of Yezo. The photo. is one of a number taken by M. J. Revilliod and Professor Milne, the famous seismologist.

One parting word about the Royal Geographical Society. Its sphere of influence is the whole of this planet—of which, by the way, a goodly portion yet remains unexplored by civilized man. The secret of the North Pole having been almost definitely laid bare by the heroic Nansen, the R.G.S. fixes its corporate eye on the Antarctic Regions. A large part of South America is still *terra incognita ;* and Central Asia, Africa, and Australia contain, even at this day, ample scope for the labours of the Society's most daring pupils. The R.G.S. has accomplished much, but the end is not yet. The Society grows in power and knowledge ; it is in communication with every other Geographical Society in the world, even to the one organized at Irkutsk by the political exiles of Siberia.

Duelling in German Universities.

By an English Student.

"MEIN LIEBER PAPA," once wrote a German student. "My honour has at last been satisfied. A week ago a 'dummer junge' named Schwartz stepped on my dog's tail, and I challenged him. The fight

HIS FIRST DUEL, OR BANDAGED HONOUR.
From a Photo. by Wilh. Risse, Marburg, A/L, Germany.

took place yesterday. Schwartz got a bad slash on his left cheek, and I got two cuts, one just under my eye, and the other on my head. The cuts are very painful, but they will make beautiful scars. As soon as the bandages were on, I got photographed, and with this letter I send you the result. You will be proud." And when the father got this letter, he fell over himself with joy. For his son, the pride of his heart, had at last fought a duel, and had received his first scar.

This letter would appear an exaggeration if it were not for the fact that many funny things go on in the world that some people don't know about. One of these things is the German University duel. Travellers in Germany often notice the slashed faces of the men on the street, and soon learn that the scars are the results of duels, but it is not generally known that, amongst the students, duelling is a custom regularly observed, and that instead of avoiding encounters with the sword, they welcome and hasten the moment when they can enter a combat and get a scar. It is also remarkable that, although civil duelling is forbidden by law, the custom flourishes like a green bay tree. Bismarck favours it, and the German Emperor appreciates it. The Kaiser himself is said to have once fought a duel at Bonn, and what is good enough for the Kaiser is excellent for the average German student. In this may lie the reason for the laxity in enforcing the law.

At first sight, the system of duelling now in vogue in Germany is a little confusing; but, generally speaking, there are two kinds of duels. The first kind is that alluded to in the boy's epistle to his father—a duel in which honour has to be satisfied. The second kind is best described as a duel "by agreement." For the sake of avoiding confusion, we delay speaking of the second kind until we have shown the nature of the first.

The *modus operandi* of the honour duel is as follows. A good duellist who knows no fear simply goes about seeking whom he may affront. He seats himself, for instance, in a restaurant, with his great Dane—the fashionable pet dog—at his feet. By-and-by another student wanders in, and if he, too, is looking for a "scrap," he casually plants his foot on the big dog's tail. This is all that is necessary. Hot words ensue, cards are exchanged with a great deal of politeness, and the meeting takes place in a secluded spot in the woods at an early hour. It lasts but a few minutes, and the least cut upon the head or cheek satisfies outraged honour. The combatants shake hands, become good friends, and after the wounds are healed, they sport their cuts with pride. Then, if

RESULTS OF A SUCCESSFUL DUEL—SCARS ON HEAD AND CHEEK.
From a Photo. by Wilh. Risse, Marburg A/L, Germany.

they want more cuts, they go off and step on more dogs' tails.

As for the "agreement duel," it may be said that nearly every German student belongs to a "club," as a member of which he is bound to fight. This rule accounts for many of the honour duels, as a student, if he has been in the club a reasonable length of time without having a quarrel thrust upon him, is finally informed by the leader of the club that he must have a duel within a certain period. The student is then obliged to secure a quarrel with someone, and, if he fails in that, he sometimes selects his best friend. But it is when the club as a whole challenges another club to fight that the true meaning of the word "agreement" applies. The contests are, in reality, mere exhibitions of skill, and upon this basis they may be heartily commended. One club of students merely says to another, "We will fight with you now," and a list of fixtures is arranged. The duels take place every Saturday, commencing at seven o'clock in winter, and half-past six in summer. The different clubs go by different names. There are "Corps," "Burschenschafts" ("students' associations"), and "Verbin-

"CHARGISTER," OR OFFICERS OF A VERBINDUNG, OR STUDENTS' CLUB.
From a Photo. by Wilh. Risse, Marburg A/L, Germany.

From a] JUNIOR MEMBERS OF A VERBINDUNG IN THE "KNEIPE," OR BEER-ROOM, WITH THEIR MAJOR. *[Photograph.*

dungs" ("leagues"), and each club usually fights with a club of its own class and rules. A "Corps" will not fight with a "Verbindung," and rarely fights with a "Burschenschaft," because the last-named club plays a waiting game, and can draw back its head when a blow is coming. For this reason, the Burschenschaft is usually despised by the Corps, and, it may be added, usually wins the match. Each club, moreover, has its own set of officers; and to show the gay costumes in which the officers and members array themselves, we give two pictures—one photograph showing three "Chargister," or officers, of a Verbindung, and the other showing a number of Verbindung juniors—cantly called "Füchse," or "Foxes," at their beery revels in the "Kneipe."

But these little details may be left, for a moment, to take care of themselves. It is the "mensur," or match, that shows German University duelling in its most interesting, and, I may say, silliest, form. Often on Saturday mornings, from my study window, I have watched the cart-load of duelling accoutrements passing up the road to a suburb of the town, and curiosity at last drew me into the stream of students following. I entered an hotel with the others, and immediately found myself in a large hall filled with students—some seventy or eighty—in caps of all colours. It was a gaily dressed throng. Some of the students were drinking, and others, upon entering the "Kneipe-room" (where the drinking goes on), introduced themselves to a sort of master of ceremonies, by bowing and at the same time mentioning their names.

On the other side of the hall was a door, labelled "Billiards," and into this I walked. The place reeked of iodoform and beer. In the centre of the room two chairs, about three yards apart, with their backs to each other, stood on a square of carpet, old and discoloured, with here and there a splotch of faded blood. A duel was just over, and the sprinkled sawdust was dotted with little ruddy pools. Two students were sitting on the chairs as if for a shampoo, their heads bent over basins, while young medicals in long white aprons, with upturned shirt-sleeves, were stitching the nasty wounds. No anæsthetic was used, for no duellist would be thought "weak."

While the stitching was proceeding preparations for another duel were going on, and two students were being strapped up in their uniform. This encounter, "with seconds," was to last for twenty-five minutes. I may add that when duellists have no quarrel with each other, and are simply exhibiting their skill, they fight with seconds, and a halt can be called as soon as five blows have been struck on each side, a momentary rest being thereby allowed. In the duel "without seconds" no halt can be called for twenty-five minutes, or until blood has been drawn and a combatant is disabled. When the seconds are engaged, they stand at the left of the combatants, each wearing a cap with a heavy visor, a pad with the club colours over their stomachs, and carrying a basket-hilted sword. The uniform or armour for a duel "with" or "without" is essentially the same, and the dressing operation was very interesting. One of the duellists first drew off his coat, waistcoat, and shirt, and put on his "pauckhund," or fighting-shirt, made of coarse material, to save the finer linen below, which otherwise would be stained with blood. Then on the right arm

INTERIOR OF A KNEIPE-ROOM, WHERE THE STUDENT DRINKING-BOUTS TAKE PLACE.
From a Photo. by Wilh. Risse, Marburg A/L, Germany.

From a] A DUEL WITH SECONDS: THE DUELLISTS FACING EACH OTHER WITH CAPS ON. [*Photograph.*

he drew a sleeve of wadded silk, running from wrist to shoulder. He then put a heavy leather pad on his right armpit, and a like pad over his heart. Now came a heavy fencing glove that completely covered the hand, and after that, the arm, from wrist to shoulder, was wrapped with strips of silk, until the limb was quite as large as a man's thigh. Silk is used because it protects the arm best from cuts. After the silk was on, the student placed a wadded silk cravat on his throat, and a pair of heavy iron goggles on his eyes. Next came the "pauckhosen," or fighting-breeches, of thick padded leather. Often, I may add, in explanation of the costume in the duel "with seconds," the padded trousers are not worn, not being deemed necessary in a simple trial of skill. Finally the student takes up the big "schläger," or rapier, about forty inches long, with a blunt point and sharpened edges. The sword is protected at the hilt by a rounded tin-plate about ten inches in diameter, which has been jokingly dubbed the "soup-plate of honour."

From a] SECOND STAGE OF A DUEL WITH SECONDS: CAPS OFF AND SWORDS CROSSED. [*Photograph.*

From a] A DUEL IN PROGRESS AT BONN: TRYING TO GET THE FIRST CUT. *[Photograph.*

When the dressing was done, there was a delay of a few moments, during which each duellist rested his padded arm on a comrade's shoulder, to prevent it getting tired. Suddenly there was a movement amongst the onlookers, and the Master of Ceremonies entered, and made a little speech. The fighting students then took their places three feet from each other, each still wearing his cap, and standing on a cross marked on the floor. They were compelled to stand on this cross, and, upon pain of expulsion from the corps, were not allowed to bend back to avoid a blow. The umpire stood a few feet to the side, and prepared himself to mark the time of the duel, to give word for the various halts, and to declare the number of blows which drew blood. A second now called out, "Umpire, please command silence for a fifteen minutes' 'mensur' between Von Briesen and Boos with seconds!" The umpire gave the command and the caps came off. The second then cried, "Auf der mensur! Bindet die klingen!" ("On with the match. Touch blades!") The swords were now crossed, and the seconds, who were standing at the left of each principal, touched the crossed blades with their own swords, one of the seconds calling out, "Gebunden sind!" ("They are joined!") The duellists now

From a] PATCHING UP THE FIRST CUT. *[Photograph.*

raised their right arms over their heads so that the arm protected the top of the head, the sword hanging parallel to the left side of the face, guarding the left cheek. As soon as both were on guard, one of the seconds cried, "Los!" ("Apart!") and the fight began. Clash followed clash, and each tried to strike the first blow. The fighting is all done from the wrist, and the arm must be kept above the head. Each man tries to touch his adversary by reaching over the protecting arm and striking the scalp or left cheek, when the latter is unguarded. The fight continued for some moments, when one of the men began to bleed. "Umpire!" called one of the seconds, "please declare a 'blutigen' on the head!" The umpire declared it, and a doctor ran forward to examine the cut, which, he said, was insignificant. Then the fight went on.

In fifteen minutes it was over, and the hospital work began. Two tired students, streaming with blood, were bending exhausted over the chairs. The rapiers, which had been bent in the fight, were straightened, and cleaned with carbolic acid, and the sponges, water, and crooked needles, filled with coloured silk, lying on a table near by, were brought into use. One of the doctors was entering up in a little book the number of cuts received, and the number of stitches required to sew them up. The doctor is the judge of a cut sufficiently dangerous to stop a duel, and his little book is the official record of the contest.

According to the rules of some Universities, the nature of the offence in a contest of honour requires a certain number of cuts. If one man, for example, calls another a "dummer junge," which really has a dreadful sound, although it simply means "silly youth," the injured honour may be satisfied with twenty-four cuts with the sword. The same amount is prescribed for the injury done by the word "infamous," which certainly does not seem a fair penalty. Sometimes one student kills another. In that event he is advised to quit the seat of learning. He can, however, enter another University, but if he kills a second time, his reputation is gone, and no University will allow him within its doors. Often, again, it happens that a duel brings on serious consequences not dreamt of in the German philosophy. In 1882, for example, at the University of Jena, twenty-three duels took place among the students in a single day, and all those who had been wounded suddenly found themselves down with blood-poisoning. Three of the students died, and forty-three were laid up in the hospital. It was quickly discovered that the swords, which had been used in the previous duels, had not been properly cleaned.

But with all its dangers, from dirty swords or other causes, the custom goes gaily on, even in defiance of the law. If a local "bobby" happens to catch wind of the duel, he may break into the Kneipe, but without success. The signal has been given, and when the "arm of the law" enters, he finds nothing but a lot of peaceful and phlegmatic students, dozing, carousing, and drinking the inevitable beer. In nine cases out of ten, "bobby" does not try to interrupt the bloody ceremonies, for he, in common with his Kaiser and the powers that be, believes that duelling promotes bravery, and puts the young in training for the sight and smell of blood. But it is very, very bad for the physiognomy of man.

From a] TYPICAL GERMAN STUDENTS. [*Photograph.*

A Wooden Shoe.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PH. AUDEBRAND.

IN 1832, just at the end of September, the music-lovers of Paris were greatly disturbed by a disquieting rumour, which spread quickly through the city. A newspaper announced that Nicolo Paganini had suddenly fallen ill at the end of one of his concerts. For a time, the amateurs hoped that the newspaper story was erroneous, or at least exaggerated. But it was all too true. An intermittent fever, common amongst artists who overwork, attacked the great musician, and aroused grave fears that his life was in danger. Paganini, who was ideally slender, seemed to live only in his art. It was feared that his frail and nervous organization would break down before the first attacks of an obstinate disease.

Paganini's friends hastily called three doctors of great reputation—three lights of the Paris faculty. Such is the custom. For a long time these gentlemen examined their patient, but could not come to any agreement. Such is also the custom.

"It is easy to see," said one of the doctors, "that disease has laid our Orpheus low. This is doubtless the result of a too great love for music. Our patient has neither heart, thought, nor breath, except for his violin. It is my opinion that the best remedy is absolute rest. I am also willing to prescribe chicken-broth and Bordeaux, on the understanding, of course, that the wine will be given only in small doses."

"As for me, gentlemen," said another, "I am of the opinion that this sudden illness is a result of the cholera, which has raged through Paris this summer. Wine and chicken-broth are all very well, but something more is needed. Instead of quiet, I should advise riding and other exhilarating exercise; conversation, gaiety, and intercourse in general."

"With all due deference to such honourable colleagues, gentlemen, I may say that the advice just given does not wholly conform to my idea," objected the third. "If this famous musician is allowed to play even for his own amusement, I venture to say that he is a dead man. The present state of things has been brought about by an evening's excitement. The applause of the crowd and the flowers thrown at his feet have caused fever. The praise of the Press excites him and wears him out. Paganini began by a struggle against misery and obscurity. He then weakened himself by burning the midnight oil, and he is now completely broken down by continual travelling. Paganini loves to be by himself, and my prescription takes this fact into account. I would suggest that he settle down for the autumn in a warm and quiet place, where there is a large park in the neighbourhood, and, if possible, a woody promenade. In a place like that he would drink in the sweetness of autumn. '*Carpe diem*,' says Horace. When winter comes, he will be a new man. That's all I have to say."

Without more discussion, they put it to the vote, and the last suggestion carried the day by two to one. Solitude, absolute rest, a health-resort, and hygienic nourishment. In four lines, on a bit of music paper which lay loosely on a table near them, they wrote the prescription. Each put his signature at the bottom and then went off.

Little now remained to be done except to find a suitable resort. At first, eyes were cast upon a villa in the Champs Elysées, which, twenty-five years ago, was not over-crowded with houses. The invalid thought, however, that he could not stand the noise of the carriages, horses, and public merrymaking in the neighbourhood. Someone then proposed a health-resort, at that time situated at the top of the Bois de Boulogne, in charming surroundings; but the musician, like all true children of the South, was afraid of the cold, and declared that he feared the first breath of winter from the neighbouring woods. What he wanted was Nice, because of its eternal sun, or Paris, because of its well-closed rooms.

Accordingly, the next day Paganini was moved to the Villa Lutoetiana, at the top of the suburb of Poissonière. One of the best points about the place was the entire liberty of action allowed to the new-comer. Each lived according to his own taste, at the general table or by himself. When evening came, those who loved to chat or play games remained in the drawing-room. Others took the air on the gravel walks of the garden, or went back to their rooms with the latest novel in their hands.

Paganini was naturally one of those who, caring neither for excitement nor noisy talk, disappeared to their rooms upon the slightest pretext as fast as their heels could take them.

Ours is an era of self-adoration, and there

are not a few public men who take great delight in the reflection of their own glory. The great musician was not, however, one of these. He was most uncomfortable when the eyes of others were fixed upon his long and melancholy face. Let us listen to the gossip of the drawing-room. Four or five old women are tearing Paganini to pieces.

"Have you seen this great artist, ladies? He bows to no one, he never opens his mouth, he never remains in one place; he rushes through his soup, under the arbour when the sun is shining, and takes to his legs if he catches sight of a looker-on. What an old bear he is!"

"That's on account of his disease," added another. "People say that his life is shadowed by some terrible mystery — some mishap which has brought on aneurism of the heart. The poor man knows that he is going to die of it in less than a year, perhaps in six months. Of course, it gives him the blues."

"You haven't yet hit it," broke in another old cat. "Paganini is an old hunks, and everybody knows it. Do you remember the concert which M. Jules Janin got up for the benefit of the sufferers by the Saint Etienne flood? Paganini refused to take part because they wanted him to play for nothing. In this house, where he knocks round amongst a few people, he is afraid of being forced to observe the little courtesies which a well-bred man never forgets—an ice, a bouquet, a box at the opera, or a fashionable novel. He is a perfect miser!"

"That's so!" cried a fourth. "You haven't stretched it a bit. When I saw him come in, I said to myself that he would probably never set foot in the drawing-room, seeing that the gaming-tables are there. Fancy this Harpagon at play! If it were possible for him to lose twenty sous at whist, he would go off and cut his neck with his fiddle-stick."

"HE PREFERRED TO WALK ABOUT UNDER THE TREES."

One by one, these idle witticisms reached the musician in his loneliness. But what did he care? Paganini followed his own bent absolutely. He preferred to live alone, to walk about under the trees, free from observation, and to read over and over again a packet of old letters which he treasured deeply and took with him wherever he went. In quietude, he gradually regained his lost health. Once in a while a gleam of fun would pierce through the deep sadness which enveloped him like a cloud. There was no one in the house whom Paganini cared for except Nicette.

You will naturally ask me who Nicette was. In a few words, she was a chambermaid at the villa, and was learning to cook: a pretty girl of eighteen, who had been appointed to wait on the invalids. The artist had caught sight of her pretty face, and had asked to have her wait upon him. Nicette was every inch a Picardian, and she chattered like a young bird. When she served break-

fast in the morning, she told Paganini, not for mischief, but for the fun of the thing, the story of the day's doings in the house. A smile, which showed no trace of bitterness, played round Paganini's lips and made him look young again.

One day, Nicette came in without her happy smile. Autumn was drawing to a close. The leaves in the garden were already turning yellow, and the first winds of winter, which draw people together, began to rattle the window-panes. The musician was amusing himself by carving a piece of ivory in the form of a dagger handle, and he began to question the young girl keenly.

"Ah! What's the matter with you, my child? You don't seem very lively. Your

"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, MY CHILD?"

pretty eyes are red. You've been crying, Nicette. Has something gone wrong?"

"A great deal, monsieur."

"Would it be wrong for me to ask the reason?"

"No, monsieur, not exactly, but——"

He turned his two magnificent eyes on the troubled face of the maid.

"All right," he said. "I understand everything. It's about a sweetheart!"

Nicette did not reply in words, but she blushed. It was answer enough. He insisted.

"Tell me everything, my child. Perhaps I may be able to help you."

Nicette dried her tears on the hem of her apron.

"What has he done?" continued the musician. "Wait! I have heard the whole story a hundred times in the comic operas of Italy. After having made you a thousand promises, he has left you, and now he never sends you word of love."

"Ah, poor fellow! He has left me, it is true, but not through any fault of his."

"How so?"

"Simple enough. He was twenty this summer, and was needed for the army. He had an unlucky number at the conscription; he has gone away, and at this moment he is mounting guard at Lille, in Flanders, with a musket five feet long on his shoulder. That's the trouble, sir. You can see that nothing can be done."

"But, Nicette, isn't there some way of getting a substitute?"

It was Nicette's turn to smile, but her smile was a sad one.

"You are joking, sir," said the young girl. "Buy a substitute? And with what?"

"It costs something, then?"

"This year men are dearer than ever, on account of the war scare. Fifteen hundred francs, and not a sou less."

At this point, the artist very tenderly took the little white hands of the chambermaid into his own.

"If that is all it costs," he said, "do not cry any more. Fifteen hundred francs are not of much account. I am good for that amount."

At the same moment he took a pencil

and hastily wrote these words on the cover of a note-book :—

"Remember to give a concert for the benefit of Nicette."

A month slipped by, and winter was at hand. We all know how quickly the bitter wind and the drifting snow come in Paris. Of the charming garden of the Villa Lutoetiana nothing remained except leafless trees, bare flower-plots, silent birds, and two or three little marble statues which shivered in the frost.

One November day the doctor said to Paganini: "My dear sir, you must not go out into the open air till the first of March."

"I will obey," replied the musician.

It is necessary to add that from this time forth little was needed to bring Paganini back to complete health. When he made his toilet in the morning, and then looked into the mirror, he had noticed for some time that he was growing singularly youthful.

Although the musician was denied his usual walk in the garden, he was happily becoming a little less gloomy. It was noticed that he sometimes lingered in the drawing-room. After dinner, he would throw himself on a red-velvet couch, and rest there for twenty minutes, turning over the leaves of an album of fashionable drawings, or stirring with a little gold spoon his glass of water, sweetened with orange-flowers. All this naturally set the tongues of the gossips wagging again.

Paganini let them talk. His health restored, he could think of one thing only — the promise made to Nicette.

"We'll see about that during the winter," he thought, "in January or February. A few strokes of the bow will be enough."

Christmas Eve was approaching. At the anniversary of the birth of Christ, there exists in France a custom dear to children, which is regularly celebrated in Paris. In the chimney corner, they put a boot or a wooden shoe—the latter by preference—and imagine that a spirit afterwards comes down the chimney with hands full of sweets and toys.

On the morning of the 24th of December, the four busybodies of whom we have spoken got together for a chat about this custom, which is beginning to fall into disuse. For such people, it is but a step from gossip to a well-matured plot.

"For this evening, then."

"Yes, this evening is just the time."

When the evening came, Paganini, as usual, was seated on a divan in the drawing-room, busily stirring his sweetened water, when an unusual noise arose. Near the entrance door, in the corridor leading to the other rooms, was heard a babel of voices and stamping of hob-nailed boots, loud enough to interrupt the whist and conversation.

"What's that noise all about?" asked one of the members of the feminine quartette.

"A mere nothing, madam," said Nicette, who came in just at that moment. "They are bringing a box."

"For whom?" added the vixens, stifling their laughter.

"The address is badly written, they say."

"Tell the porter to come in."

A big fellow entered. He was an awkward Auvergnat, with red whiskers and a waistcoat of blue velveteen. In his hands he carried a box of fir-wood, on which was written, in big black letters, the word, "*Fragile*"; and below this in a smaller hand: "To Monsieur Nicolo Paganini."

"Where did you get the idea that the address was badly written, Nicette?" cried an old boarder, who was a martyr to gout. "Nothing can be plainer than the hand-writing. The parcel belongs to our illustrious musician."

Paganini, like all dreamers, was absent-minded, and did not know that he was being talked about. Nicette spoke to him.

"Here, sir," she said. "The box appears to belong to you."

"The box? What box, my child?"

"This one here."

The violinist came near swallowing his glass of sweetened water the wrong way, on seeing the Auvergnat walking towards his divan.

"But where does the box come from?" asked the artist.

The man replied that he had not the slightest idea, but that he thought it must have come from Orleans or perhaps from Lyons.

"This is very singular," objected Paganini. "I don't know a soul in either of those cities. Who can have sent it?"

"It doesn't matter," said Nicette, as sweetly as possible. "Surely you can't refuse to receive the parcel?"

"Very true, my child."

So saying, he put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out a five-franc piece, which he gave to the porter.

"Thank you, sir," said the Auvergnat, as he started out.

Nicette remained standing.

"Shall I take the box to your room, sir?" she asked.

"THE BOX APPEARS TO BELONG TO YOU."

But Paganini was so evidently perplexed that he did not think of answering. He kept turning and re-turning the box over on all its sides. His sharp eyes looked as if he were saying: "What is this box? Where does it come from?" The word "*Fragile*," purposely written on the cover, upset all his conjectures.

"In truth," daringly broke in one of the four dames, "it is evident that New Year's gifts are arriving before their proper time."

"Yes," said a second, "that little box must contain something valuable. Who knows but it may be a Stradivarius, or an Amati, perhaps?"

"You are mistaken, my good woman," said the boarder with the gout; "I am well up in the art of packing, and I stake my reputation that it is almond-cake from the South."

"But, my dear sir, an almond-cake is not exactly 'fragile,'" protested the four women.

As for Paganini, impatience grew on him, and, quickly taking hold of the wrapping-paper with the ends of his long fingers, he had the wrapper off in a second.

"At last," said a voice, "we are going to have our curiosity satisfied. The box is open. We are going to see what it is."

The voice was mistaken. As yet, they saw nothing.

By this time, the musician had taken out a very bulky package, containing a thick wad of darkish paper, like that used by travellers on long trips. The object was solidly held together by three great lumps of red sealing-wax.

"Well, what is it?" asked a whist-player.

"We must break the seals to find out."

Paganini did not hesitate.

But when the wrapper was off, the mystery was far from solved. After the dark paper came a second wrapper of grey, and after this a third one of blue.

Seeing that the thing was beginning to prove a veritable puzzle, the spectators of this scene began to prepare for the moment when they might enjoy a hearty laugh.

Meanwhile, the *maëstro* had decided to take off the third wrapper, and, at last, in his hand, under the eyes of twenty people, he held an enormous wooden shoe—a shoe of ash-wood, made in the Ardennes, or, may be, in the Black Forest, big enough to cover the foot of a cyclops, or to serve as a cradle for the son of a woodcutter.

The discovery was followed by a long and noisy burst of laughter.

"A wooden shoe!" said the four old women in unison, looking at one another knowingly.

"A wooden shoe!" repeated Nicette, in an undertone.

"A wooden shoe!" added Paganini, in a very confused way. "It is a bad joke which they think very funny—a sly dig at what they call my avarice. I think I know who did it. By sending it to me on Christmas Eve, they liken me to children who always ask but never give. One does not need to be very bright to see through that. Well, so be it! They pretended that this box contained something valuable. I will make it worth so much that they shall not be deceived. Some day this wooden shoe will be worth its weight in gold."

"A WOODEN SHOE!"

When he finished speaking he got up, made a slight bow to those around him, and went away with the box and its contents.

For three whole days the artist did not show himself in the drawing-room. Nicette, questioned, maintained that he was in his room, absorbed in a great work. His neighbours, however, said that he was continually using a file, a saw, and a hammer. As a matter of fact, Paganini, who was very clever at the lute-maker's art, had in three short days, by dint of patience and hard work, succeeded in transforming his ash-wood *sabot* into a violin sweeter and much more harmonious than an Amati.

By means of a gimlet, he had embellished it with a silver string, he had scooped it out, carved it, and made it sonorous; he had given it a soul; he had made it a masterpiece.

The next day, a blue poster on the walls of the Villa Lutoetiana announced that in less than three days—on New Year's Eve, in fact—Paganini would give a concert in the drawing-room. The master would play ten pieces, five on the violin, and five on a wooden shoe. The admission was fixed at twenty francs. In three lines, the musician also gave notice that the proceeds would be applied to a worthy object.

Like notices had been distributed amongst a great many influential people. You may judge the sensation which this unexpected news naturally caused throughout Paris. For three months no one had known the whereabouts of the famous musician. Lovers of music made no attempt to hide their satisfaction over the good news. Needless to say, the tickets were quickly sold. It was Paganini's wish that not more than a hundred should be put in circulation.

A concert in an elegant health-resort, after three months of silence; variations played alternately on a violin and a wooden shoe—these circumstances were looked upon as one of the freaks often attributed to artists. But on the evening of the day of Saint-Silvestre, fine carriages were stationed along the Faubourg Poissonière; and society came

a hundred strong to assist at this recital—one of the most remarkable incidents in an age prolific in eccentricities.

Chairs, benches, and a platform had been cleverly arranged in the drawing-room. Paganini came in smiling, looking younger than his years, earnest in his art. He played on his favourite violin, and a sudden intoxication seized his listeners, and transported them to the seventh heaven. He was a Linus, bringing the ancient world into subjection by means of melody. To the great artist this effect was not uncommon, and not wholly unforeseen.

"But how will he go to work to get the same effects out of the wooden shoe?" was asked.

"Wait a moment, and you will see," said the delighted dilettantes. "Paganini has taught us to expect all sorts of wonderful things."

Paganini now took the wooden shoe, and in a moment he transformed it into one of the subtlest and most harmonious instruments which the human ear has ever heard. Carried away by his desire to outdo himself, he did not use this novel instrument for one of those common cantilenas which in a moment lay the soul captive, and thrill it by a superb flight of song; he played an entire drama, the meaning of which was evident to everybody: it was the return of a conscript. The bow pictured the sadness of the conscript's departure, his happiness on leaving the barracks; then the sound of sobbing, and a sweetheart's joy, followed by complete happiness.

Upon this, the applause was overwhelming. The artist was called again, as at the opera, and bouquets fell in profusion at his feet.

At a certain moment, even the four old women who had been so little in sympathy with the great violinist could not hide their deep emotion.

"It is very beautiful," they said.

In a corner of the room, half-hidden by a screen, a child was sobbing from sheer joy. It was Nicette. The conscript's symphony had gone straight to her heart.

"THE CONSCRIPT'S SYMPHONY HAD GONE STRAIGHT TO HER HEART."

When the concert was over, the receipts were counted. In all there were two thousand francs.

"Here, Nicette," said Paganini to the little chambermaid, "here are 500 francs more than are necessary to buy the substitute. They will pay your soldier's travelling-expenses. But you will need something to set up housekeeping with. This wooden shoe—or, if you prefer, this violin—belongs to you. Dispose of it as you please, but I am sure that it will prove a happy dowry for you."

As a matter of fact, Nicette sold the wooden shoe for 6,000 francs to a rich amateur.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXXIII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

WORK-TIME AT WEST-MINSTER.

IT is probable that amongst other results the new procedure governing Committee of Supply will settle the vexed question of the time of the year through which Parliament should sit. It has long been regarded as an unpardonable and unnecessary anomaly that Parliament should be condemned to hard labour through the fairest months of the year. Since the birth of organized obstruction in the Parliament of 1874, it has come to pass that members of the House of Commons have been practically debarred from enjoying the delights of the country when in its prime. The custom has been for Parliament to meet the first week in February, adjourning somewhere between the third week in August and the last week in September.

This arrangement of Parliamentary times and seasons is not consecrated by the dust of ages. It does not go even as far back as the Georgian Era. When George III. was King, Parliament met in November, sat till May or June, and thus earned a recess endowed with the warmth and light of summer time. As we are reminded by recurrence of the anniversary of Gunpowder Plot, the custom of Parliament meeting for a new Session early in November dates back beyond Stuart times. Seven years ago, Sir George Trevelyan made an attempt to induce the House to return to old Conservative customs. He moved a resolution recommending that the Session should open in November, that the House should adjourn for brief recess at Christmas, and not sit far into June. The proposal was negatived by a majority of four in a House of over 350 members.

Mr. W. H. Smith, then leading the Commons, was so impressed by this declaration of opinion, that it was resolved to try the experiment. Accordingly, in 1890, the Session commenced on the 25th of November. Parliament sat till the 9th of December, and adjourned till the 22nd of January. It was a rather long Christmas holiday, and it had to be paid for later on, the prorogation not being brought about till the 5th of August.

This was an arrangement fatal to a movement that had commenced with such sprightly hope. When members were brought to town in November, they were promised that school should break up on or about Midsummer Day. What actually happened was that the prorogation took place about the date which was, prior to 1874, regarded as customary, the difference being that members had been in harness since November instead of meeting in February.

MR. BALFOUR'S PLAN.

Since that lamentable fiasco, there has been no further talk of winter Sessions and summer holidays. But Mr. Balfour's scheme of appointing a limited number of nights for Committee of Supply, banked up at the end by the Closure, will certainly—assuming good faith on the part of the Ministry—prevent the indefinite dragging out of the Session through August into September. In spite of all temptation, turning a deaf ear to the entreaty of powerful interests, Mr. Balfour last year kept faith with the House of Commons. The prorogation took place about the middle of August, as he had promised when, early in the Session, he appropriated the time of private members for Committee of Supply. As long as honourable understanding in this direction is observed, so long will the new procedure in the matter of Committee of Supply be adhered to. It admirably serves the larger purpose for which it was designed, discussion of the Estimates being made possible last year with a fulness of time and convenience of opportunity long unknown at Westminster.

MEN OF LETTERS IN PARLIAMENT.

The General Election of 1895 added to the historic store of the House of Commons one fresh opportunity of testing the problem whether there is insuperable obstacle to the Parliamentary success of a man who has made his earliest fame in literature. It was a fortunate accident, full of good augury, that Mr. Lecky's much-looked-for maiden speech was delivered without preparation. He chanced to be in the House when, on the Address, debate arose on the question of extending amnesty to the Fenian prisoners. He was moved by some remarks from Mr. Horace Plunkett, one of those simple, businesslike addresses with which the member for Dublin County occasionally varies the ordinary business of speech-making

in the House of Commons. Mr. Lecky, finding himself on his feet for the first time, going through the dread ordeal of speaking in the House of Commons, was manifestly nervous. He wrung his hands with despairing gesture; his knees, trembling, lent the appearance of a series of deprecatory curtsies towards the Chair. Soon he recovered his self-possession, and proceeded to the end of a wisely brief speech delivered in a pleasant voice with clear enunciation. He doubtless did much better than if, foreseeing the opportunity, he had in the retirement and leisure of his study prepared a more elaborate oration.

MR. LECKY'S MAIDEN EFFORT.

"OBITER DICTA."

Another man of letters, not brought in with the present Parliament, though in it he has made his first distinct bid for position as a debater, is Mr. Augustine Birrell. The member for West Fife undoubtedly prepares the good things he distributes through his Parliamentary speeches. But their point, and the happily natural manner of their delivery, invest them with the charm of the impromptu. The very best style of Parliamentary speaking is that illustrated by the successes of Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery, where the gift of public speaking is founded upon literary gift and literary training. Mr. Birrell has the combination of these good things. When, as in his case, there is added a strong savour of sprightly, occasionally audacious, humour, success is assured far beyond the measure that awaits the weightier and more distinguished historian of "England in the Eighteenth Century."

MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL'S "OBITER DICTA."

SUBTERRANEAN INFLUENCES.

One of the most elaborate and, by the public, least used underground avenues in the Metropolis connects Palace Yard with the Embankment. It is probable that of the hundreds of thousands of persons who cross Westminster Bridge in the course of twenty-four hours, not a dozen are aware of the existence of this subterranean thoroughfare. As a matter of fact, it is reserved exclusively for members and others proceeding to and from the House of Commons. It is open only whilst the House is sitting, the approach from the Embankment and the exit at the foot of the District Railway steps being locked as soon as the House is up.

The passage has a remarkable history, inasmuch as it is the result of the only occasion when a bribe was effectively offered to a Select Committee of the House of Commons. When the promoters of the Metropolitan District Railway came before Parliament for powers to construct the line, they were careful to point out that one of their stations would be conveniently set immediately opposite the Clock-tower Entrance to the Houses of Parliament. Also, there would be late trains going westward, which in ordinary circumstances would meet the convenience of members at the close of debate. Finally, the promoters undertook to connect Palace Yard and their railway station by a private subterraneous way.

That, of course, may have had no influence upon the decision of the Committee. As a matter of history, the Bill passed.

WHERE EDMUND SPENSER LIVED.

There is just now on foot a movement, in which Mr. Loder takes the lead, for extending this privilege of subterraneous locomotion. Thanks to the activity and persistence of Mr. Herbert Gladstone, and the cordial concurrence of Mr. Akers-Douglas on succeeding him at the Board of Works, the long-contemplated improvement of the Parliament Street approach to Westminster Hall and Westminster Abbey will shortly be commenced. The unsightly block of houses which makes a sort of club-foot at the end of Parliament Street will be swept away, full view being opened of Westminster Abbey.

The narrow thoroughfare, King Street, at the back of this block was one time the principal approach to Westminster. There

is record of the crushing and trampling to death of a number of people crowding it when Queen Elizabeth, at the head of a cavalcade of her nobles, rode to Westminster to open Parliament in person. To-day the broadened thoroughfare of Parliament Street is not wide enough to hold the throng that gathers on the rare occasions when the Sovereign opens Parliament.

Soon it will be further widened by addition of the back street in which Edmund Spenser died for lack of bread. It was in a room of a house in King Street that the author of "Paradise Lost" received the tardy charity of twenty pieces of silver sent him by Lord Essex. He returned it with bitterly courteous expression of regret that he had "no time to spend them."

A NEW PROPOSAL.

Mr. Loder discovers in the contemplated improvement of Parliament Street an opportunity of adding to the comfort and convenience of Ministers and officials. He suggests that from somewhere in the neighbourhood of Downing Street a subway may start, landing in Palace Yard. As the money in this instance would be forthcoming not from the purse of a railway company, but from the coffers of the State, it is not probable the scheme will meet with the warm approval bestowed upon the passage under Bridge Street. Moreover, objection may reasonably be taken on behalf of the Man in the Street. During Mr. Gladstone's Premiership it was the daily delight of a crowd lining Downing Street, and of another clustered opposite the gates of Palace Yard, to await the coming of the veteran statesman. Had he, enticed by the privacy and shelter of the subway, gone underground, much innocent pleasure and excitement would have been lost. Nor would the public to-day willingly let die the opportunity of seeing Mr. Arthur Balfour, with long, swinging stride, and a pleasant smile on his still boyish face, pass daily through the Session on his way to the House of Commons.

PARVENU PEERS IN PARLIAMENT.

In the published letters of the late Archbishop Magee there are several indications, scratched by a ruthlessly sharp pen, of the heartburning that underlies the ordinary placid appearance of the House of Lords. "I am thoroughly sick of episcopal life in Parliament," moans Dr. Magee, after he had sat in it for ten years as Bishop of Peterborough. "We are hated by the Peers as a set of *parvenus* whom they would gladly rid themselves of if they dare, and only allowed on sufferance to speak now and then on Church questions after a timid and respectful sort."

Dr. Magee addressing any body of his fellow-creatures in timid and respectful attitude does not immediately jump with conclusions formed in reminiscence of his ordinary manner. The suggestion shows how deeply he was moved.

DEBATE IN LORDS AND COMMONS.

Differences in custom of debate tend to make things harder for an undesirable speaker in the House of Lords than for one similarly esteemed in the House of Commons. Though the Lord Chancellor is titularly Speaker, and, better still for Lord Halsbury, has a special salary of £4,000 a year as such, he has not any of that autocratic authority exercised by the Speaker of the House of Commons. On the occasion of big debates, the Speaker is accustomed to receive suggestions from the Whips on either side as to the persons who shall take part in the discussion, and the order in which they follow. But the communication is strictly in the form of a suggestion, leaving unquestioned the Speaker's absolute right to make selection. In the House of Lords there is no such procedure as that known in the other House as "catching the Speaker's eye." On ordinary occasions noble lords desiring to take part in a debate plunge in whenever they please. In the House of Commons, if two or more members rise at the same moment, the Speaker calls on one, and the others promptly resume their seats. In the House of Lords, if two peers rise at the same moment and neither will give way, the difficulty can be got over only by formal motion made that Lord A—— or Lord B—— be heard.

On big field-nights, such as the second reading of the Home Rule Bill or the Irish Land Bill, the list of speakers on one side, and the order of their appearance, is drawn up by Lord Salisbury, a similar list being prepared by the Leader of the party opposite. These lists serve as stone walls against the desire of any Lord of Parliament who may desire to enjoy his birthright by addressing his peers.

AN UNDELIVERED SPEECH.

In the debate on the second reading of the Irish Land Bill, passed by Lord Salisbury's Government, an Irish Law Lord who knows the question thoroughly, and whose racy speech is much relished by the House and the public, regarded it as a matter of course that he would be expected to take

part in the debate. He was, accordingly, at some pains to prepare a speech presumably full of good things. Inquiring where he was to come in, he was quietly told that he would not be wanted.

LORD MORRIS.

"So," he says, with a twinkle in his eye and a richer note in his brogue, "I'm saving this speech up for the next Irish Land Bill a Conservative Government will bring in."

A CHEERFUL SIMILE.

It seems natural enough that a clergyman, albeit an archbishop, projected into the political arena, should be possessed with that feeling of chilliness in the atmosphere of the House of Lords which Dr. Magee indicates in the passage quoted. But it affects even lawyers. A short time before his death the first Lord Coleridge, talking to me about the

THE LATE LORD COLERIDGE.

House of Lords, said: "I have had my seat there now for more than a dozen years. But when at this day I rise to speak I have something of the feeling that chilled me at my first essay. Making a set speech in the House of Lords is like getting up in a churchyard and addressing the tombstones."

A COLLOQUY AT THE ADMIRALTY.

The prospect of Lord Charles Beresford returning to the House of Commons, a happy event not likely to be long deferred, flutters the Admiralty with pleased anticipation. As seen from Whitehall, it is doubtful whether Lord Charles, being in Parliament, is better in office or out of it. Out of it he is always cruising round, continually threatening to run down the First Lords' frigate with his saucy gunboat. In office he is not any more tractable.

He tells a charming story of what happened to him "when I was at the Admiralty."

"One morning," Lord Charles says, "a clerk came in with a wet quill pen, and said: 'Good-morning. Will you sign the Estimates of the year?' I said: 'What!' He said: 'Will you sign the Estimates for the year?' I said: 'My good man, I have not seen them.' 'Oh, well,' he said, shoving a little astern, 'the other Lords have signed them. It will be very inconvenient if you don't.' 'I'm very sorry,' I said. 'I'm afraid I'm altogether inconvenient in this place. Certainly I sha'n't sign Estimates I've not seen.' 'I must go and tell the First Lord,' said the horrified clerk. I assured him I didn't care a fig whom he told. Being at the time the Coal Lord, I knew the coal was not half enough to supply the fleet as it stood, and the fleet wasn't near enough the strength it ought to be. So I flatly refused to sign, and the Estimates were brought into the House without my signature. The omission was noted and an explanation demanded. 'Really,' said the First Lord, 'it does not matter whether the Junior Lord signs the Estimates or does not.'"

"I SHA'N'T SIGN THE ESTIMATES."

MR. GEDGE HAS A PLAN.

Mr. Sydney Gedge has thought out a means of saving public time in the House of Commons, which he will, in the course of the coming Session, invite the House to

embody in a Standing Order. It is aimed against the practice of a few recalcitrant members insisting upon dividing when their chances of prevailing in the lobby are ludicrously hopeless. A division taken in ordinary circumstances with a full House and only a moderate majority occupies a minimum of ten minutes. If the minority is exceptionally small and the House is full when the division bell rings, the time taken is longer, since a larger crowd of members throng one lobby.

This is an opportunity not lost upon obstructionists, who when they tire of talking have only to challenge a division, which secures for them a little wholesome exercise, combined with a waste of ten minutes of public time.

Mr. Gedge proposes that the Speaker, or if the House is in Committee the Chairman, may, after putting the question a second time and finding his opinion challenged, call for a show of hands. He may thereupon declare whether the "ayes" or "noes" have it, his decision to be final. In order to gratify the desire of members to see their names in the division list, Mr. Gedge further proposes that members may write their names, with the word "aye" or "no," on a card provided for the purpose, and deposit it in a box, the votes so signified to be printed in the division list.

FORE-STALLED.

There is already in existence a Standing Order designed to effect the purpose Mr. Gedge has at heart. In accordance with it, the Speaker, or Chairman of Committees, regarding a division as frivolously claimed, may direct those clamouring for it to stand up in their places. The Committee clerks are summoned; the names of members on their feet are ticked off, and are printed with the votes on the following day.

This is an excellent rule, calculated to save time and to rebuke petulant obstruction. It is, however, very rarely invoked. Since it was added to the Order Book, successive Speakers and Chairmen of Committees have declined habitually to use it. They think it better to waste ten minutes of public time than to incur the reproach of limiting the freedom of duly elected members to take a division.

FRIVOLOUS DIVISIONS.

Once last Session Mr. Weir succeeded in provoking the Chairman of Committees to put in force the Standing Order. In Committee of Supply he, lamenting the slack attendance of Her Majesty's ships in the neighbourhood of the Hebrides, moved to reduce Mr. Goschen's salary by the sum of £1,500. The Chairman, putting the question, declared the "noes" had it. Mr. Weir insisted on the contrary, and claimed a division. Thereupon, the Chairman directed the "ayes" to stand up. Nine members, including Mr. Caldwell and Dr. Tanner, supported Mr. Weir.

It was a significant circumstance that on the next vote Dr. Tanner made a motion at least as frivolous. But the Chairman did not again have recourse to the Standing Order. In the division that followed the minority was eight. Whence it would appear that the challenge for a division was one-ninth more frivolous than the one upon which the Chairman had taken action.

THE NEW MEMBERS.

New members prominent in the proceedings of last Session, when they formed a considerable leavening of the whole, are this Session notable for the absence of peculiarities. Last year, more particularly in the early months, hardly a night passed but some new member was discovered walking out to a division with his hat on, or, strolling up the floor, unconcernedly walking between the speaker on his legs and the Speaker in the Chair. Probably no man ever does that twice. The blood-curdling roar of contumely that follows on his undesigned indiscretion is enough to make him walk warily for the rest of his legislative life. But many new members came to Westminster after the General Election of 1895, and a succession of them fell into the trap.

HAIR-CURLED ORATORY.

The most delightful incident in the evolution of new members of the present Parliament stands to the credit of a member who sits above the gangway on the Opposition benches. Very early after taking the oath he resolved to make his maiden speech. Impressed with the respect due to the Mother of Parliaments, he considered what he should do in order properly to render it. Discussing with himself various suggestions, he finally resolved that before he rose to catch the Speaker's eye he would have his hair curled.

One afternoon, to the astonishment of members in his immediate neighbourhood, he came down oiled and curled like an Assyrian bull. Unfortunately, the delicate attention he had paid to the House was not reciprocated by the Speaker. Up to dinner time, whenever a member taking part in the debate resumed his seat, a curled head was seen flashing up above the gangway, and a

voice issuing from below the fringe said, "Mr. Speaker!" But the owner was persistently ignored.

Wearied by reiterated effort and continual disappointment, he went out about the dinner hour to get some refreshment. He was back early in fresh quest of opportunity. But, even in the more favourable circumstances of lessened attendance and reduced competition, he did not get his chance. New members have a prescriptive right to precedence over all but the giants of debate. On this occasion new members seemed, with one accord, to have agreed to seize the opportunity.

It was eleven o'clock before the member above the gangway was called upon, by which time, partly owing to the heat of the atmosphere, partly to extreme mental perturbation, his hair was almost entirely out of curl. But the attention was well meant, and was much appreciated by members who in the course of the evening possessed themselves of the secret.

A NEW WORD.

It was another new member, fresh from Ireland, who, in the heat of oratory, flashed forth a new and delightfully expressive word. Mr. Gerald Balfour had declined to assent to one of the many proposals formulated by rival factions below the gangway opposite.

"Sir," said Mr. Murnaghan, fixing the Minister with flaming eye, "I can tell the Chief Secretary that his message will be received in Ireland with *constirpation*."

A FEARFUL WARNING.

A friendly reader of these discursive pages sends me, as a token of his esteem, a rare pamphlet whose well-thumbed condition testifies to the interest it has excited. "A Short History of Prime Ministers in Great Britain" is its title, the imprint showing that it was "done by H. Haines, at Mr. Francklin's, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, 1733."

The history, much condensed, is designed to show how fatal for a nation's welfare is the delegation of kingly rule to the hands of a single man. The anonymous writer goes as far back as the time of William the Conqueror with his favourite Minister, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, and passing through succeeding reigns, shows how A'Beckett, Hubert de Burgh, Mortimer, Somerset, Buckingham, and others placed in supreme power by the personal affection of the Sovereign, brought their country to the verge of ruin.

The gem of the work is reserved for the end, where the author, summarizing the history of Prime Ministers, shows how fearsome was their fate. Here is his list made out in the fashion of a butcher's weekly account for meat :—

DY'D by the Halter	3
Ditto by the Axe	10
Ditto by STURDY BEGGARS	3
Ditto untimely by private Hands.....	2
Ditto in Imprisonment	4
Ditto in Exile.....	4
Ditto Penitent.....	1
Saved by Sacrificing their Master	4
Sum Total of PRIME MINISTERS...	31

"GERALD."

Like Captain Bunsby's remarks, the bearing of the pamphleteer's observations lies in the application thereof. Only one reference is made to current politics. "It would scarce have been safe," he writes, "I am sure it would not have been prudent, thus to entertain the Publick with the dismal Consequences, that have hitherto followed, upon vesting all Power in *One Man*. But at a Time like *This*, when it is the joy of all good Men to see that there is no one *Prime Minister* at the Helm; but that several *equally able, equally virtuous, and great Men* jointly draw on the *well-ballanced Machine of State*, which therefore cannot, as I pray it may not, totter."

The wicked slyness of the pamphleteer is realized when we recall the fact that at the time he launched his artfully prepared dart, Sir Robert Walpole was first Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, had held the position for twelve years, and seemed likely, as indeed the event proved, to retain it for nine years longer.

By Grant Allen.

"SEY," my brother-in-law said next spring, "I'm sick and tired of London! Let's shoulder our wallets at once, and I will to some distant land, where no man doth me know."

"Mars or Mercury?" I inquired; "for, in our own particular planet, I'm afraid you'll find it just a trifle difficult for Sir Charles Vandrift to hide his light under a bushel."

"Oh, I'll manage it," Charles answered. "What's the good of being a millionaire, I should like to know, if you're always obliged to 'behave as sich'? I shall travel *incog.* I'm dog-tired of being dogged by these endless impostors."

And, indeed, we had passed through a most painful winter. Colonel Clay had stopped away for some months, it is true, and for my own part, I will confess, since it wasn't *my* place to pay the piper, I rather missed the wonted excitement than otherwise. But Charles had grown horribly and morbidly suspicious. He carried out his principle of "distrusting everybody and disbelieving everything," till life was a burden to him. He spotted impossible Colonel Clays under a thousand disguises; he was quite convinced he had frightened his enemy away at least a dozen times over, beneath the varying garb of a fat club waiter, a tall policeman, a washerwoman's boy, a solicitor's clerk, the Bank of England beadle, and the collector of water-rates. He saw him as constantly, and in as changeful forms, as mediæval saints used to see the devil. Amelia and I really began to fear for the stability of that splendid intellect; we foresaw that unless the Colonel Clay nuisance could be abated somehow, Charles might sink by degrees to the mental level of a common or ordinary Stock-Exchange plunger.

So, when my brother-in-law announced his intention of going away *incog.* to parts unknown, on the succeeding Saturday, Amelia and I felt a flush of relief from long-continued tension. Especially Amelia—who was *not* going with him.

"For rest and quiet," he said to us at breakfast, laying down the *Morning Post*, "give *me* the deck of an Atlantic liner! No letters; no telegrams. No stocks; no shares. No *Times;* no *Saturday.* I'm sick of these papers!"

"The *World* is too much with us," I assented, cheerfully. I regret to say, nobody appreciated the point of my quotation.

Charles took infinite pains, I must admit, to insure perfect secrecy. He made me write and secure the best state-rooms—main deck, amidships — under my own name, without mentioning his, in the *Etruria*, for New York, on her very next voyage. He spoke of his destination to nobody but Amelia; and Amelia warned Césarine, under pains and penalties, on no account to betray it to the other servants. Further to secure his *incog.*, Charles assumed the style and title of Mr. Peter Porter, and booked as such in the *Etruria* at Liverpool.

The day before starting, however, he went down with me to the City for an interview with his brokers in Adam's Court, Old Broad

Street. Finglemore, the senior partner, hastened, of course, to receive us. As we entered his private room, a good-looking young man rose and lounged out. "Halloa, Finglemore," Charles said, "that's that scamp of a brother of yours! I thought you had shipped him off years and years ago to China?"

"So I did, Sir Charles," Finglemore answered, rubbing his hands somewhat nervously. "But he never went there. Being an idle young dog, with a taste for amusement, he got for the time no farther than Paris. Since then, he's hung about a bit, here, there, and everywhere, and done no particular good for himself or his family. But about three or four years ago he somehow 'struck ile': he went to South Africa, poaching on your preserves; and now he's back again—rich, married, and respectable. His wife, a nice little woman, has reformed him.—Well, what can I do for you this morning?"

Charles has large interests in America, in Santa Fé and Topekas, and other big concerns; and he insisted on taking out several documents and vouchers connected in various ways with his widespread ventures there. He meant to go, he said, for complete rest and change, on a general tour of private inquiry—New York, Chicago, Colorado, the mining districts. It was a millionaire's holiday. So he took all these valuables in a black japanned dispatch-box, which he guarded like a child with absurd precautions. He never allowed that box out of his sight one moment; and he gave me no peace as to its safety and integrity. It was a perfect fetish. "We must be cautious," he said, "Sey, cautious! Especially in travelling. Recollect how that little curate spirited the diamonds out of Amelia's jewel-case! I shall not let this box out of my sight. I shall stick to it myself, if we go to the bottom."

We did *not* go to the bottom. It is the proud boast of the Cunard Company that it has "never lost a passenger's life"; and the captain would not consent to send the *Etruria* to Davy Jones's locker, merely in order to give Charles a chance of sticking to his dispatch-box under trying circumstances. On the contrary, we had a delightful and uneventful passage; and we found our fellow-passengers most agreeable people. Charles, as Mr. Peter Porter, being freed for the moment from his terror of Colonel Clay, would have felt really happy, I believe—had it not been for the dispatch-box. He made friends from the first hour (quite after the careless old fashion of the days before Colonel Clay had begun to embitter life for him) with a nice American doctor and his charming wife, on their way back to Kentucky. Dr. Elihu Quackenboss — that was his characteristically American name — had been studying medicine for a year in Vienna, and was now returning to his native State with a brain close crammed with all the latest bacteriological and antiseptic discoveries. His wife, a pretty and piquant little American, with a tip-tilted nose and the quaint sharpness of her countrywomen, amused Charles not a little. The funny way in which she would make room for him by her side on the bench on deck, and say, with a sweet smile, "You sit right here, Mr. Porter; the sun's just elegant," delighted and flattered him. He was proud to find out that female attention was not always due to his wealth and title; and that plain Mr. Porter could command on his merits the same amount of blandishments as Sir Charles Vandrift, the famous millionaire, on his South African celebrity.

"FINGLEMORE'S BROTHER."

During the whole of that voyage, it was Mrs. Quackenboss here, and Mrs. Quackenboss there, and Mrs. Quackenboss the other place, till, for Amelia's sake, I was glad she was not on board to witness it. Long before we sighted Sandy Hook, I will admit, I was fairly sick of Charles's two-stringed harp—Mrs. Quackenboss and the dispatch-box.

Mrs. Quackenboss, it turned out, was an amateur artist, and she painted Sir Charles, on calm days on deck, in all possible attitudes. She seemed to find him a most attractive model.

The doctor, too, was a precious clever fellow. He knew something of chemistry —and of most other subjects, including, as I gathered, the human character. For he talked to Charles about various ideas of his, with which he wished to "liven up folks in Kentucky a bit" on his return, till Charles conceived the highest possible regard for his intelligence and enterprise. "That's a go-ahead fellow, Sey!" he remarked to me one day. "Has the right sort of grit in him! These Americans are the men. Wish I had a round hundred of them on my works in South Africa!"

That idea seemed to grow upon him. He was immensely taken with it. He had lately dismissed one of his chief superintendents at the Cloetedorp mine, and he seriously debated whether or not he should offer the post to the smart Kentuckian. For my own part, I am inclined to connect this fact with his expressed determination to visit his South African undertakings for three months yearly in future; and I am driven to suspect he felt life at Cloetedorp would be rendered much more tolerable by the agreeable society of a quaint and amusing American lady.

"If you offer it to him," I said, "remember, you must disclose your personality."

"Not at all," Charles answered. "I can keep it dark for the present, till all is arranged for. I need only say I have interests in South Africa."

So, one morning on deck, as we were approaching the Banks, he broached his scheme gently to the doctor and Mrs. Quackenboss. He remarked that he was connected with one of the biggest financial concerns in the Southern hemisphere; and that he would pay Elihu fifteen hundred a year to represent him at the diggings.

"What, dollars?" the lady said, smiling and accentuating the tip-tilted nose a little more. "Oh, Mr. Porter, it ain't good enough!"

"No, pounds, my dear madam," Charles responded. "Pounds sterling, you know. In United States currency, seven thousand five hundred."

"I guess Elihu would just jump at it," Mrs. Quackenboss replied, looking at him quizzically.

The doctor laughed. "You make a good bid, sir," he said, in his slow American way, emphasizing all the most unimportant words: "*But* you overlook one element. I *am* a man of science, not a speculator. I *have* trained myself for medical work, *at* considerable cost, *in* the best schools of Europe, *and* I do not propose *to* fling away the results *of* much arduous labour *by* throwing myself out elastically *into* a new line of work *for* which my faculties *may* not perhaps equally adapt me."

("How thoroughly American!" I murmured, in the background.)

Charles insisted; all in vain. Mrs Quackenboss was impressed; but the doctor smiled always a sphinx-like smile, and re-

"CHARLES INSISTED."

iterated his belief in the unfitness of mid-stream as an ideal place for swopping horses. The more he declined, and the better he talked, the more eager Charles became each day to secure him. And, as if on purpose to draw him on, the doctor each day gave more and more surprising proofs of his practical abilities. "I *am* not a specialist," he said. "I just ketch the drift, appropriate the kernel, *and* let the rest slide."

He could do anything, it really seemed, from shoeing a mule to conducting a camp-meeting; he was a capital chemist, a very sound surgeon, a fair judge of horseflesh, a first-class euchre player, and a pleasing baritone. When occasion demanded, he could occupy a pulpit. He had invented a corkscrew, which brought him in a small revenue; and he was now engaged in the translation of a Polish work, on the "Application of Hydrocyanic Acid to the Cure of Leprosy."

Still, we reached New York without having got any nearer our goal, as regarded Dr. Quackenboss. He came to bid us good-bye at the quay, with that sphinx-like smile still playing upon his features. Charles clutched the dispatch-box with one hand, and Mrs. Quackenboss's little palm with the other.

"*Don't* tell us," he said, "this is good-bye—for ever!" And his voice quite faltered.

"I guess so, Mr. Porter," the pretty American replied, with a telling glance. "What hotel do you patronize?"

"The Murray Hill," Charles responded.

"Oh, my, ain't that odd?" Mrs. Quackenboss echoed. "The Murray Hill! Why, that's just where we're going, too, Elihu!"

The upshot of which was that Charles persuaded them, before returning to Kentucky, to diverge for a few days with us to Lake George and Lake Champlain, where he hoped to over-persuade the recalcitrant doctor.

To Lake George therefore we went, and stopped at the excellent hotel at the terminus of the railway. We spent a good deal of our time on the light little steamers that ply between that point and the road to Ticonderoga. Somehow, the mountains mirrored in the deep green water reminded me of Lucerne; and Lucerne reminded me of the little curate. For the first time since we left England, a vague terror seized me. *Could* Elihu Quackenboss be Colonel Clay again, still dogging our steps through the opposite continent?

I could not help mentioning my suspicion to Charles—who, strange to say, pooh-poohed it. He had been paying great court to Mrs. Quackenboss that day, and was absurdly elated because the little American had rapped his knuckles with her fan and called him "a real silly."

Next day, however, an odd thing occurred. We strolled out together, all four of us, along the banks of the lake, among woods just carpeted with strange, triangular flowers—trilliums, Mrs. Quackenboss called them—and lined with delicate ferns in the first green of springtide.

I began to grow poetical. (I wrote verses in my youth, before I went to South Africa.) We threw ourselves on the grass, near a small mountain stream that descended among moss-clad boulders from the steep woods above us. The Kentuckian flung himself at full length on the sward, just in front of Charles. He had a strange head of hair, very thick and shaggy. I don't know why, but, of a sudden, it reminded me of the Mexican Seer, whom we had learned to remember now as Colonel Clay's first embodiment. At the same moment, the same thought seemed to run through Charles's head; for, strange to say, with a quick impulse he leant forward and examined it. I saw Mrs. Quackenboss draw back in wonder. The hair looked too thick and close for nature. It ended abruptly, I now remembered, with a sharp line on the forehead. Could this, too, be a wig? It seemed very probable.

Even as I thought that thought, Charles appeared to form a sudden and resolute determination. With one lightning swoop, he seized the doctor's hair in his powerful hand, and tried to lift it off bodily. He had made a bad guess. Next instant the doctor uttered a loud and terrified howl of pain, while several of his hairs, root and all, came out of his scalp in Charles's hand, leaving a few drops of blood on the skin of the head in the place they were torn from. There was no doubt at all it was not a wig, but the Kentuckian's natural hirsute covering!

The scene that ensued, I am powerless to describe. My pen is unequal to it. The doctor arose, not so much angry as astonished, white, and incredulous. "What did you do that for, any way?" he asked, glaring fiercely at my brother-in-law. Charles was all abject apology. He began by profusely expressing his regret, and offering to make any suitable reparation, monetary or otherwise. Then he revealed his whole hand. He admitted that he was Sir Charles Vandrift, the famous millionaire, and that he had suffered egregiously from the endless machin-

"HE SEIZED THE DOCTOR'S HAIR."

ations of a certain Colonel Clay, a machiavellian rogue, who had hounded him relentlessly round the capitals of Europe. He described in graphic detail how the impostor got himself up with wigs and wax, so as to deceive even those who knew him intimately: and then, he threw himself on Dr. Quackenboss's mercy, as a man who had been cruelly taken in so often that he could not help suspecting the best of men falsely. Mrs. Quackenboss admitted it was natural to have suspicions — "Especially," she said, with candour, "as you're not the first to observe the notable way Elihu's hair seems to originate from his forehead," and she pulled it up to show us. But Elihu himself sulked on in the dumps: his dignity was offended. "*If* you wanted to know," he said, "you might as well have asked me. Assault *and* battery *is* not the right way to test whether *a* citizen's hair is primitive or acquired."

"It was an impulse," Charles pleaded; "an instinctive impulse!"

"Civilized man restrains his impulses," the doctor answered. "You *have* lived too long *in* South Africa, Mr. Porter—I mean, Sir Charles Vandrift, if that's the right way *to* address such a gentleman. You appear to *have* imbibed the habits *and* manners of the Kaffirs you lived among."

For the next two days, I will really admit, Charles seemed more wretched than I could believe it possible for him to be on somebody else's account. He positively grovelled. The fact was, he saw he had hurt Dr. Quackenboss's feelings, and—much to my surprise—he seemed truly grieved at it. If the doctor would have accepted a thousand pounds down to shake hands at once and forget the incident—in my opinion Charles would have gladly paid it. Indeed, he said as much in other words to the pretty American—for he could not insult her by offering her money. Mrs. Quackenboss did her best to make it up, for she was a kindly little creature, in spite of her roguishness; but Elihu stood aloof. Charles urged him still to go out to South Africa, increasing his bait to two thousand a year; yet the doctor was immovable. "No, no," he said; "I had half decided *to* accept your offer—*till* that unfortunate impulse; but that settled the question. *As* an American citizen, I decline *to* become the representative *of* a British nobleman who takes such means *of* investigating questions which affect the hair and happiness *of* his fellow-creatures."

I don't know whether Charles was most disappointed at missing the chance of so clever a superintendent for the mine at Cloetedorp, or elated at the novel description of himself as "a British nobleman." Which is not precisely our English idea of a colonial knighthood.

Three days later, accordingly, the Quackenbosses left the Lakeside Hotel. We were bound on an expedition up the lake ourselves, when the pretty little woman burst in with a dash, to tell us they were leaving. She was charmingly got up in the neatest and

completest of American travelling-dresses. Charles held her hand affectionately. "I'm sorry it's good-bye," he said. "I have done my best to secure your husband."

"You couldn't have tried harder than I did," the little woman answered, and the tip-tilted nose looked quite pathetic; "for I just hate to be buried right down there in Kentucky! However, Elihu is the sort of man a woman can neither drive nor lead; so we've got to put up with him." And she smiled upon us sweetly, and disappeared for ever.

Charles was disconsolate all that day. Next morning he rose, and announced his intention of setting out for the West on his tour of inspection. He would recreate by revelling in Colorado silver lodes.

We packed our own portmanteaus, for Charles had not brought even Simpson with him, and then we prepared to set out by the morning train for Saratoga.

Up till almost the last moment Charles nursed his dispatch-box. But as the "baggage-smashers" were taking down our luggage, and a chambermaid was lounging officiously about in search of a tip, he laid it down for a second or two on the centre table while he collected his other immediate impedimenta. He couldn't find his cigarette-case, and went back to the bedroom for it. I helped him hunt, but it had disappeared mysteriously. That moment lost him. When we had found the cigarette-case, and returned to the sitting-room—lo, and behold! the dispatch-box was missing! Charles questioned the servants, but none of them had noticed it. He searched round the room—not a trace of it anywhere.

"Why, I laid it down here just two minutes ago!" he cried. But it was not forthcoming.

"THE PRETTY LITTLE WOMAN BURST IN."

"It'll turn up in time," I said. "Everything turns up in the end—including Mrs. Quackenboss's nose."

"Seymour," said my brother-in-law, "your hilarity is inopportune."

To say the truth, Charles was beside himself with anger. He took the elevator down to the "Bureau," as they call it, and complained to the manager. The manager, a sharp-faced New Yorker, smiled as he remarked in a nonchalant way that guests with valuables were required to leave them in charge of the management, in which case they were locked up in the safe and duly returned to the depositor on leaving. Charles declared somewhat excitedly that he had been robbed, and demanded that nobody should be allowed to leave the hotel till the dispatch-box was recovered. The manager, quite cool, and obtrusively picking his teeth, responded that such tactics might be possible in an hotel of the European size, putting up a couple of hundred guests or so; but that an American house, with over a thousand visitors—many

of whom came and went daily—could not undertake such a quixotic quest on behalf of a single foreign complainant.

That epithet, "foreign," stung Charles to the quick. No Englishman can admit that he is anywhere a foreigner. "Do you know who I am, sir?" he asked, angrily. "I am Sir Charles Vandrift, of London—a member of the English Parliament."

"You may be the Prince of Wales," the man answered, "for all I care. You'll get the same treatment as anyone else, in America. But if you're Sir Charles Vandrift," he went on, examining his books, "how does it come you've registered as Mr. Peter Porter?"

Charles grew red with embarrassment. The difficulty deepened.

The dispatch-box, always covered with a leather case, bore on its inner lid the name "Sir Charles Vandrift, K.C.M.G.," distinctly painted in the orthodox white letters. This was a painful *contretemps;* he had lost his precious documents; he had given a false name; and he had rendered the manager supremely careless whether or not he recovered his stolen property. Indeed, seeing he had registered as Porter, and now "claimed" as Vandrift, the manager hinted in pretty plain language he very much doubted whether there had ever been a dispatch-box in the matter at all, or whether, if there were one, it had ever contained any valuable documents.

We spent a wretched morning. Charles went round the hotel, questioning everybody as to whether they had seen his dispatch-box. Most of the visitors resented the question as a personal imputation; one fiery Virginian, indeed, wanted to settle the point then and there with a six-shooter. Charles telegraphed to New York to prevent the shares and coupons from being negotiated; but his brokers telegraphed back that, though they had stopped the numbers as far as possible, they did so with reluctance, as they were not aware of Sir Charles Vandrift being now in the country. Charles declared he wouldn't leave the hotel till he recovered his property; and for myself, I was inclined to suppose we would have to remain there accordingly for the term of our natural lives—and longer.

That night again we spent at the Lakeside Hotel. In the small hours of the morning, as I lay awake and meditated, a thought broke across me. I was so excited by it that I rose and rushed into my brother-in-law's bedroom. "Charles, Charles!" I exclaimed, "we have taken too much for granted once more. Perhaps Elihu Quackenboss carried off your dispatch-box!"

"You fool," Charles answered, in his most unamiable manner (he applies that word to me with increasing frequency); "is *that* what you've waked me up for? Why, the Quackenbosses left Lake George on Tuesday morning, and I had the dispatch-box in my own hands on Wednesday."

"We have only their word for it," I cried. "Perhaps they stopped on—and walked off with it afterwards!"

"We will inquire to-morrow," Charles

"A FIERY VIRGINIAN."

answered. "But I confess I don't think it was worth waking me up for. I could stake my life on that little woman's integrity."

We *did* inquire next morning—with this curious result: it turned out that, though the Quackenbosses had left the Lakeside Hotel on Tuesday, it was only for the neighbouring Washington House, which they quitted on Wednesday morning, taking the same train for Saratoga which Charles and I had intended to go by. Mrs. Quackenboss carried a small brown paper parcel in her hands—in which, under the circumstances, we had little difficulty in recognising Charles's dispatch-box, loosely enveloped.

Then I knew how it was done. The chambermaid, loitering about the room for a tip, was—Mrs. Quackenboss! It needed but an apron to transform her pretty travelling-dress into a chambermaid's costume; and in any of those huge American hotels, one chambermaid more or less would pass in the crowd without fear of challenge.

"We will follow them on to Saratoga," Charles cried. "Pay the bill at once, Seymour."

"Certainly," I answered. "Will you give me some money?"

Charles clapped his hand to his pockets. "All, all in the dispatch-box!" he murmured.

That tied us up another day, till we could get some ready cash from our agents in New York; for the manager, already most suspicious at the change of name and the accusation of theft, peremptorily refused to accept Charles's cheque, or anything else, as he phrased it, except "hard money." So we lingered on perforce at Lake George, in ignoble inaction.

"Of course," I observed to my brother-in-law that evening, "Elihu Quackenboss was Colonel Clay."

"I suppose so," Charles murmured, resignedly. "Everybody I meet seems to be Colonel Clay nowadays—except when I believe they *are*, in which case they turn out to be harmless nobodies. But who would have thought it was he, after I pulled his hair out? Or after he persisted in his trick, even when I suspected him—which, he told us at Seldon, was against his first principles?"

A light dawned upon me again. But, warned by previous ebullitions, I expressed myself this time with becoming timidity. "Charles," I suggested, "may we not here again have been the slaves of a preconception? We thought Forbes-Gaskell was Colonel Clay—for no better reason than because he wore a wig. We thought Elihu Quackenboss wasn't Colonel Clay—for no better reason than because he didn't wear one. But how do we know he *ever* wears wigs? Isn't it possible, after all, that those hints he gave us about make-up, when he was Medhurst the detective, were framed on purpose so as to mislead and deceive us? And isn't it possible what he said of his methods at the Seamew's Island that day was similarly designed in order to hoodwink us?"

"That is so obvious, Sey," my brother-in-law observed, in a most aggrieved tone, "that I should have thought any secretary worth his salt would have arrived at it instantly."

I abstained from remarking that Charles himself had not arrived at it even now, until I told him. I thought that to say so would serve no good purpose. So I merely went on: "Well, it seems to me likely that when he came as Medhurst, with his hair cut short, he was really wearing his own natural crop, in its simplest form and of its native hue. By now, it has had time to grow long and bushy. When he was David Granton, no doubt, he clipped it to an intermediate length, trimmed his beard and moustache, and dyed them all red, to a fine Scotch colour. As the Seer, again, he wore his hair much the same as Elihu's; only, to suit the character, more combed and fluffy. As the little curate, he darkened it and plastered it down. As Von Lebenstein, he shaved close, but cultivated his moustache to its utmost dimensions, and dyed it black after the Tyrolese fashion. He need never have had a wig: his own natural hair would throughout have been sufficient, allowing for intervals."

"You're right, Sey," my brother-in-law said, growing almost friendly. "I will do you the justice to admit that's the nearest thing we have yet struck out to an idea for tracking him."

On the Saturday morning, a letter arrived which relieved us a little from our momentary tension. It was from our enemy himself—but most different in tone from his previous bantering communications:—

"Saratoga, Friday.

"SIR CHARLES VANDRIFT,—Herewith I return your dispatch-box, intact, with the papers untouched. As you will readily observe, it has not even been opened.

"You will ask the reason for this strange conduct. Let me be serious for once, and tell you truthfully.

"White Heather and I (for I will stick to Mr. Wentworth's judicious *sobriquet*) came

over on the *Etruria* with you, intending, as usual, to make something out of you. We followed you to Lake George—for I had 'forced a card,' after my habitual plan, by inducing you to invite us, with the fixed intention of playing a particular trick upon you. It formed no part of our original game to steal your dispatch-box; that I consider a simple and elementary trick unworthy the skill of a practised operator. We persisted in the preparations for our *coup*, till you pulled my hair out. Then, to my great surprise, I saw you exhibited a degree of regret and genuine compunction with which, till that moment, I could never have credited you. You thought you had hurt my feelings; and you behaved more like a gentleman than I had previously known you to do. You not only apologized, but you also endeavoured voluntarily to make reparation. That produced an effect upon me. You may not believe it, but I desisted accordingly from the trick I had prepared for you.

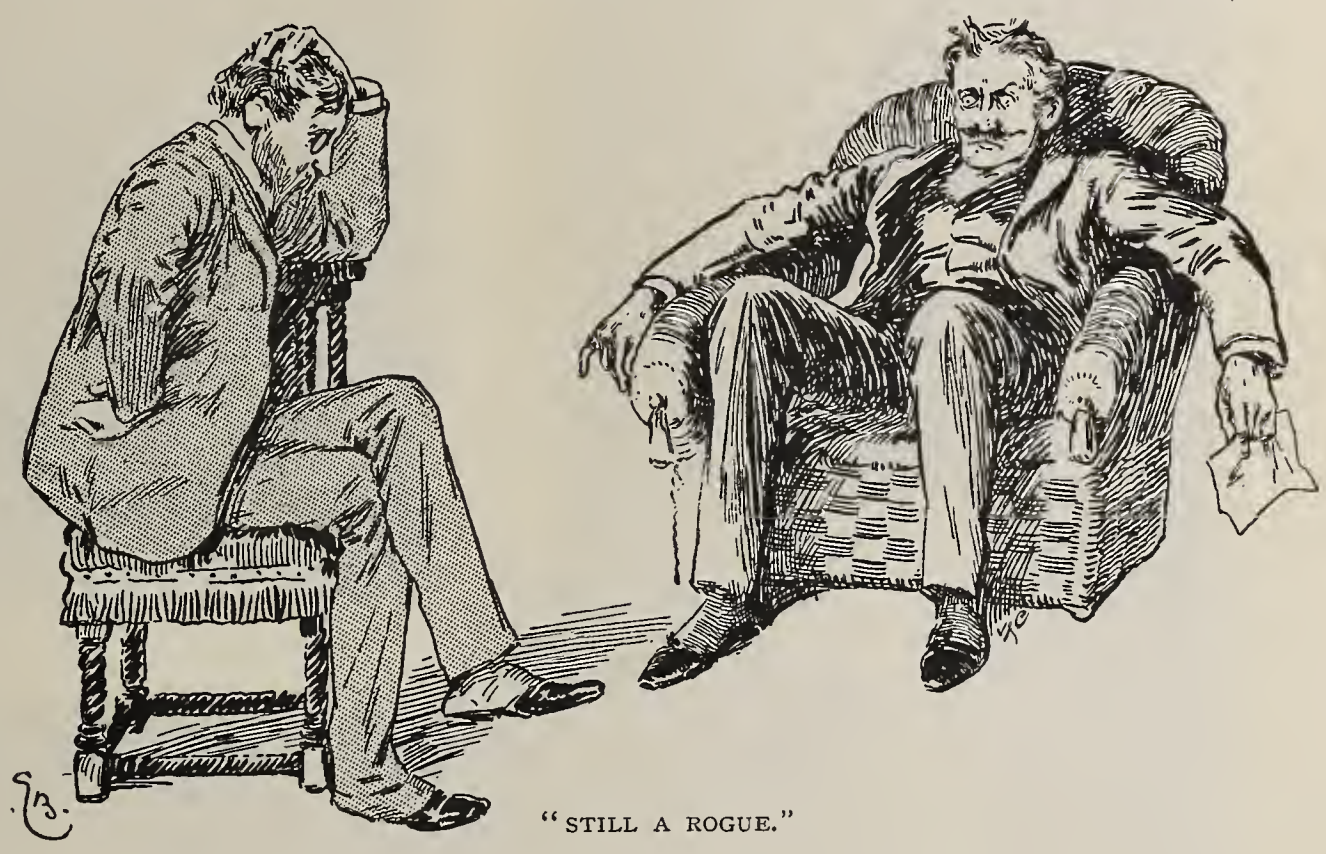
"I might also have accepted your offer to go to South Africa; where I could soon have cleared out, having embezzled thousands. But, then, I should have been in a position of trust and responsibility—and I am not *quite* rogue enough to rob you under those conditions.

"Whatever else I am, however, I am not a hypocrite. I do not pretend to be anything more than a common swindler. If I return you your papers intact, it is only on the same principle as that of the Australian bushranger, who made a lady *a present* of her own watch, because she had sung to him and reminded him of England. In other words, he did not take it from her. In like manner, when I found you had behaved, for once, like a gentleman, contrary to my expectation, I declined to go on with the trick I then meditated. Which does not mean to say I may not hereafter play you some other. *That* will depend upon your future good behaviour.

"Why, then, did I get White Heather to purloin your dispatch-box, with intent to return it? Out of pure lightness of heart? Not so; but in order to let you see I really meant it. If I had gone off with no swag, and then written you this letter, you would not have believed me. You would have thought it was merely another of my failures. But when I have actually got all your papers into my hands, and give them up again of my own free will, you must see that I mean it.

"I will end, as I began, seriously. My trade has not quite crushed out of me all germs or relics of better feeling; and when I see a millionaire behave like a man, I feel ashamed to take advantage of that gleam of manliness.

"Yours, with a tinge of penitence, but still a rogue, "CUTHBERT CLAY."



"STILL A ROGUE."

The first thing Charles did on receiving this strange communication was to bolt downstairs, and inquire for the dispatch-box. It had just arrived, by Eagle Express Company. Charles rushed up to our rooms again, opened it feverishly, and counted his documents. When he found them all safe, he turned to me with a hard smile. "This letter," he said, with quivering lips, "I consider still more insulting than all his previous ones."

But, for myself, I really thought there was a ring of truth about it. Colonel Clay was a rogue, no doubt—a most unblushing rogue; but even a rogue, I believe, has his better moments.

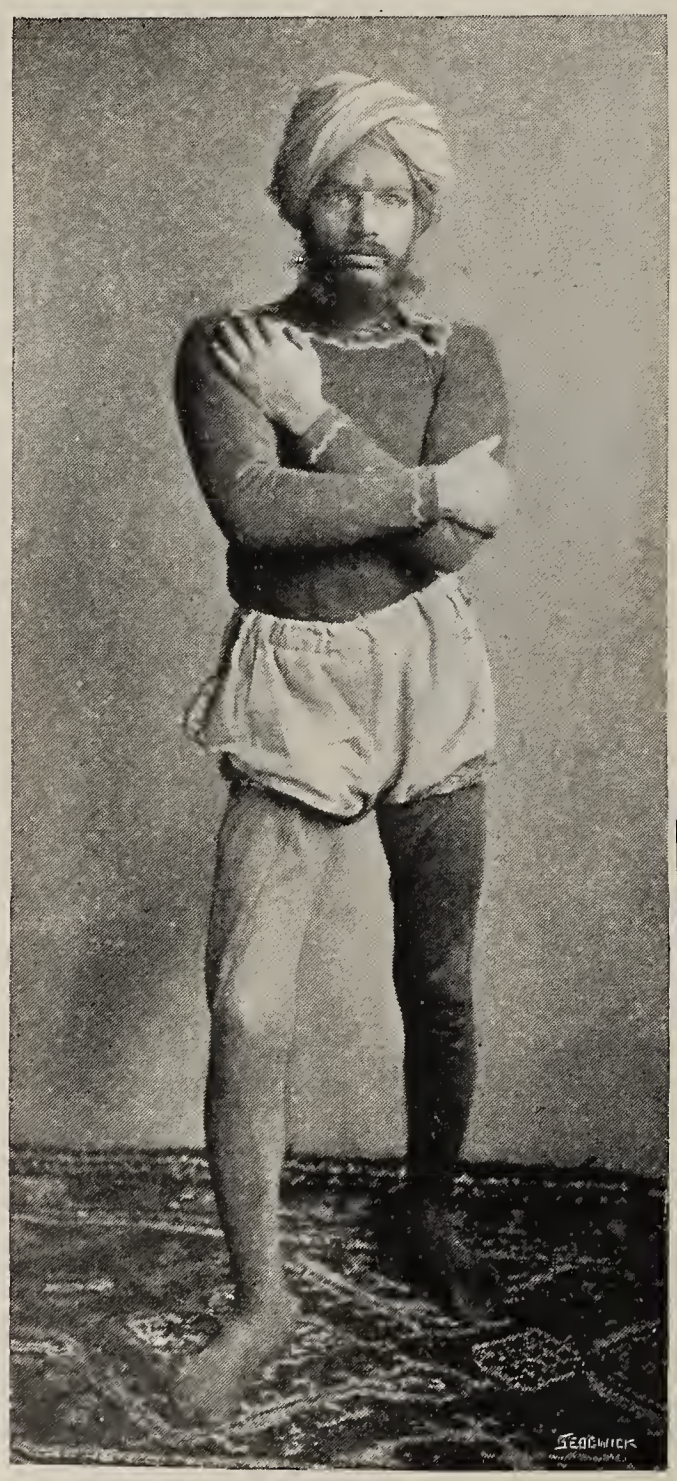
And the phrase about the "position of trust and responsibility" touched Charles to the quick, I suppose, *in re* the Slump in Cloetedorp Golcondas. Though, to be sure, it was a hit at me as well, over the 10 per cent. commission.

A Living Idol.

By Framley Steelcroft.

[*Illustrations from Photos. by George Newnes, Limited.*]

THE picturesque figure depicted on this page is none other than Bava Luchman Dass, a Punjabi, and a Brahmin of the highest caste—as, indeed, anyone may judge for himself from the smear of reddish-brown paint between the eyes. And Bava's history is as picturesque as his personality.



NO. 1.—BAVA LUCHMAN DASS, THE LIVING IDOL.

When he was but four or five years old, the great mutiny convulsed the Peninsula from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. Consequently Bava's parents suffered. "They were in a starving condition," to quote the words of the interpreter; and they sold their child to the mysterious priests that inhabit the Black Caves of Central India. The purchase price is not known.

From this time forward young Bava was cut out, *nolens volens*, for a Yoga. Now, the requisite training is peculiar and severe, but then there is a glorious aftermath of power, and free living, and ineffable laziness. One has to start early in life for this kind of thing, as Bava did. He was at it *forty years* before he received his diploma; which is the paint-mark aforesaid. A Brahmin Yoga, or priest, is able to throw himself at will into various postures, in imitation of certain idols. When he has attained absolute proficiency in this difficult art, he may consider himself provided with a calling which is at once holy and sufficient for all things. For the fully qualified Yoga needs neither scrip, nor staff, nor purse, nor wallet in the journey through life. He just strikes an impressive attitude at the street corners, and then money and hospitality are showered upon him in embarrassing abundance. Those upon whom he quarters himself think they are honoured indeed; and the rich merchants vie with one another in offering him presents and money. Literally, they idolize the Yoga.

Be it observed that Bava is straight-limbed as a Greek athlete—even if he hasn't the

NO. 2.

NO. 3.

physique. It is important to remember that not a single bone of his body is, or ever has been, broken.

No. 2 photo. shows the Yoga in his customary attitude of supplication at the street corners—awaiting worshippers, in fact. His complicated arms are supposed to be calling down all manner of blessings. For himself he has no need to pray, being already a deity. He is merely awaiting his call to the Brahmin Nirvana, supported meanwhile by the offerings of the faithful. It should be understood that the Yoga's posturing forms no sort of entertainment. His worshippers do all the entertaining, which usually takes the substantial form of free rations, the best room in the house, and liberal offerings of a miscellaneous kind. Not the least interesting or momentous episode in the Yoga's chequered career was his meeting with a certain rich Bombay merchant. They met at the Holy City of Benares, where Bava was reaping a grand harvest. It occurred to the merchant that, if the English people could not be induced to idolize the Yoga, they might at least pay handsomely to see him go through his forty-eight postures. 'Twas a brilliant notion;

but would that high caste Brahmin cross the *kala pani*, or black water of the ocean separating India from the West, and mix with unclean barbarians?

Alas! he would; it was merely a question of vulgar £ s. d. By a series of wonderful events, more startling than the magic of a Hindu sorcerer, the Yoga found himself translated from the mysterious Black Caves of Central India to a side-show at the Westminster Aquarium. Aye, and from there to the photographic studio of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. The third posture is a peculiar one—posture and motion combined, in fact, for the Yoga moves rythmically up and down on his left knee-joint. Bava Luchman Dass is no showman himself; he is too sad-eyed and serious for that blatant calling. But, then, consider the circumstances; why, the only analogy I can think of is Dr. Parker footing it on the slack wire at the Empire.

The applause of multitudes is thrown away on our living god. One amiable gentleman who saw the third photo. taken compared the Yoga's posture to a broken umbrella! And yet the human idol made no sign. Possibly he was praying for the irreverent scoffer.

In a serious article like this it is out of

NO. 4.

place to record much of the flippant talk of mere idle spectators. Whilst the Yoga was posing for No. 4, on one occasion, a Cockney was heard to exclaim that "it was a fine mode of pedomotion for a man cursed with corns." Others made bets as to whether the holy man could or could not beat Mr. Harry J. Lawson's latest motor car up a stiff hill!

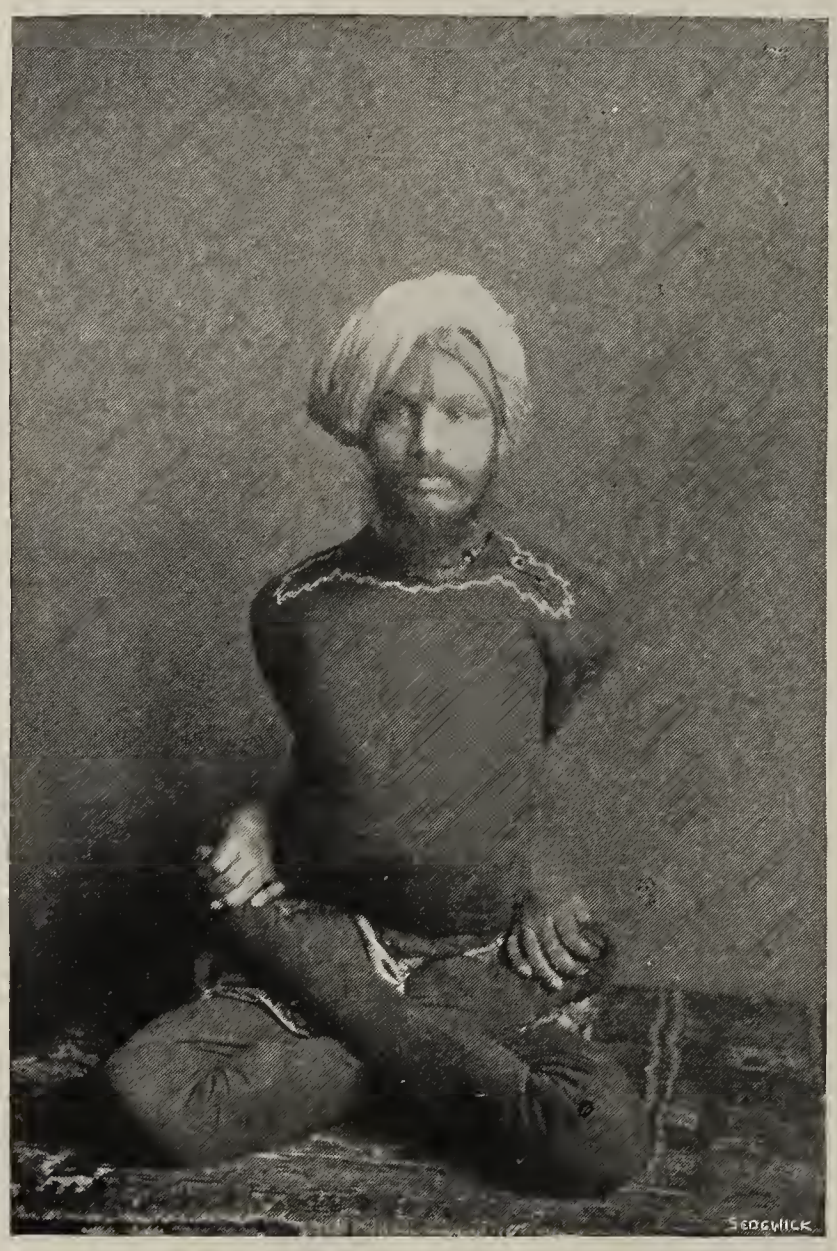
Certain it is that this remarkable man walks miles on the stumps of his knees. The pace is surprisingly elastic and fast, but there is no ascertainable record. The attitude itself is merely one of eloquent supplication; and if that posture would be out of place under the dome of St. Paul's, we may rest assured that the mere accomplishment of the feat—to say nothing of the sprinting—is exceedingly difficult of achievement.

From what I gathered, I came to the conclusion that when the ghastly consciousness that he was a side-show dawned upon the Yoga, he didn't like it at all, and nothing would induce him to go through his *sixty or seventy performances a day* but the near prospect of a return to his own native land. On landing there, his whilom "proprietor" would advance a certain sum of money, which would insure his regaining caste once more.

During his forty years' probation and practice, the budding Yoga ate very little; he trained, if I may say so without levity, on a very light diet of goat's milk and dried fruit—which is good news for vegetarians. Of course, I had to interview his interpreter, and this gentleman in turn interviewed the Bombay merchant aforesaid. That same interpreter knew no Hindustani—knew no other language, in fact, but his own; wherefore was he called an "interpreter."

At the same time he knew pretty well everything there was to be known about the Yoga—except what went on in the Black Caves. That swarthy mystic is a living testimony to the brotherhood of nations. Who would suspect him of partaking of tea and muffins at five o'clock? True, he made both himself in a peculiar manner, and called his little cakes by another name.

The posture shown in the next photograph (No. 5) is taken up for the obvious purpose of arresting the attention of the passer-by. Like all the other attitudes, it is the posture of a graven idol, and never fails to inspire awe and public benevolence. Only remember that presents are *not* made to the Yoga as alms are given to a beggar; rather as offerings made before the shrine of a god.



NO. 5.

And he is mindful of his dignity, even whilst sojourning among us barbarians. He wouldn't dream of lighting his cigarette from yours, lest he should be defiled. Indeed, when he first came to England he would wash himself in a curiously un-Oriental manner, after being accidentally touched by one of the audience. "I happened to touch his tea-cup one day," remarked the interpreter to me; "and when my back was turned he took and smashed the vessel to pieces." He brought with him his own attendant—one, Monor Dass; and, likewise, his own provisions—rice, lentils, curry, barley, fruits, and so on.

Poor fellow! he huddled himself up over the writer's fire, with a look of misery on his pinched face. He took a childish interest in such products of Western civilization as clocks and electric light; but he was indifferent to the raucous bellowings of those who exploited him. Outside his show hung a framed cheque for £500, which anyone could claim who emulated the Yoga's fearful and wonderful contortions. "Might as well make it £5,000," said a small, fat man, admiringly; "nobody could ever do them

NO. 6.

tricks." One is inclined to believe the small, fat man, on looking at No. 6. One asks one's self, "Is it worth while to lead such a complicated existence even for the sake of ranking as a demi-god—or even as a whole god?"

Nowhere did Bava Luchman Dass (how like a mild expletive is his name!) meet with such an enthusiastic reception as at our great hospitals. And, of course, he was taken to the hospitals, partly in the interests of science, certainly; but primarily in order that these stirring words should be blazoned large on his show bill: "DOCTORS DEFIED AND BAFFLED!" "THE MOST STOOPENDOUS MARVEL OF THE AGE!" I have said that the Brahmin knew nothing of the noble art of showmanship. On demand, he would go through his postures with the utmost ease and perfect gravity, wondering vaguely what was the meaning of the uproarious applause.

At St. George's Hospital an interesting lecture on the Yoga was given to the anatomical students. Whilst the Brahmin went through his postures on the platform, one of the professors demonstrated the apparent impossibility of the feats by means of a hanging skeleton. To the ordinary person the demonstrations were interesting enough, but the lecture was appalling. Referring to the posture shown in No. 2, the anatomist remarked, feelingly, "You will observe, gentlemen, that the tibia rises at least an inch above the condyles of the humerus."

So far as I am able to judge, No. 7 is the Yoga's customary attitude when buried in deep thought. At such times, his legs are apt to worry him a little—they get in the way, as legs will—so he ties them in a tasteful, fancy knot round his neck and shoulders. How often it happens that at supreme moments the voice of the vulgar grates upon the sensitive ear of the reverent! Once, whilst the Yoga was in this position, someone was heard to wonder whether the Brahmin was puzzling over the amount of last night's takings!

For the most part, the Brahmin Yogas seen in India are repulsive enough. They have been known to stand at the road-side for years, with one hand or leg extended motionless in one position, until the sinews and ligaments wither, and the limb becomes immovably fixed. Their arms, too, are occasionally seen shrivelled to mere parchment covered bones, with finger-nails growing inches long through the palms.

Others have shrivelled feet and toe-nails like the claws of a bird; and yet others there are with huge callosities on their knees, on which they have voluntarily walked and

NO. 7.

cantered for years, as is seen in No. 4. If in No. 7 the Yoga's mind was apparently grappling with some abstruse calculation, the mental crisis has evidently become more acute in No. 8. "Seems ter be wukkin' wonderful hard," commented one sympathetic spectator in the holy man's audience — "fair goin' it bald-headed, ain't he?" Presumably, this person referred to the fact that the Brahmin had removed his turban.

NO. 8.

It is only to be expected that Bava should have a disciple; he had one when I saw him—an earnest, dark-eyed lad in search of an exalted calling — who was already perfect in many of the elementary postures. Master and disciple read the holy books together, between the demonstrations.

According to one eminent anatomist, these marvellous contortions are produced by a temporary dislocation of the joints. That the feats are anatomically marvellous was proved by the fact that when the gentleman who presided at the skeleton tried to reproduce upon it the Yoga's movements, he declared he couldn't do so without breaking the bones.

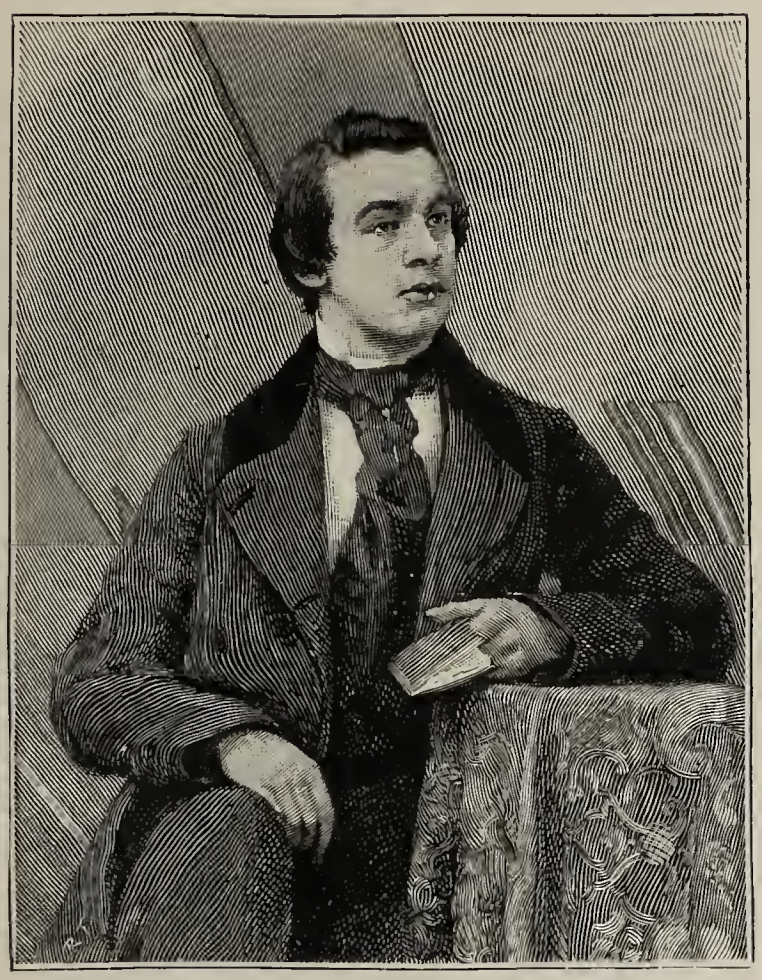
But the brightest jewel in the Yoga's saintly crown is the feat shown in our last photo. Observe, not only is the man twisted up in an extraordinary manner, but he is supporting the entire weight of his body on the tips of his fingers. That he remains perfectly motionless in this extraordinary posture is manifest in the success of the photograph.

The fact is that, before the Yoga was sent forth from the Black Caves as a duly qualified practitioner, he was required to remain in this position *continuously for seven days and nights!* And on that memorable occasion he had to contemplate something far less interesting than the opulent pattern of the editor's Turkey rug.

Well might this remarkable visitor to these offices paraphrase his Kipling, and cry :—

If pain be the price of Yoga-ship,
Lord God I ha' paid it in.

NO. 9.



From a] AGE 17. [*Daguerreotype.*

THE RIGHT HON. C. T. RITCHIE, P.C., M.P.

BORN 1838.

THE President of the Board of Trade was first returned to Parliament as the Conservative representative of Tower Hamlets in 1874. Having gained a considerable reputation for practical ability and conversance with affairs, he was in Lord Salisbury's first Administration made Secretary to the Admiralty. At that time he took a prominent part in the agitation against foreign bounties on sugar, and in Lord Salisbury's second Administration he was appointed President of the Local Government Board. In 1888 his Local Government Bill, which he successfully piloted through Parliament, gained him considerable reputation, and in October of that year he visited his native town, Dundee, where he was enthusiastically received, and presented with the freedom of the borough. It is said that Mr. Ritchie studied "Local Government" more than Tower Hamlets, and hence, in 1892, he failed to secure re-election, but Mr. Sidney Herbert, succeeding to the peerage in 1895, gave him a safe seat at Croydon.

AGE 25.
From a Photo. by J. Abbot, Dundee

AGE 35.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

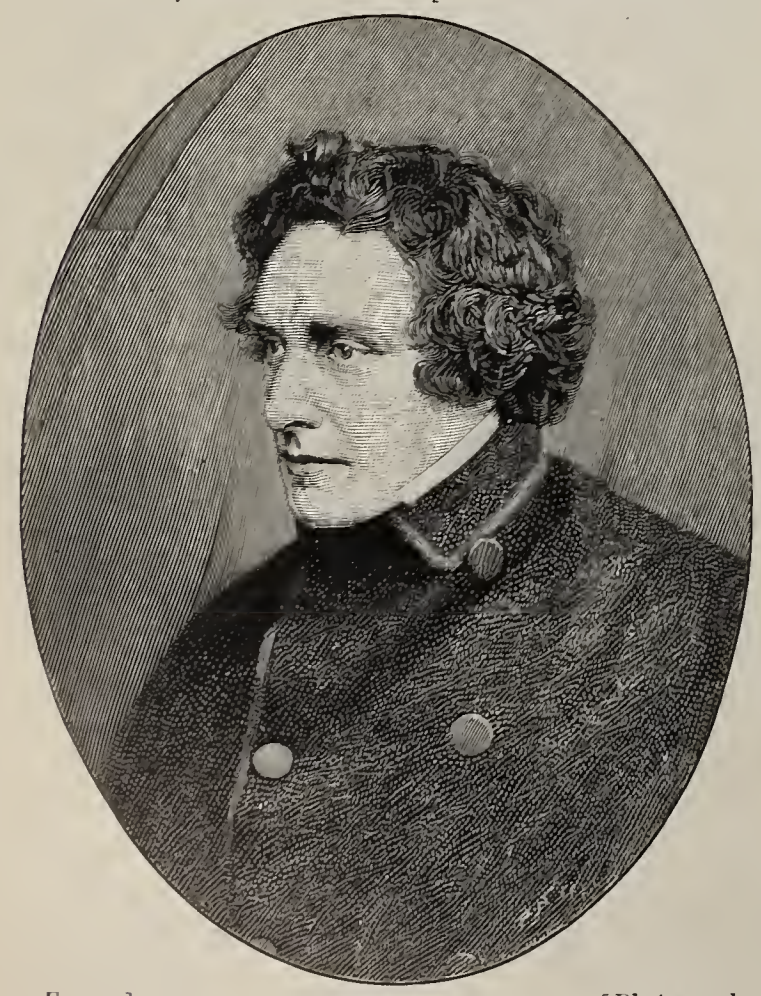
PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by S. P. L. Phillips, Croydon.

From a] AGE 6. *[Painting.*

THE RIGHT HON. SIR CHARLES DALRYMPLE HAY, BART., P.C.

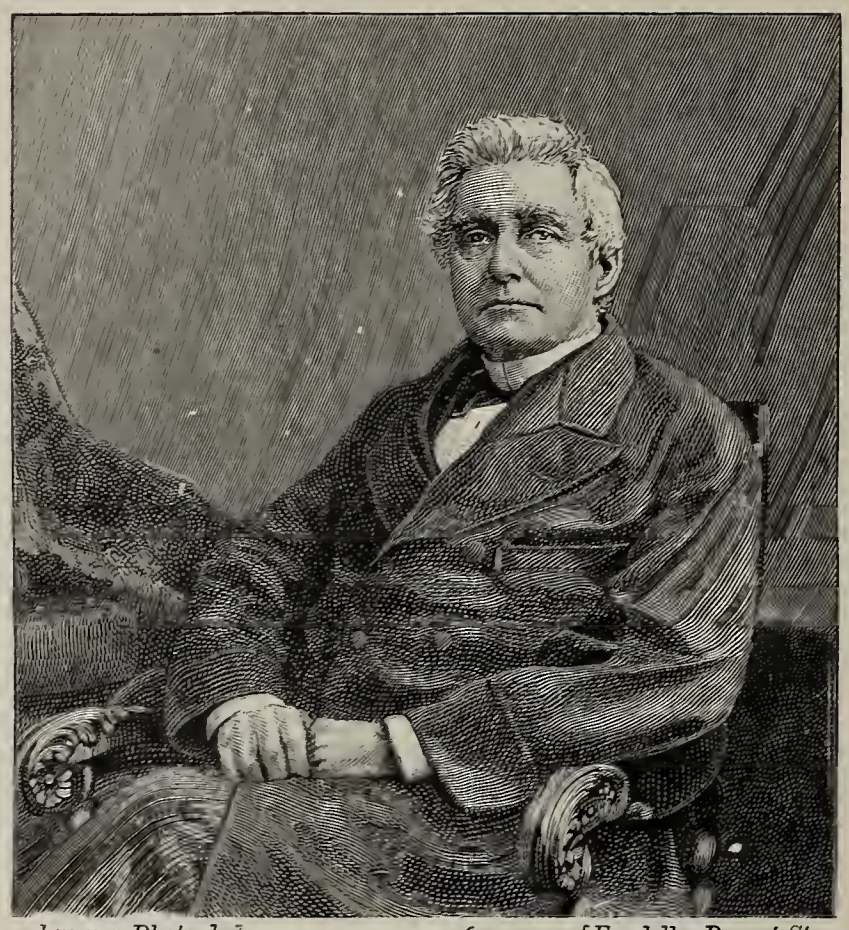
BORN 1821.

THE record of Admiral Sir Charles Hay, Vice-President of the Institution of Naval Architects, almost takes one's breath away; here are some of the salient points in his career. He entered the Navy in 1834, and defended Port Elizabeth in the first Kaffir War. In 1840 he took part in the operations on the Syrian Coast. He was at the capture of Beyrout and of Acre, and at the boat attack on Tortosa, also at the operations in Borneo.



From a] AGE 32 *[Photograph.*

He commanded the *Wolverine* and *Columbine* in China, and was senior officer in the operations against the pirate fleet of Chinapoo, which he destroyed in Bias Bay in 1849. He commanded H.M. *Hannibal* in the Black and Mediterranean Seas during the Russian War of 1854–56, and commanded the *Indus* in North America and the West Indies from 1857 to 1859. He has represented various constituencies in Parliament, and is the author of several standard books. He retired from the Navy in 1870.



From a Photo. by] AGE 65. *[Fradelle, Regent St.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Byrne, Richmond*

MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON

(Mrs. Silver).

TO speak Latin, French, German, and Italian, to paint in oil and water colours, write short stories for the magazines, be an accomplished musician, illustrate books for children, and above all to be awarded a place in the front rank of English actresses, is something to be proud of. But this is not all: Miss Kingston is a womanly woman "for a' that," and her unrepentant villainy on the stage contrasts vividly with her uniform amiability in private life. Although she made her *début* somewhere about 1888, she has already played in an amazing number of pieces. She first "came out" in London, as *Mrs. Harkaway*, in "Partners,"

AGE 3.
Photo. by Turner & Everite.

From Photo. by] AGE 15. *[Window & Grove.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 20. *[Window & Grove.*

and her latest impersonations will be remembered by her appearance in "The Passport" and "The Matchmaker," of which latter play she was the part author. Miss Kingston was educated as an artist, and studied under Carolus Duran.

AGE 18.
From a Photo. by Frau E. Vogelsang, Berlin.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[W. & D. Downey.*

HARRY NICHOLLS.

BORN 1852.

"HARRY NICHOLLS is an excellent companion and a sterling friend, and when he is not laughing he is invariably smoking the fragrant weed." Such is the popular description of the subject of this sketch, and it is a reputation worth having. Harry Nicholls mastered his A B C at the City of London Schools; where Toole received his education twenty-five years before. After a clerkship in a railway office and an apprenticeship with an auctioneer, Nicholls hit the right groove in which he has earned his life's success. The stage has indeed met with a brilliant addition, and he is now numbered as one of its most noted members. He assisted the late Sir Augustus Harris in the preparation of the famous Drury Lane pantomimes, and his songs have met with great success in many pieces. In 1878 Mr. Harry Nicholls married a sister of the well-known playwright, Mr. H. Pettitt. He is an excellent hand at outdoor sports, and a member of the Green-Room and Garrick Clubs.

AGE 2.
From a Water-Colour Drawing by F. Cruickshank.

AGE 13.
From a Photo. by the Oxford Photographic Institute.

From a Photo. by] AGE 30. *[Bertin, Brighton.*

For years he has been the leading comedian at the Adelphi Theatre, and no production at that noted home of melodrama is complete without him.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Karoly, Nottingham.

The Adventures of a Man of Science.

By L. T. Meade and Clifford Halifax, M.D.

VIII.—THE MAN WHO SMILED.

THE *Crocodile* was one of the finest of the P. and O. steamers, and I had secured a comfortable deck cabin. I was on my way to India, partly in search of rest and refreshment, partly to renew my acquaintance with certain tribes in the Central Provinces, whom I used to know in my early days of adventure. They possessed some marvellous remedies for snake bites, wounds, and other casualties. These were, I was quite persuaded, unknown to the British pharmacopœia, and I hoped to beguile some of their most valuable secrets from them. We had just passed Gibraltar, and the ill-fated Bay of Biscay lay behind us. Favoured by a soft, southerly breeze, we were most of us on deck, and enjoying ourselves after our various fashions, when, as I stood in the neighbourhood of the companion-way, the following words fell on my ears :—

"I can find you a comfortable corner on the hurricane-deck, Lil, where we shall be quite alone."

"I would rather not go," was the quick reply. "I expect Mrs. Sully up every moment from her cabin. She has a great deal to tell me about Bombay. Her house at Breach Candy must be magnificent—and—why, what is the matter, Dick?"

"Nothing that I know of," was the reply, sulkily uttered, and a tall man walked quickly past me to the other side of the boat.

I knew who he was, although up to the present I had not made his acquaintance. His name was Farquharson—he had a good appointment in the Civil Service at Bombay, and was taking his bride out with him. The bride in question was a pretty, bright, somewhat nervous-looking young girl. She was so gay, and her laughter so infectious, that she made a complete foil to her husband, who was about the most morose-looking man I had ever had the pleasure of seeing. His conversation, however, was genial enough, and I often heard people laugh as they listened to him; but his face, with the eyes full of gloom, the tense mouth, firmly and immovably set, the long, cadaverous cheeks, the surly set of the chin, was enough to depress anyone. I could not help at times marvelling why his pretty young wife had married him.

When he moved out of sight now, she sat down on her accustomed deck chair. I moved off, and presently found myself close to Farquharson, who was standing near the rail of the hurricane-deck smoking a cigar and looking moodily out across the waves. When he saw me he made an observation with regard to the weather in a friendly manner, and then, still keeping his back slightly towards me, entered into a brisk and animated conversation. We discovered, as so many people do on board ship, that we had mutual friends. He told me a little about his history, which seemed to be in every way unremarkable, and finally proposed that he should introduce me to his wife. We went round to the part of the deck where Mrs. Farquharson was seated. When she observed us approaching, I noticed that her quick, bright eyes sought her husband's face with an eager look, expressive of apprehension and even of fear. This look, which passed as quickly as it came, puzzled me, but I had no time to dwell upon it then. Farquharson went up to her and introduced me in a brisk tone.

"Mr. Gilchrist, Lil. He happens to know the Farrants—you will like to hear him talk about them, I am sure."

"I shall be charmed," was the bright reply. Mrs. Farquharson stood up as she spoke and began to ask eager questions—the Farrants were some of her greatest friends, she had not met them for years. How were they getting on?—when had I last met them? As she spoke her face became full of vivacity, the eyes were as I had seen them half an hour ago, bright and shining, she laughed, and smiles accompanied each word.

"What a contrast this pretty girl is to her husband," I could not help inwardly remarking.

As we talked together I noticed that Farquharson watched her. He was standing in such a position that he could only see her profile. When her merry laughter floated past him I wondered that he did not smile in response. I began even to think his an unpleasant face, not only on account of its melancholy, but because of the queer reserve

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"MRS. FARQUHARSON STOOD UP AS SHE SPOKE."

or tension, which kept each feature more or less fixed. But for the eyes, which were dark, bright, and lively enough, it might have been characterized as wooden.

The following evening, just when the dusk was falling, a light hand touched me on my sleeve. I turned round and saw, to my astonishment, Mrs. Farquharson standing near me.

"I know you are surprised," she said; "but please will you walk up and down with me?—I want to say something—I am—a little frightened."

"What about?" I asked.

"Hush!" she answered. She looked behind her. "He did not notice that I came on deck," she said, in a tone of relief. "Let us walk just here. Talk to me about anything or nothing, only keep talking."

"But you have not told me what has frightened you."

She glanced again behind her and then bent towards me.

"I am afraid of Dick," she said. "I—I think he must be a little——mad."

"Oh, nonsense," I answered; "he is as sane as you or I."

"You would not say so if you knew everything."

"But what has he done?" I asked.

"He has done nothing, only looked *like a devil.*" Here her voice shook. "He has looked like the Arch Fiend himself. Oh, the sight was horrible! I cannot live through it if he does it again."

Her agitation was all too real, and, believing it to be a case of nerves, I tried to turn the conversation to indifferent matters.

"Don't," she said, in a piteous voice; "I must speak of it to someone, and you are the only friend I have on board. I believe my secret is safe with you?"

"If you really wish me to help you, you must be more explicit," I said. "Remember, you have not yet told me what has frightened you."

She laid her soft hand on my arm, and then withdrew it.

"I am frightened," she said, "because Dick looked like a devil—*it was his smile*—oh, Heaven!" She shuddered from head to foot.

"Now that I come to think of it, I have never seen your husband smile," I said. "I have been struck from time to time with the extreme taciturnity of his face."

"I am not surprised. You cannot have failed to notice his melancholy. Well, he is not really sad. I used to think so at first, but after we were engaged, and when we were first married, I knew by the things he said that he had a contented, even cheerful, mind. I like his gravity—it is his smile which upsets me—I cannot love him if he smiles at me; and as to his laugh, once I heard it. Mr. Gilchrist, if I hear it again I shall go mad."

"But you cannot expect your husband never to smile, nor to laugh," I said. "It is your duty to be severe with yourself, and not to allow such trivial matters to influence you."

"You would not say so if you knew," she replied. She paused, as if considering.

"Will you take a message from me to my husband?" she asked. She told me what to say.

"You place a very hard task upon me, Mrs. Farquharson. No man would like to hear the things you beg me to tell your husband: to hear them from your lips would be hard, but from those of a stranger——"

"Never mind," she said, eagerly; "the case is unique, terrible. Someone must help me—you will do it, will you not? I would not ask you to take my part if I had another friend on board."

She looked so beseeching, so young, so terrified, that I could not help yielding.

"Very well, I will do what I can for you," I said.

"Thank you, from my heart," she answered. She held out her hand.

I took it in mine. The next moment she disappeared in the direction of the companion-way.

The electric light was now switched on, and the deck looked bright and animated. Awnings had been drawn overhead to keep out some of the night air, and couples began to appear from every quarter, talking, laughing, strolling up and down. A string band made excellent music, and I heard a girl propose dancing.

I stood leaning against the rail in exactly the position in which Mrs. Farquharson had left me. I by no means liked the task she had forced upon me, but my impression was that she herself was ill, and that it might be only a kindness to warn her husband with regard to her condition. Presently I saw his melancholy, taciturn face towering above the smaller men as he came on deck. I watched him look round, and I doubted not that he was expecting his wife to join him each moment. By-and-by Farquharson strolled over in the direction where I was standing.

"Halloa!" he said, "I did not know you had come up."

"I have been here for some time," I replied. "It is a beautiful night."

"But stifling under this awning," he said. As he spoke I saw him glance in the direction of the companion-way.

"You are looking for Mrs. Farquharson?" I said. "She has just been here, but has gone below."

"Have you spoken to her?" he inquired.

"Yes. She asked me to give you a message."

He did not inquire what it was, but looked me steadily in the face.

"She is not quite well," I continued. "You will, I hope, forgive my interfering. I am not a medical man, but I know a good bit about medical matters, and I cannot help telling you that you ought to be very careful with regard to your wife."

Just for a moment he looked as if he meant to resent my intrusive remarks, but then his brow cleared.

"WILL YOU TAKE A MESSAGE?"

"You spoke of Mrs. Farquharson having left a message for me. What is it?" he asked.

"It is important. Can we get away by ourselves?"

"Of course we can. The lower deck will be empty."

We moved off at once, and soon found ourselves in comparative solitude. The music played in the distance, the lapping sound of the waves came to our ears; we had got outside the awning, and the stars shone brightly overhead. It was a lovely evening, tropical in its heat.

Farquharson drew a long breath and took off his hat.

"It is a comfort to get away from all that gossip and banality," he said; "but you spoke of a message from my wife. Will you kindly tell me what she has said?"

"I will do so, but first please let me repeat that I consider Mrs. Farquharson extremely nervous. She came to me a short time ago and confessed that she was frightened."

"Good heavens! Frightened!" cried Farquharson. He drew himself up stiffly and stood like a soldier at attention.

"And about a most extraordinary matter," I continued. "It seems that you have alarmed her. She said that she could not stand your smile. Of course, it is merely a case of nerves—but what is the matter? You don't look well."

"My smile?" said Farquharson. "Believe me, I never knew that I smiled; I hoped that I had not inflicted it on her. This is terrible. Poor girl—no wonder she is upset."

"It is a case of nerves," I said, misunder-

standing him. "Mrs. Farquharson needs a tonic and a little care and watching."

"She does not," he answered.

"I am sure of it," I said. "Such a state as hers is not altogether uncommon."

He interrupted me with a harsh sound.

"Believe me, there is nothing whatever the matter with her," he said; "she only failed to endure what no woman in her senses could stand. I see, Gilchrist, that I must give you my confidence, and believe me, it is a horrible one. I had no right to marry that young girl. I was tempted, for I loved her, God knows how deeply. Still, I behaved like a selfish brute, and this is my just punishment"

To my amazement, the man was so overcome that great drops stood out on his forehead. All the time there was not a trace of expression in the face, the lips looked straight and fixed, each feature was as if carved in wood, yet one glance at the eyes told me that he was suffering torture.

"You have never come across a case like mine," he began. "I consider myself the most afflicted man in the world. Now, come here, just under this light—but first tell me, can you stand a shock?"

"What do you mean?"

"Are your nerves good? Can you stand something horrible?"

"I believe so," I answered; "I have had some tough seasoning."

He kept gazing at me as if he meant to read me through and through.

"My wife has explained to you that she dreads my smile," he said, at last; "the best way to show you why she dreads it is by illustrating it."

I did not speak. He continued, after another pause:—

"Some people wonder at my grave, immovable face. As far as I am concerned, they may wonder in vain. For you I lift the curtain."

Suddenly his whole face underwent a complete revolution—the mouth was stretched wide, and literally seemed to open from ear to ear, showing his glittering, white teeth. The short hair on the forehead was brought down until it reached the eyebrows, and at the same time, by some extraordinary spasm of muscle, the lower eyelids were everted, and the eyeballs rolled up until there was nothing visible but the whites. In this horrible contortion, which partook of the idiot and the monkey in its extreme horror, the real Farquharson completely vanished. Uttering a groan as his features recovered their normal attitude, the man turned aside and covered his face.

It was enough. I had seen something which caused my heart, accustomed as it was to shocks and adventures, to leap within my breast. A cold horror covered me. I had truly seen what might have been the face of a fiend.

"Man," I said, catching him by the arm, "what in the world do you mean?"

"I have illustrated my smile," he said. "That is the only way in which I can smile. Horrible, is it not?"

"WHAT IN THE WORLD DO YOU MEAN?"

"It is," I answered. "Fearfully so."

"As we are about it, Gilchrist, I will give you a further shock. Now, listen to my laugh—steady yourself, for the sound will not be pleasing."

He gave a sort of chuckle, low and deep at first, and resembling, to a certain extent, the baying of a bloodhound; but, as the laugh proceeded, it rose in strength and sound, until it at last resembled certain strings of the bass fiddle played in absolute discord. It came and went, rising in volume, until the agonized sense of every nerve jarred caused the listener to clap his hands to his ears.

I have heard madmen laugh before now, and have listened to the jackal in the jungle, but I never, from man or beast, was greeted by such a sound of horror as proceeded from Farquharson's lips.

"Now you know my secret," he said, resuming his usual automatic manner and immovable cast of face. "Let us walk up and down."

"But why do you do it?" I said.

"Because I cannot help myself. As a child, I am told that I was all right, but when very young I had a bad fall off a pony and had concussion of the brain. From that moment the horrible thing came upon me slowly but surely. I was taken to many doctors, but no one could help me, the general supposition being that I received some grave injury to the cerebral centres when I fell from my pony; at least, that was the understood pathology of my condition. One or two doctors said that it was caused by shock, and one man was sufficiently hopeful to hint that another and greater shock might possibly restore me—but that kind of thing cannot be done to order, and my case is without doubt incurable. Now, Gilchrist, the tragedy of the thing is this—that smile and laugh have nothing whatever to do with me: within I am like all other men. I am not the monster my smile would show and my laugh prove. I can love deeply, and I can be stirred to noble thoughts. No woman was ever better loved than my wife is loved by me. While I live I shall love her, and even if"—his voice faltered and broke—"Whatever happens, my love will remain unalterable," he continued. "For years I have trained myself never to smile, never to laugh—even the ordinary powers of expression are impossible to me, for the slightest movement of my face causes an intolerable grimace. Before we were married Lil often remarked on the immobility of my face, but I put her off the subject with tender words, and she learned to love me in spite of my ugly exterior. I often felt that I ought to tell her the truth, but the fear, the terror, that I should lose her kept me silent. I believed that she might safely marry me, for I resolved to be always on my guard. You can little imagine the torture of such a state. It is my lot to see humour with startling quickness, and my whole life is spent in a state of terror, fearing that I may indulge in the smile or laugh which would drive those mad who observed them. I am never quite at my ease except when the light is dim; and, although I may allow myself to change my expression then, and even smile fearlessly, I have still to guard against laughter. I perceive that in an unexpected moment I betrayed myself to Lil. She is horrified, and little wonder. The stoutest nerves could not stand the infliction of such sounds and such looks as I can give."

"You are right," I replied.

"You have never seen anything worse?"

He looked at me with his immovable eyes, but I caught the pathos in his tone.

"It is a remarkable case," I said. "I earnestly wish it could be cured."

"That can never be—I must endure my burden, from which death alone can free me—but the immediate question now is, what is to become of my wife?"

"Tell her what you have just told me," I answered. "She loves you well and will learn to endure it."

"She cannot—you have said so yourself."

"You must be careful to inflict the pain upon her as seldom as possible."

"I have learned to be careful, but she knows now that the horror exists, and will watch for it. I shall become nervous; with her eyes watching me, I shall act the devil in spite of myself."

I did not know what reply to make. The case was all too tragic. Here was a man who must carry what was practically almost a dead face about with him: a man with keen wit, warm affections, even that last torture to one circumstanced as he was, a vivid sense of humour. He had married a young wife whose nerves were highly strung, and who had already discovered his secret.

We continued to walk up and down. Farquharson was now perfectly silent. The music came to us in waves of cheerful sound across the great ship. He suddenly stamped his foot.

"What an irony that music is beside a tragedy like mine," he exclaimed.

"Listen to me," I said, suddenly. "I grant that it is a tragedy, but I am certain there must be a way out of it. In the first place, I do not despair of your not being finally cured; but even granted that never takes place, you need not lose your wife's affections. The thing for you now to do is to tell Mrs. Farquharson the truth."

"How can I tell her? Remember, I cannot plead with eyes, voice, and expression like other people."

"She loves you," I said. "She loves you for what you are, not for what you look. She is, if I mistake not, possessed of nerve if she will only dare to use it—she can get accustomed to your condition."

"Never, never."

"I believe she can. Anyhow, let us try her—I will tell her, if you like. Will you allow me?"

"God bless you," said the poor fellow; "it would be an untold relief."

I went downstairs at once and entered one of the saloons. It was empty. I sent a servant to ask Mrs. Farquharson to come to me.

She came almost immediately; her eyes were red as if she had been crying, her face was pale.

"I have something to tell you," I said; "won't you sit down?"

"I cannot," she replied; "have you spoken to Dick?"

"HAVE YOU SPOKEN TO DICK?"

"Yes, and he has told me everything."

"Then he *is* mad?" She leant against a chair, trembling.

"He is as sane as you are; but all the same, it is a terrible story—it lies in your power alone to make it endurable to him."

I then related as briefly as I could the tragedy which I had just heard from Farquharson's lips. Mrs. Farquharson listened in absolute silence. When I had concluded she held out her hand to me.

"Thank you," she said, briefly. "I have nothing more to say. I believe I can do what—what he requires. I am going to him." She left the saloon and went on deck.

I did not see either of the Farquharsons again that night.

The rest of the voyage took place without anything special occurring, and when a couple of weeks later we reached Bombay, Farquharson and his wife came to bid me good-bye. I noticed that her face was pale, but her eyes had a brisk, resolved sort of look about them. She spoke cheerfully.

"You must come and see us, Mr. Gilchrist," she said. "Dick has a pretty house at Breach Candy—I shall be very proud if you will be one of our first guests."

I said I would call upon them, and it was arranged that I should dine at their house on the following day.

Farquharson held out his hand, which I wrung. The young wife smiled at me as I turned away. The husband with his immovable face stood close to her; even in his dark, deep-set, honest eyes I could not trace the faintest touch of expression.

At the appointed hour I went to visit the Farquharsons in their pretty house. Mrs. Farquharson ran out to meet me—she looked young, childish, and beautiful. She said that her husband had not yet returned home, but she expected him back in a few moments.

"I hope you will like the house," she continued. "We are going to make a tennis-court here. Don't you think it a nice house and wonderfully European?"

She spoke rapidly, but I did not fail to notice the strained expression in her eyes. Farquharson presently appeared, and we went to dinner. During the meal, I observed that the husband and wife furtively watched each other, that Mrs. Farquharson's face was white, and that she played with her food. Soon after dinner, she left us, and Farquharson uttered a sigh of relief.

"Sit where you cannot watch my face, Gilchrist," he said—"it is perfectly stiff just now with the effort to suppress emotion."

"Pray, don't think of me, my dear fellow," I replied. "Remember, I have seen you at your worst; I believe I can stand you now whatever you are likely to do."

"You have not been tried," he replied. He moved his chair as he spoke and sat facing out into the garden.

I bade the Farquharsons adieu at an early hour, thinking it likely that I might never meet them again. I went back to my hotel and finished making arrangements for my journey to the Central Provinces.

The next day I was busy, but immediately after dinner a servant came to inform me that an English lady was waiting to speak to me in one of the saloons. I went into the room, and Mrs. Farquharson stood before me. She greeted me with a slight cry and gesture of relief.

"You must help me," she said, in an eager voice; "I have borne it up to the very last point—I cannot endure it any longer." Her voice was low and almost breathless in its eagerness.

"What has happened since last night?"

I spoke in as cool and calm a voice as I could command. There was nothing for it but to make light of poor Farquharson's affliction to his wife.

"I was brave last night," she said; "to-night I am a coward. Mr. Gilchrist, my nerves won't endure it any longer. I have come to beg of you to do something for me."

"And that?" I asked.

"You are going to Jubbulpore to-morrow: will you take him with you? Without him my nerves may get stronger—after a time I may get accustomed to this horror and be able to endure it. Just after you left last night I went into the room, and I saw him smile. He was standing by the veranda, and he was smiling to himself—oh, it was fiendish—I slipped away, I do not think he saw me, but as I went down one of the passages I heard him laugh: his laughter echoed in the empty passage; it haunted me, I heard it all night. If this goes on much longer, I shall *hate him!*"

She said the words with remarkable emphasis: her eyes were gleaming queerly, she was certainly by no means herself.

"When first you told me the whole dreadful history I thought I could bear it," she went on; "now I see it is beyond the strength of an ordinary woman. I am an ordinary woman. I love him well, but when he smiles at me I feel that I am looking at a devil. I wish I could go back to England. Whatever happens, we must live apart for the present. Can you suggest anything? Even a fortnight's peace would be a boon."

"I will ask your husband to come with me to-morrow morning."

"But can you really bear his companionship?"

"Of course—in fact, I shall not mind it in the least."

This was not true, but I lied to the poor soul on purpose.

"I will go back with you now and see Farquharson," I said. "I will suggest to him that he comes straight away with me to-morrow. I expect to have some good sport; I doubt not he will enjoy the expedition."

"God bless you," she replied; "but please remember that he does not know that I came here. Can you manage to conceal the fact?"

"That being the case, you had better go back alone," I said, "and I will drop in incidentally in the course of the evening."

She left me, and about an hour afterwards I followed her. I found Farquharson on the veranda. Mrs. Farquharson was not in sight. He greeted me in his usual automatic style, but I knew by the pressure of his hand that he was glad to see me.

"It is good of you to call," he said. "I thought you would have no time on such a busy evening."

"I have come on purpose," I said. "I want you to come with me to Jubbulpore. I hate going on this sort of expedition by myself. Can you not manage to give me the pleasure of your company?"

"My company?" he said, with bitterness. "Are you sure of what you are saying? Why are you doing this thing, Gilchrist?"

"For various reasons; partly because I am a sociable person, and am convinced that you are a good shot; partly because I think the change will do you good (you will forgive me for saying that you look a bit hipped); and partly also because I am certain a short absence from your society will be of benefit to your wife."

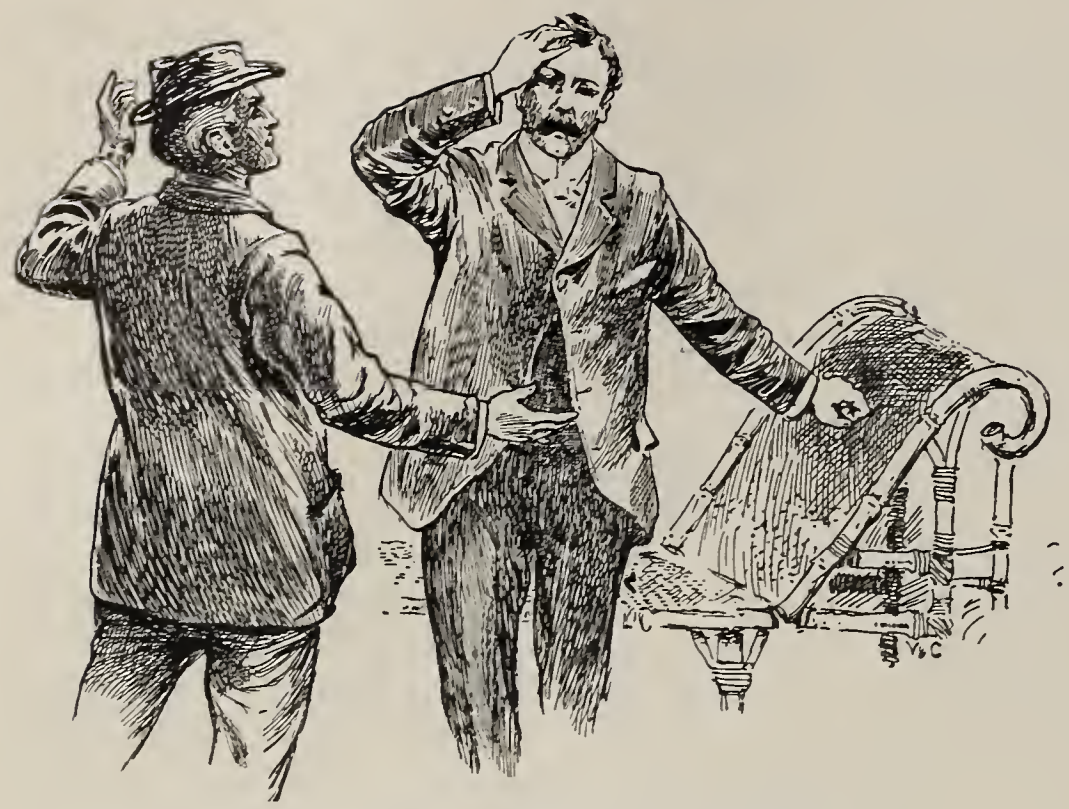
"Has she been complaining?" he cried, eagerly.

"Ask no questions," I answered. "Will you come or will you not?"

"I should like it of all things, and Lil could go to the Sullys. I could not leave her alone here. When do you start?"

"By the first train to-morrow morning. I have plenty of ammunition and rifles for us both."

"I have never been to Jubbulpore," he replied; "yes, I should like it. I will go and speak to Lil."



"WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS THING, GILCHRIST?"

"One moment first," I interrupted. "If you come with me, please understand that you can be, and I hope you will be, perfectly natural. When you wish to make grimaces, pray do so—when you wish to smile, smile freely, and also laugh when you are inclined. I want you to be natural—those are my conditions—will you grant them?"

He wrung my hand, his eyes spoke, though the rest of his face was immovable. He left the room.

In about five minutes he came back to tell me that the matter could be arranged, and that he and his wife would go at once to the Sullys, to ask if she might remain with them during his absence—in short, that I might expect him to join me at an early hour on the following morning.

There was no hitch in the way of this arrangement, and early next day Farquharson and I started for Jubbulpore. During our rapid journey I found my companion overcome by a melancholy so intense and profound that no effort could shake it off. He seldom spoke, and there was no chance of his inflicting his terrible smile upon me. I watched him with ill-concealed anxiety, and often sought an opportunity to beguile him into talking of his troubles—all in vain, he was in no mood to be communicative.

We spent a night at Jubbulpore and then went on to a small town in the vicinity, of the name of Morar. In the neighbourhood of Morar we should get the big shooting we were in search of. We had sent a telegram to Mrs. Farquharson during our journey, telling her that Morar would be our destination, and the following day a whole budget of letters arrived. There were some for me and several for Farquharson. I saw his face change colour as he took one up and eagerly broke open the envelope. I guessed that it must be from his wife, and, going on to the veranda of the little hotel where we were staying, occupied myself reading my own correspondence. A sudden groan and stifled exclamation within the room caused me to quickly turn my head. I saw Farquharson seated by the breakfast-table, his face bowed in his hands.

"What is it, old chap? What is wrong?" I said, coming back to him and laying my hand on his shoulder. He did not shake me off, but neither did he make any reply. One or two more deep groans escaped him, then he started to his feet.

"Look here, Gilchrist," he said, "I cannot talk of it. You had best know what is up by reading my wife's letter. God knows it is conclusive enough." He hurriedly left the room.

Mrs. Farquharson's letter was lying face downwards on the table. I took it up, and the following words greeted my eyes:—

DEAREST DICK,—It is not that I don't love you, but I am not strong enough to endure what you so constantly are obliged to inflict upon me. Neither, dear, can you bear it—you cannot stand the strain which must never be relaxed, and I cannot endure the constant suspense and the life of watching. I watch and watch to see *the devil come out in your face*, Dick, and Dick, dear, it is driving me mad. Please do agree that we shall live apart. Perhaps when I am older and stronger I may be able to bear what is now too much for me. Forgive me, Dick, and let me go. I shall return home by the next steamer —Your loving and most unhappy wife."

"Poor fellow! He had no right to marry her without telling her," I could not help commenting. I folded up the letter and then went in search of him.

He was standing under the portico, his hands thrust into his pockets, his eyes staring fixedly before him—his wooden face had never looked more absolutely wooden. When I approached he looked at me.

"Don't ask me to talk of it, Gilchrist," he said; "it is the sort of thing for which one has no words. I believe from my soul that Lil is right—she is best quit of me."

"You will telegraph to her—you will do something to stop this?" I exclaimed.

He shook his head.

"You must be mad," I cried; "you cannot consent to a separation without making some effort."

"I will atone, but not in that way. Forgive me, Gilchrist, I am in no mood for discussion; give me back the letter. Poor Lil! poor little girl!" His voice shook—the next moment he gave one of his terrible, nerve-jarring laughs.

"Merciful Heaven!" I could not help muttering to myself, "no wonder that young woman flees from him. He is the best of fellows, and yet to all intents and purposes he is little short of a monster."

His laughter kept on echoing and echoing. "Ha! ha!" I heard him saying. When he could recover himself, he turned to me, and spoke abruptly:—

"Have you arranged about the shooting?"

"THE POOR CREATURE WAS NEARLY MAD WITH TROUBLE."

"Yes," I replied. "There is a small village called Rhanpore, about twelve miles from here, where good tiger-shooting is generally to be had. Shall we go there?"

"Yes, and immediately," replied my companion. He went into the house, calling back to me to get ready as quickly as I could.

Half an hour afterwards we were off. Rhanpore was a small hamlet, in the very thick of the swamp or grass jungle. The chief of the little village came out to welcome us with enthusiasm, the reason for which was soon made plain. There was a man-eating tiger in the vicinity. The Hindus know well the pluck and avidity with which English sportsmen get rid of these terrors of the jungle. Hence the delight of the people at our arrival. This tiger had already killed twenty-seven inhabitants of the village. The natives were in a state of absolute panic, and were willing to put themselves altogether into our hands. They had many curious ideas with regard to the tiger, believing it to be possessed of unnatural power, and regarding it with superstitious awe. They were most anxious that it should die, but were unwilling to kill it themselves.

The chief of the party took us immediately to his hut, and very soon after our arrival one of the women of the tribe came to interview us. She had once been with a white lady as ayah, and could speak a little broken English. She told us that her husband and three children had been victims of the tiger—the poor creature was nearly mad with trouble, and gave us to understand that if we could get rid of the brute, she would regard us ever after as gods. Knowing that none of the tribe would dare to kill the monster, she looked upon our arrival as an interposition of God.

"We will have a try for the brute, and at once," said Farquharson, his eyes gleaming queerly in his head. A glance showed me that he was in the mood to do desperate deeds, and on this occasion I did not feel inclined to balk him.

"We will go into the jungle at once," I said; "how many men can go with us?"

But here an unexpected difficulty arose.

None of the inhabitants of Rhanpore were willing to run the risk.

"You do not expect us to undertake the destruction of so dangerous a brute alone?" I asked the chief. "Will no one accompany us?"

Several men who stood round shook their heads.

"All right, we will go for the beast by ourselves," said Farquharson.

Just then a tall, good-looking young Hindu touched me on the arm.

"I will show you the tread," he said. "Let us start at once; the tiger never comes out until evening, so there is no danger of meeting him now. You can go and have a shot at him presently, if you like."

In less than half an hour, well provided with ammunition and our rifles, we set forth.

"This promises to be something like sport," said Farquharson to me.

I made no reply—we were crushing down the long jungle grass as we walked. Suddenly he spoke again.

"I have been thinking over that letter of Lil's."

"God knows you have," was my internal reply. I said nothing in words.

"And the more I consider it, the less I like it," continued the poor fellow. "I see plainly that she cannot put up with me; and, mind you, I am not a scrap surprised, nor do I blame her in the very least. I did wrong to marry her, and my just punishment has come upon me. But a girl who is separated from her husband, from whatever cause, however innocent, has a hard time in this censorious world. Now, if death——"

"Oh, come, none of that," I said, interrupting him almost roughly; "we have no time just now to think even of your most absorbing affairs—we carry our lives in our hands; a man-eating tiger is no pleasant monster to meet, and if I am not mistaken, this is a tiger's tread."

I looked upon the grass, which was torn and broken asunder. At the same moment the Hindu fell on his knees. He began to examine the grass and to sniff. Then he faced round and spoke.

"Here is the tiger tread," he said; "he comes nightly right through here, and goes to the pool there to the right to drink."

As the man spoke, he bent slightly forward and appeared to be listening.

"Do you hear anything?" I asked of him.

"Only the snapping of a twig," was the reply; "the tiger will not come out until to-night; we are safe, but this is his tread."

Again he bent and listened. Suddenly I noticed a queer change coming over his face—he glanced from Farquharson to me, and the next moment, before I had time to address a word to him, disappeared. I was just bending down to see where he had gone when a sudden and violent shock threw me to the ground, and my rifle was dashed from my hand: a huge tiger had leapt over me and was following the Hindu.

"Up a tree, for goodness sake, Farquharson," I gasped; "the brute will be on us in a moment." I rushed for my rifle, but before I could secure it, the tiger had turned and was making for me. A tree was near: I made for it and managed to climb up just in time. My sudden disappearance evidently puzzled my foe. He stopped, looking from right to left. I glanced round, and saw to my relief that Farquharson had also taken refuge in a tree. With the minuteness with which one does notice small particulars even in moments of extreme peril, I observed that the tree my friend had climbed into was almost too slight to bear his weight—he had established himself in a narrow fork, and was clinging on with one hand, holding his rifle with the other. I, unarmed, had taken shelter in a taller tree. My rifle lay quite ten yards away. As tigers are seldom climbers, I hoped that for the present we were both safe. I bent cautiously forward, therefore, to get a good view of the beast, who was standing still, glancing round him.

He was a full-grown tiger, of great beauty—a glint of sunshine had struggled through the thick, overhanging trees, and lit up his tawny coat. It is the nature of the tiger never, except on very rare occasions, to look up. He did not look up now, but he evidently suspected something, and also doubtless smelt us, for he made a sudden halt under the tree in which Farquharson was hiding. He now began to sniff the air, turning his head slowly first to right and then to left. I dared not utter a word, but I noticed, to my horror, that, owing to the smallness of the tree, Farquharson's legs were only from four to five feet off the ground. If the brute did happen to see him he would be in extreme danger of being torn from his hiding-place. For a moment I wondered that he did not fire, but then it occurred to me that he was acting wisely in not doing so. If he missed his prey, the tiger would turn, and in mad fury try to claw

him from the tree. The best chance for both of us was to remain motionless, trusting that the animal would presently stalk on in search of the water which he was coming to drink.

At that moment a covey of partridges, evidently disturbed by my possession of the tree, rose with shrill cries above my head and flew away. The tiger, attracted by the noise, raised his tawny eyes and followed them in their flight. He left his position under the tree, walking forward a few paces. At the same instant I saw Farquharson raise his rifle and fire. He shot the brute in the side, rolling him over. My first impression was that he had killed his game. Now was my chance to descend quickly and fetch my rifle. I was just about to do so when the beast, whom I had supposed to be dead, quivered violently and staggered to his feet. He uttered a loud growl, and, turning his bloodshot eyes, saw Farquharson in the tree. With a supernatural effort the wounded animal made straight for my friend—he sprang at Farquharson, and drove one of his great claws deep into the poor fellow's leg just above the knee. The flesh was immediately ripped down to the ankle, and then the brute stood growling, showing his teeth, and preparing for a further spring.

"Hold on, for Heaven's sake. I will get to him," I cried.

"No, I have him; it is all right," was answered back. The mouth of the beast was open—I saw Farquharson deliberately place the rifle between his teeth and fire. This ought to have finished the brute, but the bullet must have come out in the cheek, for the tiger only uttered growls of agony and rage, and making another spring, managed to wound Farquharson once again, clutching his leg higher up and tearing the flesh in a most horrible manner.

I leapt to the ground and had all but secured my rifle, when the tiger saw me. He wheeled round, made a sudden spring, and pinned me to the earth. Another instant, and all would have been over if I had not remembered my knife. I wrenched it from my belt and drove it deep under the brute's left ear, and with all my power severed his throat right across, cutting through the jugular vein; he stretched himself out, fell forward, and died. It did not take me an instant to regain my feet. I was shaken, but unwounded. I saw that Farquharson was fainting from loss of blood.

"Cheer up, old chap, we have done for him," I cried. "Here, have a nip of this brandy." I managed to pour a little into his mouth, and then helped him down from the tree, but he had scarcely set foot upon the ground before there was renewed hemorrhage, and he sank back fainting.

Just then I felt myself touched from behind, and looking back saw the dusky face of the Hindu woman close to me. She held something in her hand, and pushing me away, knelt down by Farquharson and put some drops of liquid between his lips.

"Give me that handkerchief which is round your head," I said; "I must bind it round his leg and make a tourniquet to stop the bleeding."

She handed me her large, gaily-coloured

"THE ANIMAL DROVE ONE OF HIS GREAT CLAWS DEEP INTO THE POOR FELLOW'S LEG."

handkerchief without a word. I did what was necessary for Farquharson, the woman watching me silently. The light was now failing fast, but I saw through the brightly-coloured grasses of the jungle several more dusky faces peeping curiously at us. Amazement, horror, delight, were reflected on every countenance—the dead tiger lying in our midst was enough. Without uttering a word the natives came forward and helped me to carry Farquharson back to the village.

It is needless to say that we were the heroes of the hour, but I had little thought for anything but the terrible condition of my poor friend. I dreaded blood-poisoning, the result almost invariably of all bad tiger wounds, and in the morning saw from the high delirium and rapidly rising temperature that it had actually set in. I had none of the necessary remedies with me, and did not think it likely that Farquharson would survive. The native woman, Rhanee Mee, had instituted herself his nurse.

"His life will be spared," she said, many times. "We have certain cures for tiger wounds in the jungle—we can soon check the fever."

I have a great belief in these remedies, handed down as they are from parent to son, and containing the germs, many of them, of our own most valuable medicines; but I perceived, to my consternation, that they had little or no effect upon Farquharson. Whether his state of nervous depression before the accident had an unfavourable effect upon him now I cannot say, but notwithstanding the skill of the Hindu, nothing could check the inflammation and fever.

Two or three days passed away, and my friend's condition was almost hopeless.

I was pacing about just outside the chief's hut, and wondering whether Mrs. Farquharson had already sailed for England, and what her feelings would be when the appalling news of her husband's terrible death reached her, when a clear English voice sounded on my ears, and, turning with a startled movement, I saw Farquharson's wife standing behind me.

"By all that is wonderful, how have you come here?" I cried. She held up her hand to interrupt me.

"Never mind that part now," she said; "I have come. They told me at Morar of the accident—is he alive?"

In her travelling dress, her face deadly pale, her eyes red as if she had been weeping; distrait, worn, and weary, I should scarcely have recognised her for the bright, young-looking girl whom I had first seen on board the *Crocodile*. She came close to me.

"Is he dead?" she asked again. She did not wait for me to reply—but continued, speaking in a wild and yet automatic voice: "Listen. Since I wrote that letter I have been nearly mad. My misery and remorse grew beyond words. I suddenly made up my mind to follow you both to Jubbulpore. From Jubbulpore I came on to Morar—there the awful news of the accident and his dangerous illness met me. Now tell me, is he alive? I can bear it, but I must know the truth—is he living?"

"Just," I answered. "You must be prepared, Mrs. Farquharson, to see him greatly changed."

"I do not mind that if only his life may be spared. Now take me to him."

She held out her hand.

We went to the hut, in the door of which Rhanee Mee, the black woman, was standing.

"Rhanee," I said, "this is the memsahib, the good sahib's wife. She has come all the way from Bombay to see him."

Rhanee Mee fixed her lustrous eyes on the white girl—the two exchanged long glances.

"Can you understand English?" asked Lil.

The black woman nodded.

"And you have nursed him?"

She nodded again.

"Then I will tell you everything. I have been a bad wife to the sahib—I have tortured him for that which he could not help. Save him for me—bring him back from the gate of the grave—do what you can. I must show him how sorry I am."

Rhanee Mee's face grew graver and graver.

"The sahib is bad to-night," she said, in a solemn voice; "his fever does not yield to the remedies of our tribe—it may be that he will not recover." Then she glanced again at Lil, who stamped her foot in agony.

"He must recover, Rhanee Mee," she cried. "I have often heard of the skill of your people. Use your great skill now, and give him back to me."

"I have done nearly everything," said the black woman. "I have tried nearly all our remedies."

"Nearly, but not quite?" said Lil.

"There is one thing left."

"Then use it; don't delay."

"There is one thing left," repeated Rhanee Mee, "but I was keeping it for myself against the day of my own extremity." She looked again at Mrs. Farquharson, gave her a queer

and incomprehensible smile, and turning went back into the hut.

In a moment she came out again, holding in her hand a curiously-carved box.

"Open it," she said, pushing it into the hands of the wife.

Mrs. Farquharson did so. Inside there lay what appeared to be a solitary pearl of large size and beauty.

"That pearl is hollow," said Rhanee Mee. "Within there lies a medicine more potent than anything I have yet used for the sahib. Take it, memsahib—I give it to you because you love him. Take it and try it. If anything can bring him back from the grave, that will."

Mrs. Farquharson's face grew whiter and whiter. Holding the box in her hand, she stared at Rhanee Mee.

"Go at once," said the woman, with an imperious gesture; "he is lying there inside the hut, go to him. Crush the pearl and then hold it to his nostrils. Let him inhale the fragrance. What is within is the most potent thing in all the world. That pearl has cost many lives: it was taken from a neighbouring tribe with which our tribe was at war. It was given to me by my husband—I was to use it in my last extremity. The sahib avenged the life of the one who gave it to me—the extremity has come—the sahib shall have the medicine."

Lil seemed to understand at last. She shook herself as if out of a sort of stupor, and, not even waiting to thank Rhanee Mee, went into the hut. I followed her.

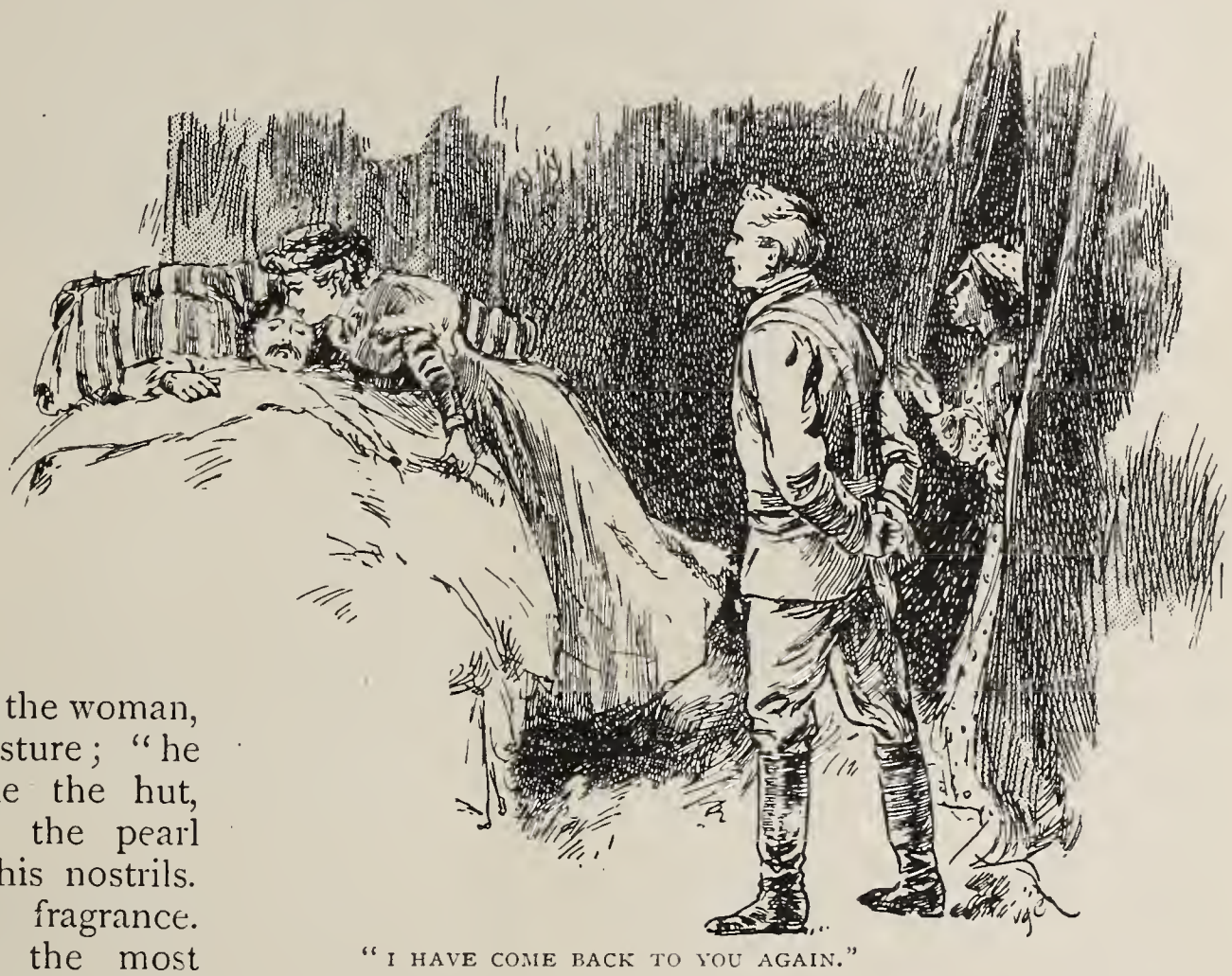
Farquharson was now lying in a state of complete collapse, his eyes were closed, his face was ghastly, his breath came at longer and longer intervals from his parched lips. He did not hear his wife's step or see her when she came into the darkened space. She knelt by the couch—I stood behind.

"Dick," she cried, bending forward and pressing her lips to the forehead of the dying man. "I could not do what I said I would. I could not leave you—I have come back to you again. Smile or no smile, I cannot do without you; I have come back to you."

"Tell her to break the pearl, there is not a moment to lose," said Rhanee Mee.

"Do what she tells you," I whispered. "Break it and hold it to his nostrils."

Her fingers trembled, but she did what I told her. She crushed the hollow pearl, and



"I HAVE COME BACK TO YOU AGAIN."

immediately a gas, curious and volatile, escaped. It filled the room with a queer perfume—the sick man immediately opened his eyes.

"Why—Lil!" he said, with a smile.

He closed them again.

"He smiled," said Mrs. Farquharson, looking round at me. "He smiled like *anybody else.*" She fell forward in a fainting fit.

Facts are stronger than theories. Just as there was no apparent reason for the subjective symptoms which comprised Farquharson's horrible malady, so neither was there any cause known why the shock which the tiger's wounds had inflicted should get rid of it. Such, however, was the case; he not only recovered his bodily health, but the dreadful grimaces and unnatural laughter never again troubled him. He laughs now as heartily and pleasantly as any man I know, and his smile, Mrs. Farquharson says, is like sunshine.

Some Peculiar Occupations.

By Balliol Bruce.

IF you doubt the existence of a "black-eye academy," pay a visit to Mr. W. Clarkson, in Wellington Street—prince of perruquiers, and monarch of "make-up." The number of patients treated here in the festive season is surprising; so are the stories put forward by sufferers to account for the disfigurement.

The gradations in black eyes are noticeable in the tariff. Half a crown to ten shillings is the usual fee; but Mr. Clarkson himself once went to Brussels in hot haste to paint out a virulent specimen; on this occasion the artist's fee and expenses came to £7! Believe me, this is a serious business. The artists ask no questions; they are tactful and diplomatic, listening to the (unsolicited) excuses given, and gravely assuring the victims that some day our scientists may be in a position to account for the shocking vagaries of bedstead-knobs and the unprovoked assaults committed by unexpected doors.

In the photo. a black-eye artist of seventeen years' experience is seen at work. On the table at the back lies the paint-box. "First of all," said the artist, "a No. 5½ grease-paint is rubbed in, and next comes a No. 4, which is of a darker hue. Lily powder is used to finish off, and if there is a high colour on the cheek, a little carmine comes into play." The sound eye is also touched up to bring it into perfect accord with its damaged neighbour. The process takes about half an hour, and is conducted before a mirror. Patients are curiously nervous—they are sure they are going to be hurt. Allowing for a perfunctory morning toilet, the artist's handiwork will last about a week; then it must be renewed, which means another fee.

Some sufferers try to do the job themselves. They get pink and white chalk at the chemist's, but the result is a weird, ghastly face, with the discoloured optic far more noticeable than before. Here are a few cases selected at random:—

1. Angry wife; threw book at husband, but missed him. He rushed from the house; went to Clarkson's and asked to have a black eye *painted in*, so as to fill his wife with remorse for the injury she was supposed to have inflicted!

2. Lady shopping; three days before her marriage. Boys playing tipcat. Tipcat flew and struck lady between the eyes, blackening both terribly. Anguish and despair. Wedding postponed. Friend suggested Clarkson. Work of art painted; wedding, after all.

3. Solicitor wanted black eye painted out before entering court.

4. Ladies of high degree fought on the eve of a Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace. Black eyes. Successful treatment. Big gratuity to artist.

5. One evening gentleman had black eye painted out; came in next night *with another!*

Now, as to excuses. There are slipping whilst getting into and out of bed; cab pulling up suddenly and throwing forward the occupant; falling up the stairs, and the rest. For out-and-out original excuses we have the nursing of a robust baby boy whose chubby fist did the awful deed; and the popular preacher who was so carried away by his own eloquence that he "jabbed" himself in the eye.

The water-wizard will detect for you the presence of running water beneath the surface

PAINTING OUT BLACK EYES.

THE WATER-WIZARD, MR. GATAKER, TRACING A SUBTERRANEAN STREAM.
From a Photo. by Debenham & Co., Weston-super-Mare.

of the ground. The chief exponent of this recondite art is Mr. Leicester Gataker, of Weston-super-Mare, who is shown at work in the photo. Mr. Gataker is here seen tracing a subterranean stream on Lord Llangattock's estate, near Monmouth. Behind him are his lordship's agent and foreman of works, both of whom are literally trying their hands to discover whether or not they possess the peculiar power of water-divining.

Although science has not recognised the divining-rod, still the fact remains that Mr. Gataker is extraordinarily successful in finding water where geological experts have failed. Moreover, he is employed by great landowners and municipal bodies, so that he makes a handsome income out of the subtle affinity that exists between him and running water.

Mr. Gataker discovered his strange faculty accidentally. Chancing to walk across a field, holding a V-shaped white-thorn twig, he suddenly felt it turn in his hand. Most water-wizards use the twig in their divinations; but Mr. Gataker uses his hands only. He is made sensible of the existence of water beneath the surface by experiencing a mild tremor all up the muscles of his arms and a slight tingling sensation in the palms of his hands—not unlike a weak electric shock. But Mr. Gataker not merely *finds* water; he also gauges the *depth* at which it will be found, and this he estimates according to the sensations felt. Many people, I learn, possess this power without knowing it.

During his career as a "dowser" (local name), Mr. Gataker has had to contend with a great deal of scepticism. And he has been tested. He was once shown a well in an unfamiliar place, and asked to trace the water that fed it. He set to work, but found he could trace no water in the vicinity. *That well had been dry for years!* Mr. Gataker long ago silenced those who suggested trickery. He adopted the principle, "No water, no pay!" and now great landowners and local corporations have, through his agency, secured an abundant water supply in the form of gushing wells, where it was never even suspected that water existed.

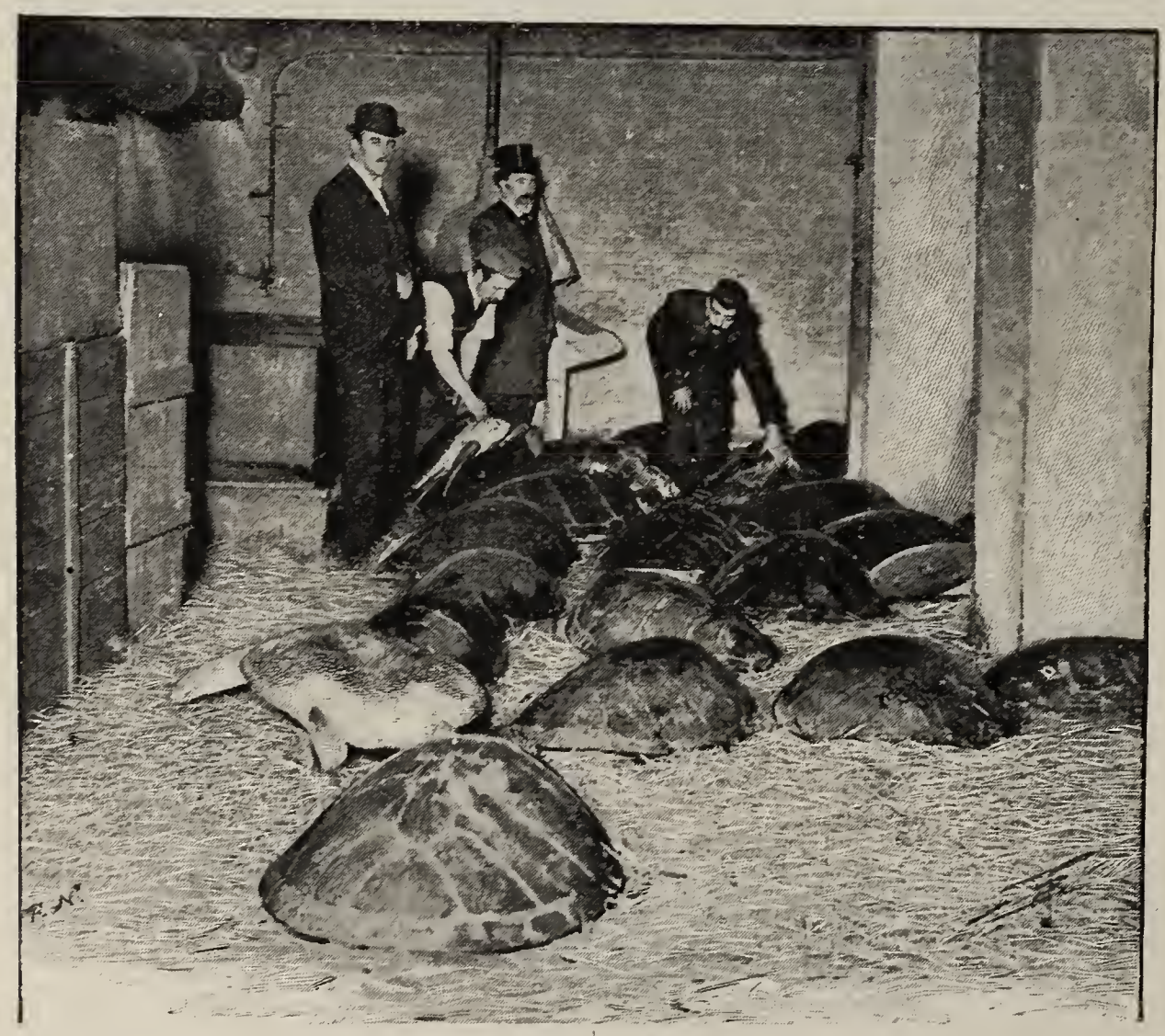
An extraordinary business is carried on at the Maison Pinet, 56, Berners Street, W. M. Pinet is a professional height-increaser. This is effected in two ways: (1) By using in one's boots the plush-covered pads (called "elevators") seen in the photograph; and (2) by wearing specially made boots. For anything up to 1½in., the elevators are recommended; up to 6in. the specially made boots. The elevators cost from 7s. 6d. to 15s. 6d. per pair; they are about 5in. long and 2½in. wide. The boots run up the scale from a sovereign or so to seven or eight guineas.

Clerks out of employment, waitresses, shop-girls, footmen (to whom stature is everything), and even policemen, are all among M. Pinet's clients; also Army officers, members of Parliament, lords and ladies, barristers, clerics of all degrees, and lovers of both sexes by the thousand. In many cases ladies use the elevators solely because they raise the instep and make the feet appear smaller.

HEIGHT-INCREASING PADS, OR "ELEVATORS."
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

One hears of the dignified gentleman who left his elevators in his boots, when he put these outside his hotel bedroom door. When the boots were brought up polished, the pads were missing, and the gentleman was "confined to his room." He didn't care to make inquiries about the things. When he did venture out, he was somewhat lower in the eyes of his friends. The moral is, keep duplicate pairs.

The turtle trade is unique. Nine-tenths of it is in the hands of Mr. T. K. Bellis, of 6, Jeffrey's Square, St. Mary Axe, E.C. The head-quarters of the trade is at Kingston, Jamaica, but nearly all the fishing is done



INTERIOR OF MR. BELLIS'S TURTLE WAREHOUSE.

on the coral reefs, north of the island. One hundred men work on the eight to fifteen schooners. The catching is simple enough. Strong twine nets are stretched from rock to rock, and when the "fish" (as it is called) feels itself caught, it clings to the meshes with its fins.

Each schooner returns to Kingston with eighty to 150 turtles, which are deposited in inclosures, filled with sea-water; they are fed on turtle grass and taken as required. No turtle of more than 180lb. is eaten in England, whilst fish of 140lb. are most in demand.

The importer's standing order to his agent is. "~~Don't~~ exceed 100 turtles ~~by~~ Royal Mail steamer, once a fortnight." The death-rate *en route* is great, although hose and sea-water and warm straw are used, and a liberal diet of oatmeal and lettuce supplied. In the train from Southampton numerous foot-warmers are placed to raise the temperature. Below forty degrees means death. "I remember," said Mr. Bellis, "landing seventy-five out of 120, and then lost another thirty before the turtles reached my warehouse."

Most of the fish are sold beforehand to restaurateurs and hotel and private *chefs*. Mr. Bellis imports about 2,500 turtles a year, the price ranging from tenpence to a shilling per pound.

Though susceptible to cold, the turtles may be *nailed* to the deck of the ship, so as to prevent the creatures swarming all over the vessel. The seeming vitality of the turtle after decapitation is curious. Mr. Bellis once sent a big fish to an hotel in Newcastle. The *chef* cut the turtle's head off, and hung the body upside down to bleed. Twenty-four hours after that turtle knocked down a man-cook with one blow of its fin. A turtle's head was also mentioned which, severed from the body for many hours, would yet bite savagely at a piece of wood. As a rule turtles are not dangerous to handle, but they have inflicted severe injuries with their fins. A man was once carrying into a famous restaurant a very large turtle, and as he was placing it on the floor, the creature snapped his nose clean off.

The next peculiar occupation is truffle-hunting. The photo. was specially taken by Messrs. Louis Bernard et Cie., of Carpentras, at the instance of Mr. Paul Winter, of 70, Mark Lane, E.C. It shows a *caveur* (or truffle-hunter) and his dog at work in the forest.

The average truffle isn't much bigger than a large walnut; it is black, and has a warty surface. The powerful odour of the fungus, especially just before a thunderstorm (truffles

CAVEUR, OR TRUFFLE-HUNTER, AND HIS DOG AT WORK NEAR CARPENTRAS.
From a Photograph.

have been called "thunder-roots" and "swine-bread"), attracts many animals — even pigs. Pigs were trained and used to hunt for truffles, until dogs superseded them. The hunters seek truffles during the winter; but they are baffled by a severe frost, which hardens the ground. The biggest truffle on record was unearthed two years ago; it weighed 6lb. 10½oz., and was presented by Messrs. Bernard to Messrs. Morel Bros., Cobbett and Son, Limited, of Pall Mall.

Truffles are most abundant on mountains. When the trees are fully grown and the crop favourable, one hunter and dog can find from 45lb. to 55lb. of truffles in a day's work. But the majority of the men own very little hilly land, and only find 17lb., 20lb., or 25lb. per day. Some seasons the truffle crop is an utter failure. Messrs. Bernard handle every year between 70,000lb. and 75,000lb. of truffles, the bulk being preserved. In the season, however, London and other great cities receive by parcel-post baskets of fresh truffles weighing 7lb. to 9lb.

When the dog has found a truffle, he stops, sniffing, on the spot. He is then rewarded with a scrap of food, and his master digs up the truffle, puts it in his wallet, and makes for another tree; for it is beneath trees that this fungus is found.

The working of devices in human hair is virtually a lost art. I am indebted for these details to Messrs. Chas. Packer and Co., of Regent Street, who kindly lent me the floral trophy worked in hair, and inclosed in a glass case, which is here reproduced. It is a romantic story. Somewhere in the forties a certain Swiss shepherd, Antonio Forrer, was tending his flocks; and like Giotto, he was a bit of an artist. Instead of drawing, however, he used to weave hair and wool into quaint devices.

An English lady saw some of his work, brought him over to England, and educated him at her own expense. Next we find him set up in business in Regent Street. His trade grew, and he foresaw a craze. Accordingly, he sent over to Switzerland for a lot of pauper crippled girls, whom he said he would teach. In 1850, Forrer had a grand house in a southern suburb, and he lived

FLORAL DEVICE WORKED IN HUMAN HAIR.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

like a prince on £10,000 a year. The craze was now at its height. Provision would be left in wills for mourning brooches at £20 each; mourning rings, and so on. In London alone there were 100 hair-working houses. Special artists prepared designs. Large brooches had hair designs set in them; pencil and cigarette cases were covered with hair; and waist-belts even were prepared from long tresses. Finally, regular pictures were prepared in hair on various backgrounds. One of these depicted somebody's birthplace—a pretty little French village, with brook, trees, houses, and even the names over the shops, all wrought in hair. One man had his dead wife's hair turned into an artistic landscape, after Corot. The frame was subsequently covered with the hair of the second wife! Captains of sailing ships brought orders from all parts of the world; and one gentleman had an *evening dress tie* woven out of the snow-white hair of his dead partner.

After the Prince Consort's death, Her Majesty had some of his hair made into a bracelet. Now, the Queen stipulated that there were to be no joinings; but this was impossible, the Prince's hair being too short. However, the Queen's instructions were carried out, and the bracelet delivered. Chancing to be toying with it one day, Her Majesty drew out a hair three times the length of the Prince's hair; then there was trouble. The bracelet was inspected, and it was found that while much of it *was* Prince Albert's hair, the greater part of it was not.

The last curious industry deals with funeral horses. Mr. Robert Roe, of Kennington Park Road, has imported these stately animals for upwards of twenty-five years. It seems they come from Friesland and Zeeland, and cost from £40 to £70. There must be about nine hundred funeral horses in London. The average undertaker, however, keeps neither horses nor coaches, but hires these from people like Seaward, of Islington. Mr. Seaward keeps a hundred funeral horses, so that a visit to his stables is an interesting experience.

"It is dangerous," said one of my informants, "to leave a pair of these black stallions outside public-houses, when returning from a funeral; for these animals fight with great ferocity." Once, at a very small funeral, the coachman lent a hand with the coffin; but, in his absence, the horses ran amuck among the tombstones, which went down like ninepins in all directions. A white spot takes a large sum off the value of a funeral horse. In the photo.

A VISTA OF FUNERAL HORSES—MAN PAINTING OUT A WHITE FETLOCK.

one of Mr. Seaward's men is painting a horse's white fetlock with a mixture of lamp-black and oil. A white star on the forehead may be covered by the animal's own foretop.

On the right-hand side in the photo. will be seen hanging a horse's tail. This is sent to the country with a "composite" horse—a Dutch black, not used for the best funeral work, owing to his lack of tail. He is sold to a country jobmaster, with a separate flowing tail, bought in Holland for a shilling or two. In the daytime, the "composite" horse conducts funerals, the tail fastened on with a strap; but at night he discards it, and gaily takes people to and from the theatres.

Worn-out funeral horses, one is horrified to learn, are shipped back to Holland and Belgium, *where they are eaten!*

The Flowery Islands.

By Sir George Newnes, Bart.

From a Photo. by] TEMPESTUOUS WEATHER—SCILLY ISLES. *[Frith & Co.*

EVERYONE from school-days onwards has heard from time to time of the Scilly Isles, but comparatively few people ever have the opportunity of seeing them. They are on the way to nowhere, and unless you live in Cornwall, and are enticed by summer excursion steamers, there is no chance, as a rule, to visit them, and yet they are most interesting and, so far as this country, at any rate, is concerned, unique.

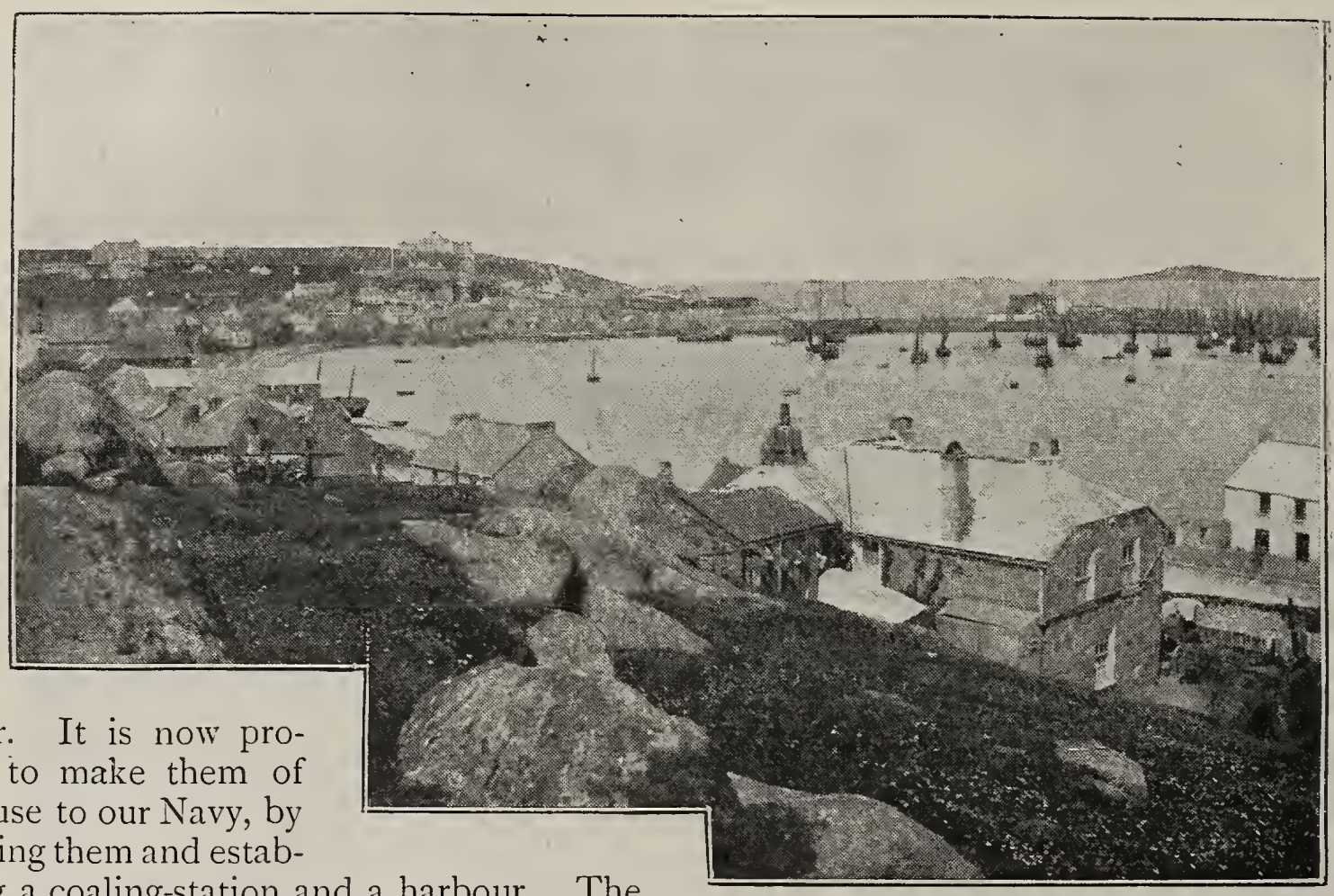
Right out on the broad Atlantic a cluster of rocky islands; five of them inhabited, and producing beautiful and

BISHOP LIGHTHOUSE.
From a Photo. by R. H. Preston, Penzance.

at the same time profitable growth, the others of little value.

The two features of the Scilly Islands present a striking contrast: flowers and storms; beauty and shipwreck. In tempestuous, and more especially in foggy, weather they have proved a death-trap to many an unhappy mariner, though the great utility of the lighthouses around our coast is shown by the fact that since they have been made efficient on Scilly the shipwrecks have been comparatively few.

As a set-off to the havoc that the islands have worked at times is the fact that they have also proved a place of



HUGHTOWN, ST. MARY'S.
From a Photo. by J. Valentine & Sons.

shelter. It is now proposed to make them of great use to our Navy, by fortifying them and establishing a coaling-station and a harbour. The islands form a sort of lake in the ocean, and when a breakwater has been made to the westward, where the largest area of the Atlantic is seen, there will be almost a perfect protection from every wind that blows.

There is no coaling-station for our Fleet between Ushant and Ireland, and it is conceivable that under certain circumstances the Scilly Islands might prove most valuable.

It is supposed, though no one knows, that Scilly was joined to the mainland, and there is a tradition amongst the people that at one time a horse's head could have stopped all the water that flowed between Scilly and what is called Land's End; but there is now nearly thirty miles of rolling sea between them.

If, however, the Scilly Islands have suffered through the angry storms of the Atlantic, they have enjoyed the soft embraces of the warm Gulf Stream, which comes across it. This flows all round the islands and keeps an equable temperature. For this reason it is possible to grow certain flowers about two months earlier than anywhere else in Britain, and in consequence of that fact a very large industry has been developed.

Mr. Augustus Dorien Smith was for nearly forty years Lord Proprietor of the Island, and he commenced and encouraged the cultivation of early flowers on a large scale. He was called, like his successor, Mr. Algernon Dorien Smith, "Lord Proprietor of the Island," although the Scillies are leased from the Duchy of Cornwall. Still, no one grudges the Dorien Smiths their title, as they have done so much for the island and have been practically kings of the place.

Upon the Island of Tresco is situated

From a Photo. by] TRESCO ABBEY. *[J. Valentine & Sons.*

their residence — a large one, with all the comforts of a modern English mansion. Surrounding it are many acres of gardens containing flowers and tropical plants, many of which are not to be met anywhere north of the Mediterranean shores. One part of the grounds is called North and the other South Australia. The

TRESCO ABBEY—ROCKERIES, SHOWING A GREATER VARIETY OF PLANTS THAN IN ANY OTHER PHOTO.

TRESCO ABBEY GARDENS — BIGGEST TREE FERNS IN SCILLY.

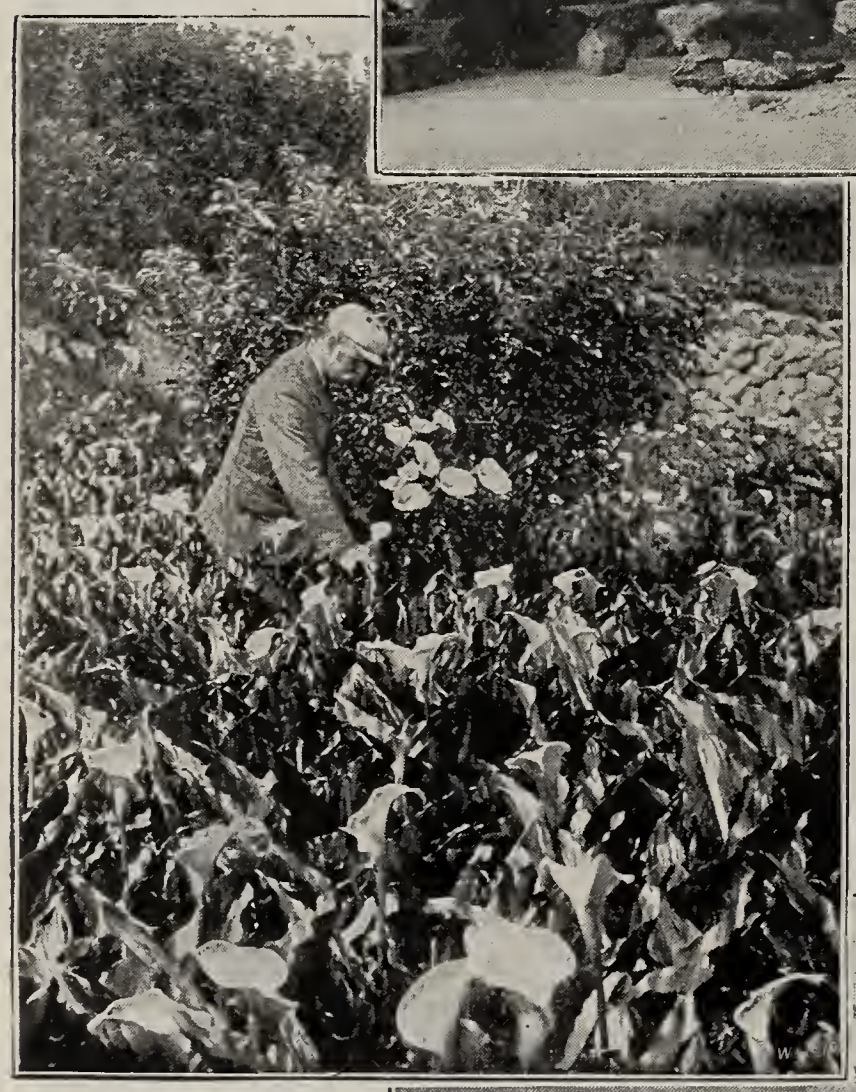
Long Walk separates the two, and here are found many trees, etc., which are indigenous to the soil of those distant colonies. Among the more striking of the plants are gigantic cactus, gum-trees, and fuchsias, more like forest trees than garden plants. There is also a variety of palms from China, India, and Japan; and aloes which are reputed to flower only once in a hundred years, and then to die, as if the display of their fragrance and beauty were fatal to them. As a matter of fact, very few of them do take as long as that before they flower, but it is true that they die immediately afterwards. One is reminded at every turn of the celebrated tropical gardens of Mr. Hanbury, near to Mentone, where, as here, is a wealth and profusion of luxuriant growth, of rare and beautiful plants. On the hill above the gardens is a statue of Mr. Augustus Dorien Smith, on which is an

From Photos. by] TRESCO ABBEY—EUCALYPTUS, ETC. *[Frith & Co.*

inscription stating that for thirty-nine years he was Lord Proprietor of these Islands.

Descending from this statue one comes to a lawn-tennis court, which is of itself a very commonplace object compared with the wonderful beauties that the visitor has just witnessed, but even that has a special and indeed a weird and ghastly interest of its own. At one end of the court

BUILDING IN THE TENNIS COURT.
From a Photo. by C. J. King, Scilly.



ARUM LILIES.
From Photo. by R. H. Preston, Penzance.

is a building for spectators, and this is embellished, if one can use the word in such a connection, by the figure-heads of ships which have been wrecked on the islands.

To sensitive spirits this is indeed a depressing sight, knowing that these twenty or more figure-heads are, perhaps, all that are left of so many ships carrying human freight, and the disasters to which hurled hundreds of souls into eternity.

We believe this curious and uncanny collection was made by Mr. Augustus, the uncle of the present Mr. Algernon Dorien Smith. This latter gentleman is a handsome man, in the prime of life, full of vigour and strong personal individuality. He is often called "King Smith," and his manner shows that he is not one who would like to be denied his own way. After all, kings are mortal, and it would be surprising if the King of the Scilly Islands did not, like all other Imperialists, show that he meant his royal will to be respected. But though he is controller of all the land in the island, and everyone has to go to him for permission to do anything upon it, still his is not an absolute monarchy. He has, like the Queen of the adjacent islands of

GRAND MONARQUE—THE LARGEST POLYANTHUS NARCISSUS. ONLY FIELD IN BRITAIN HEDGED WITH PALMS AND BAMBOOS.
From a Photo. by [*Frith & Co.*

Great Britain and Ireland, to put up with a county council, of which, however, as might be expected, he is chairman. The people

A FIELD OF PRINCEPS. TAKEN 10TH FEBRUARY.
From a Photo. by R. H. Preston, Penzance.

on the islands are represented in Parliament by the member for the Penzance Division of Cornwall.

But perhaps the most interesting feature in regard to these beautiful islands is the enormous increase of the trade in early flowers, particularly

PICKING ORNATUS.
From a Photo. by C. J. King, Scilly.

will astonish most people to learn that no less than 500 tons of narcissus were sent from Scilly to the mainland, mostly bound for Covent Garden Market. It is not that they grow in Scilly more beautifully or larger, but because they are some two months earlier.

It is rather prosy to introduce into a description of lovely flowers sordid questions of monopoly and competition. But still these islanders have the chance of putting upon the market at a time when no one else can the results of their labours, and no one can blame them for

A FIELD OF NARCISSUS. TAKEN 10TH FEBRUARY.
From a Photo. by R. H. Preston, Penzance.

narcissus and daffodils; of the former some 150 varieties are grown.

From very small beginnings this industry has progressed, and last year it

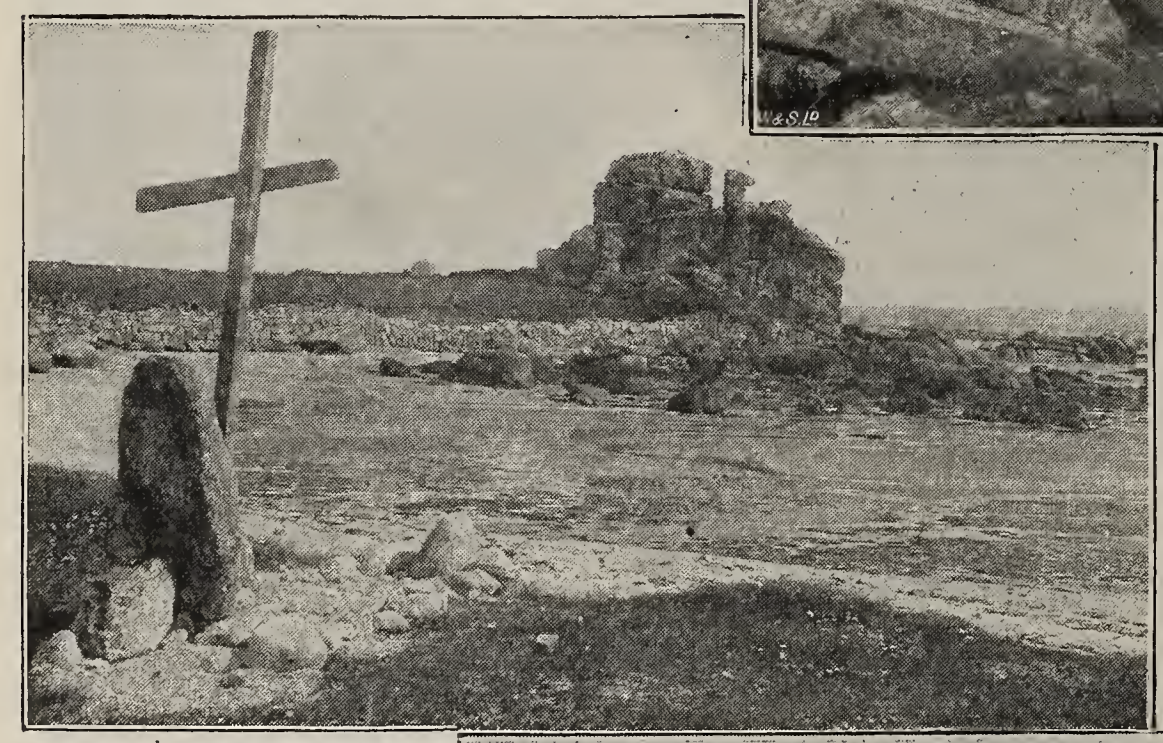
treating in a business-like and commercial manner the fortunate condition in which they find themselves. As we have said, the equable climate, in consequence of the Gulf Stream,

PACKING DOUBLE WHITES, ETC.
From a Photo. by Frith & Co.

is the main reason for the early and successful growth of the flowers, but they must be protected from certain winds, and large hedges are grown, so that the gardens look like

Photo. by] ST. MARY'S—PULPIT ROCK. *[Preston.*

patches or allotments. It is a very important question this study of the protection of the flowers, and the inhabitants of the isles seem to have well mastered it. The quantity of flowers



ST. MARY'S—LOADED CAMEL ROCK, AND SPOT WHERE SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL'S BODY WAS FOUND AND FLEET WRECKED, 1707.
From a Photo. by Frith & Co.

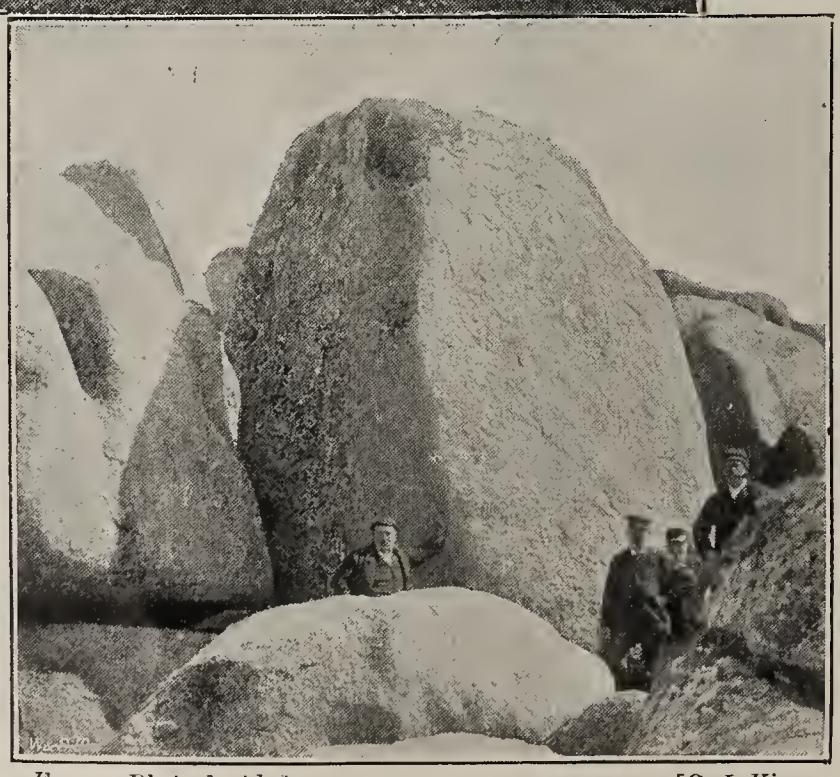
grown is steadily increasing, and in a few years' time the huge figure we have quoted will probably be far exceeded. Early potatoes and tomatoes are also cultivated in large quantities. Altogether Scilly is well worth a visit. At first there is a curious sensation in feeling that you are right out on the Western Ocean, not upon an Atlantic liner, but upon solid mother earth. Little frost or snow visits the isles, whilst in summer, intense heat is prevented by the cool Atlantic breezes.

There is some talk of establishing a large sanatorium upon the islands. The history and traditions of the place are largely connected with shipwreck and drowning. The people do not call themselves Englishmen or Cornishmen,

ST. AGNES—NAG'S HEAD ROCK.
From a Photo. by J. Valentine & Sons.

but Scillonians, and they are proud and fond of their birthplace. The rock scenery of some of the coast is imposing, and here is perhaps the largest of the Logan, or rocking-stones, a huge piece of rock so poised that it is possible for one person to move some hundred tons.

Sir Walter Besant spent six weeks here writing his famous novel, "Armorel of Lyonesse," which gives a good insight into the legends and folk-lore of the place; and certainly Scilly would be just the spot to inspire the novelist or the poet with ideas of romance, of rescue, and of tragedy; rugged and bleak in some parts, cultured and sheltered in others.



From a Photo. lent by] LOGAN STONE. *[C. J. King.*

By Mrs. Egerton Eastwick (Pleydell North).

"YOU must realize the risk entailed. A new play by an unknown author; it is only of late that ladies——" (he was not sufficiently sure of himself, or her, to say "women") "have commenced to make their mark as playwrights."

"But the beginning has been made," she said, smiling; "if the work is good, the sex of the writer has ceased to be an objection—give my work a chance."

"There is undoubted merit. Insight into character, fine touches, not too fine to escape the 'gods' (an excess of delicate perception usually fails), bright dialogue, dramatic unity, rapid action. It really ought to succeed. And yet I have known a piece that seemed to have all these qualifications die on the first night. The thing is to make it go. Who the deuce is to play the part of *Beatrice?*" He was walking up and down the room, talking more to himself than to her.

"Do you think," she said, shyly, "that *I* could?"

He stopped in his walk and looked at her.

"You!" he said, in astonishment.

She was certainly a beautiful woman, and there was about her an air of both power and fascination, the latter apparent in spite of a certain plainness, even poverty, of dress, which did not escape the practised eye of the manager.

"You," he repeated, with a touch of amusement in his tone, and still regarding her critically.

She wisely remained silent.

"Tell me," he said, presently, "what put the idea into your head—was *Beatrice* a piece of self-portraiture?"

She flushed deeply.

"I believe I could render the part as no one else could," she said, "because I know the truth of her story."

He resumed his walk.

"Well, to tell you the truth, the likeness struck me, gesture, style—I don't know that I should have realized the possibilities of *Beatrice* if I had not seen you."

"Then I have already acted as her interpreter?"

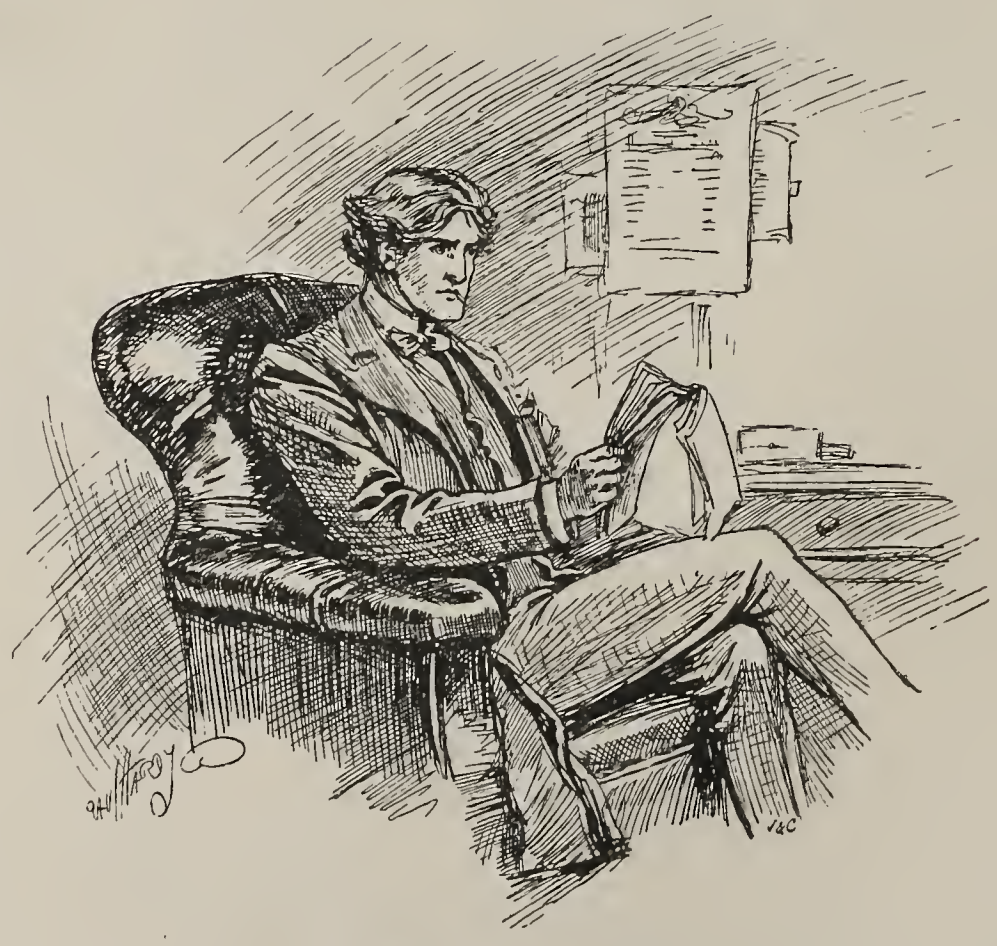
"Just so—faith, if *Beatrice* were to tell her story to the pit as you told me yours the day you persuaded me to read the play—but the training? You have no experience."

"Only as an amateur, but I would work hard, spare no effort——"

They discussed the point for another half-hour; finally it was arranged that, should the manager not see his way to making other more satisfactory arrangements—that is, should he not succeed in securing the services of Miss D'Arcy, the only suitable actress he could think of as likely to be available for the part in "A Modern Wife"—Mrs. Grey should study the *rôle* with a view to taking it herself.

At any rate, the piece was to be produced at the Hyperion Theatre in six months' time.

When Mrs. Grey had taken her departure, the manager sat for awhile in his comfortable den with the typewritten copy of the play in his hand, speculating upon the wisdom of his venture, and certain peculiarities connected with it. Who was Mrs. Grey? Until she had written for a personal interview, he had never heard of her.



"WHO WAS MRS. GREY?"

On that occasion she had enclosed a photograph, which led him to imagine that she desired an engagement, and the photograph had induced him to grant the interview. Then she had offered him the play. That a woman hitherto unknown to the world should have written at the outset something that approached a masterpiece, was sufficiently startling.

Although he felt sure that he was not aware of her true name and identity, he knew something of her history; at least, he had reason to think so. She had given him an outline of the struggle and necessity which had driven her to make this histrionic effort, with a passion and intensity of pathos which had made him promise to read her work, and caused him promptly to keep his word.

And now he was launched upon an enterprise which to his sober sense seemed more than doubtful. He was not at all sure that she had not been acting from first to last: that he was not the victim of some outrageous plot of a masquerade. Perhaps she had stolen the play. There were tricks of style here and there which seemed familiar. He turned the pages again and again, but could come to no conclusion, except that the strength which he had always believed lacking to make a woman, even a good novelist, to write a good play, was manifest here.

Another curious point was the similitude between the heroine and the author. Some of the very phrases used by *Beatrice* had been used by Mrs. Grey; the gestures ascribed to her were the gestures which seemed to come so naturally to Mrs. Grey. This fact militated at least against the idea of theft.

The address given by Mrs. Grey was 55, Clifton Road, Ramsgate; she had been staying in town in apartments while the fate of her play was in abeyance; but to-day, she had told Percy Marks, she was returning home; the thought of that home, as she had in part revealed it to him, filled him now with compassionate regret. He had gathered that she was linked to a man who had grown helpless before calamity, and was assailed in his poverty and despair by temptation, from

which it took all her woman's wit and courage to save him. Yet she thought of him still as the hero and lover of her youth, and held that the harshness and cruelty of his fellows alone had driven him to desperation.

The successful manager had not much sympathy to bestow upon this fool of fortune; he had no belief in a relentless fate, and regarded hypersensitiveness as mere idiocy; but he admired the woman who sought so bravely to withstand disaster, and was interested in her fate.

About a week later he wrote to Mrs. Grey. In a few lines he told her that, Miss D'Arcy having a prior engagement, he had decided upon offering to her, Mrs. Grey, the part of *Beatrice* in "A Modern Wife."

As a result, it was to be supposed that Mrs. Grey removed to town, for during the succeeding months she was, as a matter of necessity, in constant attendance at the theatre; but the secrecy with which she had in part chosen to surround her private life remained unbroken.

After that first expansiveness, she never again referred to her husband or her home; communications from the theatre were now addressed to a ladies' club; her companion at rehearsal was an old woman, apparently a servant, as reticent as herself.

They generally arrived on foot, alighting, as the manager discovered, from an omnibus in the main street near the Hyperion. Instincts both of wisdom and courtesy induced him to refrain from making any effort at present to penetrate her reserve.

As to the success of his venture, his confidence increased as time went on. *Beatrice* appeared to be under the influence of some over-mastering purpose which enabled her to surmount the difficulties inseparable from her inexperience, and to endow the part with startling vitality. Her fire was enough even to have redeemed stupidity, and she had none to encounter: it communicated itself to the rest of the company, it communicated itself to him, Percy Marks, the actor-manager, who played the part of the ruined genius, the husband of the "Modern Wife."

She led, thrilled, enthralled him. The pathos of failure crept into his marrow, and he began to understand its possibilities for the first time. She thrust them home upon him, and made him suffer all their torture; up to the last scene where she saved him from cowardly surrender. But he sometimes wondered whether she would ever act again; whether she were acting now. She seemed to be merely telling a story which she was determined the world should hear; it seemed impossible that she could ever assimilate any other part as she assimilated this. She was so desperately true.

The critical night drew near. The play was announced as the work of Lucian Grey, an author hitherto unknown, but a rumour had circulated to the effect that it had been written by the new actress who was engaged for the leading part, and not a little speculation and curiosity were consequently rife in theatrical circles. At the close of the last rehearsal, Percy Marks said to Mrs. Grey:—

"The author will, of course, be called. I hope you will be ready to respond?"

"To be hissed?" she said.

"I have no fear of it."

"Nor have I, really—it *shall* succeed. I will make them love me, pity me, and then—yes—if the author is called, the author will appear—upon one condition."

She had of late dressed more effectively than of old. To-day, she wore a long coat of dark velvet that enhanced the sensitive delicacy of her face; her red-brown hair showed in thick coils beneath her velvet toque, and her grey eyes had taken, in her excitement, a depth of shadow which made them seem purple, almost black.

"What is the condition?" he asked, eagerly. He foresaw in the disclosure of her double identity the climax of his triumph.

"That so long as the piece draws, and proves a financial success, you will not, under any pretext, take it off the boards under one hundred nights."

"That promise is easily given — while it succeeds, why should I wish to withdraw it?"

"Why, indeed? This is merely a whim of mine — give me your promise in writing."

He demurred. "I hope it will run three hundred nights," he said, evasively. "What you ask is unusual and quite unnecessary."

"Nevertheless, grant me this favour."

He tried to put her off, until he saw signs of restive rebellion. He was very much in her power, and after all, the promise seemed a safe one. What if at the last she were to throw him over, spoil everything, as he almost believed it was in her to do, if she were thwarted? At last he consented. He drew up and signed an agreement to the effect that for no reason but legitimate failure

would he withdraw "A Modern Wife" under the time specified.

The following night his expectations were more than realized. The house was crowded.

"THE AUTHOR WILL APPEAR UPON ONE CONDITION."

The audience was at first good-tempered (Percy Marks was eminently popular), then appreciative, then enthusiastic. As the curtain fell the storm of applause rolled from stalls to gallery, and from gallery to stalls, and back again.

It was one of those unqualified triumphs which more than once the manager had scored by his venturous daring and appreciative judgment. And yet a sense of annoyance mingled with his satisfaction. Mrs. Grey had done splendidly; had surmounted inevitable difficulties with marvellous courage; had hardly, after the first scene, shown appreciable signs of nervousness. She was called for again and again with him before the cry of "Author!" arose. She had justified his expectations, but he was conscious that she had not played for him or to him alone.

More than once he had seen her eyes fixed upon a box to the left of the stage, and in the shadow at the back he had caught sight of a white, eager face, and the figure of a man.

But now the call was growing imperious: "Author! Author!" and she showed no sign of response. He turned towards her quickly; her face had grown ashen—she was trembling from head to foot.

"Go on," she whispered, "tell them that the author is ill—will come presently—ask them to wait—give me five minutes—only three"—her hand was pressed to her side.

He was really alarmed, and hurried before the curtain to make his little speech. He was always welcome and listened to. When he returned he found her standing where he had left her, but by her side was a stranger, a man, the same he had seen in the box.

"Here," she said, rapidly, "is the author, the true Lucian Grey; he is ready to appear, and receive his rights."

Marks drew back—surely he recognised this man.

"Remember your promise," she said, imperiously.

The cries from the front were growing

once more imperative. With a quick motion of her lithe white hands, she pushed the man who had just joined her towards the wings.

"What does this mean?" said Percy Marks, angrily, when he stood with her alone.

"It was he wrote 'A Modern Wife.' He

"HERE IS THE AUTHOR."

—my husband—you know him; he sent you the play under another title, and you would not look at it. Five years ago, when you were a critic, you ruined him. Do you remember? But for me, you would have killed him, body and soul and brain—John Graham, do you remember?"

She spoke with quick catches in her breath, with rapid, eager pleading.

"And he has played this trick upon me," he said, angrily, "using you?"

"No, no—not he. It was my doing—he never knew until this evening when he sat in the box there and heard his own words—saw *you* acting them—oh!—shall I ever forget it? —the triumph, the joy. Forgive me, oh, you must forgive me. I could not see him die before my face; die of disappointment, despair. Look, he is coming."

The silence of the end had fallen upon the auditorium. John Graham had received his ovation, which had been mixed with considerable surprise, and returned.

He stood before them, transformed. The pallid cheeks were burning, the eyes aflame with strange, mysterious light.

Percy Marks was a clever man, able to recognise a mistake, and could atone generously. He stretched out his hand.

"Allow me to congratulate you," he said, frankly, "as much upon the success of your wife as upon your own. After all, it is to her that both your thanks and mine are due. Will you sup with me to-night?"

But that night the Grahams preferred to go home, to the unpretentious rooms where their child lay sleeping, and which they had taken six months previously, when "Mrs. Grey" entered upon her engagement at the Hyperion.

"A Modern Wife" ran over the one hundred nights, and Percy Marks had no cause to regret his venture. Mrs. Grey played *Beatrice* to the end, but she never again appeared upon the boards.

She had had "Her One Inspiration."

Policemen of the World.

By C. S. Pelham-Clinton.

POLICEMEN are a necessary evil, and the world is full of them. Every civilized, educated, and dignified nation is compelled to feed a large number in order to hunt rascals down and to help the women across the street; and in every country where law is a thing unknown, every man is his own policeman, and takes care of the above-named things for himself.

Now, for several years, the "bobby" has been my hobby, and in my travels I have often noted the great difference in the policemen of the world. As the photographs which I have collected will show, there is a wide difference in dress, feature, and stature. Some of the "bobbies" are handsome men, carrying in their face and form the dignity of strength. Others wear upon their brow the care of long hours and small pay. And some are so ugly that you would have a fit if you met them late at night.

To show you at once that some bobbies are not Apollos, I begin with the native police of South Africa. There are four of them, standing against a stone wall. The man on the right is a fierce man, and his set lips are a warning that the way of the transgressor is indeed hard. The bobby on the left wears an embryo smile, as if he were running in competition with the next man's white shirt; and three of them carry "wristers" on their belts. With all their ungainliness and lack of beauty, however, they are a decidedly efficient set of men, and manage to keep the wayward citizens of South Africa in gentlemanly order.

The Guardias Civiles, or Civil Guard, of Spain are, without exception, one of the finest bodies of men in any part of Europe. They are, perhaps, only equalled by the Irish Constabulary, a body they very much resemble, though, happily, at the present time, the latter have not the same disagreeable duties to perform as do their Spanish confrères. It is not so very long since travelling in Spain was quite as dangerous as, if not more than, a trip through Kashmir, or other equally out-of-the-way part of the world. The absence of railways, and the difficulties of communication, which, to a certain extent, still obtain, made travelling as dangerous as it was in England in the old posting days, when "Stand and deliver" was frequently heard on Hounslow Heath and other parts near London. The Spanish highwayman, however, usually reversed the order of action, making you a target first of all, and then requesting the unpunctured

From a Photo. by] NATIVE POLICEMEN, CAPE TOWN. *[B. G. Lennon & Co., Cape Town.*

portions of your anatomy to deliver up your worldly goods. In 1845 the Civil Guard was established, and the duty of its members is to patrol the high roads and practically guard travellers. Since their enrolment, brigandage has almost entirely disappeared, and except in the most out-of-the-way portions anything like highway robbery is a thing of the past. Their power is almost absolute, and it speaks wonderfully well for them as a body that it is very seldom abused, and if abused it is the malefactor who suffers, and not the peaceable citizen !

thousand foot and five thousand mounted Guardias Civiles in the country. On proper representations one can always be obtained as an escort if required, and I believe that even in the beautiful cork woods near Gibraltar, which are a favourite pic-nic ground for the garrison and tourists, if a party is known to be visiting that picturesque spot, the Guardia is generally to be found handy, though I have never heard of there being any need of his services; the idea is evidently that prevention is better than cure. Besides these, there are the Municipal Police,

OFFICER OF THE CIVIL GUARD OF SPAIN.
From a Photo. by the Photographic Company of Madrid.

MEMBER OF THE PUBLIC GUARD OF SPAIN.
From a Photograph.

The Guardias Civiles are scattered all over the country in pairs or squads, and the patrolling is invariably done in couples, the order being to march, when on patrol, fifteen yards apart. There are always two guards on each train, and with their curiously shaped hats, dark blue tunics, and yellow belts, their cloaks hung over their shoulders, and their quaint, rather old-fashioned gaiters, they make a picturesque effect when, immediately the train stops at a station, the two get out and march up and down the platform. There are in all about twenty-five

who meander round in an amiable fashion and look after the cleanliness of the streets, and are supposed to direct the traffic, which they generally do by allowing the traffic to direct itself. Their uniform is very much the same as that of the Ordenne Publico, or Police of Public Order, who are paid by the city and not by the State, the chief difference being that they wear green gloves instead of white, and wear belts outside the tunic; their caps are much the same, but they have the municipal coat-of-arms on the front.

ITALIAN MUNICIPAL POLICEMAN.
From a Photograph.

The Gibraltar police are dressed very much the same as those in England, excepting that they have a good deal more silver on their helmets. They have apparently a good deal less to do, as the soldiers are chiefly looked after by their own police and the patrols. One of their occupations seems to be to watch the squabbles between passengers landing from the steamers and the boatmen, and when a combat seems imminent, at the last moment to come to the front and establish order. If the police hastened their movements a little, visitors to Gibraltar in other than an official capacity would find their landing a good deal less irritating.

Beautiful as is the town of Naples, half the pleasure of the visit is marred by the ghastly cruelty to animals one sees on every side; it is a blot of shame on the town, and is, I believe, as much regretted by the better class of Italians as it is by the visitors. Even were the police turned into officers of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, I think they would hardly be able to summon up enough energy to do anything. The gendarmes on Sunday look very smart in their dark blue uniforms with silver braid. The Neapolitan police make little attempt to control the traffic, as little, in fact, as they do to prevent cruelty; but in Rome there is a marked difference in both of these respects, as there is as little cruelty to animals to be seen as there is in London, and the traffic is certainly better regulated than in most towns of Europe.

The police of Italy is divided into five bodies, or sections, the first being the Carabinieri, who wear a dark blue tail-coat and trousers, with red band and thread silver buttons and ornaments, and a cocked hat with tricolor cockade and tuft, and gloves and sword. The second section is the Guardie di Publica Sicurrezza, or Guards of Public Safety, who wear a dark blue tunic with light blue ornaments, grey trousers, a round cap with a peak, gloves, a small sword, and a revolver. Both of these belong to the military service, and are entitled to a pension. The men can rise from the ranks to be officers, but cannot advance beyond the rank of captain. The other police are the Municipal Police, the Forest Guards, and the Guardie Campestri, who look after the fields and farms, these last three being local bodies. The service is, of course, voluntary.

The Pope's Swiss Body-guard may perhaps come under the head of a police, though

A MEMBER OF THE POPE'S SWISS BODY-GUARD.
From a Photograph.

From a Photo. by] JAPANESE POLICEMEN. *[O. A. Poole, Esq., Yokohama.*

they are more of a military body; their uniform is one of the most picturesque in Europe, the only other equally fanciful costume being our beefeater's.

The Japanese police are very picturesque, especially in their summer costume. Dressed in white, with a sort of cape attached to their hats hanging down on their shoulders, they may often be seen walking along the street two by two. In speaking of the photograph here reproduced, Mr. A. R. G. Clark, the manager of Messrs. North and Rae's well-known firm in Yokohama, says: "I may mention that it is very difficult indeed to obtain such picures, as the native 'Robert' must be snapped unawares, and very few good negatives exist." The photograph is certainly an excellent one, and was taken by Mr. O. A. Poole, a distinguished Yokohama amateur.

ROUMANIAN POLICEMAN IN WINTER DRESS.
From a Photograph.

The Roumanian police are a fine body of men, and are under the control of the Government. In comparison with the City of London or New York police, they are much more military looking, and their dress is smarter. In summer, they wear a canvas uniform, and at all times carry a sword and loaded revolver. Through the kindness of Mr. N. San-Marin, Director of the Prefecture of Police, I am able to present two photographs of Roumanians, showing the winter costume and full dress.

Try as I would in Vienna, I was not able to obtain any photographs

ROUMANIAN POLICE-OFFICER IN FULL DRESS.
From a Photograph.

VIENNA POLICEMAN.
From a Photograph.

of the police there, which was the more aggravating as, both in uniform and appearance, they are as smart a body of men as anyone could wish to see. However, shortly afterwards, by the kindness of Mr. M. Feldschark, the British Consul-General in Vienna, I obtained some excellent photographs of the Viennese police, and those of Bohemia as well. The uniform of the Viennese gendarme is one of the most picturesque of any in Europe — of the regular police, that is; it consists of dark green tunic, blue-grey trousers with madder-red trimming, a blue-grey cloak with madder-red facings, a chasseur hat with a tuft of dark green feathers, and they are armed with a sword and Mannlicher rifle. They are a gendarmerie, or almost military body, organized for the maintenance of public order and security all over the country, with the exception of large towns, such as Vienna, Prague, etc., where a town police is in existence. As I said before, the Viennese police are a very smart-looking body of men: the mounted men in particular, with their gauntlet gloves, high boots, dark blue cloth jackets, and lighter trousers, and a leather belt across the chest, have a very spruce appearance. The ordinary policemen have a black cloth dress, with red facings, a black metal helmet with an eagle in nickel, and are armed with a sword. The inspector's dress is very much the same, excepting that the ornaments are silver, and the stripes on the arm are silver braid.

AUSTRIAN GENDARME.
From a Photograph.

The Prague police have a handsome uniform, with a curious hat, almost like an English pot-hat, with a square crown and a point, and with a bunch of feathers at the side. The mounted men have uncommonly good horses, and sit extremely well.

I was rather disappointed with the police of Berlin, who, though a fine

From a] PRAGUE POLICEMEN. *[Photograph.*

body of men as regards size, showed a great deal too much disposition to girth. They are, however, extremely serviceable in regulating the traffic, and I watched the way they kept the people back on the pavement, while the German Emperor was riding up Unter den Linden, with a good deal of curiosity, as they showed much firmness, and yet were very good-natured and polite through it all. Their uniform is dark blue, and they wear a helmet of shiny leather, with a band of nickel and arms of the same metal.

GERMAN POLICEMAN.
From a Photograph.

For some reason or other the powers that be at the Hague declined to let me have photographs of their police, but offered a picture of a fireman instead. What the connection between the two is I rather fail to see, but it was doubtless kindly meant. However, the terror to evil-doers in the Netherlands is dressed in a dark blue tunic and trousers, and wears a shiny helmet, and carries a short, heavy sword, which he is only allowed to use in desperate emergencies. The rural policeman much resembles his town brother, but the most gorgeous officials of all are the Custom House police, who have a much more gaudy uniform.

I suppose the French policeman is almost as well known to English people as the English one. The uniform of the gendarme is a dark blue tunic edged with red, rather lighter blue trousers, black braid epaulettes, a cocked hat with silver braid, and aiguillettes of white thread. He is armed with a revolver. The mounted gendarmes have the same uniform with a cross-belt of buff leather, a cloak lined with scarlet cloth, and are armed with a sword and carbine. The ordinary town policeman is dressed in darker colours, and has the regulation of the traffic in his hands.

I did not visit Serajevo, but Mr. Freeman, the British Consul there, kindly sent me photographs of the Bosnian police, with the following information :—

"There are in Bosnia and the Herzegovina gendarmes, or rural police, finanzwache, or Custom House guards, and town police. The inclosed photographs are all of the latter, but the uniforms of the others are very similar. The Christian members of all three

FRENCH GENDARME.
From a Lithograph.

From a] FRENCH SERGENT DE VILLE. [*Lithograph.*

forces wear the Austrian cap, the Mohammedans the fez. All the uniforms are dark green; the gendarmes and the town police have red facings, and the latter, when on duty, wear a metal plate with their numbers. The gendarmes carry a Kropatchek rifle and a sword-bayonet, the policemen only a sword. The Custom House guards have green facings, and carry a Wernde rifle and sword-bayonet."

As regards size, the Russian policemen are the biggest men of any in Europe, and compare in this respect with the police of New York, though what is known as the Broadway squad in the trans-Atlantic city can, I think, give inches in size to any body of men in Europe.

The Russian force is divided into three sections, the Urban, Suburban, and River police. The uniform of the Urban police is black, with yellow and red facings, and in cold weather they have a heavy great coat, and round their waists is a belt carrying a short sword and a revolver; the uniform of the Suburban section is black with purple facings, and the River police have black with white facings. There is also, in various parts, a mounted police, and I noticed these particularly

BOSNIAN POLICEMAN.
From a Photograph.

From a] RUSSIAN POLICEMAN. *[Photograph.*

in Moscow, their uniform partaking much more of a military character. The Russian policemen are drawn from soldiers who have done their service in the regular army, but it is not a military corps, and the men are not entitled to pension on retirement. The rank and file cannot, as a rule, become officers, these last being chiefly chosen from the regular army, and I must make a passing tribute to the extraordinary politeness and courtesy shown to our party by the chief of the Kremlin district, at Moscow. Seeing we were strangers, on the occasion of one of the chief fêtes there, he not only gave us admission to the church, but allowed us to return in the procession to the Church of the Assumption, and afterwards emphasized his civility by taking the trouble to come up and ask if he could be of any further service to us. Good-natured and civil as are the majority of our English inspectors, I fancy very few of them would show such gratuitous civility and such great kindness to entire strangers. I say this without any intention of disparaging the most excellent police of London.

The Fiji Islands are kept in order by a body called the "Armed Native Constabulary." From a

NATIVE FIJIAN POLICE-OFFICER AND ORDINARY POLICEMAN.
From a Photograph.

resident of Sura, I have received photographs showing these men outside the Sura Barracks. The man on the right presenting arms is the common soldier-policeman, with black tunic and black facings. The man on the left is an officer. His tunic of dark blue with scarlet facings contrasts strikingly with the scalloped kilt of white linen. Note the curious manner in which the native Fiji policeman wears his hair.

In the Straits Settlements, the police force numbers over 2,000, of whom about 100 are Europeans. The accompanying photographs show the well-known Sikh and Malay policemen. The first-named "bobby," with gun on shoulder, is a picturesque figure. The gun is used when the Sikh is on guard at the treasury or Government offices. At other times he wears the sword only. The second Singapore photograph shows the native Malay policeman.

In passing, I may say that the police forces in the various British Colonies are modelled on the lines established in the mother country. In many of the Colonial cities and towns, the police legislation is based upon metropolitan enactments, and the expense of the police establishments is borne by the Colonial revenue. British India is divided into police districts, but the system differs slightly in the different presidencies. All the British Indian police are in uniform,

SIKH POLICEMAN.
From a Photo. by Moses & Co., Singapore.

NATIVE MALAY POLICEMAN.
From a Photo. by Moses & Co., Singapore.

and are trained in drill and in the use of fire-arms. The ordinary members of the force are natives, while the officers are nearly all Europeans, who have seen military service. By the Code of 1883, which has tended to make the force very efficient, the police have a legal sanction for acts that in England are sanctioned by practice. Policemen take evidence, and have the power to compel the attendance of witnesses and to question

MADRAS POLICEMAN.
From a Photo. by Major Hands, Madras.

them. In fact, as one great authority, Stephen, says, the police of India are far more important, and relatively more powerful, than the English police, owing to the smallness of the number of the European magistrates and other circumstances.

The costume of the Madras police is less attractive than that of the Sikh. A gaily-coloured turban, dark jacket, white trousers, and sandals

MONTENEGRIN POLICEMAN.
From a Photograph.

SWEDISH POLICEMAN.
From a Photo. by Dahllof, Stockholm.

make up the uniform, and the "bobby" carries a sword. The Montenegrin policeman, with his trusty pistol in his belt, is much smarter in appearance, stalwart and impressive.

In Stockholm and Christiania the uniforms much resemble each other, being of dark blue, almost black, cloth, with brass buttons, and a brass plate on the shiny leather helmet, and they are armed with a short sword.

TASMANIAN POLICEMAN.
From a Photo. by S. Spurling, Launceston, Tasmania.

Here is a policeman from Launceston, Tasmania, who measures 6ft. 2in. in height. The number of the force in that town is about fifty, and they are often spoken of as "a model police force." At present, the local police of Tasmania are under the control of the local municipal councils, but it is very probable that, under a centralization Act, all the police of this far-off island will be

under Government control. As will be noticed, the Tasmanian "bobby" is remarkably like the London "peeler," and is quite as fine-looking.

In Denmark the city and county police are also a distinct body—men who have been in the army being preferred, though military service is not essential. They receive a pension on retiring, but are allowed to follow any civil occupation in addition if so inclined. The ordinary policeman can be promoted to an inspectorship, which is about equal to a sergeantship in this country, and to rise higher and get command of a district he must pass an examination, and, after a few years' service in the ranks, is promoted as vacancies occur.

DANISH POLICEMAN.
From a Photo. by Stolten & Simmowen, Copenhagen.

Belgium enjoys with Switzerland the reputation of being one of the least-policed States of Europe. There is, roughly speaking, one "bobby" to every 350 persons. The duty of the *gendarmerie*, or members of the horse and foot police, is to maintain internal order and peace. In this work they are aided by the "Guard Civique."

It would be carrying coals to Newcastle to give a detailed description of the English police and their efficiency. It seems to be the custom nowadays to run them down on every occasion. Why, I never can see, for taking it all in all it is not too great praise to say they are the most efficient body of men in the world. There may be a few black sheep among them, and a few of them may not have read Lord Chesterfield's book on manners, but if their efficiency, readiness to oblige, and general civility were placed in one side of the balance, and the contrary attributes on the other side, I think everybody knows which side of the scale would reach the ground with a bump. Only travellers who have watched the traffic of foreign towns extricate itself, more by good luck than good guidance, can appreciate the careful manner in which the gigantic mass of vehicles in London is managed by our friend the "bobby."

BELGIAN POLICEMAN IN UNDRESS UNIFORM.
From a Photograph.

In London, the "Metropolitan" and the "City" policemen are distinguished when on duty by the difference in the small canvas armlet worn on the left fore-arm. In the "City" this strap is of red and white stripes, while in all other parts of the Metropolis the stripes are of blue and white. The Metropolitan police area is over 688 square miles, and includes all places within a radius of fifteen

miles of Charing Cross — except the "City." In the "one square mile" on the other side of Temple Bar, 928 stalwart men, from the "Commissioner" down to the ordinary constable, guard the public from harm. The force costs about £128,000 a year. This sum is paid for entirely by the citizens, without Imperial aid, and the wages for each man is considerably in advance of police wages in the United Kingdom. The Metropolitan force, up to December, 1895, numbered 15,271, and the cost of supporting it is partly borne by the Government.

An equally efficient corps is the Irish Constabulary, which is, however, considerably more of a military force. Their good temper under difficulties and danger can be appreciated by those who, like myself, happened to be quartered in Ireland when the Emergency trouble commenced, and the dark green uniforms and the stalwart forms they encased will be always remembered by those who have seen them in such trying circumstances as a first-class body of well-drilled guardians of the peace.

I have already mentioned the New York policeman in terms of deserved praise. They—in fact all of the American policemen—are as fine a body of men as any in the world. In many of the Eastern cities, such as New York, Boston, Philadelphia, there is a strong sprinkling of Milesian blood in the multitude of officers and patrolmen, and it is said that many of them go on the Milesian principle of "hit him first and hold him afterwards." The "hitting" is done by means of a club or "billy"—a short stick of hardwood loaded with lead, about as long as the fore-arm. This stick has a particularly persuasive and somnolescent effect, and the day-billy, a smaller, but quite as powerful club, reduces the most violent criminal to a state of child-like and abject humility. The depressing thwack of the "billy," and the charges against it, have often been heard; but I, for one, can bear witness that, in all my American travels, I have never known the "billy" to be put to an inhuman use. The American policeman, by the way, is popularly known as a "cop," and in certain portions of New York he wears the euphonious name of "de collar."

LONDON METROPOLITAN "BOBBY."
From a Photo. by F. C. O. Stuart, Southampton.

NEW YORK POLICEMAN ON BROADWAY.
From a Photo. by H. N. Tiemann, New York City.

Cliff-Climbing and Egg-Hunting.

By L. S. Lewis.

IN egg-hunting, as in other things, there are degrees; and in this article I propose to deal only with the very highest form of this fascinating hobby. I refer more particularly to cliff-climbing, or, more properly, cliff-descending, in search of eggs. Among the most distinguished adepts in this difficult and perilous art is—appropriately enough—one of the most popular officers in the British Army—Lieutenant-Colonel Willoughby-Verner, of the Rifle Brigade, who is, at this moment, a professor of military science at Sandhurst. As his egg-collecting adventures and stories would fill whole volumes, I have some difficulty in "boiling-down," as the saying is, even a tithe of the interesting material gathered at our interview.

First of all, let me say that in the portrait reproduced on this page Colonel Verner is depicted in full climbing attire — knife, camera, ropes, and sling, or belt. He wears rope-soled shoes, which he bought for one peseta in Andalusia.

"I began egg-hunting as soon as I could climb a tree," the Colonel said to me; "and later on I used to assist my father in training his sporting hawks and falcons, of which he had a large number."

While stationed at Gibraltar, between 1874 and 1880, Colonel Verner had splendid opportunities for indulging his favourite pastime. "The lowest—as to situation—and also the very first eagle's nest I ever took, was that of an Imperial eagle—a tree-nesting species. This nest was in a stunted tree, only 20ft. high, in the middle of an almost impenetrable thicket, which was surrounded by a large swamp covered with reeds 10ft. high." Here the great bird relied for security on the solitude of the swamp, and the difficulty of access to the tree. Certainly, Colonel Verner would never have reached that nest were it not for the assistance rendered by a couple of bare-legged Spanish leech-catchers, who beat down the reeds for him with their poles.

By the way, the manner of catching the leeches was simple, but loathsome. As the men beat the reeds, the leeches swam forward in battalions and fastened on to the Spaniards' bare legs. When a sufficient number had taken the human bait, the catchers dislodged them and commenced again. The men required a pretty liberal diet to make up for the blood they lost whilst following their odious occupation.

The gallant Colonel's highest nest (as compared with the lowest, mentioned above) was that of a golden eagle, which took up its abode in a dizzy crag, 2,800ft. above Jimena, in Andalusia.

Asked as to the details of his cliff-climbing outfit, Colonel Verner said: "I take with me 180ft. of 1in. Alpine rope; 50ft. of 2in. rope for 'bad' places; a ball of strong twine with lead weight attached, for communicating up or down; a nest of tin boxes for eggs, carried in a bag or creel; field-glasses, dagger, canvas belt (specially made for me by a blue-jacket); water-bottle and provisions; a hand camera, and a set of egg-blowing instruments packed in a case."

To these may be added a 28ft. rope of pure silk, weighing but a few ounces, yet

LIEUT.-COL. WILLOUGHBY-VERNER IN CLIFF-CLIMBING COSTUME.
From a Photo. by Sergt. Smith, Aldershot.

capable of supporting two men. This rope was given to the Colonel by the late Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria, who had used it himself whilst chamois-hunting in the Tyrol.

In the spring of 1878, Colonel Verner left Gibraltar with a friend for a nesting expedition into the mountainous country north of the Rock. They chanced to visit the nesting-place of a griffon vulture in a cliff, which in most parts inclined at an angle of about seventy degrees. Two-thirds of the entire height was as smooth as a wall. "We had no ropes. We worked our way through a densely wooded ravine to the foot of the cliff, and managed to reach a ledge whence we could command most of the face of the precipice. Here we found it possible to sidle, barefooted, along the narrow ledges, the strata being more closely defined.

"Before reaching the ledge where the nest lay, I had to let myself down 6ft. Having packed the egg, I climbed still higher, and came across two more nests with eggs. Great fissures were met with now and again, and as I was creeping round into one of these, a gigantic griffon vulture flew out with disconcerting suddenness. Here I found another nest. I swung round into the fissure, but could not get back again, so I climbed up the 'chimney' and collected more eggs."

"A GIGANTIC GRIFFON VULTURE FLEW OUT."
From a Water-Colour Drawing by Lieut.-Col. Willoughby-Verner.

A few moments later the daring climber had a terribly narrow escape from an awful death. He was sidling along the narrow ledges as we see him in the picture (which is from a drawing by himself, made immediately after the occurrence), when the rock gave way under his foot, and he swung out 300ft. above the abyss, holding on to the upper ledge only with the fingers of one hand! "As I slipped," he said to me, plaintively, "my egg-box struck against the rock; and it was just my luck that the most beautifully marked egg of the whole lot should be the only one that got cracked." And as he spoke, the Colonel produced the identical egg for my inspection.

Colonel Verner casts something more than doubt on the stories of eagles attacking people. "I have taken eggs from scores of eagles' nests in lofty crags," he said, "and have never once had such an experience. Certainly it is a little dangerous when one of these huge birds, affrighted, dashes out of a cavern, close to one's head, whilst one is clinging to the face of a sheer precipice; but I have never known an eagle to directly attack me."

At first the gallant officer used to make water-colour sketches illustrating the incidents of his expeditions; but the incredulity of friends induced him to take up the irrefragable photography. From the popular point of view, however, the Colonel's photos. are a little disappointing, in that they show no human figure on the terrific precipices scaled. This is because in most of his expeditions he was attended only by native goat-herds; and, of course, he could not take a photo. of himself in the awful places he reached. He did succeed in getting photos. of eagles' and vultures' nests *in situ*; but these are impressive only when one knows the circumstances under which they were taken. On one occasion the Colonel was gyrating at the end of a rope 200ft. from the top of the cliff, and nearly 400ft. from the bottom. He then had to hold his camera at leg's length from the cliff in order to get a photo. of the nest.

Sometimes the camera itself came to grief. Finding himself quartered at Dublin two or three years ago, Colonel Verner began collecting the eggs of sea-birds—guillemots, gulls, and the like. One day, at Lambay Island, whilst seeking for cormorants' nests, he found one that contained five eggs. Selecting a

suitable point of view—and the range was limited, seeing that he was dangling halfway down a formidable cliff—the Colonel was just about to photograph the nest, when the buckle of the camera-strap gave way, and down fell the little instrument 150ft. into the boiling surf below.

"A few minutes later I saw it floating out to sea, and, of course, I gave it up for lost. A coast-guardsman, however, who accompanied me, volunteered to recover the camera, which was now 200ft. or 300ft. from the shore. Forthwith he was lowered into the sea, and not long after he swam back with the camera in his mouth, for all the world like a retriever!"

This camera is the one the Colonel is holding in the portrait on the first page.

The next photograph reproduced here shows in quite a startling manner the frightful positions in which cliff-climbers quite commonly find themselves. This daring man is Mr. C. Kearton, of Elstree, Herts, who in collaboration with his brother (Mr. R. Kearton) prepared a unique work (it was illustrated entirely from photographs taken *in situ*) on "British Birds' Nests," which is published by Messrs. Cassell and Co.

PHOTOGRAPHING BIRDS'-NESTS—MR. C. KEARTON WALKING BACKWARDS DOWN A CLIFF.
From a Photo. by Mr. C. Kearton, Elstree.

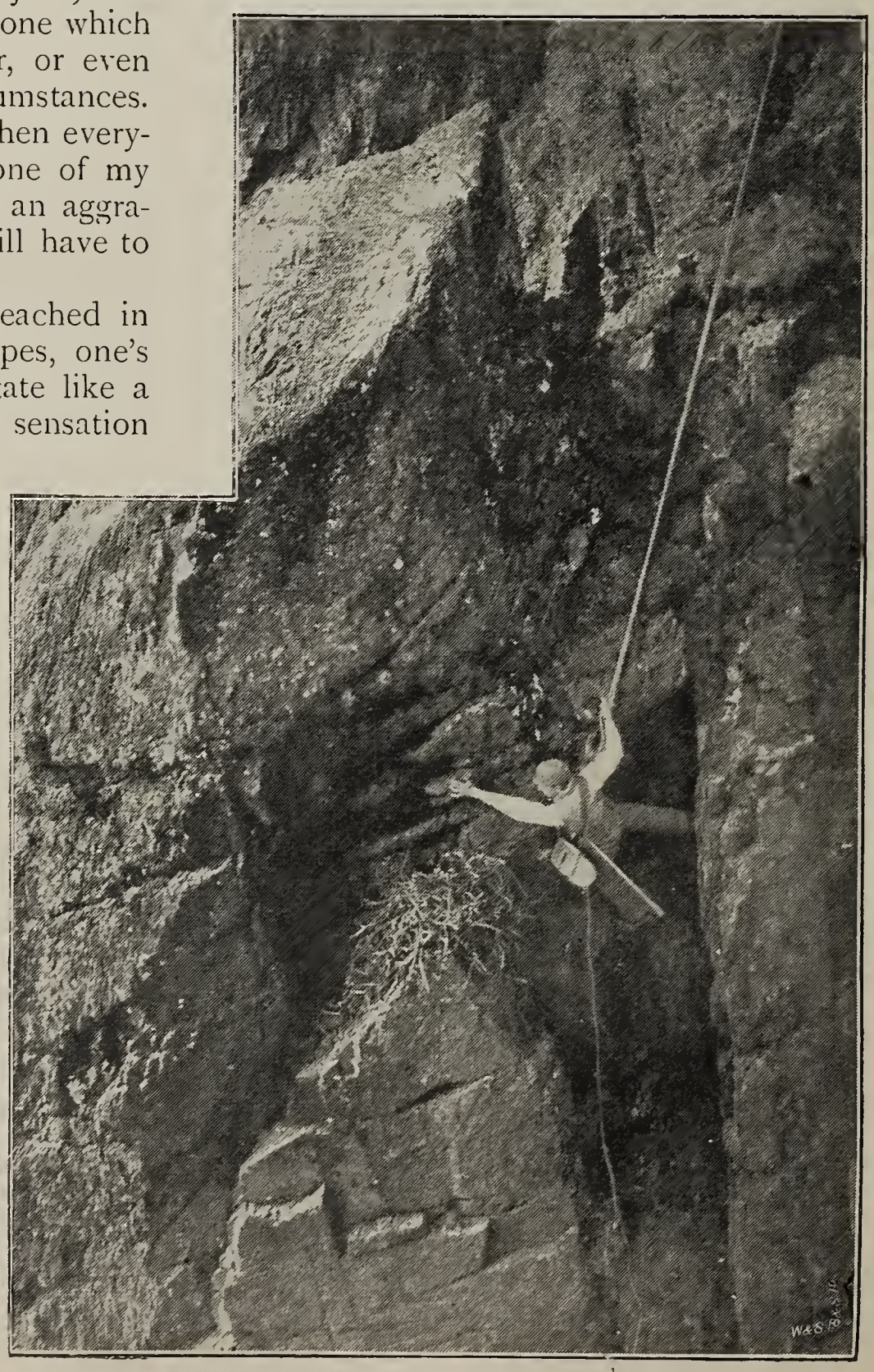
I asked Mr. Kearton to describe his method of making a descent, and this is what he said: "Perhaps it would be better, first of all, if I said a word or two about that photo. In it I am depicted climbing down a cliff on the south coast of Ireland. I am about 50ft. down, and the cliff was nearly 300ft. above the sea. The photo. was taken by a naturalist friend, for whom, however, I had to fix up a second camera, as he knew nothing about photography. I gave him certain instructions, which were to be carried out at a given signal from me.

"Before starting on a cliff-climbing expedition," pursued Mr. Kearton, "I first procure a couple of ropes about the thickness of one's thumb, and in length from 200ft. to 300ft. Next, a crowbar, which I fix firmly in the ground some distance from the edge of the cliff. One rope (the guide-rope) is securely tied to this crowbar, and then thrown over the cliff; whilst the other is passed once round the bar, and then held by the man who is letting me down. Attached to the end are three loops, which are placed round my body and under my legs to prevent me from falling out. With the camera slung over my back, and the guide-rope in my hand, I deliberately walk *backwards* over the brink of the cliff, the rope being controlled by a man who unwinds it at given signals. On firing my revolver, the situation of a nest is at once revealed by the sudden flight of the birds.

As I am lowered, I carefully dislodge with my feet every loose bit of rock within reach, so as to avoid a possible shower of rubble and stones (the result of contact with the rope) when below. This is vitally important. At will, I can sit in the girth or sling. As the sound of one's voice is lost when at a depth down the cliff of about 50ft., another man is stationed at a point where I can see him; and it is through his agency that the man at the crowbar receives my signals. The nest to be photographed may be found on a fairly accessible ledge, in which case the manipulation of the camera is comparatively easy; but where it is built on a projecting stone or small ledge, tremendous difficulties have to be overcome. In such cases two legs of the camera must rest on my body, most conveniently in the belt round my waist. Having fixed up the apparatus I proceed to focus the object; this is the most difficult task of all, and one which may last five minutes or an hour, or even longer still, according to circumstances. Then it frequently happens that when everything is ready for the exposure, one of my legs will slip or my body sway in an aggravating manner, so that the nest will have to be re-focused.

"Where a recess in the cliff is reached in descending or ascending by the ropes, one's body, being insulated, begins to rotate like a goose on a roasting-jack; and the sensation of twirling round in mid-air at the end of a rope, with the very real possibility of a shower of dislodged stones from above, and—in the event of an accident—certain death beneath, is anything but pleasant. Remember, one's life is literally in the hands of the man at the crowbar. On one occasion, just as I was disappearing over the cliff, this responsible person got joking with his companion, the signal man, and he let the coil of rope slip up to the top of the crowbar. A moment more and it would have slid off altogether, but a horrified yell from me brought the careless fellow to some sense of his duty, just in time to avoid a catastrophe.

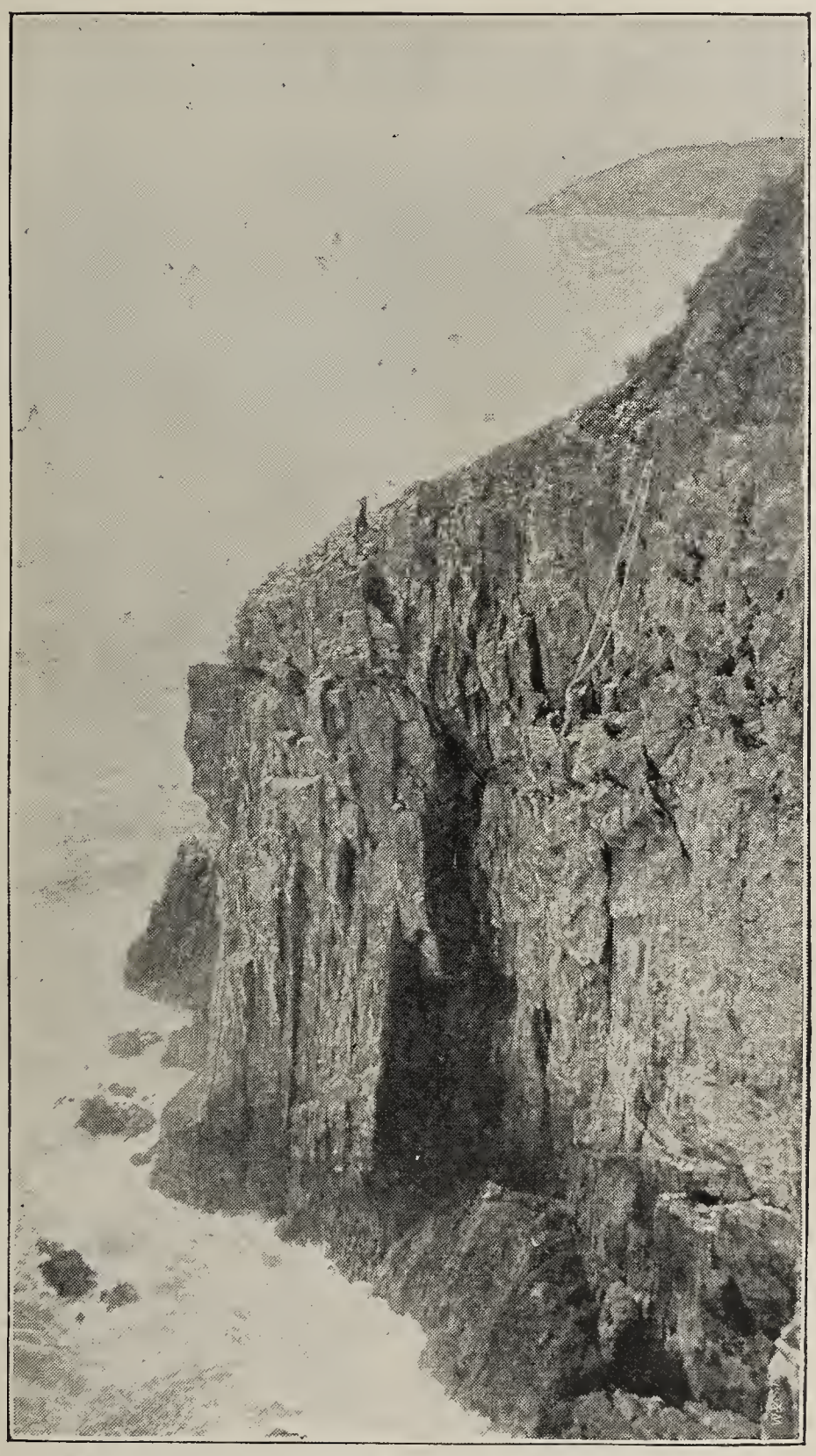
"My cliff-climbing in the south of Ireland was uncommonly successful; but on one occasion I was victimized by an Irish peasant, who—far too anxious to please—spoke of a grand rock dove's nest he knew of at the bottom of a sheer precipice, accessible only by rope. I walked back two miles along the cliffs, and straightway prepared for a descent. When about half-way down, one of the legs of the camera got fixed firmly against the rock, and as I still continued to descend, the full weight of my body came upon it. Next moment the legs of the tripod gave way, and the whole apparatus came to pieces, the shutter falling on to the rocks far below. To photograph the nest now was, of course, quite out of the question. Still I continued the descent, if only to get a glimpse of it, and to find what remained of the shutter of the shattered camera. Having reached the bottom of the cliff, I looked about for the rock-dove's nest. Alas! There was none there, and I had all my trouble for nothing. My informant mentioned



TAKING AN AWKWARDLY-PLACED RAVEN'S NEST.

the non-existent nest solely in order to give me a little pleasurable anticipation and excitement."

The remainder of the very impressive photos. reproduced in this article were taken by Mr. Charles Jefferys (and his colleagues), of Tenby. This gentleman fortuitously combines the zeal and energy of a naturalist with the peculiar skill of a professional photographer. The photo. reproduced on the preceding page was taken for Mr. Jefferys by Mr. H. Mortimer Allen; and it illustrates admirably the dangerous and difficult nature of this work, or hobby—call it what you will. Here the egg-collector is seen taking a raven's nest near Freshwater, Pembrokeshire. This nest was placed in a most curious position—not on the usual ledge of rock, but on a blunt point, so to speak, which sloped abruptly away on each side of the nest. To make it still more difficult of access, the big point of light rock shown in the photo. was separated from the main cliff, rendering it impossible to descend straight over the nest. The photo. also shows that the collector is making desperate endeavours to transfer the eggs to the fishing-creel he carries at his side.



MESSRS. CHARLES JEFFERYS AND C. D. HEAD TAKING A PEREGRINE FALCON'S NEST NEAR TENBY.

"One of the most remarkable features of Pembrokeshire," says Mr. Jefferys, "is the extent of its coast line. Though one of the smaller of the Welsh counties, its coast line must be fully 100 miles in length, owing to the numberless indentations in the form of bays and inlets. It will, therefore, be understood that a rocky coast, so broken up, must offer unusual advantages for obtaining photographs of portions of the cliff front. Almost everywhere some projecting slope or ledge may be gained, which will reward the climber with a view of portions of the face of these precipitous limestone cliffs, which are the favourite breeding haunts of the raven, chough, peregrine, and buzzard—to say nothing of the countless thousands of guillemots, razorbills, puffins, and gannets, which yearly flock to the coast and adjacent islands for nesting."

Another of Mr. Jefferys' photos. is here reproduced. This illustrates a nesting expedition undertaken by Mr. C. D. Head and Mr. Jefferys. The nest being sought is that of a peregrine falcon, who took up her quarters near Tenby in April, 1894. "The eggs of this bird," explains Mr. Jefferys, "are generally placed in some slight hollow, or hole, at the back of a broad ledge, which is often overhung by the precipitous cliff above. So far as my experience goes, the peregrine never does more in the way of nest-'building' than merely to scrape a slight hollow for her eggs. Sometimes, however, this bird makes use of disused nests, built by more diligent members of the feathered world. I remember in March, 1894, we emptied a raven's nest, and the following month obtained a set of peregrine eggs from the very same nest." The nesting site shown in the preceding photo. is quite close to the climber; it has been used for a very long time by a pair of

TAKING RAVENS' EGGS ON GREAT CLIFF, IN CARMARTHENSHIRE.

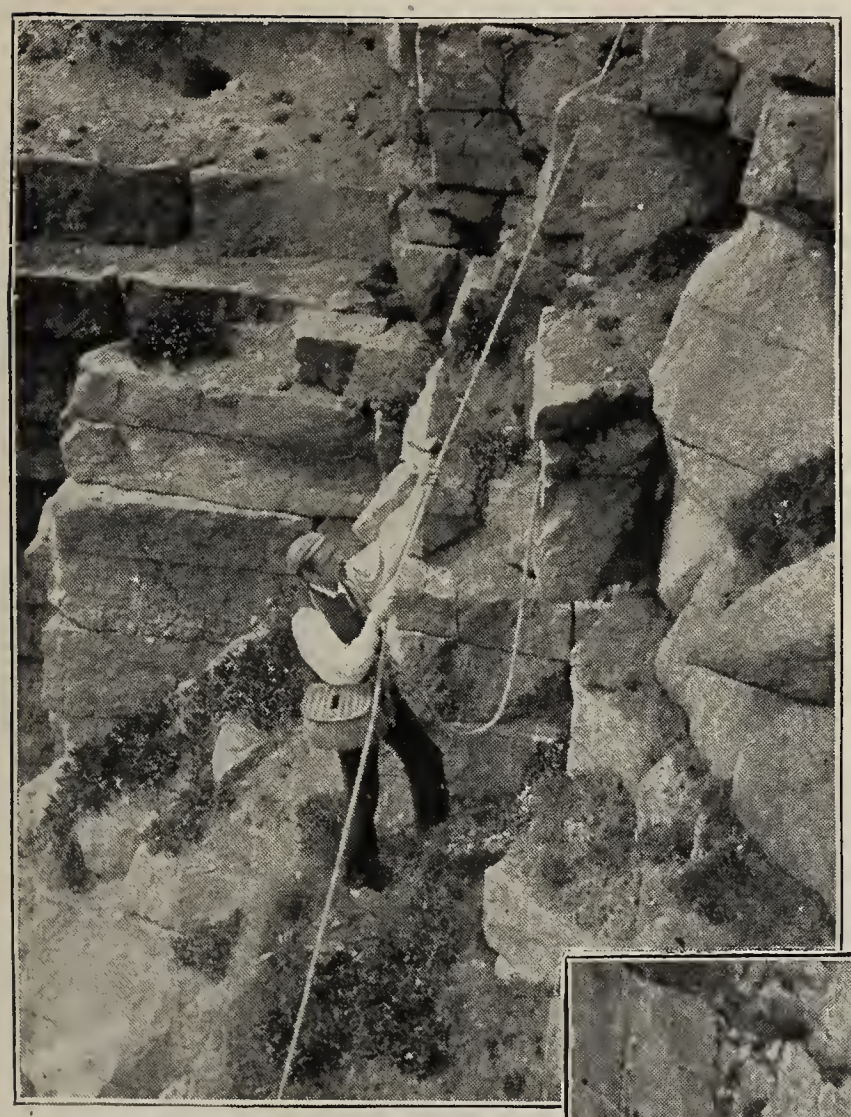
peregrines, who return regularly year after year.

Mr. Jefferys and his colleagues conduct their cliff-climbing in the orthodox way. "We use ropes of the best quality," he tells me; "and given a careful, reliable man on top, there is really very little danger to the climber—always excepting the unexpected descent of loose rock and stones." In many of the photos. the guide-rope is seen hanging below the climber. This rope is made fast to a steel bar, driven into the top of the cliff, and the climber uses it in ascending and descending to take his weight off the "body-rope," which is attached to the "sling." In this way, only one man is needed to attend to the ropes, whilst a second is told off to interpret the climber's signals.

The next photo. shows the taking of a very large raven's nest (compare it with the figure) which was built on a precipitous cliff at the mouth of a tidal river in Carmarthenshire. In difficult or dangerous places, Mr. Jefferys makes fast to the crowbar the body-rope as well as the guide-rope; and he tells me that in Iceland last year he had to use the native hide-ropes — strong enough, but knotted and greasy, and therefore unpleasant to handle.

The taking of a raven's nest at Trevent, Pembrokeshire, is shown in the next photograph. "This nest," says Mr. Jefferys, "was placed in a deep hollow, which is seen a little below the climber (Mr. C. D. Head). The great cliffs at this point are unusually steep and lofty, this one in particular projecting sharply from the main line of cliffs, and having a raging sea on either side. To reach the spot where the rope attendant (myself) is seen standing, a narrow saddle-shaped ridge of treacherous rock and soil had to be crossed,

MR. C. D. HEAD TAKING RAVEN'S NEST AT TREVENT, PEMBROKESHIRE.

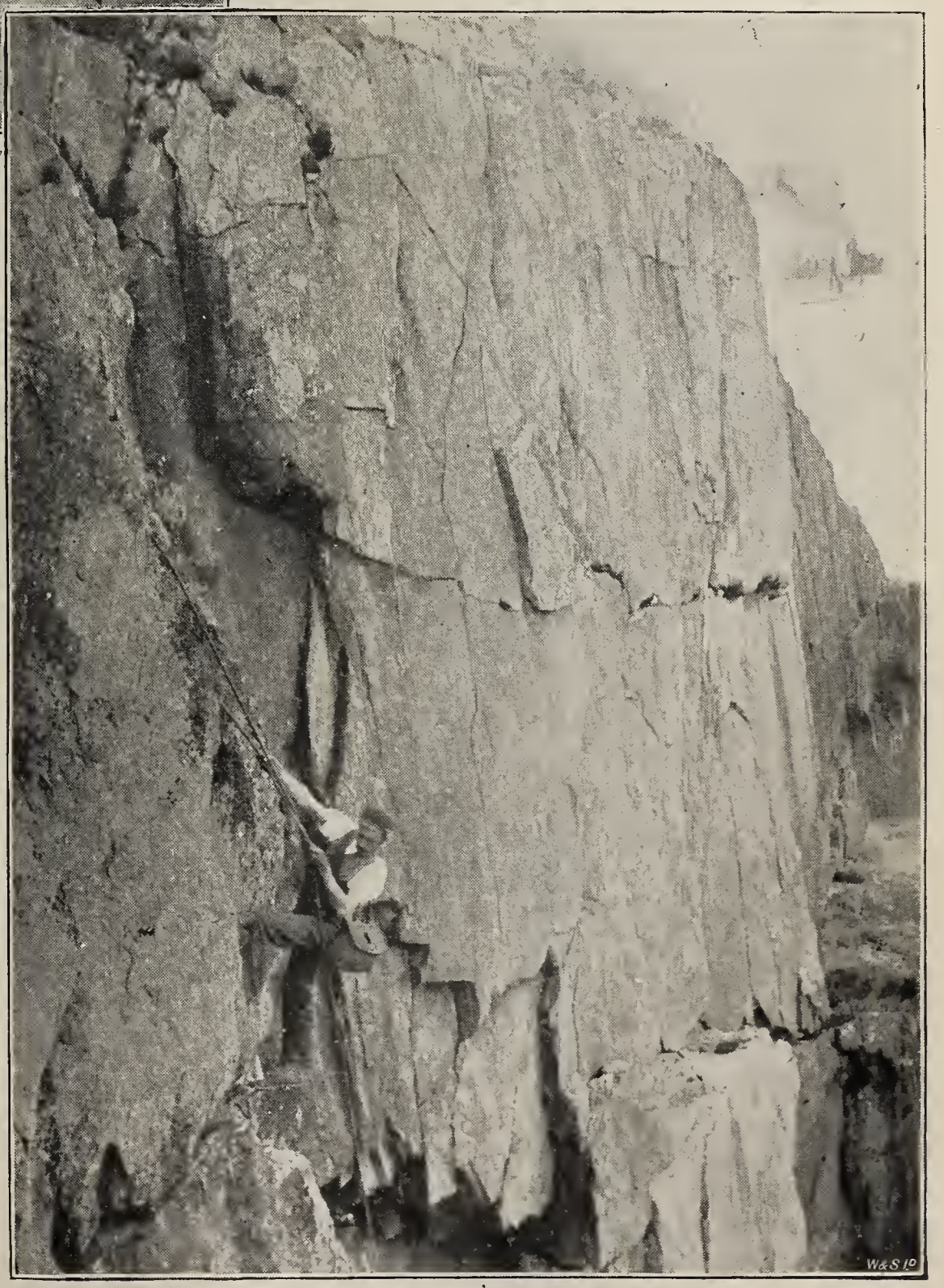


TAKING PEREGRINES' EGGS NEAR LINNEY HEAD, PEMBROKESHIRE.

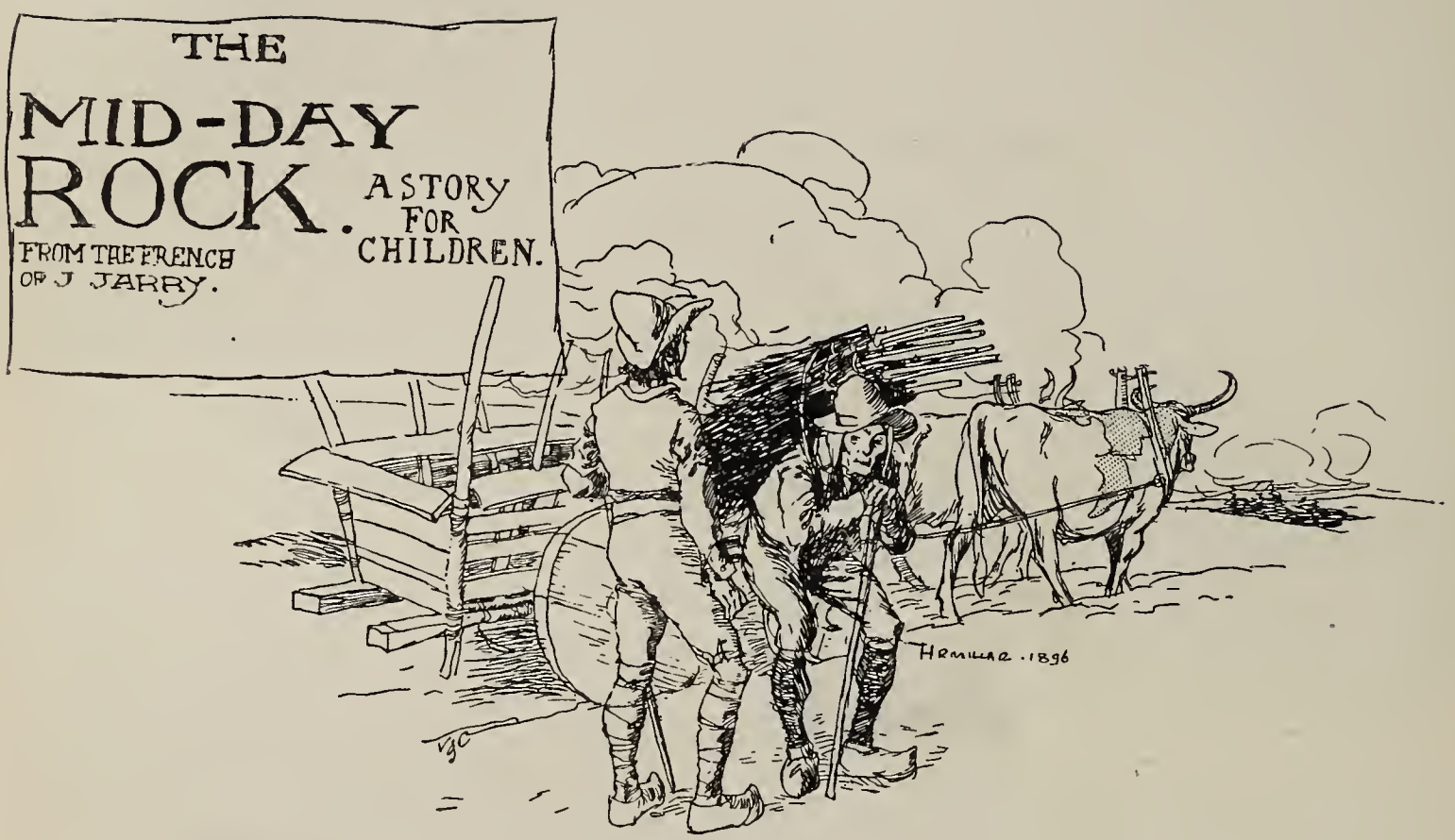
and this was barely 2ft. wide, so that passing over it was no pleasant task, especially when burdened with steel crowbars, ropes, and other impedimenta. During the past two years the ravens have removed from this spot, and the ledges shown in the photo. are now in the possession of a large colony of cormorants during the nesting season."

"Taking peregrines' eggs —four of them—near Linney Head, Pembrokeshire, April, 1896." Such is Mr. Jefferys' comment on the photo. next shown. "The eggs," he goes on to say, "were placed as usual on a bare patch of soil on a broad ledge, and they may be seen in the photo. near the left foot of the climber —Mr. C. D. Head." This last-named gentleman, being the light-weight of the party, usually made the descents.

The last photo. reproduced shows Mr. Head collecting sea-birds' eggs near Tenby. Mr. Jefferys and his daring companions have quite as thrilling stories to tell respecting their adventures in search of the eggs of tree-nesting birds; and although this work is not so interesting as the cliff-climbing, from a pictorial point of view, still Colonel Verner, the brothers Kearton, and Mr. Jefferys all agree that it is even more perilous. Colonel Verner declares that ropes are apt to make the cliff-climbers careless (he was once horrified to behold his own "half-hitch" knots in a new rope untwisting in the hot sun); but he considers tree work more difficult and dangerous, considering how the nest-hunter has often to crawl out on long, slippery, and perhaps treacherous branches 60ft. or 70ft. above the ground.



COLLECTING SEA-BIRDS' EGGS NEAR TENBY.



ONCE upon a time there was a poor man, who lived somewhere in the middle of the woods near a place called Gâtines de Treigny. Everybody called him Father Rameau. Not that he had any children—he had not even ever been married; nor that he was very old, for he was barely fifty; but he had always had such a hard time of it that his hair had grown grey very early, and his back had been bent and bowed long before its time.

He was generally to be seen toiling along under a big bundle of brooms, which he made with the greatest skill from young birch branches, selling them on market days to the housewives of Saint-Amand or Saint-Sauveur.

Father Rameau was not ambitious, far from it; if he had been alone in the world, without relations depending on him, he would have been quite content to live on black bread every day of the week, with an occasional glass of wine from the charitable folk of the neighbourhood. But Father Rameau had a younger sister married to a vine-dresser of Perreuse, and he was godfather to their daughter; she was just growing up into a woman, and was so pretty and modest and intelligent, that everyone had a good word for her, and now she was engaged to be married to a young man called George, a capital worker, but without a penny in the world. The wedding was to take place as soon as she was twenty; and they had given each other engagement-rings, common leaden rings, bought from one of the pedlars who visit the hamlets of the district.

Humble as he was where he himself only was concerned, Father Rameau was proud indeed in matters connected with his niece.

"A leaden ring," he murmured, "when so many other girls, not half as good as my god-daughter, have a gold one! How I wish Madeleine could choose the one she liked best from the jeweller's shop in Saint-Sauveur. Ah, it's not much use wishing. If I put by every penny I could spare for years and years I could never afford it. Madeleine's poor, George is poor, I am poor, and always shall be. Well, we're honest, that's one comfort, and we needn't be jealous, at any rate."

As the old broomseller was thinking all this, he met George, who was driving a pair

of oxen, their nostrils steaming in the first rays of the morning sun. "Good-day, lad," said he.

"Good-day, Father Rameau."

"Off to work already?"

"Yes, father. I'm just going over the master's fields for the last time before seed sowing; we shall begin next week. We're rather behind-hand, you know."

"So you are; October's nearly over."

"Can you guess what I was thinking of as I came along?"

"*What* you were thinking of? You mean *who*," said Father Rameau, rather crossly.

"Well, yes, you're right. Madeleine is never out of my mind," answered George, thoughtfully. "I was saying to myself that if there are plenty of weeds over there" (and he pointed to the uncultivated moor with his goad), "there is good soil as well, and that anyone who had time to clear even a corner of it might buy the girl he was engaged to——"

"A gold ring!"

"How *did* you guess what I meant? You don't come from Chêneau, where all the wizards live," laughed George.

"No witchcraft in that, nephew. The other day I saw how unhappy you were that you could only give Madeleine a leaden ring, and I was just as sorry myself that I couldn't buy her a better one . . . and ever since I've been trying to think of a way . . ."

"And have you found one, father?"

"*You've* found it for me, lad. I shall make a clearing of a bit of the moor."

Even at the risk of offending his future uncle, the young labourer could not help smiling.

"That's a task for stronger arms than yours, father," he said. "No one can beat you at cutting birch branches and making them into brooms. But that doesn't need so much muscle as digging up soil like this, pulling up the great roots out of it, or smashing and carrying away huge boulders of rock. Ah, if only I had not given my word to stay with my master till I am married!"

"You may laugh at me, lad, but I won't bear malice," said the old man. "If the old are not so strong as the young, they are more persevering. I shall clear a bit of the moor, and with the money from my first harvest, we will go and buy the ring. Good-bye, lad."

"Good-bye, father; we shall see you doing wonders before long, I know."

"I shall be working for Madeleine," he said, "and your patron saint (George means cultivator of the soil) will help me."

At twelve precisely, Father Rameau came back to the moor with a heavy pick on his shoulder; he meant to set to work without delay.

Bang went the first stroke of the pick, accompanied with the significant grunt diggers, woodmen, and such folk give over their work. But just as he was raising his arm for another try, he stood suddenly stock-still, with eyes staring wide in a white, terrified face.

"HE STOOD SUDDENLY STOCK-STILL."

From the midst of the boulders scattered about, which were trembling like Celtic monuments, had arisen an apparition, which the old man knew was supernatural and divine, though its form was human.

Imagine a tiny little lady, ethereal rather than thin, youthfully lovely and dainty, a kind of dream beauty, attired in a silvery tunic, embroidered with gorse blossoms. On her head a wreath of heather; in her hand a wand of the broom plant in blossom; all around the holly, ferns, and junipers, all the wild plants and shrubs, were bowing down as if in homage to a Sovereign. A ray of sunlight was playing round her head like an aureole. She was the Fairy of the Moor.

"You are a bold man," she said to the old workman, "to dare thus to encroach on my domains." There was a thrill of anger in her clear voice, and her blue eyes sparkled.

"Lady Fairy," stammered the old man, "be merciful to a wretched labourer who never meant to wrong you. Your domains are so vast, I hoped there would be no harm if I took the liberty of borrowing just a little corner from you."

"What do you want it for?"

"To cultivate it," answered old Rameau, who was beginning to feel less frightened.

"To cultivate it!" cried the fairy. "You mean to dig it up, turn it over, and upset it all round! Do you not see how lovely it is now, and are you so presumptuous as to think you can do better for it than Nature has done already?" Her voice grew softer as she went on: "What could you find anywhere that is as beautiful as this spot in spring-time, when, under a sky of the tenderest blue, the little leaves are beginning to bud on the branches, the tufts of narcissus are opening among the marshes, and everywhere in the woods around the blackbirds are beginning to whistle their first notes, the doves keep up a gentle cooing, and the jays are chattering like parrots?"

"A couple of partridges calling to each other," answered the old man, "a quail uttering its three sonorous cries, or a lark soaring into the sky with its breathless melody, make a pleasanter sound, to my way of thinking. But these are birds that like to build their nests among the corn. They are not found near your kingdom."

"In summer," went on the fairy, "when the moors are flooded with sunshine, and the heat brings out a delicious odour of resin from my favourite shrubs, I love to look on the purple of the heather, and the gold of gorse and broom."

"I prefer the pink-clover with the drowsy bees humming over it," answered the old man, "and the ripening harvest, yellow like your beautiful hair, Lady Fairy."

Fairy as she was, the queen of the moors was not displeased at the compliment. Father Rameau saw this from her face, and said to himself his cause was half won.

"In autumn," she retorted, though, "even here, there comes to me out of the depths of the thickets near, the baying of the pack when the hunt is out, and often they traverse my domains to get from one part of the forest to another. The poor, hunted stag, whose tongue is hanging out of his mouth with weariness, makes for this very heap of rocks sometimes; then I help him to elude his cruel foes and to get away safely."

"Yes," said the old man, as if he liked this idea, "the dogs get their noses pricked on the thorn-bushes and lose trace of their prey. That is indeed a kind action. I, too, like to put the pack on a wrong scent. The stags are such dear things, with their soft brown eyes. Those in this neighbourhood know me, and when I sit down to make my brooms right in the middle of a copse, as I do sometimes, they come quite close up to me. If only there were wheat growing on your moor, you would be able to protect the hares, too, for they would then take refuge in the shelter of your park."

"But when you have pulled up my holly and junipers, and broom-bushes, how shall I be able to make fires for the long winter evenings? I shall die, pierced by the cruel breath of the keen north wind, and be buried under a shroud of white snow."

"Oh, gracious fay, if you fear the cold, will there not always be the place of honour kept for you by our chimney-corner, in the little home I mean to build on the moor? You will come and get warm whenever you like by our fireside. My god-daughter, Madeleine, will keep you company, and some day, perhaps, I shall entreat you to be god-mother to her first baby."

Thus Father Rameau had his answer ready for all her objections. These last words of his touched the fairy, and the expression of her face became very soft and kind. "I know Madeleine well," she said; "I know how fair she is to see, in her snowy white caps. I know how her goodness is spoken of far and wide; and I have even heard that she is to marry that hard-working lad I saw talking with you this morning. They will be a charming pair, and their home will be a delightful place. And you, dear old man,

"FATHER RAMEAU CLEARS THE PATCH."

who have no ambition for yourself, but only care for your dear ones, you will have your reward for your cheerful faith in the future. Take up your pick and have courage over your digging. I grant you this corner of my domain. The rest I am sure you will respect, for you are not greedy; will the others who come after you spare it, too? Alas, when once the moor has been cleared all over and cultivated, I shall have to die! But we will only think of the happiness of your young folk; and, silence! not a word of all this to anyone!"

And with a finger on her lips, she vanished.

By the end of October Father Rameau had dug over, cleared, and prepared two acres of ground. All by himself? With his pick-axe and spade? Yes, quite by himself, and with his pickaxe and spade. He had worked as if by magic, for the fairy, always present and always invisible, had endowed him with some of her magic power. She helped him to split the hardest boulders, to haul up the most tenacious roots, to collect in bundles the old tree-stumps and weeds, and every kind of rubbish, and set fire to it, and so make the very first dressing the soil had ever had on it. Will you believe it? By seed-sowing time the ground was ready, and was sown with oats which began to grow in no time, came well through all the frosts, and by the following April was waving abroad in a luxuriant mass of green. A lark built its nest in it, and every morning nodded its little tufted head at Father Rameau, who was watching over its nest, as if out of gratitude for what he had done.

The harvest was splendid, and fetched a high price.

George could no longer smile at Father Rameau's old arms, and had to confess he had found his master: Father Rameau smiled slily when he said, "After all, nephew, we shall have a gold ring for Madeleine." But when the time came for getting it, Madeleine would not allow it. "No, father," she said, "you have toiled and moiled this year at your digging; buy a plough: anyone will lend you a plough-horse for a few days, and it won't be nearly such hard work for you."

So when autumn came again, the old man cleared another two acres, and next summer his harvest was twice as big—and so were his profits.

Madeleine still refused the precious ring. "Buy a pair of oxen," she said; "you will be independent then of everyone."

Next year the old man's field was bigger than ever; and Madeleine advised him to use the profit of his harvest for building a little house. Her modest, sensible advice was acted upon every time, and, in fact, when the wedding-day arrived, the gold ring

had still not been bought, and at the marriage ceremony, in the church at Treigny, it was over the old leaden rings of their betrothal that the curé pronounced his blessing. "We have given our hearts to each other," said the young wife; "what do we want with gold rings after that? What do you think, George?"

"I mean to spend the money on a christening robe, then," said Father Rameau, gaily. "Bless me, things'll have to be just so then, if ever they are! If you only knew what kind of a godmother——"

But he stopped short just in time, remembering the fairy's injunction about silence; and Madeleine, whom he had made very inquisitive, could not get another word out of him. She never found out what he meant till her first baby was born, when on the day of the christening, there stepped into the cottage, surrounded by a circle of bright light, the marvellous godmother, the Fairy of the Moor.

Many tried to follow Father Rameau's example and cultivate a portion of the moor; but very few succeeded, because the fairy could see into the very bottom of their hearts, and would only help the true-hearted, rare folk, alas, in this world. There is much left still to be cleared. And she yet lives on, the little fairy of the silvery tunic embroidered with gorse blossoms, with her crown of heather bells, and her wand a verdant broom branch. But if ever you want to see her, as old Father Rameau did, you must arrive at the Mid-day Rock on the first stroke of twelve, and have a conscience perfectly clear; two conditions which seem easy enough, and which are really very difficult of fulfilment.

"THE FAIRY OF THE MOOR."

Curiosities.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

ASSEGAI, OR SPEAR-HEAD, FOUND IN AN ELEPHANT'S TUSK.

It is astonishing to note the number and variety of articles and strange things found in merchandise by vendors of the same. This page is devoted to curiosities of the kind. The first photo. was sent in by Mr. P. Ehrenfeldt, of 3, Brabant Court, E.C. It shows part of the tusk of an elephant, in which the head of an assegai, or African spear, was found embedded by the cutters. This tusk was being cut up for knife-handles. It is surmised that the spear was thrown at a young elephant, and that the head broke off and lodged in the hollow part of one of its tusks. Then, as the tusk grew, the spear-head was pushed farther and farther towards the tip, and at length the ivory grew round the steel blade itself.

From a Photo. by Whiteford, Paisley.

REVOLVER AND PIPE FOUND IN A CHEESE.

The next two photos. on this page were lent us by Mr. Frank Irvine, of 62, Stoire Street, Paisley. Mr. Irvine thinks the revolver was deliberately placed in the cheese — which was made in America — either as a piece of bravado or as a temporary hiding-place. But the pipe? "The pipe," says our informant, "undoubtedly found its way into the cheese through the gross and slovenly carelessness of the maker — an Irishman. He had evidently been smoking whilst placing the curd in the cheese-press, and the pipe must have fallen in. Then, unable to find it again, he filled the press, with the result that nothing more was seen of the pipe until it was brought to light by the retail grocer. It was a short, dirty pipe with a tin cover on the bowl." We know that pencil inscriptions on eggs have led to an offer of marriage; and other things besides pipes and revolvers are found in cheeses. Once a brooch was found in a Dutch cheese, which led to the identification of a long-lost relative.

From a Photo. by Whiteford, Paisley.

FOUR DAYS IN THE SEA.

This is John Hooper, of Exeter. On November 26th, 1874, the *La Plata* left Gravesend with 300 miles of cable. She

From a Photo. by Scott & Sons, Exeter.

foundered three days later, and only one boat, containing fifteen men, managed to get clear away from the wreck. But there were two other survivors—Henry Lamont, boatswain, aud John Hooper, quartermaster. Being washed out of one of the boats, these two fought for their lives among the wreckage, and then got on to an air-raft. The lower part of their bodies grew benumbed with the icy water, and they tried to appease their gnawing hunger by chewing a silver medal Lamont had on him. At length, after four days' immersion in the sea under a bleak November sky, and wholly without food, they were picked up by a Dutch schooner. Lamont did not survive, but Hooper recovered, after years of suffering, and is at this day acting as lanternist to lecturers at Exeter.

THE STRANGEST BUILDING IN THE WORLD.

Here we see a monastery built in the face of an awful precipice at Inkerman. This extraordinary building was established in memory of a troop of cavalry, who, during the Crimean War, rode right over the precipice in a thick mist.

A GIGANTIC GOURD.

The colossal gourd seen in this picture was grown in the garden of John Thomas Leathes, Esq., of Herringfleet Hall, Suffolk, in 1846, the seed being provided by the Horticultural Society. It weighed 196lb., and measured 7ft. 3in. in circumference.

AN OCEAN LINER THAT SPLITS IN TWO.

This ship, the *Keewatin*, was built at Bay City, Michigan, for ocean traffic. In the photo. we see her being towed down the St. Clair River in two sections in order to enable her to pass the locks of the canals. The background is Point Edward, Ontario. Between the sections of this extraordinary vessel may be seen the Grand Trunk Elevator. We are indebted for the use of the photo. to Mr. W. Beeley, of 1308, Military Street, Port Huron, Michigan.

RARE CASE OF SUPER-NUMERARY THUMB.

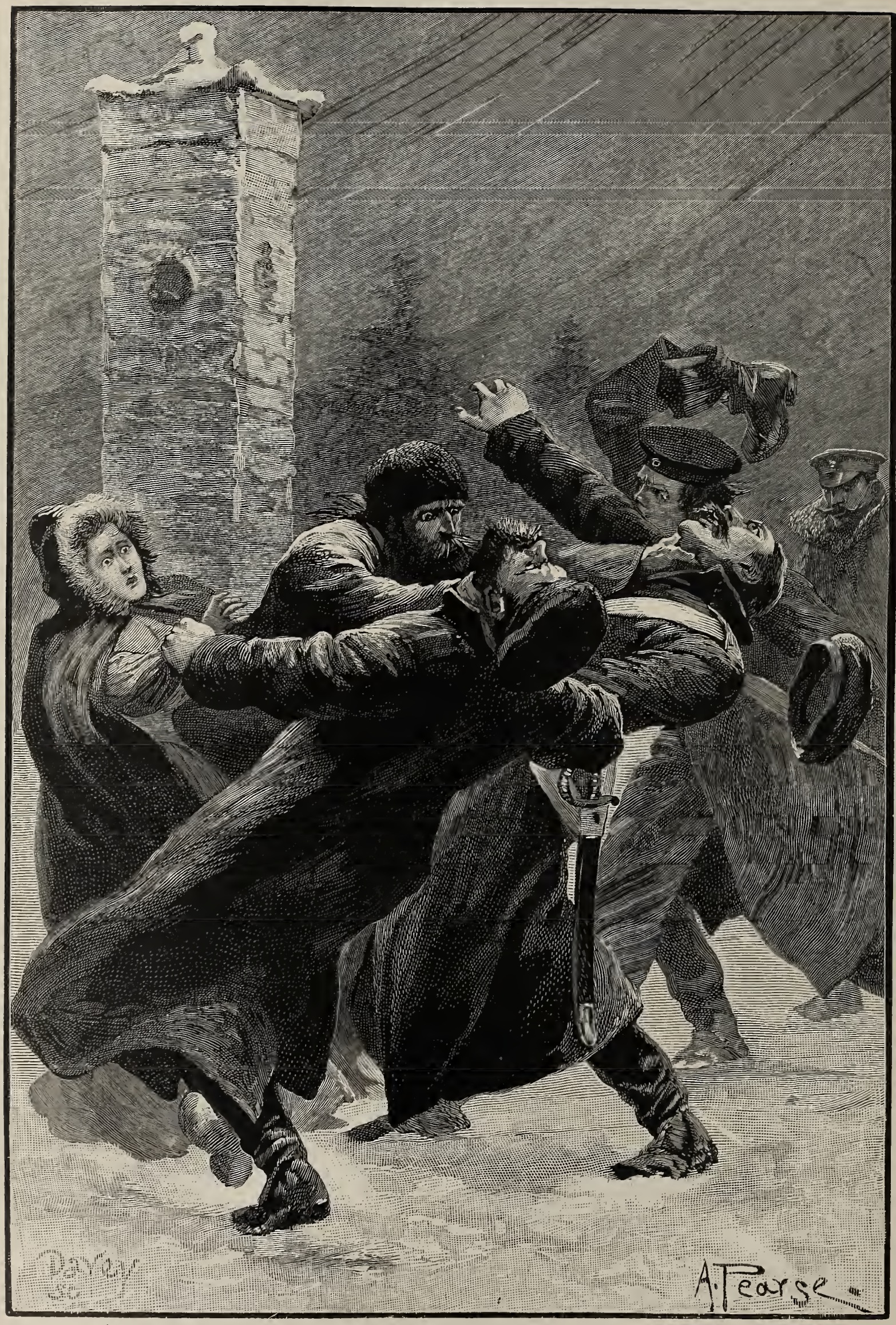
This is an eminently successful radiograph, or X-ray photo., of the hand of a resident of Chorlton-cum-Hardy; it was taken by Mr. W. L. Chadwick, of Manchester, with an exposure of 3min. It will be seen that Mr. P—— has two thumbs. Similar cases are not unknown, but this one is unique in that the super-numerary thumb is of very real utility to its possessor. Mr. P—— says that he found his additional thumb was so useful in handling the chisel (he was a stone-carver), that he actually regretted his other hand was not similarly provided.

A RECORD HOG.

This hog, the property of a Mr. Charles Butler, was killed at Kidmarsh Farm, near Pangbourne, Berks, on the 15th March, 1797. It was 2½ years old. Its measurements were: 8ft. long, 3ft. 7½in. high, and 9ft. in circumference. The animal weighed 811lb. The enormously fat beast had to be killed young, because it necessitated the presence of an attendant night and day to keep it on its legs. Can the pens of Chicago produce anything like this?

AN AMUSING MASQUERADE.

This interesting and amusing set of photos. was sent in by an African missionary, the Rev. H. J. Quilter, of 6, Church Street, Carnarvon. The first photo. (taken by the elder Miss Quilter) shows the missionary's daughter and a girl friend, who dressed themselves up in rugs and things, blacked their faces, and posed as Zulu chiefs, the one holding an African spear and the other a native axe. Both girls carry real Zulu shields. The second photo. shows Mr. Quilter's younger daughter, dressed in the costume of a Mandingo, one of the West African tribes. The conical hat is made of native grass, and is worn as a protection against the sun and tropical rains. Miss Quilter is wearing a real native costume of blue and white cloth, dyed with indigo grown on the banks of the Gambia. In her hands she carries a native sword and its sheath, which latter is of goat's hide. Round the neck are wound native charms called "gree-gree," supposed to ward off evil from that part of the person on which they are worn. The next two photos. show the fair young masqueraders free from their war-paint and altogether far less terrifying. Mr. Quilter being a missionary, it is only natural that his daughters' thoughts should turn to savage races, even in moments of recreation. At the same time, the ingenuity shown by the masqueraders in dressing and posing is perfectly obvious when one considers that the girls were in no way instructed, and that, furthermore, in the first photo. ordinary rugs had to be used instead of the real native garments.



"I LEAPT UPON THEM LIKE A MADMAN."

(*See page* 246.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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A Russian Experience.

By "Knarf Elivas."

"I WILL take your Excellency for a rouble!"

"A rouble! Hear him talk. I will take the gentleman for seventy kopecks. See my horse, the swiftest in all St. Petersburg!"

"One of noble birth, take me. For forty kopecks, anywhere in the town."

I stood on the steps of the Central Station, while drosky drivers quarrelled over me, and waited for competition to show me the approximately true value of my custom. The last bid stood. I turned and looked at the bidder of forty kopecks. His brown eyes met mine appealingly, and his tremulous lips muttered:—

"For the children, one of noble birth, for the tiny younglings—I have had but one short fare to-day."

Tender-heartedness and economy formed an alliance. I motioned my porter to his drosky. The choice being made, the market was "beared," and bids of thirty and twenty-five kopecks fell like summer rain. But curiosity (for his face was strangely attractive to me) and tender-heartedness formed a dual coalition, and economy was routed utterly. Instead of the coarse angularities of countenance, the flinty, deep-set eyes, and stunted forehead of the ordinary Russian peasant, his facial outline was classical as a Greek statue; his brown eyes might have been gazing a lifetime at the Bay of Naples. His one Tartar trace was the blue-black lank hair, which came straight back from his forehead, and his brow, furrowed with wrinkles, swelled out beneath it white and high.

My regrets ceased abruptly with the arrival at the hotel. He received his forty kopecks with thanks, but without effusion, and made no effort to obtain a "tea" over and above his contract. I turned into the doorway, and he drove away.

A day or two after, while the town was new to me, and my daily routine of sight-seeing a thing still to be reckoned with, he passed the hotel as I sauntered out. I had meant walking, but a sudden impulse made me hail him. He recognised me with a faint smile as he turned in to the curb, and I contracted with him for a course to include several of the *de rigueur* objects of interest. Our bargain was necessarily prefaced by a haggle, or it couldn't have taken place in Russia, but even with my short experience of the Czar's dominions, I couldn't help noticing the apathetic nature of his chafferings and the quickness with which he met my terms, compared with the ferocious and saint-invoking orations of his brother Jehus under similar circumstances. That day's drive was the precursor of many, and for the next fortnight I saw him frequently. He drove me dutifully to see all that the Guide Book formulates as St. Petersburg, and early discovering that I desired to get an insight into the back-street life of Russia, took me into many a quaint nook and corner, where old-world customs and sights were strangely at variance with this most modern of Tartar cities.

As the days of our foregathering lengthened, we got to know a little of one another. I let him find out that the object of my stay was the acquirement of colloquial Russian.

"But the Excellency already speaks quite understandably. What need of more?"

"I wish to know your language so that I can understand the meanest soldier in the White Czar's army, if he speaks in a whisper."

"Why do you speak of soldiers, one of noble birth? You have had dealings with no soldier here yet. God send you never may."

He was leaning back from his driving seat towards me, and as he spoke, a savage gleam of his white teeth made him almost snarl, and the pupils of his eyes flamed into two needle-points of fire. The flash of passion on that ordinarily apathetic face interested me. I pursued the subject.

"I serve in the army of the Empress-Queen of Britain, and as surely as the sun shines, shall her soldiers and your Emperor's meet some day, not far off, to do battle for the East, even as five years ago they battled in the South," I answered, for the Crimea was then a thing of yesterday.

"And you really wish to learn Russian to help your fighting against the Czar?"

He spoke eagerly, and at first I thought my bluntness of speech would land me in the nearest police post. I proceeded to gloss the subject down a little. I explained that the acquirement of Russian meant increase of pay in our army, that long leave was given to study it, and that if one satisfactorily passed the examination therein, one was a marked man, and so on and so forth; in fact, I staggeringly insinuated that thereby a better understanding was to be attained between our two nations, and so any idea of war obviated, etc., but he cut me short by suddenly whipping up, and spoke no further word during our drive.

When I stepped out at the hotel, and tendered his fare, he seized my hand and kissed it, and thrust it from him, muttering:—

"I take no money from a brother," and drove off then and there.

I was too much surprised at the time to stop him, but next day he turned up as usual, and I insisted on his receiving his due. He took it quietly, apologized if he had offended the Excellency, and made no further mention of the incident. It was about this time, when I had been nearly a fortnight in the town, that the amount of my weekly bills reminded me acutely that I couldn't afford to live for ever at the Hôtel de France. Clearly lodgings must be found, and cheap ones withal. Orenovitch (as I had discovered his name to be) might here be of use, and in fact was the only person in St. Petersburg I could consult. When I laid the case before him, he was silent for a while, and finally:—

"One of noble birth, there is an empty room at my little house; it is clean. The old woman who looks after my three younglings would see to your Excellency's coffee in the morning, if you could dine out. It would be gratifying to help you with your language study in the evenings, if I can be of any use."

The prospect sounded alluring, as far as learning Russian went, and I had got to like him well. We thereupon drove round to his dwelling. The house was strangely akin to the man. Small and whitewashed, in a retired street, it seemed to be hustled and shoved out of sight by the larger edifices on each side. The room was certainly clean, but very small, and the partition from the next of the slightest nature. However, I could but leave it if I didn't like it, and the long and the short of it was, I came for a week on trial. The children were three, all delicate-looking little girls, with shy, distant manners. Their want of resemblance to Orenovitch puzzled me at first, but old Mother Barankin, who came daily to superintend the *ménage*, soon solved the mystery.

"HE SEIZED MY HAND AND KISSED IT.

"But, Excellency, they are grandchildren, do you not know? Daughters of Madame Berceslas, who died last year. God pity him! she was his only child. His wife died these twenty years back, and she was all in all to him. Berceslas was mixed up with the evil men who do not love our good Czar, and he was taken by the police and sent to Siberia. He brought it on himself. Madame Berceslas went with him to the frontier, and when he was taken on, she just sickened and died within two or three days. They say her heart was broken, but she was always weakly, and Berceslas deserved what he got."

Evidently Mother Barankin was of the good old school, to whom the Emperor was as God, and the existing order of things a Heaven-directed institution. This little history, however, threw a certain amount of light on Orenovitch's outburst of a day or two before.

We began our studies that evening; I arranged that I was to read for an hour, and he was to correct my pronunciation, and then we were to talk for an hour more on any subject that might turn up. I also insisted on his taking pay at the rate of a rouble per diem for his trouble. For a week or two this arrangement went on swimmingly, and I began to make good progress. Our talks at first were somewhat Ollendorfian, consisting merely of queries on my part, as to various objects, customs, and institutions, and descriptive replies from Orenovitch; but, as I grew more fluent, the conversation veered to more abstract subjects, among others, to religious beliefs. He was, I soon found, an Agnostic, though able, from an outside point of view, to give a good account of the doctrine and ritual of the National Church. During our talk I had suggested that some form of belief in a higher power and influence than the mere march of fate and natural evolution was a necessity of human nature. His reply was a startling indication of the despair that must have been eating away his soul.

"Excellency, would any almighty *Good* allow this world of ours to wallow in the reek of misery that it does?"

Of course, the natural answer was that our sorrows were the results of our own indiscretions, etc., but he quickly stopped me with his next remark.

"If one whose life was gentle, loving, unselfish, who had never wronged a soul, finds a fate worse than any described in that Hell of yours, is that a meet reward? Is that the justice of your Almighty? If so, how do you reconcile such a doctrine with the teaching of Scripture?"

His whole frame quivered with passion, and I said no more, but my curiosity was whetted again, and I determined to get to the bottom of his sorrow and his hate.

A night or two after, I began, haltingly, to describe to him our own Constitution and political system. He listened with interest, though he made no remark of any moment, but a great sigh burst from him as I finished speaking.

"Ah, one could do more than exist in that land," he said, wearily, and spoke no more.

Having made a beginning, after a night or two I ventured to speak of his own country and laws, and praised the reported liberal views of the new Emperor, who was expected to do so much for the enfranchisement of the people. The expression of bitter loathing I had seen before crossed his face again, but his voice quivered more with utter contempt than anger.

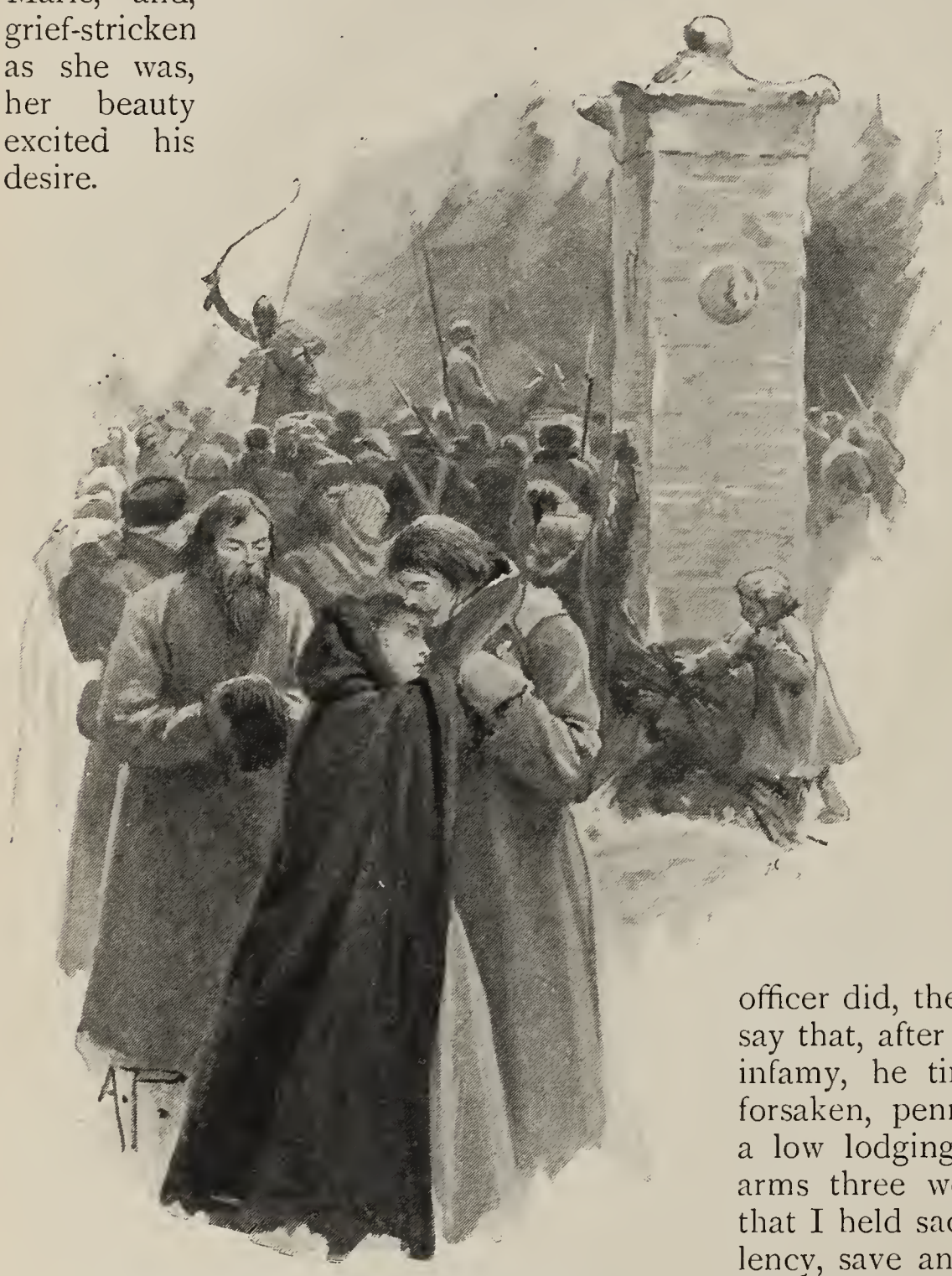
"I have seen three Czars mount the throne. Three times have the same lies been spread abroad. Liberty and the new Emperor were to walk hand in hand. All was to be peace and happiness. Well, you know the story of King Solomon and the whips, and Rehoboam and the scorpions? You smile to hear an Agnostic quote the Bible. Excellency, two years ago I had faith, religion, patriotism, and loyalty. But one day my loyalty was killed by torture, and my faith died of a broken heart. I will tell you shortly what the world knows about me.

"When my wife died twenty-five years ago, she left me my one consolation, my little one, my five-year-old daughter. Excellency, we were all the world to each other, and we were happy. Our lives were uneventful, but peaceful as a summer morning. Well, that went on till Marie was nineteen. Then at a neighbour's house the usual thing happened. She met her fate. He came to me honourably enough, as soon as he felt he had any right, and I could not make my darling unhappy, so I gave consent to their marriage, though it wrenched my heart sadly to think of the light of my eyes being no longer with me. Still, Marie contrived to see me every day, and they lived near, so I soon began to lose the sense of blank loss that came over me at first, and for six or seven years we went on almost as before. Berceslas, her husband, was a good husband and father, and steady enough to his business, but must needs mix himself up with the revolutionary party, and often spent his evenings at Nihilistic meetings, plotting the overthrow of the Government. The pitcher went once too often to the well.

"One night he didn't come back, but before morning the police burst into the house, and ransacked the whole building; then we learnt that Berceslas and ten others had been arrested, and were even now before the Commission. Punishment follows swift on crime or suspicion in our land, Excellency. Before the week was out, he was walking the weary road to Siberia, and Marie, distraught and anguish-stricken, followed him. I could not let her go alone. I had a little saved, and together we passed the weary days of rail, boat, and road, with the convict train, till we reached the 'Stone of Farewell.' There they said their last good-bye, and there, the neighbours will tell you, my daughter, broken-hearted, drooped and died. If it were so, I might yet believe in a Providence. You are an honest man, Excellency—you have been

kind to the little ones, and my heart goes out to you—I will tell you what I have told no man yet. Then judge between me and your God, if He exist.

"The officer at the guard-house there saw Marie, and, grief-stricken as she was, her beauty excited his desire.



"THERE THEY SAID THEIR LAST GOOD-BYE."

"'The lady needs consolation, it appears,' he said, with a coarse laugh, 'let me offer it, and refreshment therewith.'

"Marie shrank from him as from a loathsome reptile, and I answered, quietly and respectfully, that we wished for nothing but leave to return as we had come. I was burning with rage at his insolently smiling glance, and could have killed him with my hands, but I knew how utterly we were in his power, and restrained myself.

"'Nay,' he replied, 'I here represent His Majesty, and it would be a grievous dereliction of duty to allow his hospitality to be churlishly refused. Bring the lady in.'

"We still hung back, and two of his soldiers advanced, and laid hands on Marie. When I saw my darling in their coarse grasp, the rage that had been swelling in me all those weary weeks of travel burst its bounds. I leapt upon them like a madman. I bore them both to the ground, and had my hands at their throats, but the rest of the guard rushed out and overpowered me, and one, more cowardly than his fellows, swung his boot against my head and stunned me. When I recovered consciousness an hour later, Marie had disappeared, the guard had been changed, and the lieutenant professed to know nothing of his predecessor's whereabouts. I implored, wept, grovelled at his feet, till my importunities, which at first amused him, began to annoy him, and he swore at me and told the sergeant to throw me out.

"I won't weary you, Excellency, with the story of those weeks of anguish, while I searched, and unavailingly, for my daughter. East of Orenburg there is no law but the will of officialdom, and against what an officer did, there was no appeal. Suffice it to say that, after six months of brutal insult and infamy, he tired of her, and I found her forsaken, penniless, and sick unto death, in a low lodging in Kazan. She died in my arms three weeks later, swearing me by all that I held sacred (little enough then, Excellency, save an honourable revenge), never to let her husband know of her fate, and, gentle as ever, asking me to forgive my own wrongs and hers. Her tyrant had been transferred to the frontier for some disgrace in the capital, but had served his time in the East, and was now back in the Imperial Guard. I buried her in Kazan, and with my heart like molten steel in my breast, turned homewards. When I met those little ones, left all those months to Mother Barankin's care, and I knew them orphans, the tears which had been burnt up before came to my relief. I wept long and without restraint over those innocent little souls, too young to know their loss, and then, in the calm that followed my tears, I swore, by myself and by my honour, that ere I died my enemy should be done to death by mine own hand.

"He lives yet, Excellency; he is the

friend and intimate of the young Czar, and he is of a powerful house. Little wonder that the petition I made to His Majesty, and the story of my wrong which I sent to his Minister, were torn up before my eyes by the head police official of my district, who bade me, with curses, be silent, lest a worse thing come upon me. Aye, he lives, but I know, Excellency, that my time and his are coming. I have seen him twice these last six months; but if I fell on him openly, what could I do to be certain of his death?—and, success or no success, it would be utter destitution to my little ones. When it comes, my revenge, it will be suddenly out of the darkness, when his life is sweet within him, and none but he shall know who struck the blow."

He never spoke again of his sorrow, or referred to the subject distantly, but I noticed his eye kindled whenever I showed any kindness to his grandchildren, and the earnestness which he applied to my studies showed me that he felt and appreciated my silent sympathy. That was a very quiet winter, and a very happy one, I spent in St. Petersburg, and till April nothing occurred to turn my mind from its routine of study.

About the middle of the month, I was thinking of taking a little tour in the provinces, and mentioned the fact to Orenovitch. I was astonished to see something like a look of relief cross his face, when I mentioned that I thought of being away for ten days or so shortly, and he eagerly joined in the discussion of my plans. However, an attack of influenza put an end to my ideas of travel for weeks, and for many days I was confined to the house. It was then that I noticed a peculiarity of Orenovitch. About eight o'clock, the hour when I was usually dining, he generally retired to his room, which adjoined mine, and thin as the partition was, I couldn't help noticing the invariable clink of glass and metal which issued therefrom after these disappearances. One night I jokingly asked him if he was a glazier or ironmonger in addition to being a drosky driver. He answered, coldly:—

"Neither, Excellency; I have but one business, and that I can attend to without assistance."

I felt thoroughly snubbed, but naturally my curiosity was the more aroused. A night or two afterwards an unaccustomed sound startled me. It was like the buzzing blast of a pair of bellows, only with longer but more irregular beats. I stole quietly from my sofa, to where I had noticed a loose knot in the wooden partition, and, as I suspected, it came out in my hand without noise. I hesitated a moment before spying thus on my host, but curiosity was too much for me, and I stooped and looked. I nearly betrayed myself by the start of surprise that I gave. Orenovitch was using a blow-pipe, and evidently making or repairing a glass dipping tube. One end of the room was fitted up like the bench of a chemical laboratory. Jars and glass bottles were arranged methodically upon it, and near it on a stand was a small still. The window was shuttered and barricaded, and there was no doubt Orenovitch did not court interruption or inspection of his actions. As I watched, he finished making the tube and cooled it gradually. Then he dipped it slowly into a jar of a yellow liquid at his side, and with much care and precaution dropped drop after drop into a glass receptacle already apparently half full of water. I stole back to my sofa and tried to reason matters out to myself. Orenovitch a secret distiller! It seemed impossible, or at any rate highly improbable. Vodki, the national drink, was cheap enough, in all conscience, and the profits must be incommensurate with the risk. However, the facts were there, and there was no other apparent solution. A night or two after the mysterious sounds stopped, and the affair, though I sometimes puzzled my brains over it, soon ceased to interest me much.

My attack of influenza was short though sharp, and soon passed away, though it left its effects in a phase of insomnia, which gave me weary nights of tossing, for the next ten days. During one of these periods of semi-martyrdom, about midnight, my attention was attracted by the recurrence of the same tinkling of metal in the next room, which generally took place much earlier in the evening. Again I stole to the knot-hole, and again I spied upon my landlord. Little did I then know that that simple act of curiosity was to have its influence upon the destinies of the greatest of European States.

Orenovitch was there, clad in his out-of-door costume: he was rummaging among his chemicals. Finally, he selected a small box or two, and turned towards the jar that I had noticed at my first espial. A look of savage exultation was on his face, and his eyes were flaming to two diamond points, as they did that day when I first surprised him into passion. He lifted it, attached it to his belt, fastened his rough driving coat over it, and left the room. Expecting a restless night, I had flung myself on the sofa without troubling

to undress. When I heard the shooting of the door-bolt, and the steps of Orenovitch outside the house speeding down the street, the impulse to follow him and learn his quest was too strong to be resisted. I hastily donned my furs, stole noiselessly downstairs, and followed him out.

He was at the corner of the street as I left the house and turned to the right. I kept my distance, and after a quarter of an hour's smart walking through the suburbs, we struck the main road to Chatsk. Up this he swung along at a pace that, in my weak state, took me all my time to maintain. I had on my snow-boots and kept in the shadow, so felt no fear of detection; but so clear and still was the frosty night, that I could hear his mutterings though full a hundred yards away. For an hour and a half we strode on, pursuer and unsuspecting pursued, till we reached the well-known bridge of Myschkin. Here Orenovitch stayed, and, leaning over, looked listlessly, as it seemed, at the water. I took advantage of his abstraction to steal quietly into the black shadow of the parapet. I was congratulating myself on my safe seclusion, and about to peep over to observe further my landlord's actions, when a grip of iron seized me from behind, and a voice, that rasped with hate, hissed into my ear :—

"Brute! Viper of a spy! Did you think I saw you not? Fool! Dog! You fooled *me* once when I told my story to an English gentleman, as I thought; but for days I have suspected, and now I know that you are a crawling worm of a police spy. Well, you shall know all you want to know to-night, but I question if you will ever tell it to your superiors."

With a strength that my disease-weakened muscles were no match for, he tied my hands firmly with his neckcloth, and wrenching off the handle of his clasp-knife, forced it into my mouth, and effectually gagged me. This was the work of moments, and he made no more of my despairing struggles than a nurse of the kickings of an obstreperous infant. My God! What an idiot I felt. This was the end of my morbid curiosity. In the power of a ferocious and revengeful maniac (for maniac, without a doubt, he now was) alone, without a chance of succour in that deserted spot, speechless, unable to implore his pity, disillusion him of his suspicions, or shout for aid.

"A LOOK OF SAVAGE EXULTATION WAS ON HIS FACE."

He dragged me out of the shadow, and taking off his overcoat, tied the arms round my legs, thus making me utterly powerless. Then he leant me like a log against the balustrade, and delib. rately spat in my face. I thought he would follow his insult by a blow, and in fact he raised his hand, but muttering: "I have no time to waste on such swine," he turned from me and began to busy himself with the jar which he had attached to his waist. Selecting the smoothest part of the thoroughfare, he cautiously drew the cork, and slowly, with immense care, poured the liquid on the ground. Then he took one of his little boxes from his pocket, and I had not much trouble in recognising the contents as percussion caps. Still taking infinite precaution, he dotted these about among the yellow puddle that he had formed. While doing this he frequently turned to listen, as if he were expecting someone or something from the direction of the city, but strain my ears as I would, no sound broke the stillness.

When he had finished, he came back to me, and a glare of the most fiendish exultation lit up his features.

"The next few minutes, my friend, shall be spent in giving you a slight sketch of

"HE DRAGGED ME OUT OF THE SHADOW.

what, in half an hour, will have become national history. When I believed you to be what you seemed, not what you are"—and, his passion overmastering him, he raised his hand and struck me full in the face—"I let you into the secret of the one desire of my life. No doubt you thought my tale the melodramatic vapourings of a peasant, who perhaps had been whipped a little too far and would be safer in Siberia when his possible sources of information had been drained dry. If time permits me—and I think I have still ten minutes at your service—I will give you every detail of my designs.

"First let me inform you that I only discovered your true character about ten days ago. My good neighbour, Minska, who lives opposite, and belongs, as you possibly have been made aware, to the same revolutionary group as myself, informed me the other morning, that you were spying upon me through the partition that divides our two rooms. Let me condole with you upon the want of forethought which allowed you to do this with a light in your room. On the other hand, let me congratulate you on your acting. Till that moment, I had no suspicion but that you were what you represented yourself to be. However, time does not permit us to stand and bandy compliments. I have now something to communicate which you do not yet know, and will, I venture to say, be interested in.

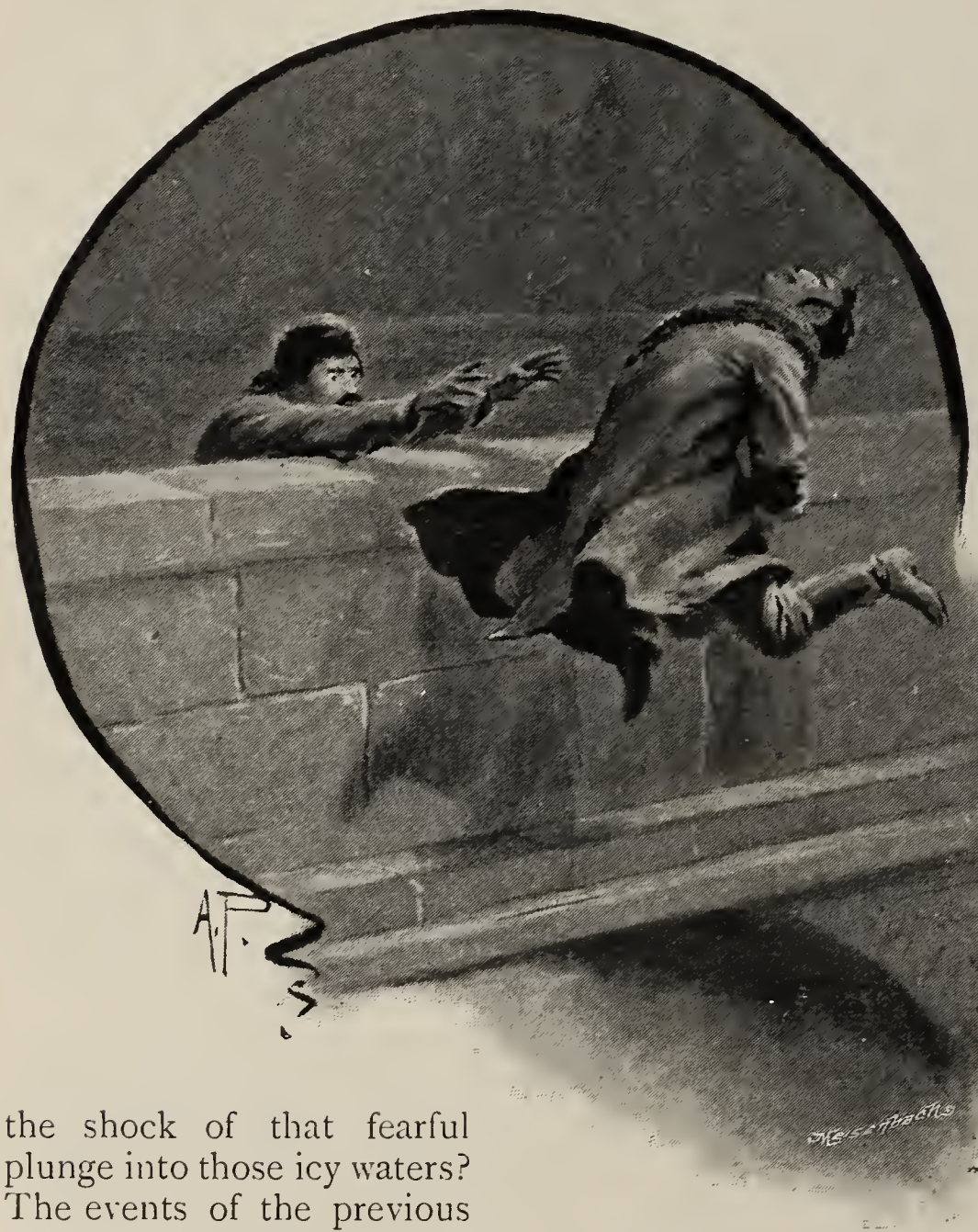
"I belong to the Red Centre—that may possibly be news to you, or possibly it may not. The piece of information which will really be of moment is that the Czar, with a small private escort, will be upon this bridge in twenty minutes. I say advisedly *upon* it, because, my friend, he will never cross it. The liquid there, the manufacture of which you so kindly assisted, in part, to superintend, is nitro-glycerine. You will have observed that I have placed percussion caps among it. It will take less than the intelligence of a police spy to understand that if a wheel or hoof falls upon one of these caps, this bridge will cease somewhat suddenly to exist. The means by which my committee discovered His Majesty's frequent visits in this direction, I will not trouble you with. Nor will I insult your intelligence by explaining their object. I will merely remark that Mademoiselle Nevskoi lives temporarily at Drizin" (a small village about five miles down the road), "and our good Czar has no limits to his admiration of beauty. I have no doubt his feelings are strictly Platonic.

"Unfortunately, this very evening is the one my committee have decided to remove him from among the living. How pitiful it is that true love ever goes awry! For special reasons I requested the Centre on this occasion to waive the usual ballot, and to allow me to be their sole agent. This favour was, after some demur, granted me. I was actuated in this by no special lust for slaughter, and, under ordinary circumstances, I should have taken my chance in the usual course. The captain of the small escort is, however, no stranger to me. I detailed you a short episode in his life and mine, some months ago. He would have had to perish in any case with his master; I could not have borne that he should die by any hand but mine, and to-night"—here his

voice died away into indistinct mutterings, and for two or three minutes I could not understand his jerky, low-voiced sentences. He soon awoke to the situation. Advancing towards me, he bowed in mockery, and then said :—

"I am keeping the Excellency waiting—he has already worked over hours—I will no longer detain him. It is not meet that a common police spy should share the fate of an Emperor, so I will wish you *bon voyage.*"

He quickly took the overcoat from around my limbs, and after a futile and very short struggle on my part, thrust me over the parapet into the river. Shall I ever forget



"HE THRUST ME OVER THE PARAPET."

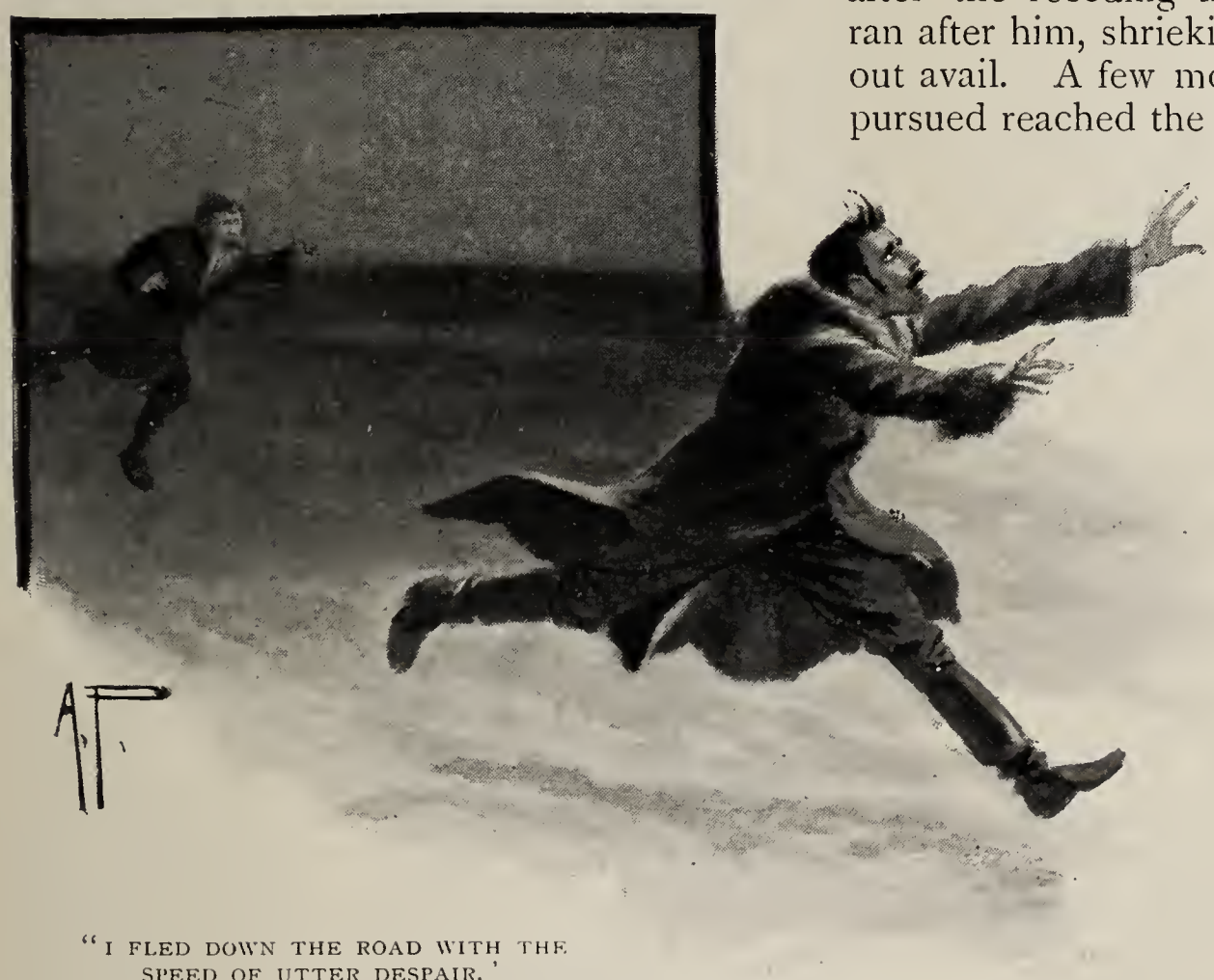
the shock of that fearful plunge into those icy waters? The events of the previous few minutes had numbed me into a sort of coma, and I had only thought of what was passing round me as a hideous nightmare, from which I should shortly wake. As those black, freezing floods closed over my head, I for the first time realized my position, and the imminence of death.

Thank God, I did not utterly lose my self-possession, and as I rose to the surface after that awful plunge into midnight darkness, I felt there was yet a chance for life. At Harrow I had been a "duckling," and swimming without my hands for a short distance was therefore by no means an impossible feat. Bound though I was, I managed to jerk my head above the water-line for a second or two, to survey my whereabouts, and in the blackness I was able to discern that a hundred yards or so below me, the river took a bend, and the left shore ran out into the stream some forty feet or more. If I could only, by swimming on my back, and striking out with all my might, reach this friendly peninsula, I should have a reasonable chance of safety, as I did not believe that Orenovitch, occupied with his approaching revenge, would be on the look-out for my escape, or imagine it possible.

With the energy of despair, I used my every effort, but the current was strong above my expectations. I began to lose strength and make short and flurried strokes. I was passing the promontory, when suddenly it seemed to rush out towards me, and I grated on the pebbly bank. I had been caught in a back eddy and drawn in to the shore. With my fettered hands it was no easy task to drag myself up the pebbles and gain the field above me. At first I lay utterly exhausted by my efforts, but as I regained my bodily vigour, the remembrance of the fearful peril several human lives were in on the bridge, not two hundred yards away, came vividly back to my mind. I staggered to my feet, and the grating of the flints put another idea into my head. Stooping down, I felt with difficulty among the pebbles for one with a sharp edge. I was soon successful. One huge, chisel-like flint lay on the top of the river bank. Pressing the twisted neckcloth which tied my hands upon its sharpest point, I rasped it up and down with all the energy left to me. A couple of minutes' hard work and it fell from my wrists, and I was free.

Evidently the maniac on the bridge, engrossed in the thoughts of his coming revenge, had not observed me. As fast as

my shivering limbs would carry me, I crept across the crisp, frozen grass, and gained the road. In the stillness of the winter midnight, I could hear clearly the approach of several horsemen, and the rumbling of not far-distant wheels. I was not, then, too late. As noiselessly as I could, I ran in the direction of the approaching cavalcade. An indefinable impulse of dread made me turn and glance over my shoulder ere I had gone a staggering fifty yards. Not thirty yards behind, Orenovitch was following, silently as a sleuth-hound, his face ablaze with frenzied passion, gaining upon me at every stride. Evidently the clatter of my footsteps on the rough road flints had reached his ears, and, weaponless as I knew him to be, I could be no match for his maniacal strength. He would crush or choke me to death, as a terrier kills a rat. The black dread of that awful man rushing upon me from the dark shadow of the bridge utterly broke down any strength that was left in my weakened nerves. I shrieked aloud in the extremity of terror, and fled down the road with the speed of utter despair. My cry was heard, and two of the riders came dashing up at a hand gallop, and I fell in a convulsed heap at their horses' feet, as my pursuer, with a snarl of scarcely human rage, turned and sped back as he had come.



"I FLED DOWN THE ROAD WITH THE SPEED OF UTTER DESPAIR."

One of the horsemen, a man wearing the rich uniform of the Imperial Guard, leapt off his charger, and, with a rough oath, asked what in the name of Heaven I had been screeching for. So utterly unstrung was I, that at first a confused babble of a nameless terror, and the pointing of a trembling hand towards the bridge, was all the answer I could give. My mouth was parched and dry, and every word of Russian seemed to have been clean wiped from my memory. At this moment, the carriage and the remaining horsemen swept up to us and stopped, and the officer, with an impatient gesture, turned from me as a voice from the window addressed him.

"What is the matter, Count?"

"I can't find out, your Majesty," he replied. "This man, who appears to be a foreigner, as well as a more than ordinary fool, is evidently terror-struck by something upon the bridge, and with your good leave, I think the shortest way will be for me to ride forward, and see if it is anything more than his own shadow."

He leaped upon his horse, and as I realized his fate, should he carry out his intentions, I scrambled to my feet, and screamed to him to stop. He paid no attention, but cantered after the receding figure of Orenovitch. I ran after him, shrieking, imploring, but without avail. A few moments, and pursuer and pursued reached the bridge almost together. I heard a stern command to halt, and Orenovitch turned and faced his enemy with an exultant cry. There was a ring of steel, as the Count's sword left the scabbard, and I saw his spurs strike deep into his charger's flanks. The horse leaped forward. The next moment a spuming wave of flame, as of all hell-fire let loose, enveloped the bridge, and amid the ear-splitting roar that accompanied it, I was flung senseless to the earth.

When I recovered my senses, I found myself lying on the roadside, in the centre of a group of soldiers, and standing opposite to me the tall, soldierly figure of him whom, from photographs, I knew to be the Autocrat

of All the Russias. He spoke to me in a calm and dignified voice, and as my halting phraseology told of my foreign birth, inquired my nationality. I told him, and thenceforth he spoke to me in my own tongue. A few minutes' rapid conversation, and he knew the whole story, and my connection with it.

"I have to thank you for my life, sir, it seems," he said, in conclusion. "You may yet find me not ungrateful. If your late landlord's story be true—and I fear there is little cause to doubt it—I can hardly regret the death of Count Prazinsky. His end was frightful, but mercifully swift, and he was no worthy servant to be about my person. I must request your word of honour not to speak of this night's business to a soul, at any rate during my lifetime, and I think you will find it to your advantage to oblige me."

"A SPUMING WAVE OF FLAME ENVELOPED THE BRIDGE."

I couldn't help wondering how the disappearance of the bridge was to be accounted for, but I had little experience of the ways of a country where the Press censorship is among the first of national institutions. The *Official Messenger*, the following day, announced the destruction of the well-known bridge of Myschkin, from a sudden flood-wave, and the other papers merely copied the bare announcement, without remark.

His Majesty did me the honour to convey me back to the city, and on our arrival, his secretary, M. Hovski, accompanied me to the Hôtel de France, where, he informed me, I should consider myself the guest of his master. With his escort the proprietor expressed no surprise at my arrival at such untimely hours, and hastened to attend upon me with incurious consideration. M. Hovski visited me the following day, and took me back to the Palace, where I had the honour of a private audience with the Emperor. I was able to give him the details of what I knew of Orenovitch, and ventured to plead for the little orphaned children. He was good enough to promise them his patronage, and I was afterwards relieved to hear that they had been received into a Home for Girls in which the Empress took a special interest. The views of the neighbours upon the subject of Orenovitch's disappearance were varied, but the commonest was, that I had made away with him, but had a mysterious influence with the police, which caused them to hush the matter up. This influence was, I am sorry to say, ascribed to English gold.

After the shock of that night's experience, I did not care to prolong my Russian visit. Within a week I was back in England again. I was surprised shortly afterwards, on applying for a staff appointment, to obtain it without difficulty. A private note from the Horse Guards, which informed me of my success, also apprised me of my elevation to the rank of captain, for "important services rendered outside Her Majesty's dominions."

Illustrated Interviews.

No. LIII.—MR. AND MRS. BEERBOHM TREE.

I DROVE up one fine morning lately to Mr. and Mrs. Tree's house in Sloane Street in the hope of finding my victims at breakfast, for I had been told that they were the earliest of birds, and that I should have no hope of catching them unless I startled them in their nest before ten o'clock. Big Ben had just struck the hour, so I was a moment too late. A hansom stood at the door, and there emerged Mrs. Tree herself, dressed, as she always is, in the most fascinating attire—this time all black lace over white, with roses in her toque and carnations at her waist. A very tall girl of eleven tripped at her side. I peeped under her Panama hat, and there glanced up at me from its shady depths a pair of long brown eyes, very serious and childish in expression. As she glanced, she twisted a strand of her red-yellow hair round her finger, executing the while a *pas seul* very gravely upon the doorstep. Her frock, I noticed, was of some accordion-pleated stuff.

"Make haste, Viola," urged Mrs. Tree; "or you will be late for Mrs. Wordsworth."

The child vanished with her governess, still footing as she went the most Highland of Highland flings, with the same imperturbable gravity.

"She dances in her dreams," murmured Mrs. Tree, as she watched her little daughter disappear. Then turning to me, vaguely: "Oh! I beg your pardon. You want to interview us? Do you? That is sad; for I am just starting for the country, and my husband has gone to the theatre. Rehearsals, I believe, have begun. Come to me to-morrow—late—in the afternoon, and all will be well. I am so sorry I have to catch a train"; and before I could say another word this bright and reassuring lady had skipped into her hansom.

The following day, in the afternoon, I tried my luck again. "Mr. and Mrs. Tree are expected home almost immediately," declared the maid; and would I wait in the drawing-room, meanwhile? As she led me upstairs, like a conscientious journalist, I kept my eyes open.

A quaint little ante-room, at the head of the stairs, first attracted me. Here stood a nurse, with a baby in her arms, listening to the crowing of a cuckoo clock. Rather a singular-looking baby, I thought, but a very pretty one, with her black, uplifted eyes, and the row of bright-red curls across her forehead.

"Go away," she said, imperiously, waving a fat little hand in my face.

I confess to feeling a slight embarrassment.

"*Good-bye*," said the child, frowning, and pointing at the front door. Then, suddenly forgetting her resentment at my wretched, rash intrusion, she put her finger in her mouth, and raised her wistful eyes in the direction of the departed cuckoo.

"I will make friends with that nurse," I said to myself. "Who knows but what I may glean some item of information from so responsible a looking person?"

"Your little charge——" I began, approaching her with a solicitous smile.

From a Photo. by] MISS VIOLA TREE. *[Alice Hughes.*

"Miss Felicity is just eighteen months," she remarked, with icy dignity, as if she anticipated the question. Then pride in her charge breaking down the barriers of restraint, she added, "And a very fine child for her age. As for her intelligence, I can assure you, sir——"

"I am convinced of it," I exclaimed, hastily.

"She knows all one is talking about, and if you could see her when she isn't shy, you would——"

"I am sure I should be delighted," I replied. "But her name, you say, is Felicity. Why Felicity?"

"Well, you see, sir," said the nurse, "she was born in December!"

"December!" I mused. And as I mused, there came into my mind certain lines of Keats :—

On a drear-nighted December, too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember their green felicity ;

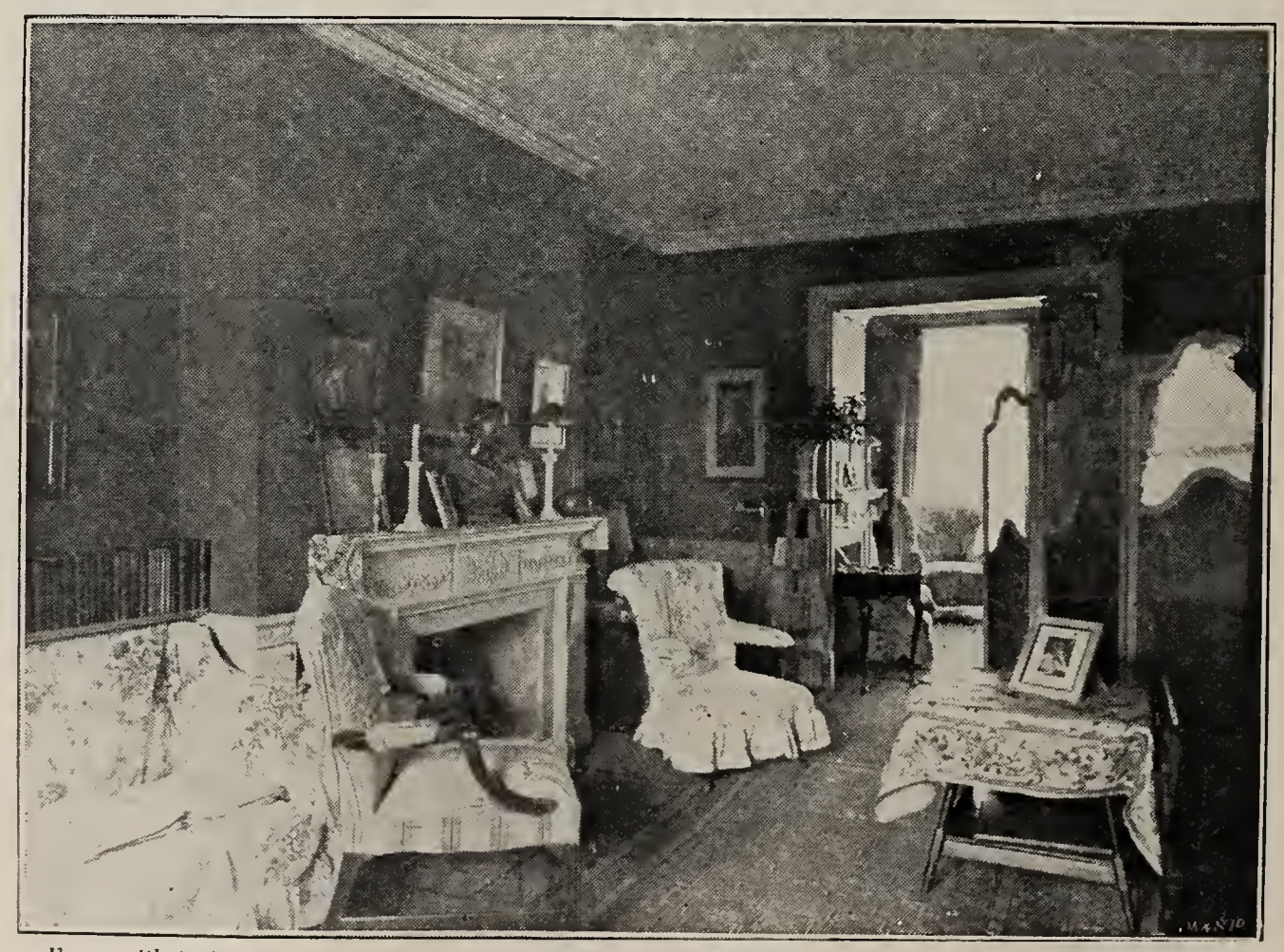
and I wondered if the verses had suggested the name.

From a Photo. by] MISS FELICITY TREE. *[Alice Hughes.*

At this point the baby, weary of waiting for the return of the cuckoo, became once more aware of my presence.

"*Good-bye!*" she repeated, with marked hauteur. This time I felt she would brook no gainsaying. So I escaped up the green stairs to a green drawing-room. What a pretty room it was, too, and leading from it another equally charming. A forget-me-not and its leaves had, I am told, suggested the colouring of the walls to Mrs. Tree. Anyhow, the front room is distempered blue, and the back room a dim, reposeful green. Both are panelled white, and hung with Hollyer's reproductions of Burne-Jones's works—the "Briar Rose," "Creation of the World," "Love Among the Ruins"—nor should I forget Watts's "Ganymede" and "Psyche," and many another beautiful study by the same great artist. For the rest, the room remains upon the memory's eye as a vista of flowering chintz, of great armfuls of flowers and greenery a-growing and a-blowing in pots and vases, of quaint, countrified furniture and old china, of tables laden with old silver and new silver, and of shelves ranged with books. Indeed, I never saw so great a number of books in any drawing-room.

Just as I was about to take down a volume



From a Photo. by] THE BACK DRAWING-ROOM. *[Alfred Ellis.*

of Swinburne's verses, and while away the waiting hour, came a double rat-tat at the door, and in ran Mrs. Tree. A dazzling frock was hers, of silver and old lace and turquoise blue! I looked my admiration. Mrs. Tree explained: "This is a wedding garment. I have just been to a wedding."

Then, after a moment's pause, I commenced, "It was about yourself, Mrs. Tree, and your husband, that I came here, like Dickens's young man, wanting to know, you know."

"That's the dreadful part of it," laughed Mrs. Tree. "I cannot bear being interviewed. Nor can my husband. If you could promise that you will not say my smile is 'charming,' it would put us on a better footing at once."

I gave a faithful promise, and then, glancing round the room, begged to be told something at least about the household gods.

"What is the story, for instance, of this quaint picture of Hamlet in the corner?" I asked, pointing out a poster—a panel of brown paper, stretched from floor to ceiling, on which an heroic-sized Hamlet was daubed in tar, apparently.

"That! Oh! that was a Christmas card from Ellen Terry to Herbert—my husband. Ellen Terry is kindness itself, always remembering her old friends, always full of fun and graciousness. Once, when I had rheumatic fever at Hampstead, she drove up to see me and distract my thoughts during convalescence, bringing with her an air-ball and other toys. Then, when we were bound for America, she sent me a life-saving apparatus! A fur and woollen lined bag into which to roll oneself when lying on deck. There is no end to her thoughtfulness. Then," continued Mrs. Tree, "this little oil-colour of our daughter Viola is the work of Mr. De Castro — yes! it is wonderfully painted. That head of her, again, in red chalks, is by Winifred Brooke Alder, a rising young artist, of whom you may have heard."

"Tell me more," I said, after a pause, turning to the bookshelf.

MRS. BEERBOHM TREE.
From a Photo. by Sarony, New York.

Mrs. Tree handed me a volume of "Asiatic Studies," by Sir Alfred Lyell. On the first blank page is written by the author a graceful poem of dedication to Mrs. Tree, which appears to me absolutely characteristic of the personality of the lady to whom it is addressed. The lines run thus:—

> Of voice and step that charmed the mind,
> The subtle grace of fashion.
> The song, the sportive wit refined,
> And touch the springs of fashion.

"Ah! I forgot," said Mrs. Tree, "you must not read those lines. They are too flattering," and laughing, she took them from my hand. "See!" she continued, "Swinburne and Shelley, Browning and Longfellow, Rossetti and Tennyson, has each his niche here. My favourite poet? Oh! Indeed I cannot say. I love each so dearly in his own way. My favourite authors? I am afraid I'm horribly indiscriminate—Balzac and Barrie, Dickens and George Meredith, Thackeray and Tourgenieff, Miss Austen and Ibsen—I read them all. I glide contentedly from the 'Mill on the Floss' to 'Marcella,' from 'Salammbô' to 'Sentimental Tommy,' from the 'Vicar of Wakefield' to the 'Child of the Jago.' These are the books I could read over and over again. My hundred books range from Gibbon to Gyp. No! I am ashamed to say I have never read Sir Walter Scott; I suppose, because I did not begin as a child. But I am going to begin reading him to Viola now, and I expect I shall grow to love him through her mind.

"And that reminds me!" went on Mrs. Tree. "You must let me show you her museum." I was led to a curious, spindle-legged cabinet table under the glass of which reposed precious relics of childish joys—a quaint old painted fan, a few silver pouncet-boxes, the mummified remains of an audacious looking reptile — "Viola," explained Mrs. Tree, "has an extraordinary *penchant* for reptiles and everything that creeps."

"And your own particular treasures, Mrs. Tree?"

"Here, for one, is a châtelaine in gold and mother of pearl, given me by dear Mrs. Stirling, after she had seen me play *Ophelia*. It was accompanied by a delightful letter telling me its history—'how it was worn on the stage by the incomparable Miss O'Neill.' I used to delight in wearing it every night in 'Hamlet,' to represent 'Remembrances of yours.' Here, again, is a ring—it is old Florentine—which Alfred Gilbert, the sculptor, gave my husband. This little red clock is mine—a gift from Sir Henry Irving—and that photograph of Burne-Jones's 'Psyche' came to me from Ellen Terry. Now look at some of my books! Lord Dufferin, you see, sent me 'Sheridan,' with his own brilliant preface, and that delightful book about his mother. And *àpropos* of Lord Dufferin, I remember how he and the late Mr. Arthur Cecil Blunt met at our table one night and made friends over the fact that Arthur Cecil had been present at a performance of Lady Dufferin's play, 'The ——' No! I cannot remember the name. But to return to my books. Henry James gave me his two comedies, 'Tenants' and 'Disengaged'; Alfred Austin, his 'Love's Widowhood.' Hamilton Aïdé is represented by several novels as well as charming landscapes in water-colour. And here, you see, are the works of Matthew Arnold and Browning. I am proud to remember that I knew them both personally in their life-time. Then you see here a copy of Joseph Jefferson's 'Life and Letters.' Jefferson is a great favourite in the United States, and his name will be for ever linked with the character of *Rip Van Winkle*. We made his incomparable acquaintance in Boston, and he at once added us to the crowd of those who know and love him. Colonel John Hay gave me, too, this book of his own poems."

Once more, after a moment's respite, Mrs. Tree laughingly pointed out a fresh treasure. "Here is a curled-up ivory monkey from Mr. and Mrs. Henschel; and here a *cloisonné* enamel-box that came from Mr. Gilbert. The whole history of a dynasty is contained within its little inside! It was part of the spoil taken many years ago from a sacked place in Japan. The brooch in this case was given to me by the Queen, and that silver salver to my husband, after we had played at Balmoral."

MRS. TREE AS KATE CLOUD IN "JOHN-A-DREAMS."
From a Photo. by Turner & Drinkwater, Hull.

"Did you find the Queen an appreciative audience?" I interrupted.

"Yes, indeed," was the reply.

"Critical?"

"Oh! no. Not exactly that; but very intent. The Queen has a beautiful manner," added Mrs. Tree, "and a voice of extraordinary sweetness."

Mrs. Tree's pictures are as great a delight to her as the knick-knacks which strew her tables, and she chatted in her light and charming way about them.

"Now, look at my pictures. Those of Burne-Jones and Watts are my favourites. But those, you know — they require no word of explanation. Over here is a water-colour sketch of me by Mr. Percy Anderson as *Le Passant*. And this a beautifully done copy of Rossetti, by an amateur. And this an etching of Windsor presented by Mr. Kemble after we had played the 'Merry Wives of Windsor.' As you may see, he has written on it 'To Sweet Anne Page.' This—the last of our possessions of which I mean to talk, for, indeed, I must be boring you—is a portrait of me exhibited at the New Gallery, and painted by our friend, Mr. Phil Burne-Jones."

"Have you always lived in Sloane Street?"

"Oh! dear, no! We have had a hundred different houses. Once we lived in Cheyne Walk, and there never was a sweeter place to see the spring from than from the windows of that house. The remembrance of the almond trees, and the river, and the green mist of the young trees in Battersea Park makes me cry regretfully, each year, 'Oh! to be in Chelsea, now that April's there!' Then once we had rather a mansion of a house in South Kensington. That had a pretty drawing-room, which I made from tulip-yellow walls and light green curtains, but on the whole the house was too Lincrustan and anaglyptic for us. We never could enter into the spirit of its staircase. So we fled from its splendours."

"What was your next home?"

"We had a kind of rambling flat built over a place for hiring carriages. I used to call it 'The House of the Seven Stables.'"

"I thought you lived at Hampstead once?"

"Ah! yes; and I wish we were there still. We had a charming old house on the very top of Hampstead Heath, with a large garden, and a meadow, and a cow, and a lodge, and a view. One could just *not* see the Crystal Palace, but caught the actual glimmer of the Firth of Forth! Every season of the year was beautiful at Hampstead, even when 'full knee-deep lay the winter snow,' and eight horses were necessary to bring each doctor to our door when every inmate of the house was laid low with bronchitis!"

"Did you not find Hampstead rather a long way off?"

"Yes. So I hired a carriage for a little while. I called it my Victorian Era. But as a matter of fact, hansoms were within an hour's call; and time doesn't seem to matter at Hampstead."

Mrs. Tree now sank into a chair, smiling, but evidently exhausted with the effort she had made as show-woman of her home.

"Have I not told you enough?" she asked, rather plaintively.

"Indeed, no!" I replied, hurriedly. "There are many questions which I should like to ply you with—that is, if you will allow it."

AS PRINCESS FEDORA ROMAZOFF IN "FEDORA."
From a Photo. by Turner & Drinkwater, Hull.

"Among other things, then," went on Mrs. Tree, "I know that before this interview is over you will at least have asked me my opinion of the New Woman."

"Well," I assented, "I should very much like to hear it."

"I have no opinion of her!" was the trenchant reply. "I look upon her as a sort of Mrs. Harris. I don't believe she even exists. She's a woman of no importance, created by novelists and dramatists, who would cut a very sad figure in real life. Anyhow, I never happen to have met one, though I'm told specimens, like rare stamps, may be found here and there."

"Did you not even meet a New Woman in the United States?" I inquired.

"No! Not even there. *Apropos* of the United States, you know of my husband's engagement there. He has looked forward to the trip very much indeed, for we made many friends there on our first tour in 1895, and the public received us most kindly."

"I suppose you admired, with the rest, the women of New York?"

"Yes. Those we met were very interesting, pretty, and smart."

"And New York?"

"Ah! New York was my greatest surprise!

From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM. *[Alfred Ellis.*

I never dreamed of the air of luxury and endless wealth and comfort one sees on every side. The carriages, the horses, the buildings in Fifth Avenue! But I think what struck me most was the Opera House. An enormous house, all glorious within—white, you know, quite white, no gilding. I should like our new theatre to be just like it. And then, what had a fascinating look were two little white wooden doors on each side of the stage, through one of which the artists come to bow on the fall of the curtain, retiring through the other. They used to have such doors in old English theatres, as one may see by prints of a bygone period."

"I suppose you were worried a good deal by the interviewer out there?"

"There are interviewers here, too, sometimes," said Mrs. Tree, with a significant smile; and then added: "No; we were not victimized very much. "Some of the newspaper criticisms of our acting were wonderfully clever and illuminating. Others again were, well, neither clever nor illuminating. We would laugh tremendously over the newspaper descriptions of our personalities in one or two of the smaller towns. My husband was spoken of 'As no dramatic artist this, but a manly, honest, hard-working, unaffected fellow.' And I was described as 'a dark, Hebraic-looking woman, with a slight lisp.' Once we entertained at Chicago a very charming lady. We had no idea that she was a journalist. My young brother-in-law, Max Beerbohm, was there, too. We all talked together unconcernedly, and had great fun. The next morning everything we had said rose up again before our eyes in print at the breakfast table."

"Max Beerbohm is your brother-in-law?"

"Yes, yes. You know—the one who

From a Photo. by] THE STUDY. *[Alfred Ellis.*

does the essays and caricatures. In America he had quite a success on his own account. His writings in the Yellow Book were well known. He is an amusing boy. The other day, just when his collected 'Works' were going to be published, I asked him if he thought they would be a great success.

"'Well,' he said, gravely, 'my only fear is that the nation will insist on burying me alive in Westminster Abbey.'

"Now he is writing some fairy tales for 'The British Child.'

"'Will the British child understand them?' somebody inquired.

"'Oh! I think so,' he answered. 'When it grows up!'

"At Boston, early one morning, an interviewer came to interview Max, but my husband, thinking he had come for him, rose in haste, and passing into the sitting-room, there saw Max ensconced in a yellow dressing-gown, answering every question. 'Go away, Herbert!' exclaimed Max. 'This is *my* interviewer!'

"I must tell you another *mot* of Max's! An American asked him if he could stand the artificially-heated rooms. 'Oh, yes! I don't mind them!' he replied. 'What I can't stand is that you keep your streets artificially cold!' But, here," exclaimed Mrs. Tree, "comes my husband! I hear his voice on the stairs. I shall leave him to tell you all about our new theatre."

"Stay! Mrs. Tree," I entreated —I really dreaded the departure of the genial lady— "One word, only one word, more! Are your little daughters going on the stage? If you will tell me that, I will ask nothing further."

"We never have wished our daughter to act. Certainly, never, never! Though I have often seen it said in several newspapers that she is to go on the stage, this is utterly untrue. But she takes a great interest in our plays, and criticises our performances — just a little harshly — sometimes, to our amusement. As a very little child, she was asked if she meant to be an actress when she grew up. 'Oh, no! *I* mean to marry!' was the answer she gave. I believe she still thinks marriage a profession. As for Felicity, she is a tiny baby: we have not considered her future yet! And now I must really say good-bye. Here is my husband, you see."

Mrs. Tree vanished, turning her head as she left the room, and though I say it, who shouldn't, her smile *was* charming. Now enter Mr. Tree, looking, I thought, the embodiment of health and strength. When he was starring in America, the famous actor was variously described as the "beau ideal" of an English country squire, "a clergyman," "a barrister-like looking man"—never as an actor. But for my part, I think he looks what he is, a distinguished actor with brains, a man who takes an interest in all sorts of subjects outside his own profession. A brilliant littérateur once gave a word-painting of him which I think is worth repeating here, and which has not seen the light "on this side":—

"In talking with Mr. Tree one recognises that he is a man of imagination and literary insight, with a temperament full of sympathy and humanity. He is not without the genial irony which marks the mental habit of so many artists nowadays, but against that is set a really marked simplicity, love of life, of character, and an active respect for the

MR. H. BEERBOHM TREE.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

MR. TREE AS MACARI IN "CALLED BACK."
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

beautiful. He is a man of manners, yet his reserve is the frugality of a warm nature rather than the isolation of egotism. He is not sentimental, yet he has sentiment. Impulsive he certainly is, but yet he is also deliberate and constant in all that concerns his work. He is hard to satisfy; at rehearsals he is imperious and exacting; but he has the confidence of all who play with him, or write for him; for all know that he is a true and sympathetic craftsman, looking after the divine effect. He is a man of moods, but he would be no actor if he were not. His effects are not machine-made; they are the result of impressions of a spirit amenable to the power of the right thing, governed by the good discipline of art which says, 'This shalt thou do,' and 'This shalt thou not do.'"

These lines, written, strange to say, by one who had but a slight acquaintance with the famous actor, are said to be extraordinarily to the point by those who have had a life-long intimacy with him.

Mr. Tree, when he entered the room, wore a half-absent, half-anxious air.

"Busy, terribly busy," he murmured, as he shook hands. And, indeed, from his every pocket bulged huge packets of letters, which he would be obliged to read, mark, and answer before the day was out.

"My new theatre is taking up every moment of my time just now. You want to know all about it? Why, so you shall, as far as I am at present able to tell."

"When, then, do you expect the building to be complete?"

"Oh! I hope early in the beginning of the new year. Perhaps at the end of March; but certainly April."

"Can you tell me what the theatre is really to be like? I have heard so many contradictory reports."

"Well, if you want a few facts, here they are. The building is to occupy a length of 150ft. towards Charles Street, and will have a frontage in the Haymarket. There will be eleven exits and entrances at least. On three sides—the Haymarket, Charles Street, and the Opera Arcade—the theatre will be practically isolated."

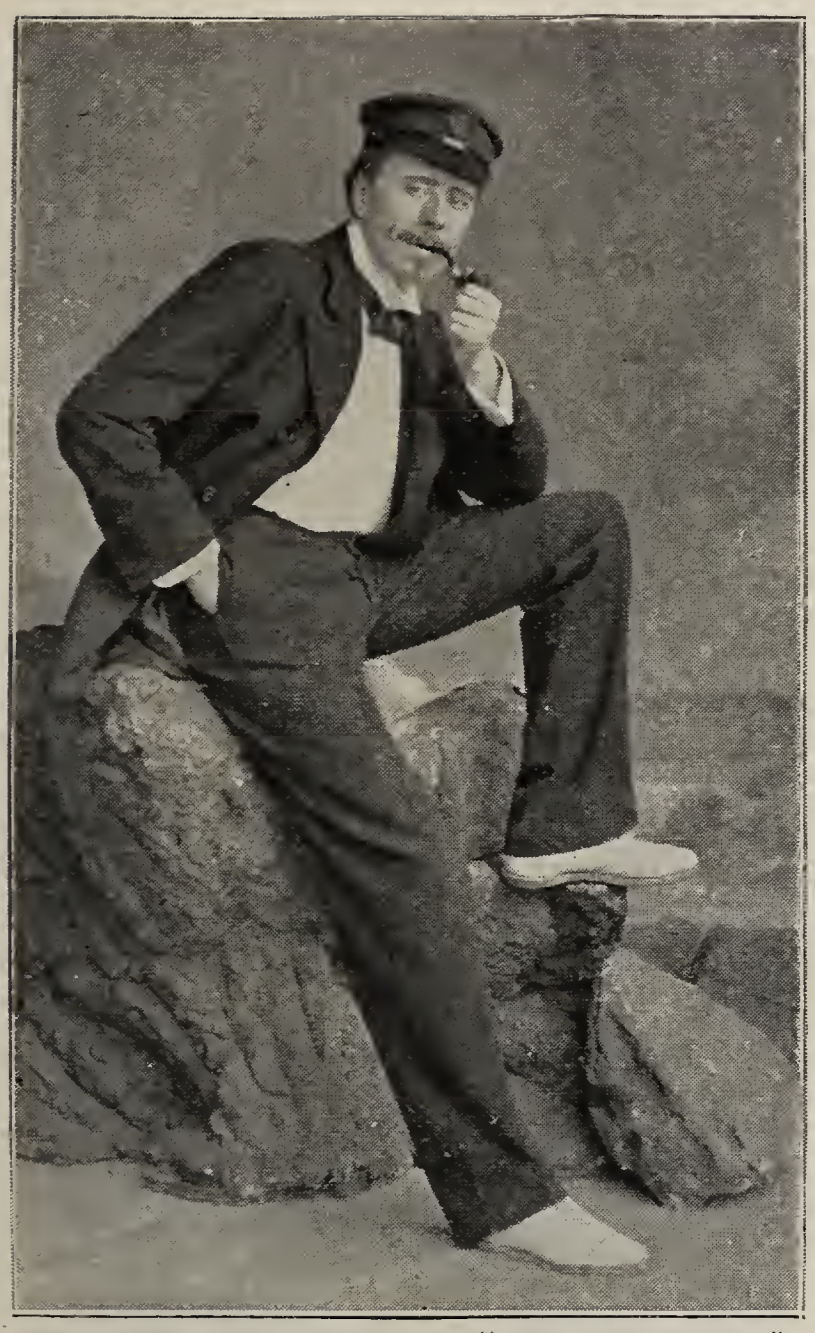
AS PAUL DEMETRIUS IN "THE RED LAMP."
From a Photo. by Barraud.

"Is it true that an hotel is to be built close by?"

"Oh, yes. An hotel will be raised on the remaining portion of the site and be separated from the theatre by a thick wall, so that no disturbing sounds will be heard on either side. Portland stone is the material to be used for the building, and the façade, both of the hotel and theatre, will be in the French Renaissance style."

"Is it indiscreet to inquire the cost of the building?"

"Not at all. The cost will be



AS THE DUKE OF GUISEBURY IN "THE DANCING GIRL."
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

something like £58,000. The architect is Mr. Phipps, and his coadjutor in the work that very accomplished gentleman, Mr. Romanes Walker."

"About the interior of the building," I began.

"Ah!" laughed Mr. Tree. "There are several new features which I will not reveal at present. But I can tell you of the change from a flat stage to an open one, and the entire separation of the stage from the auditorium. Then I think of having a number of 5s. or 6s. seats between the stalls and the pit. I believe those will be liked. I hope so. I have always wished to lower all the prices of the seats at my theatre, but I am afraid the scheme might prove impracticable."

"And the decoration of the theatre, inside and out?"

"Of the outside I have spoken—the French Renaissance, you know. At present we wish, my wife and I, to have the interior all painted white and the seats crimson, and with painted panels, after Boucher, in the style of the Louis Quatorze. We admired the whiteness and absence of gilding at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York so greatly."

"At Bayreuth I suppose you have gathered some hints?"

"Yes, oh! yes! At Bayreuth the theatre can be enlarged or made smaller at will by shifting the stage. I hope to introduce that arrangement. In America, you know, they have a capital plan of sending volumes of iced air into their theatres on hot nights. I hope we have conquered that secret too. People go to the play just for the sake of enjoying the refreshing coolness! And I have another good idea for the comfort of audiences in the summer months. Now, don't you think I have talked enough about 'Her Majesty's'?"

I made a gesture of dissent, but at that moment a maid put her head in at the door, saying that a lady was most anxious to have a few words with Mr. Tree. With a murmured excuse, the actor left me, only to reappear again very shortly with a smile upon his face.

"Would you believe it?" he exclaimed. "That is the sixth application I have had

From a Photo. by] AS HAMLET. *[W. & D. Downey.*

AS GRINGOIRE IN "THE BALLAD-MONGER."
From a Photo. by Sarony, New York.

to-day from a lady who wishes to go on the stage. The number of letters of entreaty I daily receive from histrionic aspirants would amaze you. Some of these letters are the strangest compositions possible. I have kept several of the more absurd," and Mr. Tree went to a bureau and returned with a note which he, laughing, bade me read. The letter ran as follows :—

"Veneered Sir,—I wish to go on the stage, and I would like to join your valuable theatre. I have been a bricklayer for five years, but having failed in this branch I have decided to take on acting, it being easier work. I am not young, but am six foot tall without any boots. I have studied Bell's system of elocution and am fond of late hours.—E. S."

"I have received dozens of letters quite as extraordinary as this one," declared Mr. Tree, after I had finished reading it.

"Now will you tell me," I asked, after we had discussed several indifferent subjects, "which is your favourite part?"

"Oh! I think *Gringoire* in 'The Ballad-monger' is the part I most enjoy acting. But of course there is *Hamlet* . . . . ! In a different way I delight in playing a part like *Sir Woodbine Grafton* in 'Peril.'"

"Did you find the American audiences sympathetic?"

"Yes! On the whole, very sympathetic. It is remarkable how the Americans appreciate Ibsen. I shall never forget their reception of the 'Enemy of the People.' At Chicago especially, the audience positively inspired us all when we gave the play there."

"What struck you most in America?"

"The hospitality and kindness of the people. If you are an author, and invited out to dinner, you will find that the hostess and every one of the guests have taken the trouble to read all your books beforehand. Isn't that true hospitality? If you are an actor, they know everything about your career, and will discuss all the parts you

AS THE ABBÉ DUBOIS IN "A VILLAGE PRIEST."
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

have played. The women are usually pretty, and always charmingly dressed. But over here we hear too much about the American women, and too little about the men. We met such a

number of courteous and accomplished gentlemen, wherever we went. The culture of some of the younger men there is remarkable. They are thoroughly well versed in modern history and modern art. Where Americans seem to me especially to shine is in their after-dinner speeches. They quite surpass us in this respect, though as a general conversationalist the Englishman has the pull. General conversation, indeed, is rather rare at an American dinner-party. But almost every born American can manage to make a brilliant after-dinner speech."

"I suppose you were often asked for an 'anecdote' by your fellow-diners?"

"Oh! yes. The true American loves an anecdote. I acted *Falstaff* there, not my last *Falstaff* in 'Henry IV.,' but the older, more farcical man in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor.' Rather an absurd thing happened, *àpropos*. I had planned that *Falstaff*, driven to desperation by the gibes and buffets of the elve in Windsor Forest, should make one mighty effort to climb the oak tree. The pegs that were to serve as supports for that tree—and this Tree—

AS SVENGALI IN "TRILBY."
From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis.

AS SIR JOHN FALSTAFF IN "KING HENRY IV."
From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis.

were conspicuous by their absence. On the morning before the performance, I was assured that they should be there. The morning came, but with it no pegs. With the calm of despair I asked:—

"'*No Pegs?*'

"The ejaculation, spoken more in sorrow than in anger, would, I hoped, appeal to the conscience of my property-man. In the evening there was a dress rehearsal, but still no pegs could be seen. My form trembled, beneath its padding, with emotion—of not a pleasant sort—and in a voice shaken, as I thought, by righteous indignation, I asked again:—

"'Where are those pegs?'

"'Pegs! Pegs!' answered the property-man, with provoking amiability. 'Why! guv'nor, what were your words to me this morning? *No Pegs.* And there *ain't* none——'"

At this moment, the servant appeared again at the door. "I am afraid," began Mr. Tree, "that you must excuse me. My business manager wishes to have a word with me."

"I have already trespassed, I fear, long upon your patience. But cannot you say, before you go,

something about that much abused person, the actor-manager?"

"Well, the critics are right in abusing him in some ways, I suppose," replied Mr. Tree, rather absently. "But I think it must be admitted that the actor-manager is able to do more for the propagation of new dramatic ideas and the development of modern drama than the manager who is not an actor. They are more willing to make experiments with new plays which please their fancy. They can judge better of the probable value of cutting out these scenes or keeping in

AS DOLTAIRE IN "THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY."
From a Photo. by Aimé Dupont, New York.

MR. TREE'S NEW THEATRE.
From the Design by Mr. C. J. Phipps.

those, for instance. Besides, I truly believe that most of the artistic results shown on the stage during our generation have been due to the actor-manager. A lay-manager, I suppose, if he loved his work and had the capacity for it, would be the ideal head of a theatre. The double burden of acting and management would not be his. But—" breaking off suddenly — "I really must ask you to excuse me. I have just remembered I have another appointment after this one with my secretary. *Au revoir!*" and Mr. Tree was already half-way down the stairs. W. D.

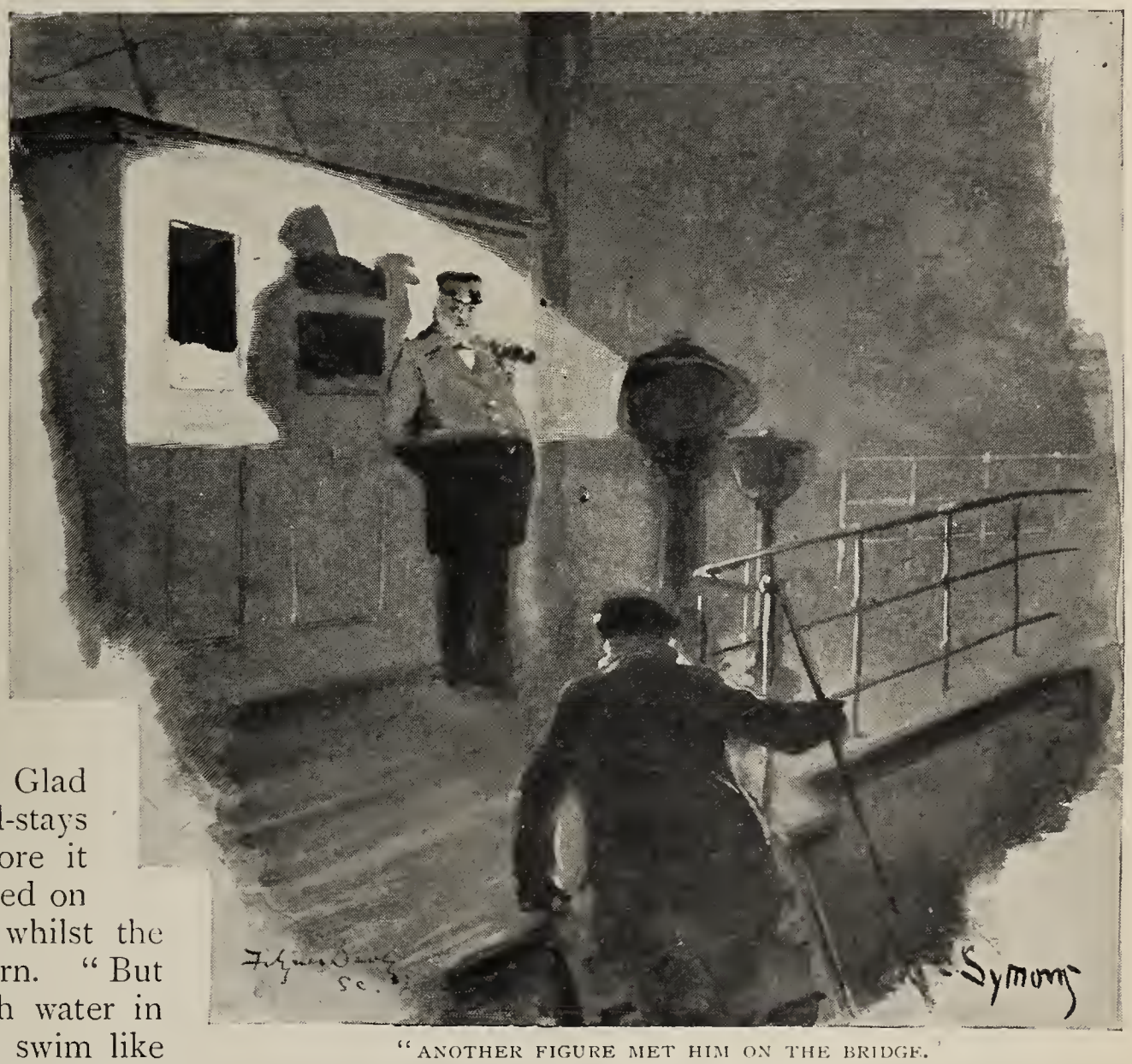
The Salvage Hunter.

By Cutcliffe Hyne.

I.

MICHAEL POWER, the third mate, was standing with his grizzled chin thrust over the starboard dodger of the *Black Pearl's* upper bridge, and the binoculars at his eyes were pointed to a shadowy outline which loomed vaguely through the darkness as it swung in the trough of the Western Ocean swell.

"Not a light showing anywhere," Power summarized. "Mizzenmast off the deck and mainmast standing, as the Yankee wreck-chart said. She's got her foreyard crossed, but the topmast and the rest of the gear are gone by the upper cap. She'll have dropped those in that breeze of last week. Likewise all the boats, barring the two lifeboats we took; she must have been pretty well swept. That funnel's scoured down to the naked iron. But it doesn't look shaky, though. Glad I had those funnel-stays set up the day before it happened." He stared on with a drawn face whilst the derelict passed astern. "But she can't have much water in her, or she wouldn't swim like that. And the cargo's shifted into place again: she's lost all her list. Oh, Lord, my luck! Why can't I have her back now?"



"ANOTHER FIGURE MET HIM ON THE BRIDGE."

The *Black Pearl* went ahead at her steady nine knots, and the timber in her holds squeaked like a supper party of mice as the rollers shouldered her over their backs. The deserted steamer dwindled into the night astern. With a sigh, Power left the shelter of the canvas dodger, and turned to go down to the track-chart, which lay on the table at the head of the companion-way. He was going to make an accurate (and private) note of the derelict's then position upon the face of the waters.

But as he turned, another figure met him on the ladder of the upper bridge, and he recognised with a shock the second quartermaster of the watch, the official look-out on the *Black Pearl's* forecastle head. The man had given no warning of having seen the derelict drift past, and Power, with a gush of thankfulness, had supposed him to be asleep. The pair met across the binnacle, swaying to the roll. The yellow glow from the compass card lit both their faces. Each read the knowledge of the other at a glance.

"Well, quartermaster?"

"I didn't hail you," the sailor said. "I thought best not; I reckoned you'd see her for yourself, and maybe want to do something——" He omitted the "sir," and spoke in a stormy undertone, so as not to be heard by the other quartermaster at the wheel in the house below.

The grizzled mate beckoned the man away to the shelter of the starboard dodger.

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"You—you spotted her, then?"

"I was on the *Caspian* myself once, when she was in the Bombay trade. That was before you got her, captain."

"Yes," said Power. "I wasn't appointed till she'd left that, and the firm had put her on the South America run. But you're sure it's her?"

"As sure as you are. What sailorman ever shipped on a steamboat and forgot her afterwards?"

"Why—why didn't you hail me?" Power asked, nervously.

"Because I reckoned that if you wanted to make a noise, Captain Power, you'd use your own voice. I don't owe the old man here anything that I know of. Nor do you, I should say. All hands forrard has seen the way he's been treating you—you that had a master's ticket before he was put in breeches. If we picked up that steamboat now and towed her in somewhere, the skipper here would make a thousand pounds, and I'd get tipped a matter of two weeks' wages. Well, a couple of quid isn't to be sneezed at by a man like me that's steadied down and got a wife and kids to keep ashore, and I tell you I had it in mind of me first to sing out blue glory. But when I looked aft and saw you with your glasses on her, squinting for all you were worth, but never letting up a word, I says to myself, 'The third mate—the captain that was—knows his own business. He's got a game on, and if there's a nice thing to be picked up out of this, W. Joist will not be forgotten. The captain of the *Black Pearl* is a beggar, but Captain Power, that used to be master of the *Caspian* before he had his misfortune, is a gentleman every inch of him.'"

The quartermaster broke off and knuckled his sealskin cap.

"I don't think I was wrong, sir?" he said, tentatively.

"Quartermaster," said the third mate, huskily, "I'm hanged if I know what to say to you. I'm hanged if I know what to say to myself."

"Very good, sir," said Joist, "don't let me scurry you. But there ought to be dollars in the old *Caspian*, Captain Power, if one can only see where they come in. And y'know I'm a married man, sir, with a missis and kids to think about."

"You great fool," said Power, "do you think you're the only man in the world with a wife and family that are hungry? Look at me: I was a steamboat skipper myself once, all brass-edged, and proud as a soldier. I was earning a matter of between fifteen and twenty pound a month, and we lived up to it. I'd a house ashore as smart as any man could wish for, and our minister had supper with us Sunday nights fifty-two times every year. I'd a good insurance mounting up, and in thirty more months' time I should have been able to have left the sea and be the gentleman ashore, with money to live on. I was going to run a hen farm: it's a thing I've been looking forward to all my life. Then up gets my luck and smacks me fair in the face. The old *Caspian* is loaded with machinery for the River Plate; she gets into a blow; the stuff inside her shifts; and she gets a list on her which there is no curing. It's the blessed Liverpool stevedore's fault, I reckon, but that doesn't count for much once you've left port."

"No, *sir*," said Joist.

"Of course, I did my best: any man would have done. I put her round and let her take the seas on her other side; but that only made her worse, and just then the whole blessed bed-plate must needs start in the engine-room. I tell you the fellows from down there hopped up on deck like rats. The old chief gave me news of it himself. He said his engines might take charge any minute, and once they were adrift they'd go through the skin of her, like as though it was so much paper. He said he was badly scared, and wanted to leave the ship whilst there was still a chance. I told him that for me it was 'hang on all' so long as she floated; but he got talking amongst the crew, and they thought she might turn the turtle with them any minute, and they got the two lifeboats in the water in spite of all the ugly words I could think of. And then after that, there was nothing left for me but to go off with them. We got picked up, and a Consul sent us home, and there was a Board of Trade inquiry."

"Well, they couldn't take away your ticket for that, sir?"

"Couldn't they, by James? You don't know the brutes. They suspended my master's certificate for six months, and gave me a mate's ticket to go on with. The old *Caspian* had been sighted by a Charleston schooner after we left her, still afloat. She'd righted again, and so, of course, they thought my yarn was all a lie."

"She had lost her list when we passed her just now," Joist admitted, "and that's a holy fact."

"You needn't tell me," retorted Power,

grimly. "I know it for myself. I've remembered it most days, since that Yankee wreck-chart was handed in as evidence. I can tell you it's tolerable purgatory for a man who's been a master fifteen years to climb down to the other end again and be glad of a shop as third mate. I'm officering this ship just now; to-morrow we'll be in soundings, and I sha'n't be allowed to take a watch! The mate will be set over me, a young slip of twenty-two, who does the funny dog business to make the other officers laugh at my bit of a stomach. Well, I know I'm not so slim as I was, and I suppose I am slow. But, look here, quartermaster, you keep your tongue quiet in your head, and if there's anything to be made out of the old *Caspian*, you shall have a fling at it."

"Then you have a plan, sir?"

"I have no plan. But if I can get this poor old head of mine to work after I'm turned in, and any ideas come to me, I promise that you shall stand in to get your whack. And now I'll just slip below and prick off on the chart exactly where the old *Caspian* had drifted to when we saw her last."

II.

"I'd scorn to twit you with your misfortunes, Michael," said Mrs. Power.

"I'D SCORN TO TWIT YOU WITH YOUR MISFORTUNES."

"Woman," retorted Power, "you've done nothing else since the luck turned; yes, even when the girls have been in the room with us. It's not what you've said so much as what you've done, and what you looked. You've not been to chapel once since it happened."

"How can I, for very shame? We've had the minister in to supper every Sunday night since he's been on this circuit, and everyone knows we can't do it now; and there's three other ladies that would invite him under my very nose, so that I might hear."

"You do nothing but stay at home and snivel."

Mrs. Power blew her nose.

"Michael — (sniff) — Michael, I'm very sorry. I try to bear up; but losing the chapel society, and not having the minister in to supper, is a blow, and there's no denying it."

"You may think yourself deuced fortunate if you get any supper at all in the future," said Power, gloomily. "I'm hanged if I see where it's coming from."

"Oh, Michael, you're never—"

"I am, and they were quite right too. They've just paid me off at the office, up in Newcastle. I'm not fit for a mate. I'm too old, and too fat, and too slow. If I'd been master of the *Black Pearl*, I'd have fired such a mate out of her when we were loading the timber in Quebec. It was just a charity of the captain to let me run home in her, and I guess he only did it because he's a Shields man himself, and he knew I'd had misfortune."

Mrs. Power shivered and whimpered. "What is to become of us?" she moaned. "We owe more than you have brought in, Michael, and I've only ninepence left of what I drew of your half-pay. And the money for your insurance is due to-morrow."

"Fat lot of chance there is of paying it."

"There's only twenty-nine more months to keep it up now, and then we shall draw the whole £2,000. That would support us in comfort all our time, and put the girls into business, and everything. And

if we miss a month, it all goes. You know it says so on the paper."

"Oh, Lord, yes, I know," said Power, drearily.

"What will become of us?"

"They tell me," said Power, with heavy flippancy, "that the workhouse has just been re-painted, and is really very comfortable when you get used to the grub and the uniform."

Mrs. Power sobbed noisily into her apron. Her husband went on: "You don't like the idea, old woman? Neither do I. Well, there seems just one chance of getting to windward of our luck, and I tell you that chance is a pretty sick one. Finding a needle in a truss of hay is easy compared to it. But I guess that chance is about all we've got, and if we don't like it, we may as well bear up for the 'house' at once."

Mrs. Power looked up, red-eyed and tremulous.

"It's the old *Caspian* I'm thinking about. She's afloat somewhere away up north. I saw her three nights ago, and a quarter-master named Joist saw her too, and so there is no mistake. Now, I've pricked off where she was then, and I know what the winds have been since, and I can calculate the drift of the current. She's heading now for the North Cape of Norway, and I don't think there's much chance of anyone else picking her up. Y'know, the *Black Pearl* came north-about for here, and she'll be the last vessel sailing that way this season. Belle Isle Straits would be frozen up directly after we got through. So you see the chances are that no one's seen the *Caspian*, unless she's blundered against one of the Iceland cod-men coming home, or gone and piled herself up on some skerry off the Shetlands."

Captain Power broke off, and tapped the oilcloth table-cover with his fingers.

"And so you're going to give the information?" said his wife. "They won't pay you for it. Not more than a pound or so. It isn't like towing her in. They're always mean."

"If you'd tell me who 'they' are?"

"Why, the owners."

"Yes, but who are the owners? The Company did own her once, but they got paid off by the underwriters. The underwriters gambled amongst themselves, and then they gave her up; and who owns her now, the Lord may know, but I don't. Now I'll tell you what, my dear: you've got to find out who the owners are, and you've got to buy up their interest in her."

"Me!" screamed Mrs. Power.

"Yes, you! Woman, don't fling yourself about like that. Listen, and if you keep your head, we may cheat the workhouse yet. I've been to one of them money-lender fellows, and he says he'll take up my insurance, and give me £250 for it—and not a penny more."

"That'll never keep us our time, let us be as near as we may. And there'll be nothing left for the children."

"You'll drive me mad," said Power. "Wait and hear my plan. Two hundred and fifty pounds by itself's no good for us. It would keep us three years, and we'd be thinking all the time of what was coming next, and be just miserable. But it's enough to gamble with. I'll leave you £150, and you must find out who are the owners of the *Caspian*, and get them to resign all their claims for that. They'll do it fast enough; they think she's totally lost. And if you can't work it yourself, get a lawyer. Only do it, my lass, and do it right, or I'll have all my trouble for nothing."

"I don't understand you."

"I don't suppose you do. But if you'll put on your cloak and bonnet and come down street with me to that money-lender's to get the notes, I'll explain to you as we go."

III.

As the shore lamps were being put out next morning, and day was warming over the autumn swells of the North Sea, a green, clinker-built tug wound her way in and among the noisy traffic which plies upon the lower Tyne. As the tug paddled out between the pier-heads, the harbour extension men who had just started work noted that she carried coal in bulk upon her deck, and as they saw she was low in the water, they guessed that her bunkers were full also, and deduced that she was off on a long cruise. Someone commented that "Poor, fat old Power, who got into that mess over the *Caspian*, was in command, and that one Joist, who had been hitherto rated merely as able seaman, was acting as mate," and added "that it was a terrible come-down in the world for Power. Fancy a man who had been for twenty years master of regular cargo-liners, sinking down to skippering a little old clinker-built tug!"

The tug surged round the northern pier-head, her sponsons just clear of the water, and then she bore away into a course which would carry her a little to eastward of Bressay, which is off Lerwick on the mainland of Shetland.

The tug's complement was not excessive. There were three in the stoke-hold and engine-room, and there were the skipper, mate, and one deck-hand above. That made six all told; and they took it in turns to cook, and each watch messed together in its entirety. Tea was always simmering in the kettle, but meal-times advertised themselves more accurately with a warm aroma of bloaters.

Every day Captain Power with sextant and chronometer worked out the tug's position just to keep his hand in, though he could have run to Shetland by dead reckoning and made a good landfall. And every day he studied a pencilled track on the chart across the far-off northern sea, gazing at it for half his watches below with puckered brow, noting with deep anxiety every phase of the weather overhead, and finally with the aid of parallel ruler and compasses adding a short pencil line. He was following in imagination the drift-course of the derelict *Caspian*.

They picked up the light on Bressay one midnight, and were out of sight of the last skerry of the Shetlands when the next day broke dull and windy over the waters. There was a heavy sea running, but the little tug had burnt up most of her deck load, and rode over it drily, squattering with her paddles like some grotesque green ocean fowl. Joist took over the watch (and the wheel) from Power at eight in the morning, but the tug's master did not go down. He stretched his limbs and peered through the sea-haze with his binoculars.

"Do you expect to find her as soon as this?" Joist queried.

"Not yet. By my reckoning she should have drifted a good bit further north and east. But ye know, matey, it's only been guess-work, and the sea's big, confounded big."

Joist sent tobacco juice on to the wheel grating. "If it wasn't," said he, philosophically, "somebody else would have snapped her up months ago. When we saw her from the *Black Pearl*, she must have meandered quite 3,000 miles without being caught. I shouldn't give up hope if we didn't see her for a week after we come on the ground where you calculate she is."

"A week!" cried Power, and then, like Vanderdecken, he spun out an oath. "Good heavens, Mr. Mate, you don't understand what this is to me. I'm at the end of my string. Nobody will hire me to be master of another steamboat, and I'm not fit for anything else but a skipper's berth. I'm sixty-three years old this month, and I've followed the sea all my life; I can put my hand to no other trade. I've got no money to go on with; I've sunk my last sixpence in chartering this tug, and I tell you I haven't the pluck to get back to South Shields and watch my old woman starve, and see my two girls just drift off to the deuce. You can call me a coward, if you like, but that's the way I'm built; and the Lord, who's listening this moment, knows it. Whether He's going to let us pick up the old *Caspian*, and pluck her in somewhere, He only knows for certain just now, and He won't give Himself away. I don't grumble; I guess He'll do what's best. But if He sees fit to keep the *Caspian* away from our tow-rope, there's one man on this little paddle-boat never going to see dry mud again, and that's old Michael Power."

"By gum!" said Joist, with a scared face, "you mean business, and no mistake. But

"WHEN THEY PROTESTED, HE LOOKED UGLY"

what about the rest of us? I'm not desperate like that myself."

"When this tug gives over looking for the *Caspian*, my lad, you may do as you like," said Power; "I shall not be on hand to interfere." And he raised the binoculars again and began to peer through the haze which limited the cold horizon.

Days came and days went, some of them heavy with gale and some of them dense with snowstorm; and when it was clear enough to see a thousand yards ahead, the green tug quartered that bleak northern sea in accurate zig-zags, and when the light failed, she lay-to in the trough with banked fires, saving coal. Michael Power's clothes never left his back; he rarely ate, he rarely slept; he still more rarely left the little yellow, wooden pulpit which stood on the flying bridge between the paddle-boxes. And the days came and the days went, and the crew of the green tug began to grow frightened of him. They were sick of being knocked about on those inhospitable seas, and when they asked questions, he heard them like a man in a dream, and answered only with a grunt and a growl. But when they protested, he looked ugly in a way which scared them. Michael Power had not been a shipmaster all those years without knowing how to drive any hands who might be under him.

Yet the chase was not without interest to all on board. The green tug's business had been told before she surged out from between the Tyne pier-heads. A reward of one hundred sovereigns had been promised to the man who first was lucky enough to sight the derelict, and it was worked for assiduously. A boatswain's chair had been slung high up on the tug's solitary mast, just above where she carried her light, and it was a very rare thing when some one of the crew off watch was not jockeying this, and staring with all his might over the ruffled plains of ocean.

But at last the discontent of the crew grew to a climax. They had a weighty reason for discontinuing the search. The bunkers of the tug were nearly empty; barely enough coal remained to carry them to the nearest port in Norway; and, once their fuel was done, they would drift about helpless till they starved. They were far north of all steam lanes and ship tracks, and there was no chance of being picked up. So they insisted on giving up the search and turning then and there towards a hospitable coast.

"We shall find her in two more days," said Power; "you'll see. And then we can re-bunker from her. She'd a matter of two hundred ton of coal on board when we left her."

But even Joist deserted him now.

"I'm afraid it's no go, captain," he said. "We've been looking for her over-long already. She's either gone ashore somewhere, or else been picked up. And we've got ourselves to consider now."

"Two more days," said Power, "and if I'm wrong, you can still get to Hammerfest and coal there. The tug's built of wood; you must rip the bulwarks off her and make steam on those. Now, be quiet all of you, and get to your work. I will not be answered back. If you want another argument, it's here," he said, and patted a pocket which bulged with the outline of a revolver.

The weary crew dragged themselves off to their posts, and Power, white-faced and haggard, settled himself down with his elbows on the ledge of the yellow pulpit. He rubbed his bleared eyes with the back of his grimy hand, and with a sigh brought up the binoculars. But of a sudden a surge of colour came to his face, and his sight grew misty with wet. He put down the glasses and again mopped his eye-sockets with the back of his hand; and then once more he peered at the sea-line.

"Only one whole stick standing," he murmured, "and that's her mainmast; funnel rusty red, and not a drain of smoke coming from it. The Lord isn't cruel; He can't have made another like my old beauty."

He watched on, open-mouthed but silent, and then, simultaneously, a shout came from the one deck-hand, who was at the wheel beside him, and another from a fireman off watch, who was riding in the boatswain's chair at the masthead.

"Steamer on the port bow!" "Wreck to lee'ard!" "It's the *Caspian!*" "It's my money!" "I saw her first!"

Power rose briskly to his feet and put the glasses in their box and snapped down the lid. "You needn't quarrel over it," he said. "I saw her first myself, as it happened, but I never heard pleasanter words than what you two fellows spoke, and you shall have £100 apiece when we get that steamboat tied up against a dock wall. Now bear a hand to get that litter cleared from the jolly, and swing her davits out-board."

The news spread below. Smoke began to billow in greasy coils from the funnel, and the paddles beat in quicker time. The green tug crawled along with a new industry, and the rust-streaked derelict waited sullenly

in the trough till she drew alongside. The jolly-boat kissed the water; Joist and a fireman took the oars; and once more Captain Michael Power stood on the deck from which Fate had so unkindly shouldered him.

The two inferiors looked about them with professional appreciation, Power with lingering affection. The fireman poked his head inside the engine-room skylight, and said: "Well, them machines are only fit for the scrap-heap, anyway." Joist commented on the weight of the seas which had swept away boats, bridge, bulwarks, and almost all the upper works.

But Power laughed like a child, and said, "Why, there's my old meerschaum lying on the chart-house floor, and not broken. Fancy!"

They ran about the *Caspian* for full an hour, observing; and then began a spell of savage labour which was to be continued without intermission till the little green tug had berthed the great helpless, unwieldy hulk inside the granite harbour walls of Aberdeen.

"A CRANKY, TWELVE-FOOT BOAT."

They had first to re-bunker the tug from the *Caspian's* store, filling the coal into bags, and ferrying each bag across an angry sea in a cranky, twelve-foot boat; they had to get towing hawsers passed; and then they had to still further weaken their weak crew by leaving two men on the derelict to steer her with the hand-wheel. Gales came down on them in cruel succession, and often they made a bare twenty miles of headway in the day. The water which came on board froze where it fell, and everyone who worked in the open got touched with frost-bite. The tug was light and tow was heavy: the big ship would neither steer nor follow. She sheered cumbersomely, first to this side, and then to that, so that the hawser was for ever chafing away its parcelling on the arch of the towing bridge. Again and again they had to tranship coal in the tossing jolly-boat, to scour the big ship for provisions, to stop and repair their own engines. The men on deck got covered with salt-water boils; the men below were sick with work and sleeplessness.

The story of that voyage home is one long tale of heroic effort, but it need not be told in detail here. The professional reader can fill it in for himself; to all others it would be merely nauseating. But of all the men who went through those herculean labours, Michael Power stood out conspicuously. It was his brain which directed everything; his hand was always the first to move. He never seemed to sleep. He never tired. Nothing was too much for him. A rosy vision dragged him on with a pull which there was no resisting. He saw himself and his wife back in the old house, with new paint everywhere, and the minister supping with them on Sundays as in time gone by. He saw his daughters set up in the millinery business of their heart's desire. And he saw his own poultry farm in the country, with a man in charge, and himself visiting it once daily to carry back the produce to South Shields in a high-wheeled gig.

Now, it would be pleasant to chronicle the fact that all these aspirations of Captain Power's came into actual being with full completeness, but truth compels a modification of the tale. When the green tug brought her charge within the safe keeping of the granite city's port, the crew of sailors were more fit for hospital than anything else. Indeed, help had to be called in to berth her; and when the strain was taken off him, Michael Power tumbled down on the dirty floor of the tug's cabin and slept there like a man dead for twenty-eight consecutive hours. He awoke to find himself not only famous but rich. The *Caspian*, beyond the loss of her boats and superstructure, had in reality suffered very little. Her engines, which had been so contemptuously relegated to "scrap-heap" value, could be put to rights for a couple of hundred pounds. And the machinery under hatches, thanks to the strong cases in which it was stowed, was as good as ever it had been. The ship and cargo had officially been considered by Lloyd's as totally lost; his wife, acting on the instructions, had bought all up for a song; and now it was all his. In less than a month he found himself sole owner of £26,000.

"AFTERNOON TEA."

It was Mrs. Power who lost her head under this shower of affluence. She went back to the chapel, it is true, but the chapel circle looked upon her with suspicion. She could not help it, poor woman, but there was no mistake about the matter: she was too grand for them. And so she 'verted to the Established Church (with Michael and the girls in her train), and the chapel circle, once so much sighed after, now knows them no more.

They should be entirely happy, and yet I am afraid they are not. Michael is a churchwarden, and his name frequently appears in print. The vicar calls and receives subscriptions and afternoon tea, and they speak of him loudly to all their acquaintances as a dear and intimate friend. The Miss Powers have forgotten all about their aspirations in the millinery line, and tell strangers that "papa" (Heaven save the mark) "used to be in the Navy." But the vicar, who is a proud man and a married, never asks any of the family back to take tea with him, and this is a very sore place; and, moreover, the captain of the *Black Pearl* also lives in South Shields, and his wife has worked her way up from below into the chapel set. That good woman once made overtures of friendship to Mrs. Power, which were not accepted; and now, whenever the name crops up in conversation, she always brings forth a reminiscence of how poor, fat old Michael fared when he was third mate on that autumn voyage north-about from Quebec.

So really the trouble might be said to have originated with the Fates which gave Captain Power £26,000 for his salvage, instead of the third of that sum with which he would have been very well satisfied; and one is driven to the conclusion that the Fates want regulating. As they work at present, they are far too impulsive in their occasional generosity.

The New Telegraphy.

An Interview with Signor Marconi.

By H. J. W. Dam.

A YEAR has elapsed since Röntgen gave us the new photography. To-day, on the same general lines, we are confronted with something more wonderful, more important, and more revolutionary still, the New Telegraphy. After Röntgen's announcement that his rays will penetrate certain substances at short distances, comes now a young Italian to tell us that electric rays or waves, generated in a way which he has discovered, will penetrate all substances at all distances. That, generally speaking, telegraphy needs no wires, and that, through walls, through houses, through towns, through mountains, and, it may possibly even happen, that through the earth, we can send despatches to any distance, the only apparatus needed being a sender and a receiver, the communication taking place by means of electric waves in the ether.

Before proceeding to describe this gentleman and the scientific indorsements which give the fullest weight to his words, it is advisable, in order that all the readers of this Magazine may understand the nature of the inventions, to say a few words about the ether. It is further advisable, from the fact that the ether is the great scientific field of the immediate future, and the certainty that for fifty years to come the word which will oftenest appear in the accounts of new and astonishing scientific discoveries will be this familiar name of something which has long been one of the deepest of the scientific mysteries.

The English language uses the word ether in two totally different senses. The first is as the name of a colourless liquid easily vaporized, whose vapour is used to allay pain. This liquid has nothing whatever to do with the subject, and should be put entirely out of the mind. The second use of the word is as the name of a substance, colourless, unseen, and unknown, we will say—except in a theoretical sense—which is supposed to fill all space. The original conception of this substance is as old as Plato's time. Newton, Descartes, all the beacon lights of science through the ages, have assumed its existence, and all modern physical students accept it. The ether theory of the formation of worlds must be familiar to many. In fact, up to twenty years ago, as the men of to-day who were then at the Universities will remember, the word ether was a familiar name, a harmless necessary conception, a great convenience in bridging a tremendous void in science which nobody knew anything about, or ever would know anything about, so far as could then be seen.

But the electrical advance in the last twenty years has been most extraordinary. Invention and experiment have daily, if not hourly, thrown open new doors in the electrical wing of the Temple of Truth. And now, at the close of the nineteenth century, the great mass of new facts concerning light, electricity, inaudible sound, invisible light, and the Lenard and Röntgen rays; the eager inquiry, based upon new discoveries, into the properties of living matter, crystallization, the transference of thought, and the endeavour to establish scientifically the truth of certain great religious concepts—all the special sciences thus represented, marching abreast of one another along the old Roman Road of Science, which leads no one knows whither, have come upon a great high wall, blocking the way completely in all directions.

It is an obstacle which must be conquered in whole or in part before science can go any farther. And upon the wall, as upon the wall in the palace of Babylon, is a strange and as yet unintelligible inscription, the mysterious word "ether." What new and great discoveries lie beyond this wall no one knows, but more than one high authority believes that these discoveries will startle the twentieth century more greatly than the nineteenth has been startled. We know from the history of science in the past, and from the excellence of its tools in the present, that the wall will be at least partly surmounted before very long. Until that happy event, however, we can only fold our hands and wait.

To suggest, in the crudest possible fashion, how ether is at present regarded by scientists, let the reader imagine that the whole universe, to the uttermost stars, is a solid mass of colourless jelly. That, in this colourless jelly, the stars, solar systems, and space-worlds are embedded like cherries in a mould of fruit jelly for the table. That this jelly, though it is at present believed to have density and rigidity, is so inconceivably thin that it soaks completely through all the cherries and through everything upon them.

That the minute atoms composing the cherries are so large when compared with the thinness of the jelly, that each atom is surrounded by the jelly just as the whole cherry is surrounded. That, in short, the jelly is continuous, without a point in the whole universe at which there is a single break in its continuity. That, consequently, if we tap the glass containing the jelly on the table, a quiver will run through the jelly completely. The cherries will not quiver, but the quiver will run through them—the jelly which has soaked through them carrying the quiver through them as easily as through the spaces between the cherries. That, in short, this jelly or ether is a universal substance so thin that it permeates through everything in space and on earth—glass, stone, metal, wood, flesh, water, and so on; and that it is only by its quivering—by means of the waves in it, that light rays, electric rays, and Röntgen rays, excite—that all these rays are enabled to travel and produce their various results.

Light enables us to see. But all the light which comes to us from any object, and enables us to see that object, comes by way of waves in the ether. These light waves pass through glass, that is, the wave continues right through the glass in the ether which lies between the particles of glass. From causes yet undefined, the ether carries light rays through certain substances, but will not carry Röntgen rays through those substances. Röntgen rays, on the other hand, are carried through substances which stop light. Electric rays, or electric rays of a low rate of vibration, differ in some respects from both light and Röntgen rays in the substances which they can traverse. Electric rays of high oscillation show other differences still. Other classes of rays or waves which remain to be discovered, and which will also have different properties, will doubtless be found to receive different treatment from the ether, the sum and substance of the whole matter being that the comparatively new research for new rays has now concentrated the whole scientific world's attention on the ether, and that its different treatment of different rays affords to-day a means of studying the ether that has never been enjoyed before.

The density of the ether has been calculated from the energy with which the light from the sun strikes the earth. As there are twenty-one ciphers after the decimal point before the figures begin, its density is, of course, less than anything we can imagine. From its density its rigidity has been calculated, and is also inconceivably small. Nevertheless, with this small rigidity and density, it is held to be an actual substance, and is believed to be incompressible, for the reason that otherwise it would not transmit waves in the way it does. As it is believed to fill all the inter-planetary space, many most profound and searching experiments have been made to determine whether, as the earth moves in its orbit through space at the rate of nineteen miles per second, it passes through the ether as a ship goes through the water, pressing the ether aside, or whether the ether flows through the earth as water flows through a sieve forced against it. Through the elusive character of the substance, however, none of these experiments have as yet produced any very satisfactory results. It has been found, however, that the ether inclosed in solid bodies is much less free in transmitting waves than the ether in the air. Thus, glass alone transmits transverse vibrations at the rate of about three miles per second. The ether in the glass transmits them at a rate 40,000 times greater, or about 124,000 miles per second, while the ether in the air transmits them at the rate of 192,000 miles per second. The reason why the ether in the glass and other solids transmits more slowly than that outside, is a mystery; but the whole subject is as yet one of many mysteries. Ether waves are at present variously named as heat waves, light waves, Hertz waves, Lenard waves, Röntgen waves, etc., and the most evident differences between these different kinds, so far as they have been investigated, consist in different lengths of wave and the varying number of vibrations per second. Heat waves are believed to be vibrations of the ether, whose number per second lies between 200 and 400 billions. Light waves lie between 400 and 800 billions per second, the longer and slower ones producing in the eye the sensation of red, and the colour scale mounting, as the number of vibrations mounts, through the yellows, greens, and blues to the violets.

The human eye is not sensibly impressed by vibrations below 400 billions per second or above 800 billions. These are the waves of what is called invisible light, just as vibrations of the air, above and below certain limits, do not impress the ear and constitute the waves of inaudible sound. The Röntgen waves are at present supposed to be above 800 billions. Doctor Bose, the Calcutta scientist, has been working with short electric waves, say, from a quarter to half an inch in length, and a vibration of fifty

millions per second. Marconi has been employing much longer waves whose vibrations were 250 millions per second. These are simply a suggestion of the gathered facts which have now, as said before, placed science in a position to more hopefully attack the mystery of the ether.

Leaving Sir Isaac Newton's suggestions and the theories of other writers out of the question, electric waves may perhaps be said to have been discovered by an American scientist, Joseph Henry, in the year 1842. He discovered that when he threw an electric spark, an inch long, on a wire circuit in a room at the top of his house, electrical action was instantly set up in another wire circuit in his cellar. There was no visible means of communication between the two circuits, and after studying the matter he announced his belief that the electric spark set up some kind of an action in the ether which passed through two floors and ceilings, each fourteen inches thick, and caused induction—set up what is called an induced current—in the wires in the cellar.

The fact of induction is now one of the simplest and most common-place phenomena in the work of electricians. Edison has already used it in telegraphing to a flying railway train. Hertz, the great German investigator, developed the study of these waves, and announced, in 1888, that they penetrated wood and brick, but not metal. Strange to say, however, considering all the brilliant electricians in the more Western countries of to-day, and the enormous amount of interest in and experimental investigation of electrical phenomena therein, it has been left to a young Italian, Guglielmo Marconi, to conceive what might be done with electric waves, and to invent instruments for doing it.

Marconi's story will be told with the utmost simplicity and care. But it sounds like a fairy tale, and if it had not for a background a committee of engineers representing the British Army, the British Navy, the British Post Office, and the British Lighthouse Service, which are now investigating

From a] SIGNOR MARCONI AND HIS INSTRUMENT. *[Photograph.*

it, it might well be doubted. As it is, the imagination loses itself, in the face of Marconi's experiments, in trying to conceive what indefinite marvels and miracles may soon be produced by the new power which has been put into human hands.

By a not unnatural misconception, the fame of having discovered the new telegraphy has been awarded indirectly to the Calcutta scientist just mentioned, Doctor Jagadis Chunder Bose, the Professor of Physical Science in the Presidency College at Calcutta. Doctor Bose, whose great and valuable work in the study of electric waves appears in the records of the Royal Society, and his recent address to the British Association, is certainly the last man in the world to seek unmerited fame or the honours of discovery where no discovery lies. He assured the writer that he has no interest in what is called the "new telegraphy," and that nothing could be more painful to him than the sensational aspect of researches on his

part which had for their sole object the assistance of scientific investigation, and could be properly appreciated by men of science alone.

Guglielmo Marconi, whose name will doubtless be often heard in the years which lie before us, is a young Anglo-Italian. He was born in Bologna, Italy, and will be twenty-two years old next April. His father is an Italian gentleman of independent means, and his mother an English lady connected with several well-known English families. He is a tall, slender young man, who looks at least thirty, and has a calm, serious manner and a grave precision of speech which further give the idea of many more years than are his. He is completely modest, makes no claims whatever as a scientist, and simply says that he has observed certain facts and invented instruments to meet them; but the facts and the instruments are so new, that the attention they are at present exciting is extraordinary.

This attention is largely due to the enterprise and shrewdness of Mr. W. H. Preece, the able chief of the Electrical Department of the British Postal System. Marconi's invention is a year old, but he could obtain no satisfactory recognition of it in his own country. Mr. Preece, however, had for a long time been at work upon the problem of telegraphing through the air where wires were not available. Last year the cable broke between the mainland and the Island of Mull. By setting up lines of wire opposite each other on the two coasts, he was enabled to telegraph by induction quite successfully over the water and through the air, the distance being four miles and a half. He sent and received in this way 156 messages, one of them being 120 words in length. Ordinary Morse signals were used, the despatches being carried by the ether in the air.

In a late lecture at Toynbee Hall, Mr. Preece admitted that Marconi's system, which is electro-static, far surpassed his own, which is electro-magnetic. He expressed the fullest faith in Marconi, describing his inventions as new and beautiful, scientifically speaking, and added that he (Mr. Preece) had been instructed by the Postal Department to spare no expense in testing them to the fullest degree. It will be understood, therefore, that it was due to Mr. Preece that Marconi has received the fullest recognition in England, and that engineers from different departments of the Government are now supervising his work.

Marconi was educated at Leghorn, Florence, and Bologna, and has more recently been following his special study at his home in the last-named city. He speaks English perfectly, and said, in his London home, in Westbourne Park:—

"For ten years I have been an ardent amateur student of electricity, and for two years or more have been working with electric waves on my father's estate at Bologna. I was using the Hertz waves from an apparatus, which you may photograph, a modified form of the apparatus for exciting electric waves, as used by Hertz. My work consisted mainly in endeavouring to determine how far these waves would travel in the air for signalling purposes. In September of last year, working a variation of my own of this apparatus, I made a discovery."

"What was the discovery?"

"I was sending waves through the air and getting signals at distances of a mile or thereabouts, when I discovered that the wave which went to my receiver through the air was also affecting another receiver which I had set up on the other side of a hill. In other words, the waves were going through or over the hill."

"Do you believe that the waves were going through the hill?"

"That is my present belief, but I do not wish to state it as a fact. I am not certain. The waves either went through the hill or over it. It is my belief, based on many later experiments, that they went through."

"And what was the thickness of the hill?"

"Three-quarters of a mile."

"And you could send a despatch with Morse signals through this hill or over it to someone on the other side?"

"With ease."

"What followed?"

"What followed was the conception and completion of my special invention, the instruments I have been using at Salisbury Plain in the presence of the Royal Engineers. I find that while Hertz waves have but a very limited penetrative power, another kind of waves can be exerted with the same amount of energy, which waves, I am forced to believe, will penetrate anything and everything."

"What is the difference between these and the Hertz waves?"

"I don't know. I am not a professed scientist, but I doubt if any scientist can yet tell. I have a vague idea that the difference lies in the form of the wave. I could tell you a little more clearly if I could give you the details of my transmitter and

receiver. These are now being patented, however, and I cannot say anything about them."

"How high an alternation were you using?"

"About 250 million waves per second."

"Do these waves go farther in air than Hertz waves?"

"No. Their range is apparently the same. The difference is in penetration. Hertz waves are stopped by metal and by water. These others appear to penetrate all substances with equal ease. Please remember that the amount of exciting energy is the same. The difference is in the way they are excited. My receiver will not work with the Hertz transmitter, and my transmitter will not work with the Hertz receiver. It is a new apparatus entirely. Of course, the waves have an analogy with the Hertz waves, and are excited in the same general way. But their power is entirely different. When I am at liberty to lay my apparatus and the phenomena I have observed before the scientists there may be some explanation, but I have been unable to find any as yet."

MR. W. H. PREECE, C.B., F.R.S.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

"How far have you sent a telegraphic despatch on the air?"

"With a small apparatus we have sent them a mile and three-quarters. We got results at two miles, but they were not entirely satisfactory. This was at Salisbury Plain, across a shallow valley between low hills."

"What battery were you using?"

"An eight-volt battery of three ampères, four accumulators in a box."

"Did you use a reflector?"

"Yes. It was a roughly made copper parabolic reflector with a mistake of an inch in the curve. I shall not use one in future, however. A reflector is of no value."

"Nor a lens?"

"Nor a lens."

"Why not?"

"Because the waves I speak of penetrate everything and are not reflected or refracted."

After Professor Röntgen's distances of a few yards and limitations as to substances, this was rather stunning. Marconi, however, was entirely serious and visibly in earnest in his statement.

"How far have you verified this belief?"

"Not very far, but far enough, I think, to justify the statement. Using the same battery and my transmitter and receiver, we sent and received the waves at the General Post Office Building, through seven or eight walls, over a distance of one hundred yards."

"How thick were the walls?"

"I can't say. You know the building, however. It is very solidly constructed."

"And you sent an ordinary telegraphic despatch by those signals?"

"No. We did not do that, though we could have done so. We were working with agreed signals, and we obtained the taps which we sought and repeated them till there was no room for doubt."

"Do you think that sitting in this room you could send a despatch across London to the General Post Office?"

"With instruments of the proper size and power, I have no doubt about it."

"Through all the houses?"

"Yes."

We were in a drawing-room in Westbourne Park, a distance of about four and one-half miles from the General Post Office.

"And how far do you think a despatch could thus be sent?"

"Twenty miles."

"Why do you limit it to twenty miles?"

"I am speaking within practical limits, and thinking of the transmitter and receiver as thus far calculated. The distance depends simply upon the amount of the exciting energy, and the dimensions of the two conductors from which the wave proceeds."

"What is the law of the intensity at a given distance?"

"The same as the law of light, inversely as the square of the distance."

This means that, whatever the energy with which the waves are sent out, their power at say 20ft., when compared with their power at 10ft., would be in the proportion of 10 times 10 to 20 times 20, or one-fourth in those special instances.

"Do you think they are waves of invisible light?"

"No, in some respects their action is very different."

"Then you think these waves may possibly be used for electric lighthouses when fog prevents the passage of light?"

"I think they will ultimately be so used. A constant source of electrical waves instead of a constant source of light waves, and a receiver on the vessel, would indicate the presence of the lighthouse and also its direction."

"But would not the fog interfere with the passage of the waves?"

"Not at all."

"Nor metal?"

"Nothing affects them. My experience of these waves leads me to believe that they will go through an ironclad."

"Concerning the size of the apparatus. How large is it?"

"The transmitter and receiver we have been using at Salisbury Plain and at the Post Office are each about"—he held up his hands to indicate the dimensions—"say, 15in. by 10in. by 8in. Small ones, effective enough for short distances, can be made of half that size."

"What are you working on at present?"

"Mr. Preece and I are working at Penarth, in Wales, to establish regular communication through the air from the shore to a lightship. This will probably be the first direction in which my apparatus is utilized, communication with the lightships. The lightships lie off this coast at any distance from half a mile to twenty miles or more."

"What length of waves have you used?"

"I have tried various lengths from 30 metres down to 10in."

"Why would not these waves be useful in preventing the collision of ships in a fog?"

"I think they will be made use of for that purpose. Ships can be fitted with the apparatus to indicate the presence of another ship so fitted within any desired distance. As soon as two ships approach each other within that distance the alarms will ring on each ship, and the direction of the other will be indicated by an index."

"Do you limit the distance over which these waves can be sent?"

"I have no reason to do so. The peculiarity of electric waves—which was noted, I believe, by Hertz—is the distance they travel when excited by only a small amount of energy."

"Then why could you not send a despatch from here to New York, for instance?"

"I do not say that it could not be done. Please remember, however, that it is a new field, and the discussion of possibilities which may fairly be called probabilities omits obstacles and difficulties which may develop in practical working. I do not wish to be recorded as saying that anything can actually be done beyond what I have already been able to do. With regard to future developments, I am only saying what may ultimately happen; what, so far as I can now see, does not present any visible impossibilities."

"How large a station would be necessary, assuming the practicability, to send a message from here to New York?"

"A station the size of this room in a square area. I don't say how high."

The room was twenty feet square.

"What power?"

"Fifty or sixty horse power would, I think, suffice."

"What would be the cost of the two stations, completed?"

"Under ten thousand pounds, I think."

"Would the waves go through the ether in the air or through the earth?"

"I cannot say with certainty. I only believe they would go that distance and be recorded."

"You say that no lens or reflector is of value. Then the waves would go outward in all directions to all places at the same distance as New York?"

"Yes."

"Do you think that no means will ever be found to stop this progress in all directions and concentrate it in one direction?"

"On the contrary, I think that invention will give us that."

"Do you see any way of accomplishing this?"

"No. Not as yet."

"In what other directions do you expect your invention to be first utilized?"

"The first may be for military purposes, in place of the present field telegraph system. There is no reason why the commander of an army should not be able to easily communicate telegraphically with his subordinate officers without wires over any distance up to twenty miles. If my countrymen had had my instruments at Massowah, the reinforce-

ments could have been easily summoned in time."

"Would the apparatus be bulky?"

"Not at all. A small sender and receiver would suffice."

"Then why would it not be equally useful for the admiral of a fleet in communicating with his various ships?"

"It would," said Marconi, with some hesitation.

"Is there any difficulty about that?"

"Yes," said he, very frankly, but in a way which set the writer to wondering. "I do not know that it is a difficulty yet, but it appears to be."

The writer pondered the matter for a moment. Then he asked:—

"Did you ever try exploding gunpowder by electric waves?"

"Yes."

"Could you not from this room explode a box of gunpowder placed across the street in that house yonder?"

"Yes. If I could put two wires or two plates in the powder, I could set up an induced current which would cause a spark and explode it."

"At what distance have you exploded gunpowder by means of electric waves?"

"A mile and a half. This was not directly by means of the waves. They simply upon reaching the receiver set loose a stronger current, which produced the explosion."

"But could you have exploded it by the direct action of the waves?"

"Yes. But it would require much more energy than I was using."

"Then if you threw electric waves upon an ironclad, and there happened to be two nails or wires or plates in the powder magazine which were in a position to set up induction, you could explode the magazine and destroy the ship?"

"Yes."

"And the electric lighthouses we are speaking of might possibly explode the magazines of ironclads as far as light from a lighthouse could be seen?"

"That is certainly a possibility. It would depend on the amount of the exciting energy."

"And the difficulty about using your instruments for fleet purposes——"

"The fear has been expressed that in using the instruments on an ironclad the waves might explode the magazine of the ship itself."

It is perhaps unnecessary to say that this statement was simply astounding. It is so much of a possibility that electric rays can be used to explode the magazine of an ironclad, that the question has already been raised by the Royal Engineers. Of all the coast defences ever dreamed of, the idea of exploding ironclads by electric waves from the shore and over distances equal to modern cannon ranges is certainly the most terrible possibility yet conceived.

PROFESSOR H. HERTZ.
(Inventor of the Hertz Transmitter.)
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Such are the astonishing statements and views of Marconi. What their effect will be remains to be seen. Considering the many able experimentalists of to-day, and their admirable and original equipments, like Tesla's dynamos, the imagination abandons as a hopeless task the attempt to conceive what — in the use of electric waves—the immediate future holds in store. The air is full of promises of miracles. Strange results appear to be coming, and coming comparatively soon.

Because, underlying the possibilities of the known electric waves and of new kinds of electric waves which seem to be numerous and various, underlying these is still the mystery of the ether. Here is a field which offers to those college students of to-day who have already felt the fascination of scientific research, a life-work of magical and magnificent possibilities, a virgin, unexplored diamond-field of limitless wealth in knowledge. Science knows so little, and seems in one sense to have been at a standstill for so long. Lord Kelvin said sadly in an address at Glasgow the other day, that though he had studied hard through fifty years of experimental investigation, he could not help feeling that he really knew no more as he spoke than he knew fifty years before.

Now, however, it really seems that some Columbus will soon give us a new continent in science. The ether seems to promise fairly and clearly a great and new epoch in knowledge, a great and marked step forward, a new light on all the great problems, which are mysteries at present, with perhaps a correction and revision of many accepted results. This is particularly true of the mystery of living matter, and that something which looks so much like consciousness in certain non-living matter, the property which causes and enables it to take the form of regular crystals. Crystallization is as great a problem as life itself, but from its less number of conditions will perhaps be easier and earlier attacked.

The best conception of living matter which we have at present, completely inadequate though it be, is that of the most chemically complex and most unstable matter known. A living man as compared to a wooden man responds to all kinds of impulses. Light strikes the living eye, sound strikes the living ear, physical and chemical action are instantly and automatically started, chemical decomposition takes place, energy is dissipated, consciousness occurs, volition follows, action results, and so on through the infinity of causes and infinity of results which characterize life. The wooden man is inert. There is no chemical or physical action excited by any impulse from without or within. Living matter is responsive, non-living is not. The key to the mystery, if it ever comes, will come from the ether. One great authority of to-day, Professor Oliver Lodge, of the University of Liverpool, has already stated his belief that if the ether and electricity are not one and the same, the truth will ultimately be found to be near that statement. If this be true, it will be a great, a startling key to the now fathomless mystery of life.

So also with regard to that question which is the field of so much inquiry in the Psychical Societies of England and America, the transference of thought. Thus far there is no experimental basis on which one can definitely say that an impulse from one brain affects another over indefinite distance. The belief that there are such things as thought waves is, however, held by many intelligent thinkers, and as soon as someone appears who is ingenious enough to subject the human brain to mathematical conditions, the silent influence of brain on brain may not only be established as a fact, but measured in its extent.

If thought waves exist they are unquestionably ether waves, and in this connection the latest work of Doctor Ramon y Cajal, the world's greatest authority on brain action, is full of interest. He has come to the conclusion that the communication between the brain-cells does not take place by conduction, but by induction. Nerves, known to be excellent electrical conductors, were supposed to bind all the thought-cells into a related dynamic whole, but it now seems as if the impulses flashed from cell to cell instead of being conducted, and the corollary is certain to be suggested — if they flash from cell to cell, why not from brain to brain?

And so, too, with the deeper and higher mysteries of post-mortem human conditions. Faith needs no facts to support it, but scepticism is as old as religion, and the conflict between them is as natural as life itself. The great concepts of religion are felt to be true, and it is the natural desire and effort of many minds to prove them true by the ordinary methods of proof. Man and the microbe seem to be disturbingly equal in importance, when viewed from the infinite, the absolute standpoint, but man will never submit to this apparent equality, and man will never rest till he has proved it false. In the ether the secret lies, and the present prospect is that only from the study of the ether is this desired proof likely to come.

And, with regard to this great study of the future, perhaps no better words could be quoted as a conclusion to this article than those of Professor Lodge. He said, in closing a lecture upon a closely allied subject at the Royal Institution :—

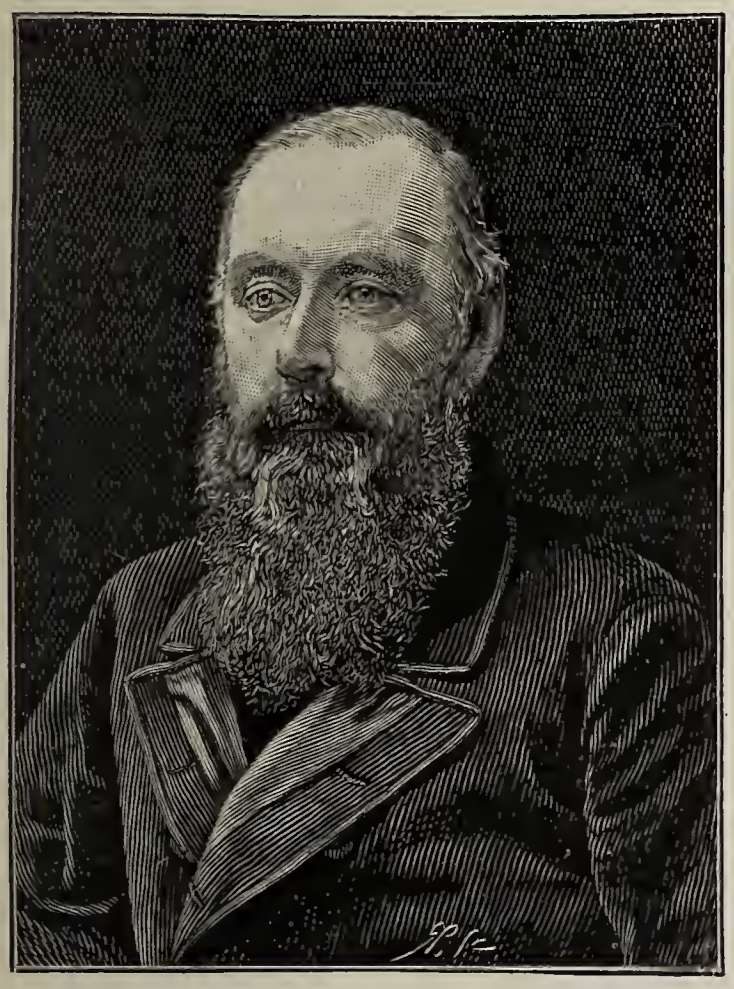
"The present is an epoch of astounding activity in physical science. Progress is a thing of months and weeks, almost of days. The long lines of isolated ripples of past discovery seem blending into a mighty wave, on the crest of which one begins to discern some oncoming magnificent generalization. The suspense is becoming feverish, at times almost painful. One feels like a boy who has been long strumming on the silent keyboard of a deserted organ, into the chest of which an unseen power begins to blow a vivifying breath. Astonished, he now finds that the touch of a finger elicits a responsive note, and he hesitates, half-delighted, half-affrighted, lest he be deafened by the chords which it seems he can now summon almost at his will."

THE VERY REV. JAMES CAMERON LEES, D.D., LL.D.

BORN 1834.

AGE 25.
From a Photograph.

THE VERY REVEREND JAMES CAMERON LEES, D.D., LL.D., is the son of the Rev. John Lees, M.A., sometime secretary to the



AGE 35.
From a Photo. by Wm. Brown, Paisley.

Royal Caledonian Asylum, London. After Dr. Cameron Lees had received his education in London and at the Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen, he entered the ministry of the Church of Scotland, was parish minister of Carnock, Ross-shire, from 1856 to 1859, when he was appointed to the important charge of the Abbey of Paisley. Thence, in 1877, he came to St. Giles's, Edinburgh, the ancient parish church and cathedral of the city. He became Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen in 1878, and Dean of the Chapel Royal of Scotland, and Dean of the most Ancient and Honourable Order of the Thistle in 1886. During his incumbency, St. Giles has been restored, and its service made attractive. Dr. Cameron Lees is well known in Scotland as a preacher, writer, and leader in public affairs.

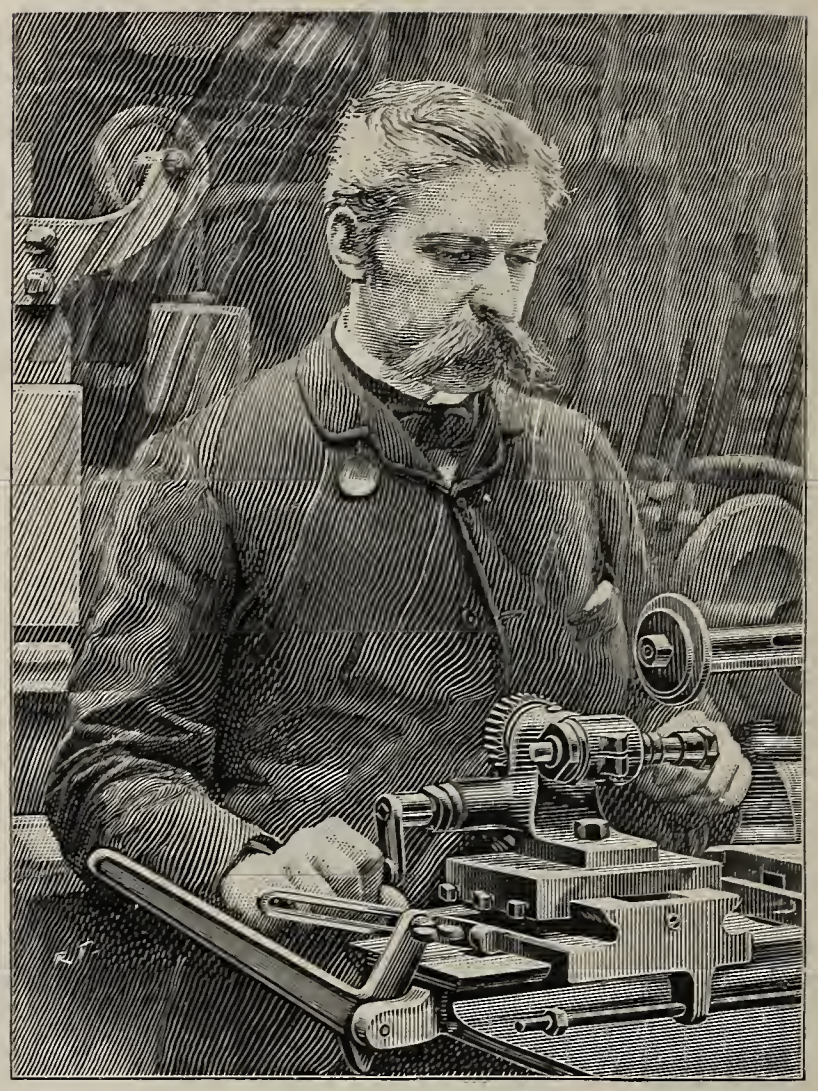
PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by J. Moffat, Edinburgh.

SIR DAVID SALOMONS, BART.

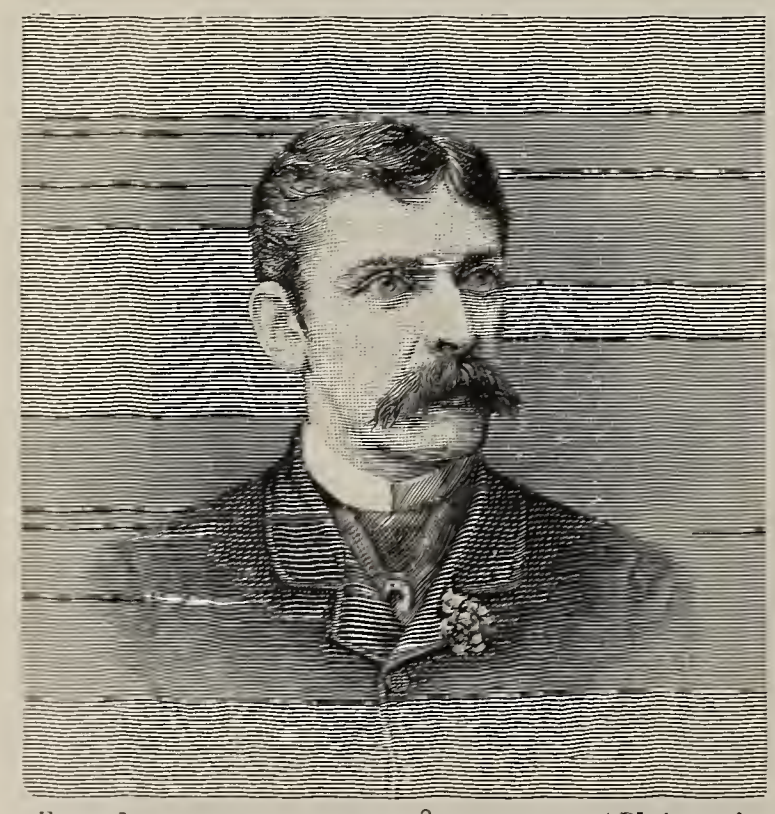
BORN 1851.

SIR DAVID L. SALOMONS, as is well known, has devoted the greater part of his life to the pursuits of science. From University College, London, he proceeded to Caius College, Cambridge, where he graduated in the Natural Science Tripos, his tastes tending rather towards physical science than pure mathematics. A thorough theoretical knowledge did not satisfy him, and consequently he visited workshops, worked with the men, and thus gained a deep insight into the practical part of his profession. Moreover, his uncle, the late Sir David Salomons, Bart., the first Jewish Lord Mayor of London, provided him with a laboratory where he could study the subjects in which he was so deeply interested. Sir David is, perhaps, as well-remembered for his distinctive attitude on the "Woman's Rights" question by his "Address to the Ladies of England," which was the means of opening several new fields for female employment, as for his scientific achievements and his many successful inventions. He is the author of many scientific papers, which he has read before scientific assemblies. Sir David has worked hard as a county magistrate, being a J.P. for Kent, Sussex, Middlesex, Westminster, and London; has been several times elected Mayor of Tunbridge Wells; is an Associate of the Institute of Civil Engineers; Manager of the Royal Institution of Great Britain; and is, of course, highly connected with many other prominent scientific societies and institutions. Sir David has recently taken great interest in what may now be called the great motor-car movement.

From a] AGE 19. [*Photograph.*



From a] AGE 34 [*Photograph.*



From a] AGE 28. [*Photograph.*

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Geo. Glanville, Tunbridge Wells.

MISS ALMA STANLEY.

BY sheer hard work and varied talent, combined with great personal attractions, Miss Alma Stanley has won for herself a place in the foremost ranks of her profession. To look at Miss Stanley, one is astonished to hear that she made her *début* on the stage in 1873, at the Theatre Royal, Hull, in the tragedy of "Lucrezia Borgia." She must, indeed, have commenced very young! She was an earnest student from the start, and having made a beginning, she never let anything stand in the way of her steady advancement. Her third engagement was at Cremorne, in "Black-Eyed Susan." Then the astute John Hollingshead recognised her talents, and engaged her till March, 1878. In 1879 she joined the banner of Kate Santley at the Royalty, her next part being that of *Adonis* in "Venus and Adonis," and then came a most important move, and one on which Miss Stanley looks back with the keenest satisfaction—a visit to America, where her success was a record one. She made her first appearance in farcical comedy, appearing at a *matinée* in "The Two Johnnies." After engagements with Messrs. Wyndham, Alexander, Edwardes, and the late Sir Augustus Harris, Miss Stanley suffered from a very severe illness. She fortunately recovered, and made her reappearance at the Avenue.

AGE 3.
From a Photo. by Fink, Oxford St.

AGE 10.
From a Photo. by Henry Knight, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

AGE 16.
From a Photo. by London Stereoscopic Co.

From a Photo. by PRESENT DAY. *[Alfred Ellis.*

AGE 7. AGE 8.
From a Photo. by The London Stereoscopic Company.

AGE 13. AGE 14.
From a Photo. by The London Stereoscopic Company.

PRINCE MOHAMMED KHAN AND PRINCE HOSSEM KHAN.

MIRZA MOHAMMED KHAN and Mirza Hossem Khan are two of the sons of His Excellency the Persian Minister. They have been carefully educated, and though only thirteen and fourteen years of age, speak three languages fluently—Persian,

AGE 7½. AGE 8½.
From a Photo. by The London Stereoscopic Company.

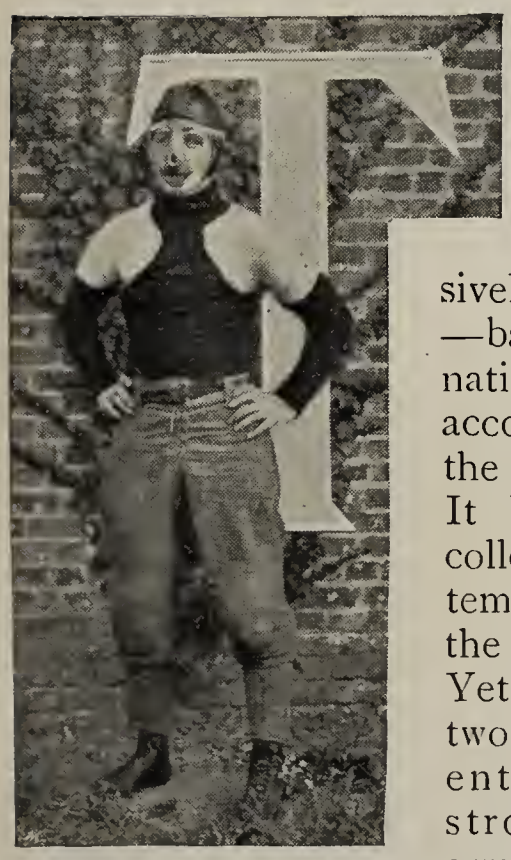
English, and French. They are also excellent musicians; the piano being their favourite instrument. Prince Mohammed is interested in and has a considerable knowledge of mechanics; and Prince Hossem has developed his artistic talents in a marked degree for one so young.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by The London Stereoscopic Company.

Football in Armour.

By Charles Emerson Cook.

[*From Photographs specially taken in the United States for George Newnes, Ltd.*]



A COLLEGE FOOTBALLER IN FULL ARMOUR.
By courtesy of "The Sportsman's Magazine" of New York.

THE game of football in the United States is confined almost exclusively to the colleges—baseball being the national sport. On account of the climate the season is short. It begins when the colleges open in September, and ends with the 1st of December. Yet in that short two months, popular enthusiasm runs strong, and the armoured knights of the football field fill the public eye.

There are naturally many differences between football as played in England and America; but to the spectator, to whom the game means chiefly the reaching, by one team, of its opponent's goal, and who enjoys aspects and effects rather than signs and causes, the conspicuous disadvantage of the American game is in the point of roughness. The highest American authority, Mr. Walter Camp, explains that the feature of the American game, in distinction from the English, is "the outlet of the scrimmage," or, as it is called in England, the "scrum."

An equally vital difference, and one of much more recent development, appears in what is called "interference." This is the assistance given to a runner by one or several companions who go before and break a path for him, or who shoulder off would-be tacklers. To an Englishman this is the most unpardonable kind of offside play, not to be tolerated for an instant upon any field. In America, however, it is of first importance. Interference properly developed demands something from nearly every player. There are eleven men on each side, and of the twenty-two men on the field, I should say that twenty are expected to take a part in every play. So that when a runner is tackled and thrown, there at once rises above him a pyramid of writhing humanity, conspicuous for its scarcity of heads and its abundance of legs. Every man of the opposing team has dropped on him in order to forbid his progress, and every man of his own eleven, in the endeavour to pull off the others, becomes mixed in the scrimmage and buried in the mass. Then, at a shriek from the referee's whistle, the players subtract themselves from the human pile, with the possible exception of the man underneath. He may be waiting a second to get his wind; possibly, in spite of his armour, he is more or less severely injured.

Let us go with the player to his dressing-room and watch his preparation for the game. First comes the jersey; and we notice that the vulnerable parts (the shoulders and the elbows) are heavily padded. Thin bandages of woven cotton or silk are often worn on the wrists, to prevent dislocation, and similar contrivances are used on the ankles. As the ankle, however, is liable to serious hurt by being turned or sprained, the player sometimes needs a more substantial support made of well-fitting leather, carefully laced and worn under the shoe.

A WRIST BANDAGE.

These are the only bandages in general use, but other special bandages are ready for special needs. One player at some time may have suffered a dislocated knee, and, bearing in mind the proverbial "ounce of prevention," he provides himself with a "knee-cap bandage." Another player, for like reasons, wears a bandage on the forearm or the elbow. A third—and this man is the rule rather than the exception—wears a "shoulder-cap bandage," which is contrived of elastic woven silk, is secured by a band passing around the chest, and is worn next to the skin on his weaker shoulder, usually the right, to prevent dislocation during rough push-playing.

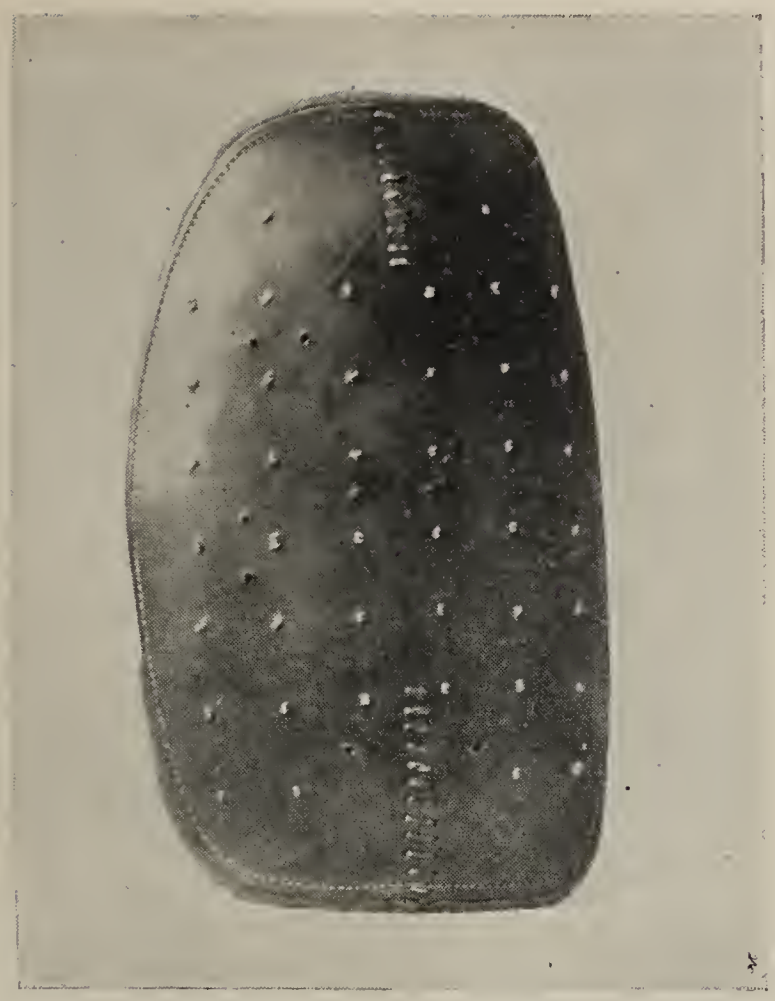
The essentials of leading importance, however, in a football player's outfit are the trousers, the jacket, and the shoe. Sometimes the trousers and jacket are joined at the waist, as is shown in the illustrations, but more often the garments are separate. The trousers especially are made with the greatest care. They must be fairly loose and of some stout material, such as fustian or moleskin; but their special feature of defence is the padding. Besides the heavy quilting with which the trousers are lined, great thicknesses of wadding or hair are bunched at the knees or over the hips. The thigh, also, is a particularly vulnerable part in a rough game, and so is often protected by sewing a pair of shin-guards, minus the straps, on the inside lining of the trousers.

The football jacket is made of a special quality of thick white duck, sewed with the stoutest of linen thread. Usually it is sleeveless. It should fit closely, but not too tightly, and is sometimes provided with elastic pieces set in at the sides, back, and arms. The innovation a few years ago, whereby leather suits were used, was made at Harvard; and as such a suit proved not only an excellent defence against blows, but also, by reason of its smooth and hard surface, made it difficult for the opponent to hold the wearer, it was highly approved by some authorities. But a suit of leather is expensive, and, in spite of its lightness and its advantages in rainy weather, it was this expense that prevented its general adoption by the colleges of the United States.

AN AMERICAN FOOTBALL SUIT, SHOWING KNEE PADDING.

As a matter of fact, however, this ingenious football armour, which stern necessity and American inventiveness have devised, permits the roughness while lessening the danger. Reports from thirty-seven institutions of learning in the United States reveal few permanent injuries—a result due largely to protective armour. In the rules governing American football is a clause which forbids the player to wear projecting nails or iron plates on his shoes, or to use any metal or greasy substance on his clothing. The last precaution was found necessary, a few years ago, when someone conceived the idea of oiling the players' suits. Thus, when it was found that the runner could slip easily through the grasp of the tackler, the latter overcame the

A HEAD BANDAGE.



LEG-SPLINT, OR PROTECTOR, WORN UNDER SUIT—LEATHER OUTSIDE, PADDING INSIDE.

difficulty by covering his hands with resin. Consequently, the ball became so coated with grease and pitch that it would stick to the player's hands, twisting his most careful throws and passes into curiously defiant curves and tangents. Then, when the oiled jacket was ruled out, a leather jacket was made to take its place; but the greatly increased cost soon cast that into unpopularity. It will be seen, therefore, that the part of the rule with which the inventor of defensive football armour had to contend was that which forbade iron plates on the shoes and metal on the clothing. Obviously he must procure, for his purposes, material which would protect the player without injuring his opponent—a problem simple enough as regarded the jacket, the trousers, the bandages, the supports for waist and ankle, and the head-harness, but which, in the making of nose-guards, shin-guards, and shoes presented some difficulties.

THE SPIKED SHOE.

Next comes the shoe. This is the most important part of the uniform; consequently its evolution, deprived of the use of metal, presented the most serious difficulties. But, at length, from the primitive canvas-shoe, with leather cross-pieces nailed on the sole to prevent slipping, was developed a shoe made entirely of leather. It is of moderately stout material, fitting the foot firmly, yet comfortably, and lacing well up on the ankle. The sole is provided with a small leather spike, which can be renewed when worn down. Inside this shoe, and either attached to the bottom of it or not, as the player prefers, is the thin leather anklet which laces tightly over the foot, and is an almost sure preventive of sprained ankles.

It was almost a pity that circumstances rendered the wearing of the spiked shoe necessary. There was no more frequent cause of contention between opposing American footballers than "spiking." Several times within the past ten years serious charges have been brought against various members of the Harvard and Yale teams for brutal use of the spikes. It was so easy, you know, to deposit your foot upon an opponent's neck, and seriously injure

SHIN-GUARDS, BACK AND FRONT VIEWS.

him with the brutal nails. The defence was usually that it was almost impossible for a runner to know where his foot was going to land when he floundered in the "scrimmage," and if it happened that somebody's cranium got in the way — well, that was the mere mishap of the game. Happily, however, the leather "spike" has changed all this. The worst that a brutal player can now do with his soles is to bruise a man, and even this practice is heartily despised.

SIDE VIEW OF NOSE-GUARD.

The shin-guard, with its long ribs of rattan between two stout thicknesses of leather, is far less conducive to vigorous adjectives than the nose-guard. This hollow mask is fastened to the head by an elastic band and, besides defending the nose, is held in the mouth as a protection to the teeth. And, being made of the finest rubber, the man who is not wearing it may punch the nose of the man who is without fear of injuring or being injured—a strangely childish pastime, you will say, but one which, in a hard-fought, irritating game, brings with it as great a moral satisfaction as in certain emergencies one may find in a forcible and timely swear-word. If the player, however, has friendly confidence in the resisting powers of his own nose, or cultivates a special enmity against the man who dares hit it, he uses only a small rubber mouthpiece, which, by keeping itself in, keeps the dirt out, and which is perforated with small holes for breathing.

BACK VIEW OF NOSE AND MOUTH PIECES.

The finishing touch to the defensive armour worn by the player of American football is the head-harness; and when we behold him in full pride of this last disfigurement, we thank all the gods of the game that American football is still confined to American fields. In combination with nose-mask, shin-guard, and all the other paraphernalia, the costume is well calculated to strike terror to the heart of a hero—not to mention a not over-courageous bull-terrier—and an English bull-terrier at that—who, when I appeared before him in full war-paint, let out a yelp of dismay and disappeared under the nearest table.

Yet, with all its æsthetic failings, this head-harness is among the most valuable adjuncts to the football armour. It is a comparatively recent device, resulting from the fact that in past years many of the most serious injuries have been to the players' heads and ears. The old style head-harness is specially designed for protection to the ears, the drums of which are peculiarly liable to injury in a scrimmage. Under the circular pieces of leather, which more than cover the ears, and which are perforated with holes so as to permit hearing, there are ovals of thick padding which surround them and rest against the head. These protectors are held in place by strips of soft leather passing over and around the head and under the chin. In the later head-harness the leather is heavier and is everywhere lined with a half-inch thickness of felting; so that no matter what part of the player's head strikes the ground, it is sure of a soft reception. This harness, likewise, protects the ears by a double thickness of felt-lining.

There are other features to a complete suit of football armour, such as the wire abdomen-protector, the leather-shell, and the corset. The first

THE RUBBER MOUTH-PIECE.

is similar to those used in other outdoor games. The shell is merely a concave piece of leather, well padded, and is used only to protect a painful bruise. The corset is a cylindrical piece of padded leather, and is laced about a fractured limb.

It is but natural that all these fiercely grotesque inventions should prompt either a frown or a smile from the conservative Englishman who, since his gentler game of football needs no such defences, must regard them either as an indication of brutality or as a very huge joke. If the last be true he will find a ready sympathizer in the ever-ready American lampooner. This individual tries to console the football captain for the loss of a generous handful of cherished hair, by saying that one of the opponents' ears is hanging by a shred. "What's an ear more or less?" moans the bereaved captain. "I'd give both ears to have back that bunch of hair." Or perhaps the same wit-vendor will lead you to an hospital where the assistant is telling the house-physician he has just admitted an aeronaut who fell 2,000ft., and a football-player who got tangled up in a rush. "I am the only doctor not engaged," says the assistant; "which shall I attend to first?" Then the house-physician waxes wroth. "Have I not often told you that in a case like this you must attend to the man who is most seriously hurt? The balloon man can wait, of course! Look after the football-player!" And then, when the patient has recovered, and the doctor tells him football is a pastime he must strive to forget, a sad, far-away look will come into the half-back's eyes. "Forget! How can a man forget when he sees an ambulance in every street?"

One of the most curious things about the American football player is his hair. He revels in long and shaggy locks, and, during the months of face training, it is the habit of the American comic artist to picture the head of a football player by the side of a highly-cultivated chrysanthemum, and then calmly challenge you to say which is which. But as everyone understands that the roughness of the game will

OLD-FASHIONED HEAD-HARNESS.

not admit the wearing of caps, and that the head must be protected, the long and flowing locks of the footballer are treated with respect.

The cost of football armour varies greatly with the quality of the material, but it may roughly be said that a ten-pound note or a fifty-dollar bill would cover all expenses for an up-to-date, impregnable outfit. When new inventions in the details of the armour come upon the football market, the price is slightly increased. Sometimes, in the case of final games between the big colleges, as between Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and the University of Pennsylvania, an entirely new outfit is provided to each player; and one of the great items of expense during the football season is the cost of the armour, not only for the "'Varsity" teams, but for the substitutes, and other likely players who are too poor to buy the outfits themselves. Truly, much money seems to be thrown away in changing a good-looking athlete into a temporary monstrosity.

MODERN HEAD-HARNESS, WITH COMBINATION NOSE AND MOUTH PIECE.

Allowing, however, that the armoured American football player does present a somewhat ludicrous figure, we should still not forget that the defensive features of his dress are the results of hard study and harder experience. The man who sees in them only proofs of brutality must be reminded that the player himself is one of the most generous and big-hearted fellows alive, always ready with sympathy and self-denial. As has been said, injuries do occur; but they are usually the result of the player's youth or inexperience, or the lack of intelligent precautions and proper training. They are rarely serious or permanent. Moreover, proper allowance should be made for the American spirit, which cannot comfortably endure defeat. When an American player is injured, he himself is most largely responsible. He is so overflowing with courage, bravado, or whatever else one may choose to call it — "sand" is the popular word — that while he realizes the danger, feels the hurt, sees the impending defeat, he is all the more ready to face the chance, to defy the pain, and, though at the very risk of his life, strive with a good heart in the belief that defeat will yet be turned into victory. While a chance remains he is not beaten. Every time he comes up smiling, gaining determination from every mishap. He regards every one of the eleven men on the other side as his personal opponent. Thus, he multiplies his dangers as well as his responsibilities; and when you regard his armour, from spiked shoes to head-harness, repress that covert smile, and be inspired with a feeling of brotherly gladness that he is so well defended against himself.

Le Grand Désastre

By Christie Dutton.

THE "Hôtel des Touristes" was a modest dwelling, a simple *auberge* for travellers, guides, and mules passing on towards "Le Summet." It evidently possessed little accommodation, fewer luxuries; yet its appearance pleased me. The brown châlet, with its green shutters, was situated on a little grassy plateau, half-way down the mountain. After the snow-covered heights above, and the brown, barren rocks we had just passed, the spot had a cooling, restful look about it. A vague idea suggested itself to my mind.

I paused a moment, and looked before me. What a view! Straight in front, the other side of the valley, rose the rocky, grim, cross-crowned head of Flégère, alongside, and towering some thousand mètres above it, was the snowy Brévent. The sun was just sinking, the reflection in the sky threw a crimson stain upon its glistening whiteness. Mont Blanc would have been magnificent, but I could not see it, as it lay in a line parallel to where I stood. In the distance, however, to my right, the Alps du Valais compensated for it; the evening shadows had not yet fallen—there they stood, one pure, glittering chain of icy cones. Never had I seen them more exquisitely clear, more intensely beautiful.

Immediately below, the fir-clad lower portion of my own mountain sloped away; here and there the narrow, yellow mule-track peeping out, as it corkscrewed downwards. Through the valley I could trace the long white road that curved to Chamounix; even now it looked hot and close; my vague idea grew into a resolution.

"Josèphe," I said, turning to my guide, "I shall rest here the night."

"*Bon Dieu!*" he cried; "not so, monsieur. It is the Anniversary! The day of the 'Grand Désastre!' Three years ago——"

I smiled. "You told me that before. Why should there be another avalanche to-night?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "The mountain is haunted, they say, monsieur; on these nights there is always a fearful storm, and voices——"

"A storm on such a night!" I burst out, laughing.

"But, monsieur, that is the house itself!"

"And what happened there? The avalanche did not touch it?"

"No—no!" he shook his head. "But the people——"

"What had they to do with it?"

Again he shook his head, and a vague expression, either ignorance or obstinacy, overspread his features.

"I will sacrifice ten francs—would monsieur mind if I leave?"

The way down was easy now; I had had enough of the heavy, stupid fellow; I paid him, gave him a *pourboire*, and sent him home.

In answer to my request, the *aubergiste* replied he had a comfortable bed; "Everything was in readiness for monsieur," but his manner was hesitating; he glanced at me in an uneasy, wondering way.

"I know," I smiled, "it is the anniversary night, but we English are not superstitious. Will you have me?"

"*Bien!*" his face brightened; he was an honest, good-looking fellow. "*Mais oui!* Adèle and I will do our best; we shall be delighted to have your company."

I believed him, for he looked nervous and apprehensive.

There were few people in the *café*, and they soon left. I enjoyed my simple supper of chicken, salad, and Gruyère, but the room was close and cheesy; the air outside had now grown chilly. "Have you a private room?" I asked the waiter, the only one the hôtel possessed.

There was a door in the side of the *café;* he opened it, and showed me into a neat little parlour. It was scantily furnished, however, and had rather a cold, cheerless appearance. The deal floor and pinewood table were uncovered; some cheap ornaments adorned a second smaller table in the window, the usual white stove stood in a corner of the room, but, of course, it was unlighted.

One thing, neither cheap nor usual, attracted my attention, hanging in a small glass case beside the stove. It was a beautiful silver châtelaine of rare device—the chains fell from an elaborately chased lover's knot, the bows were set with opals. There were no pictures or other ornaments upon the wall, except a carved cuckoo clock, which ticked lustily away, and two large marble statues of the Virgin, which smiled down from their respective roomy brackets. I did not feel good enough to restrict myself to such society.

"Send the *maître d'hôtel* to me," I called back to the *garçon.*

The *propriétaire* arrived. I had a chat with him. I soon learnt his name was Louis Pétrone, that he had a wife, but no children, that he had formerly been a guide, and that, on the whole, he was a highly entertaining, intellectual man.

"Come and have a pipe with me," I said.

He was apparently delighted, then he hesitated, coughed, and flushed under his dark skin. "May I bring Adèle with me? She's nervous, monsieur, and—it's the anniversary——"

"Certainly," I laughed; "you must tell me the reason of this superstitious dread of yours and why——" He shuddered, and I thought his face looked older as he glanced towards the sky, but I registered a vow I'd have that history. It would do the fellow good to talk about it.

Accordingly, half an hour later, when we three sat in the little room, around the empty stove, Adèle knitting as if for her very life, Louis and I smoking, when we had grown more familiar over a modest taste of wine, after sundry persuasions and commands, I got him to begin.

"AFTER SUNDRY PERSUASIONS I GOT HIM TO BEGIN."

"*Eh bien! Si vous voulez*," he acquiesced, but I noticed his face was grave, his voice had lost its cheeriness, and Adèle's head bent low; and this is the translation of his history:—

"It was three years ago, this first week in July, when we found the body of poor Henri Pallisier, the Balme guide, beneath 'Les Escaliers du Diable.' Ah! you do not know the place? *Ma foi!* you must have seen it in your descent this morning; but Josèphe may not have told you. Passing 'L'Aiguille Terrifique,' two kilomètres from the summit, climbing down the narrow bed of the 'Glacier du Droisier,' you near it at the point where the stream divides. In former days, before the great avalanche prevented it, the quickest way to get below the belt of ice was by the steps cut from the left glacier stream. It is a sheer precipice, over a mass of pointed rocks rising from, and divided by, narrow, bottomless abysses. They are called 'Les Dents du Chien.' Winding above these, till you reached a spot opposite the shallowest, you made a sharp descent, and passing between the two 'Dents d'Enfant,' after an almost perpendicular climb up again the other side, gained the 'Pas du Midi.' The powdered snow lies lightly on its rocky surface; when you got there your difficulties were at an end, but it was a nasty route, monsieur—a dangerous route," and Louis sighed.

"We found Pallisier's body resting on a ledge of rock at the mouth of one of the largest fissures. He was on his face, and had fallen from a great height; his body was terribly mutilated, but we knew him, as we should have known any guide for fifty miles around, had we seen but a quarter of his features. Pallisier's stock lay by him; strapped round his shoulders was the battered, empty case of an opera-glass. Chips of the glass were scattered all about; inside the case we found the curious name of Clulo Godwin.

"Round Henri's waist, strained very tight, was the rope that bound his companion to him. It had broken, the end was hanging over the edge of the chasm; we all knew what that meant! We searched about, though we knew it was useless; then we brought him here. He had no wife or kindred, monsieur, but we did our best for him. He looked quite nice when Adèle had washed and dressed him. We laid him on the bed in our own little *attique*, then I sent down to Chamounix to give intelligence.

"It was the next day, in the evening, before anybody came to see about the body. They could scarcely have had it in the papers then, but about seven o'clock, monsieur, a young lady surprised us by walking into the *café*. She was quite young, only about nineteen, and very slight. She was not tall, either, but she carried herself in a way that made her look like a little queen—not that she was conceited at all, or grandly dressed; she wore one of those white jackets and skirts your English misses wear; a big white hat, and a white lace veil almost hid her face. One thing grand she had on—monsieur, I was forgetting it—it was that silver châtelaine hanging yonder by the stove; the relations gave it to me afterwards." Louis paused a moment, gave a fierce puff or two at his pipe, and then continued:—

"She walked to the centre of the room in silence, and laid a hand on the table, then it was I noticed the hand was shaking, and that a bright, glittering ring on the third finger looked too big and heavy for it.

"'Have you found the body?'—those were her very first words, monsieur; the French was good, but the voice trembled so I scarcely caught her meaning.

"'Pardon?' I looked up. She had flung the thick veil back. Two big blue eyes were scanning each countenance around the room.

"I can't describe a face, monsieur, but this one was the prettiest, smallest one I've ever seen—little fair curls round it, and all pink and white; but as I kept on looking, it seemed to me the pink grew very little and the white more, and that white was very white indeed.

"Now, we were rough men in the *auberge* that night, monsieur, but there was not a soul of us that had not stood and doffed his hat; and though we were brave and fearless, yet that long, searching look that scanned us all, made each drop his head in turn. Adèle was the only one who had wits enough to break the silence.

"'Come, mademoiselle,' she said, gently—and Adèle can speak gently if she will, monsieur—'sit down and rest, and tell us all your trouble. We have found the guide's body'—she laid a hand kindly on the English lady's arm, but she shook it off.

"'No! no!' she cried, 'the other—have you not found it?' She had discovered somehow I was the *propriétaire;* her eyes were fixed on me. 'Tell me, quick.'

"I dropped my head; I couldn't look at her, monsieur. I had guessed her secret. The tobacco smoke in the room was strong, it got into my throat. I cursed it, for it sounded in my voice. 'No, mademoiselle,' I replied, 'it is impossible.'

"'Why impossible?'

"'The chasm is bottomless.'

"I expected her to scream, or faint, but she did neither, she did not even stagger.

"'Show me the opera-glass case,' she said.

"I went to fetch it.

"'Come into the private room,' I heard Adèle say, as I reappeared, but mademoiselle shook her off again, and though a chair was pushed behind her, she did not seem to see it.

"Before I reached her, she had seen me, however, and the case was in her hand. She walked up to the lamp, and read the soiled label out aloud: 'Clulo Godwin, Clulo—Clu-lo—Clu-lo God-win,' again she seemed to spell it out, though her eyes were shut, and the case lay on the table.

"Then suddenly she turned and looked at me again. 'Why is it impossible to find him?' This time her voice was calm, almost cold.

"'Because, mademoiselle,' I replied, once more, 'the chasm is bottomless.'

"'Where is it?'

"'Beneath "Les Escaliers du Diable," among "Les Dents du Chien."'

"'How far?' her words came in quick, imperious tones.

"'Two kilomètres from here, mademoiselle.'

"'I will go. Who will be my guide?' She looked round the room inquiringly, but no one spoke.

"'It is late, mademoiselle,' I ventured, 'and cold. The sun has gone behind——'

"'The moon is rising,' she broke in, decisively. 'You say it is cold—you do not think of him—suppose he may be there, crawled out of that hole? He will be faint, wounded——'

"A little mutter ran round the room; several shook their heads, all of them were looking down; she did not notice it.

"'Who will guide me there? I am going, I say.' Again she looked round, but there was silence.

"I saw her lips were tightly pressed together. I noticed an uncomfortable bright light shining in her eyes, though not a shadow of a tear was there. I told her I would go. She didn't speak one word to me, monsieur, though it was an hour's climb or more. On and on she went, like some young chamois, scarcely seeming to touch the ground, while I stumbled on, a mètre or so behind her. And when we stood on the path, almost beside the spot, she would not rest. We had to descend to a little plateau, bordering the very edge of the fissure, opposite the ledge where poor Pallisier was found. She could get no nearer then, poor thing, and there we stood, with the great black chasm opening at our feet, the snow peaks towering above, the great brown boulders surrounding us on every side. The moon was shining with a bluish light on her pale, startled face—it lit up her white, thin figure, till she looked to me like nothing living. I didn't like it, monsieur, and when her voice suddenly rang out, with a clear, unearthly ring, 'Clulo! Clulo! Clulo!' I crossed myself, and trembled like a coward.

"Again and again it was repeated. I tried to drag her back, or make her lean on me; but, no—for nigh an hour there she stood. And then she knelt, and I gripped her skirt as she leant forward on her hands and knees, and called, and called, and called. The rocks reverberated with the wailing cry; occasionally the blackness below sent a faint

"SHE LEANT FORWARD AND CALLED.

echo back; everywhere else an awful, death-like silence reigned.

"Her voice grew hoarse; she rested a little, then began again; now, it was so passionate, so pitiful, I dropped tears she never knew of on her dress. Then the tears, which never came to her own eyes, seemed to get into her throat, and the words came in great gulps, with choking fits between.

"I got her home at last, monsieur; never a word she spoke to me again; but this time her feet in truth scarce touched the ground—I carried her in my strong arms. It was midnight when we reached the châlet. Adèle had the best guest-room ready. After forcing mademoiselle to drink warm milk, she dressed her in the *robe-de-nuit* she had for her own wedding, and laid her in the bed. You sat up with her, was it not so, Adèle?"

Louis broke off abruptly in his narrative, looked up at his wife, and apparently wiped a mosquito from his eyes.

"*Eh! Oui.*" Adèle just flashed one glance up from her knitting, though she might have done it blindfold. I noticed her face was working strangely.

"She walked up and down the whole night long. I didn't question her, and she didn't seem to notice me, but her hands were clasped behind her, her eyes were curiously bright, and her lips kept moving, moving ——" The peasant woman was bending over her work again—she relapsed into her former moody silence.

"*Si, si,*" Louis began again. "Well, it was in the morning, quite early, we had another arrival: the father and mother of the mademoiselle. The day before they had returned to their hotel to find the newspaper lying open, and their daughter vanished. They had traced her with difficulty, and, *ma foi!* how nervous and anxious they were, and how they sobbed with joy and grief on their arrival!

"In five minutes they had told us all. There was not much to tell. Clulo Godwin was to have married their daughter—Lil they called her—before the month was out. He had taken leave of them two days before the accident.

"We led them to the bedroom where we had left mademoiselle; the place was empty. We knew where she had gone! I guided them myself, monsieur, and by the 'Escalier du Diable' we found her. They went to meet her; I came back alone.

"Just before dinner they returned. They passed through the *café* to this private room they were to hire. The mademoiselle walked first: she looked neither to the right nor left; her big, blue eyes had a hard, cold stare in them—they seemed to be looking at something in the distance; her face had a lifeless, set look on it. The gentleman and lady followed; the lady had her handkerchief to her eyes. The old man came up to me and laid a shaking hand on my arm.

"'I do not think she knows us, Monsieur Pétrone,' he said, 'but she obeys us like a child.'

"They stayed two weeks with me, these English. Every day, first thing in the morning, mademoiselle glided silently away, the mother or the father followed at a distance. She hardly ever spoke to them. She ate, undressed, lay down, but never slept; rose, and dressed again, like some wax-work machine, and every day the pink colour on her face grew less, till at last her lips themselves looked almost white.

"'Do you think it is any use our staying here?' the monsieur asked of me one morning; 'if any tidings turned up, you would be the first to hear them——?' I shrugged my shoulders and shook my head.

"'No use, monsieur, for that; but the mademoiselle?'

"Ah! *pauvre homme!* how he groaned.

"'We will stay the fortnight out,' he said, 'and then, God help us!'

"It was the afternoon, the day before their departure, that a strange thing happened. A mule arrived from Chamounix, carrying a tall Englishman, broad, and well made, with a handsome face, but sallow, sunken cheeks. His clothes were torn and dirty; he alighted with difficulty, limped into the *café*, and asked, in *affreuse français*, for Monsieur and Madame Beaumont. It was Clulo Godwin! I don't care to be in the way, monsieur; scenes make me nervous and uncomfortable. I left them together in the *café*, and went to clean my knives with Jean. I had heard how it all happened, that was enough for me.

"The young fellow fell first, on a ledge higher up than that on which we found poor Pallisier—it was then the rope snapped and sent Henri to his death. The Englishman must have fainted, for when he realized where he was, and saw the guide's mangled body down below, it was almost dark. He suffered terrible pain in his ankle, and though he thought no bones were broken, he could only crawl along on hands and knees. He had never been to this hôtel; the nearest shelter he knew of was Pallisier's châlet, four kilomètres away, the western side of the mountain. It was moonlight, but it took

him till eleven o'clock next morning to reach it. Of course, the place was empty, but he had a roof to cover him, and provisions to his hand. He needed both. His journey, the pain and long exposure, brought on a fearful fever. Three days he must have lain unconscious; then slowly he came round again.

"To move was an impossibility, his sufferings were awful, and as his body grew better, the worry in his mind grew worse. How were his friends to know he was alive? The *bon Dieu* favoured him, monsieur; after more weary days, peasants arrived to take away poor Henri's belongings, and there they found the Englishman. They took him to Chamounix; he arrived there only to find his friends had left it! He heard they were here, got a doctor to see to his foot, and then came up immediately.

"'How is Lil?' was his first question, and he had repeated it five times before I left the room.

"*Eh bien*, monsieur, ah! what came next? How dark it seems to have grown! *Bon Dieu!* there are clouds gathering!" The *aubergiste* turned his weather-beaten face towards the window, there was an uneasy light in his eyes; he shivered before he turned round again, though it was as close as possible.

"THE YOUNG LADY FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR."

"*Eh bien-bon!* I had cleaned the knives, when I saw them all three pass the cuisine door, on their way to the little plaisance behind; then I heard a light step coming down the stairs, and guessed the reason. Mademoiselle was passing through the *café* to the private room. A moment later Monsieur Godwin repassed — he was going to join her there alone. I waited till I heard the door close on them, then I went into the *café* to see to things a bit. The walls are not thick, as you perceive, monsieur—I heard mutterings—pardon me, I listened. There was only one voice speaking, it was the Englishman's; for half an hour it hardly ever ceased. *Bon Dieu, ne me reproche tu pas!* It was dishonest, but I had great affection towards them—I put my ear to the keyhole, and I heard great sobs, not loud, but long and deep, and half-smothered, and then the voice, the man's voice still, began again, now broken and hollow, now clear and quivering like a woman's: 'Lil, Lil, my little Lil! Won't you look? Don't you know? Can't you remember? Our wedding day. My Lilly, look—Cluio——'

"A loud, shrill laugh startled me. I jumped into the centre of the room, not a moment too soon. The young lady flung open the door, and passed close beside me. She did not see me, though her dress brushed my coat. Her eyes were staring, as usual, straight before her. I shuddered as I looked, monsieur — the light in them appeared to me more unearthly, more terrible than ever, and her lips showed the little, white teeth as they parted in a ghastly, senseless smile.

"She went out the front way. I knew where she was going. The man followed her. I did not see his face, it was bent so low; I only saw its colour, and it was like a sheet of notepaper. One moment he went *en arrière* to speak to monsieur and madame, then he took his two sticks, and with his head still bent down, went after her.

"It was late that night when they came back. She came in first, as before, he after

her, and each one looked the very same as when they went.

"'She does not know him, nor ever will,' I told Adèle." Louis was puffing furiously at his pipe, his wife still bent over her work, apparently utterly absorbed, only occasionally I saw her chest heave, and the needles twitch in her hard, wrinkled hands.

"Two days this state of things went on. 'She is mad, and it is killing him,' I told Adèle again. She is not a woman of words, is Adèle; she did not answer, but instead she went and knelt below the crucifix. It was long before I slept that night. I lay watching her lips moving, trying to pray, too. When I woke, she was there still.

"I shall never forget that morning." Louis was looking apprehensively towards the window; he shuddered, and again that curious, half-frightened expression crept over his features.

"'I have an idea in my head,' Adèle came to me and said; 'the *bon Dieu* put it there.'

"Two hours later I told it to Monsieur Godwin.

"'Your lady is mad,' I said. He looked at me, his eyes dropped, he bit his lips, but he did not contradict me, only I saw his fingers twitch, and clasp, and unclasp his stick.

"'She thinks your body lies in yonder fissure. She thought at first you might crawl out alive, and she would find you there—perhaps she thinks so still. There is a ledge on the other side of the chasm, beneath "Les Escaliers du Diable," it is opposite to where she stands. We could get you there——' A flash like lightning came into his eyes.

"'I see,' he cried, in English. 'God bless you!' He wrung my hands. 'She shall find me there to-night! A thousand heartfelt thanks——!'

"I had never finished, but he understood me. 'Thank Adèle,' I said, and turned away.

"In one thing the Englishman was obstinate: he must go to 'Les Dents du Chien' by himself, he said. It was impossible, I told him; he could not clamber down alone. At length he consented to let Monsieur Beaumont accompany him and help to place him. Madame was to follow with the young lady."

Again Louis paused—he was looking at Adèle—he seemed at a loss how to proceed. At last he did a strange thing—he moved his chair round, turned his back upon his wife, and then continued. I noticed a change in his demeanour—his words were not so fluent, his sentences came forth in laconic, laboured jerks — his eyes were fixed on the open window and the sky beyond it.

"I see them now," he said; "it was ten o'clock when it happened—they had been gone two hours, it must have been about eight when they set out. I say it again, monsieur, I see them now: Monsieur Godwin, walking better than I had ever seen him, his handsome head held high, a new expression on his face. He turned back as he reached the door, and wrung me by the hand again.

"'God bless you,' he said, once more, 'and your wife Adèle. I believe my love will come to me,' those were his very words, monsieur. And then the old father, with his bent shoulders and white hair, tottering after him. Half an hour later, mademoiselle glided out. She had the same white dress on I had ever seen her in, her face was like a marble Madonna's; but, *ma foi!* it was better than that smile! The mother, who had turned quite grey in those few days, crept out last of all——"

Louis' voice shook, beads of perspiration were forming on his forehead, one ran down his rugged cheek—or was it something else? "*Bon Dieu!*" he muttered, and it was no mere expression, but a prayer.

"It was a night like this—this sultry stillness—this heavy, oppressive silence. This seems to have come on suddenly; that had been on all day. Adèle and I were in the plaisance. We had been there since they left—looking—watching. We could hear the mosquitoes buzzing, zizzing; the tinkle of the cow-bells on the lower bends of the mountain; even, we fancied, the tolling convent-bell five kilomètres below. Suddenly there was a shriek, a scream, then—Adèle and I could swear it—then down the mountain above us came a startled cry—a woman's cry—'Clu-lo! Clu-lo!' We knew the voice. We had heard the cry before, but we had never heard that strange new ring in it—we could swear it, could we not, Adèle?"

And Adèle, though her husband did not see her, nodded, and at last put down her knitting.

"Five minutes later, we were startled by a terrific crash above us. It was something like thunder, only the roar was more rattling and continuous. It grew nearer and nearer, louder and louder—the air vibrated all around the plaisance—the very mountain itself began to shake. We heard them scream inside the châlet. Adèle and I

clasped ourselves in each other's arms—we knew what it meant.

"There we stood for half an hour, then the vibration ceased, the thunder grew distant, and indistinct, the atmosphere became clearer—the avalanche had passed!" Louis mopped his face with his handkerchief, and opened his coat. "It was the Grand Désastre, monsieur, the bursting of the Glacier de Col.

"We found them in the morning, monsieur — they were together. She had her arms round him, his head was resting on her face. Only a few huge rocks had rolled towards 'Les Dents du Chien,' but one was on them—they were on the ledge, their meeting place. We never found the parents; the sea of rocks and ice and snow had swallowed up the path, and all beyond it. But beneath 'Les Escaliers du Diable' there is a stone: 'Clulo and Lil' is carved on it—that is all — and underneath, '*Requiescant in pace.*' The bodies——" Louis ceased. He puffed at his pipe, but it had gone out.

"*Bon Dieu!*" he cried again. A cloud had suddenly blown up and obscured the face of the moon. We were thrown in almost total darkness; through the open window came the chilling breath of an approaching storm.

A second later a peal of thunder burst right over the châlet, and then, with a wild shriek, the wind arose and dashed a sheet of rattling rain against the panes and roof.

Louis started up, his face looked ashy in the gloom. "Did you not hear it, wife?" He stumbled like a stricken man across the room, but ere he reached Adèle, she had fainted.

All at once, a fork of lightning flashed past me, and played a ghastly dance upon the silver châtelaine. A shivering ague seized even my strong limbs. I dropped my pipe—it crashed upon the floor. Then it was that terrifying shriek arose again, "Clu-lo!—Clu-lo!" I could have sworn it cried, and as another blast of rain was hurled against the window-panes, the clock struck ten.

[*Dr. Conan Doyle's new Serial, "The Tragedy of the 'Korosko,'" will begin in the May Number. It relates, in a most striking and thrilling manner, the adventures of a party of English and American tourists on the Nile, who fell among the Dervishes, and will make the reader realize, perhaps for the first time, what a Dervish really is.*]

Queens of a Day.

By Margaret Griffith.

QUEENS of a day have to make up for the brevity of their sovereignty by the pomp of their installation. Therefore, each succeeding year, the chosen one, in her magnificent state robe, with crown, bracelet, and ring, carrying a sceptre and a huge bouquet, and seated in a superb flower-wreathed car, makes her royal progress through the streets of Paris, as the Mi-Carême or Mid-Lent festival of the students comes round.

Surrounded by her maids of honour and flattering attendants, lauded by the Press, and greeted with the loud and enthusiastic plaudits of the crowds that have assembled all along the route to do honour to the *Reine des Reines*, her triumph is as absolute as it is ephemeral.

The Mi-Carême Carnival is entirely organized by the students of the Latin Quarter, who conscientiously live up to the letter of their motto—*Folie et Charité*. Though generally regarded as mad Bohemians, whose words are wild and deeds worse, those best acquainted with them know of many acts of unostentatious charity, of privations borne unmurmuringly, and many instances of unselfish generosity that would shame some of their detractors.

It is M. Emile Merwart, Colonial Administrator and President of the Students' Association, who deserves the credit of founding, or rather reviving, the present Mid-Lenten *fêtes*; for one day, while studying in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, he came across some old records of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries containing descriptions of student celebrations of those days, which he at once determined to revive in Paris. In 1891, with the able collaboration of M. Brill, who was elected President of the Mi-Carême, a brilliant procession was organized, which was to be repeated with added magnificence each year as far as the funds would permit. It was also determined that a queen of the *fêtes* should be selected by vote from among the *employées* of the public *lavoirs* or wash-houses, which it must be explained are not laundries in the accepted meaning of the word, for the linen sent by private individuals, shops, or by *blanchisseuses*, or laundresses proper, are *only washed* in these places.

The attributes and qualifications essential for the high position of queen are beauty and goodness, for it is said that purity of morals is as much a *sine quâ non* as purity of linen in these *lavoirs*, and canvassing and preliminary meetings are strictly forbidden to the candidates who aspire to royal honours. The election usually takes place at the Café Americaine, in the Place de la République, in the presence of the committees, of the students, and of the *lavoirs*; M. Sémichon, the President of the Committee of Wash-houses; M. Gastane, its Hon. President—who is now in his eighty-third year—and on whose right hand the queen sits after her election; M. Brill, President of the Mi-Carême; and M. Remy Cavoy, Vice-President of the Syndic Chamber of the Washermen of France. The candidates, who often number a hundred or more, pass before their judges with their numbers pinned on their breasts, and the voting immediately follows. Unhappy is the one who attempts to captivate her judges by gaudy attire, for an over-trimmed hat even may disqualify her. The French standard of beauty differs slightly from ours, the grand proportions of a Juno being preferred to more ethereal charms. The election of the queen and her maids of honour over, the queen has to choose her king, who, in default of a *fiancée*, is usually the son of one of the laundry proprietors or an *employé*, for she is no longer ambitious, and she fully realizes that her brief glory will not bring to her feet a Prince Charmant or a noble King Cophetua.

With newly-acquired dignity, she graciously receives the congratulations of her companions and the company generally. Then a casket is handed to her containing a ring of diamonds, rubies, or other precious stones, and a large bouquet from the Committee of Students. Another handsome floral offering is made by the proprietor of the Café Americaine. Speeches follow, during which M. Sémichon announces that their queen reigns not only over the *lavoirs* of Paris, but that the President of the Syndic extends her sovereignty over the whole body of French washerwomen.

The queen-elect remains at the wash-house until about a week before her final triumph, when she has to be photographed, and to hold consultations with her dressmaker—for what may not depend on her robe?—and to hold *levées*, at which all the journalists of Paris assist; but she remains perfectly unmoved by their praises and compliments.

The beautiful dresses worn by each succeeding queen and her maids of honour are usually presented to them by some well-known drapery firm. Last year they were given by the *Magazin* known as the *Samaritaine*.

The bracelet is the gift of the President of France, the ring and bouquet of the students, and the sceptre and crown — which every year differ in design—of the committee of *lavoirs*.

One day occupying a throne and the next beating linen at the wash-tub is a startling transformation; but these ex-queens live happily on the memories of their brief honours, and carefully preserve their robes and regalia, to don them a second time on as equally happy an occasion—that of their marriage.

Seven queens of a day have already reigned in Paris. Two of them are married—one of whom, alas! is awaiting the result of her petition for divorce; a third is in exile, and three are spinsters, but there has, as yet, been no dauphin.

It has been my privilege to have interviewed these queens of the past, and to hear from their own royal lips the history of their lives and the glories of their sovereignty.

The first "Queen of Queens" was Mlle. Louise Sicard, who was elected in 1891. I called upon her at the laundry of the Rue Milton, where she has worked for many years. On stating my business at the little office in the laundry where soda, soap, and other necessaries are weighed and given out to the washer-women, the ex-queen was summoned from her tub, and stood before me, a tall, dark, and rather handsome woman of commanding presence and mien, and with a little more than a suspicion of down outlining her upper lip.

"I was less fortunate than my successors," she said, "for I had neither bracelet nor ring, and had to buy my own dress, which I wore at my wedding, for I was married about ten months ago," she added, proudly. "My diadem alone remains now, and if you will come to my house in Montmartre, I will show it you. It is in a glass case in the place of honour, for I shall always preserve it."

"Will you give me your photograph, so that I can reproduce it in a grand English magazine?"

"I will ask my husband if he will permit me to do so, for he is very particular. You know that, having been chosen to be the first 'Queen of Queens,' I am the most important. I was invited to go on a tour in Normandy, and to visit the principal towns of France. I was *fêted* everywhere, and presented with several beautiful medals and many presents. I have also collected several thousand francs for charity. In my *armoire* at home I have eighty-four cuttings from different journals written about me."

I was duly impressed by the importance of this ex-queen, and, as she seemed impatient to return to her tub, I took my leave, after inviting her to come and see me at my hotel. A few evenings later a card was sent in to me with a little portrait in one corner, and inscribed, "Louise Sicard, 1ce Reine des Reines."

I hastened to receive my guest, who, on this occasion, was dressed in deep mourning, and was much more dignified and reserved than the first time I saw her in her working

From a Photo. by] MLLE. LOUISE SICARD--QUEEN IN 1891. *Pierre-Petit, Paris.*

attire. I realized at once that the oft-quoted "dignity which hedges a king"—or queen—must lie in their fine clothes. Mme. Sicard was accompanied by her husband, who explained at great length the difficulties and responsibilities of his position as the guardian and protector—she was nearly twice his size—of so exalted a personage. After a little light refreshment he became confidential, and informed me that "she had hundreds of offers of marriage that year," referring to 1891, whereupon the ex-queen nonchalantly interrupted, "That's nothing; we all get the same," adding, with an eloquent, disdainful gesture of the hand, "I threw them all behind the fire." Her photograph, in an elaborate gilt frame, was then exhibited, and I was told they had only that one copy, and they could not part with such a precious souvenir. I expressed my willingness to pay for its being copied, so that difficulty was overcome, and I was promised a photograph in three days. Instead of the picture, however, I received a letter, offering me the original portrait, frame and all, for the modest sum of twenty pounds. As I considered the demand excessive for a cabinet portrait, albeit it was that of the first "Queen of Queens," I did not reply to *Monsieur le Mari*, but preferred to reproduce, for the amusement of the readers, the royal visiting-card.

MLLE. HENRIETTA DELABARRE—QUEEN IN 1892.
From a Photo. by Pierre-Petit, Paris.

Mlle. Henrietta Delabarre was the queen of 1892. She lives with her mother and sister at the Rue des Trois-Couronnes, where they have a laundry, a clean and inviting little home; the exterior, painted blue, looks as bright as the merry face of the ex-queen herself, who came forward to receive me and to learn my business.

"Ah," she said, in reply to a question, "I have never forgotten that lovely day and the acclamations of the crowd—I felt as if I were in a dream. Yes, our reign is brief, but I hope to reign a long time in the hearts of the Parisians."

Mlle. Delabarre was very charming; she has pleasant manners and a reputation for beauty. She was very anxious to know if the queen of 1896 was pretty, for our conversation took place shortly after the last election. "My sister," she went on to say, "was chosen last year as a maid of honour, but we would not let her go, for such a post is not consistent with the dignity of a queen's sister." I saw the crown, which was a little tarnished, possibly by reason of its having been used more than once, for it was explained that her sister Mlle. Anaïs had worn it last year when chosen queen of the Oberkampf laundry.

"I still value it, although it is a little *passée*, as you see," she remarked, "and my robe will perhaps serve me some day for my wedding." The mother, who was busy ironing, here looked up and said, "Oh, yes, let's make bets on your wedding," then turning to me she said, "My daughter is very hard to please, madame; she cannot make up her mind, but she does not lack suitors." The queen smiled, and said, "There is time enough for that; I am not in a hurry to get married." Then, changing the subject, she

went on to say, "Nothing will ever make me forget the Mi-Carême of 1892. It was the most perfect day of my life."

Mlle. Eugenie Petit, the queen of 1893, is now Madame Renard. She is very pretty, but very unfortunate, for her marriage has turned out to be a failure, and her happiness was as short-lived as her royalty. Separated from her husband, although only married about a year, and living with her family in great poverty in the Santé Quarter, she is impatiently awaiting for her divorce; but I heard it said that "the judges do not seem to admit the possibility of incompatibility of temper between a queen and her subject. Nevertheless, nothing is more common." This poor, sad queen has fallen from her high estate, and sits in lonely misery thinking longingly of her past splendours and pleasures, and her tears flow as she turns on her finger the little gold ring given her by the students on the day of her election. Queens in misery are as much out of place as "Kings in exile."

The queen of 1894, Mlle. Bonhomme, is another unhappy proof that royalty is not exempt from misfortune. Her father was at one time proprietor of the *lavoir* Jouy-Rouve at Belleville, and fairly well to do, but from some cause or other, business got bad and went from bad to worse, until the final crash came, that not even the small sum of money received by the young queen at her festival could avert. That was soon swallowed up, and still misfortunes, which never come singly, followed fast and faster. It was discovered that the queen was a usurper, and had no right to her throne, for she was not a member of the Corporation of Washerwomen, which is an absolute essential; but out of pity for the sore distress of her family she was allowed to keep her regalia and royal robes. Nevertheless, to find means to appease clamorous creditors, the final sacrifice had to be made: the beautiful gown, her crown, and the bracelet, which was the gift of the late President Carnot, had to be taken to the *Mont-*

MLLE. EUGENIE PETIT—QUEEN IN 1893.
From a Photo. by Pierre-Petit, Paris.

MLLE. BONHOMME — QUEEN IN 1894.
From a Photo. by Pierre-Petit, Paris.

MLLE. LOUISE GRIMM—QUEEN IN 1895.
From a Photo. by Pierre-Petit, Paris.

de-Piété. The gloom was a little dispelled when two suitors came to woo Mlle. Bonhomme, one a butcher's boy, the other an engraver, but they both quickly retired when they discovered she had no *dot.* This poor, luckless queen was at last compelled to say good-bye to her beloved Paris—the scene of her triumphs, the city of brightness and pleasure, and to retire to Auvergne, her native province.

Mlle. Louise Grimm, the beautiful blonde queen of 1895, has been the most fortunate and happiest of all the queens up to the present. She lives with her mother in the Rue des Boulets, in the Roquette Quarter, and keeps a small laundry. Her royalty, she told me smilingly, lasted more than a day. "I was four months at the laundry exhibition at the Palais de l'Industrie, where as 'Queen of Queens' of the Guilds, I gave demonstration lessons in laundry work for the benefit of the visitors. I have been much spoiled, and have had hundreds of proposals; many of them, however, I must confess, were from unknown persons, who principally wanted to obtain my photograph, but I had several genuine offers also, one from a millionaire living in the Hautes-Pyrenées." "And you refused it?" "Yes, I can afford to wait, and I should like to see and know a great deal about a person before I could marry him."

This ex-queen is as wise as she is fair. Her lovely gown, her crown, ring, and the bracelet presented to her by M. Felix Faure, are religiously preserved in her wardrobe, and exhibited with pardonable pride.

Mlle. Defilloy was the queen of last year. She belongs to a *lavoir* in the Jouy-Rouve district, and was selected from among ninety-six candidates, but she is not as beautiful or as refined-looking as her predecessor. Her two maids of honour, Mlles. Marie François and Eugénie, are very handsome girls,

MLLE. DEFILLOY — QUEEN IN 1896.
From a Photo. by Pierre-Petit, Paris.

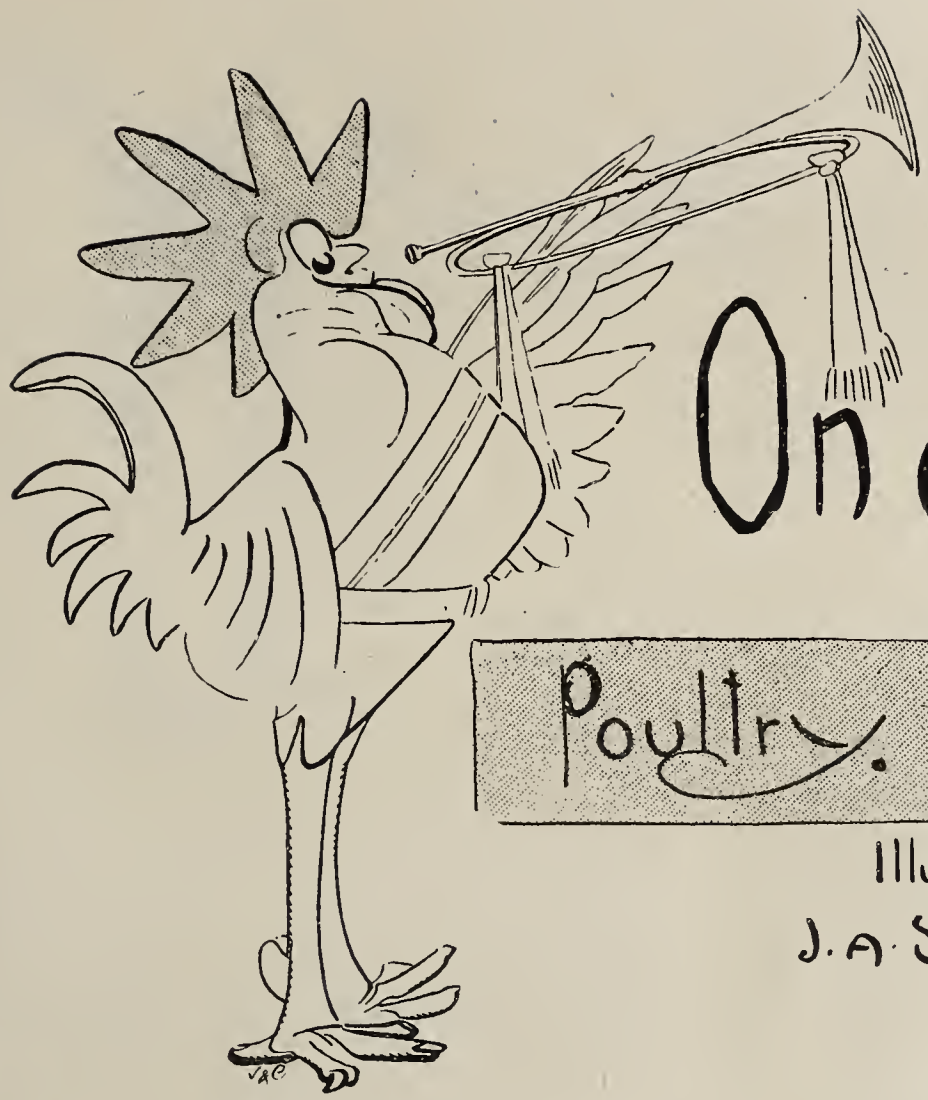
and rather put their royal mistress in the shade.

Some of the proprietors of the *lavoirs* complain that this custom of selecting queens has unfortunate results: that the acclamations, compliments, and praises turn their heads, and that they become discontented with their position and work, which, after the high prerogative they had enjoyed, they consider beneath them. Their companions become jealous of them, and vent their feelings in petty spite and annoyances, which engender bitter ill-feeling. How far this is true I do not know. All the queens I saw seemed to be contented enough; the worries of poverty and domestic troubles would come to them the same if they had never worn the ermine. The institution is eminently picturesque from an artistic point of view, and one it would be a pity to do away with.

The funds at the disposal of the committee for the Mi-Carême of 1896 were much smaller than the amount placed in their hands for the festival of the previous year. This may be explained by the fact of the revival of the old Bœuf-Gras celebrations, and their taking place only a few weeks before the students' fête, and also because all the shopkeepers on the boulevards had subscribed towards the Bœuf-Gras instead of, as formerly, supporting the Mi-Carême. This is the more to be regretted as the students devote all their profits to charitable purposes. In 1895 they had in hand the sum of £450; last year only a little more than half that amount, subscribed by the Municipality, the committee of the *lavoirs*, the Students' Association, and the general public, was available.

Despite lack of funds and bad weather, the *fête* was a great success, and the many who prognosticated a failure, and jeeringly remarked that it was impossible for the Mi-Carême to compete with the Bœuf-Gras, were obliged to own that the students knew what they were about. "Bah!" was the students' reply to the croakers, "our youthful limbs and 'go' will outwit our rivals." The procession was originally intended to represent all the events of the preceding year —political and religious excepted—but it was finally decided to include only the principal events. There were twelve chariots in all, and the royal carriage, which, with its escort of students, looked very imposing. The students of the Colonial College had exercised their ingenuity in the representation of a Hindu fête and the procession of Buddha; but the most amusing feature in the whole procession was the triumph of auto-mobilization, organized by the students of the Ecole d'Alfert. An elegant Victoria, propelled by invisible force, was occupied by horses sitting in nonchalant poses, with forelegs crossed, and escorted by cavaliers personifying such historic celebrities as Fanfan la Tulipe, Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, Henry IV., and Jean d'Arc. Following this novel equipage were veterinary surgeons, with downcast heads and mournful visages, and all in rags, whose profession is menaced by the threatened suppression of horse traction. Behind them were 'bus and cab drivers in an equally pitiable condition, forming an eloquent illustration of the oft-heard cry of, "We have no work to do." Specially characteristic of the Latin Quarter was the Luxembourg car, in which living personages represented the fountain of the Luxembourg. Fifty Auvergnats with bagpipes danced a *bourrée*, not in the best of time, but with most untiring vigour and contagious merriment. It is impossible to describe half the grotesque and laughable skits upon the inventions and events of the age, which the students' ingenuity and love of fun had evolved for the amusement of the public, and not a little to their own.

It is at the Mi-Carême that the students' magazine, which is only issued once a year under the title of *Au Quartier Latin*, appears; it is edited by M. Brill, Marc Legrand, and Maurice Lenoir. The greatest artists and writers seem to be at their best in their free contributions to this unique journal, while equally clever are the articles, poems, and sketches offered by those who are as yet only mounting the ladder of fame. The covers bear the signatures of Cheret, Prudhomme, and Merwart; while the other illustrations are by Carolus Duran, Carriere, Belleuse, Gervex, Rochegrosse, Detaille, Charly (the clever military caricaturist), Jacques Villon, a student who prefers the palette to his law books; the brothers Oury and Job, besides the many other artists and writers who have enrolled themselves under the motto of *Folie et Charité*.



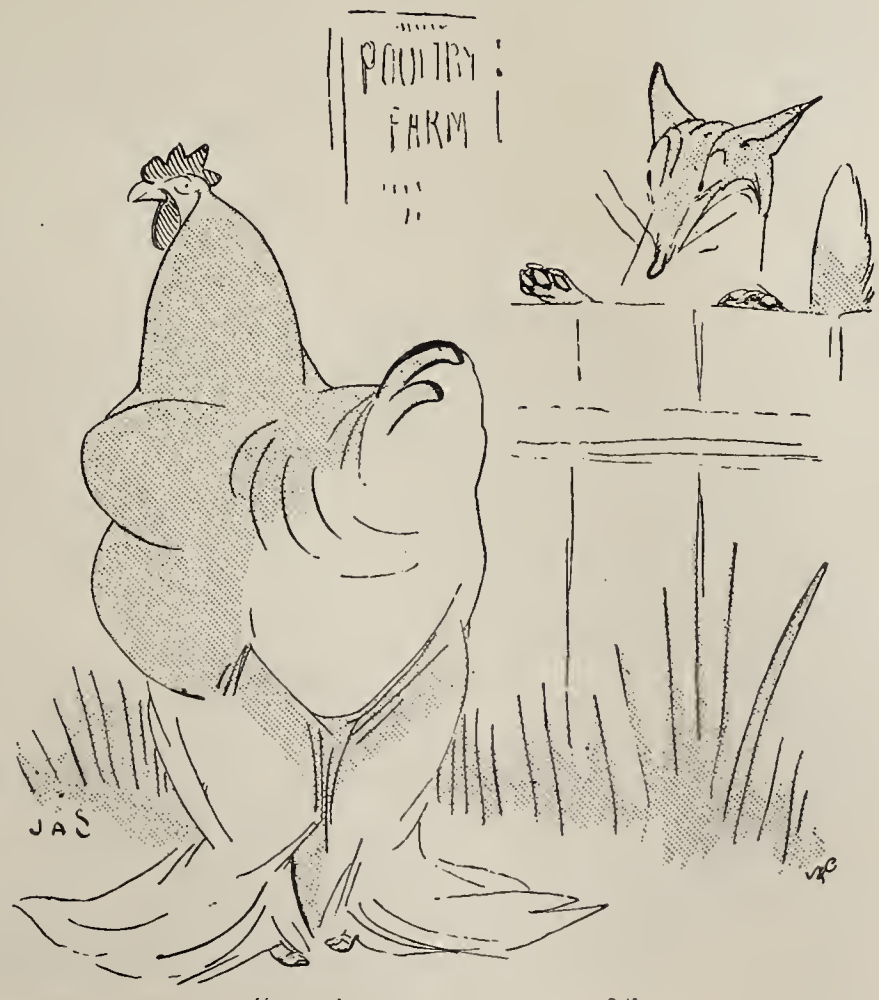
On Show

Poultry.

Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd

I.

I GO very much to the Crystal Palace. My wife, indeed, who is a very remarkable woman, and stands five feet ten, buys me a season ticket every year, and puts me in at the turnstile whenever I am likely to be in the way in the house, or whenever she judges that I require amusement and instruction. I think that must be one reason why she chose our house at Sydenham. It is very thoughtful of her, and, as she says, the Crystal Palace is a very proper place of resort, where one is not likely to get into habits of dissipation so long as one has no money. I, as a matter of fact, always have a shilling, which my wife ties in the corner of my pocket-handkerchief when she leaves me at the gate. This, you will understand, is in case of emergency. I have never yet summoned courage to have an emergency, so that I have always carried home the shilling intact. I understand nothing of poultry, dogs, cats, goats, and rabbits, though I have seen so many of them at the shows that they have made me giddy. I saw fowls (Cochins and Brahmas, I believe, were the sorts) at a show lately that would, I imagine, terrify any ordinary fox who tried



"LOR! SHALL I VENTURE?"

to steal them, and I saw bantams so small that they might have been included in lark-pie without anybody suspecting it. I saw so many of these things that at last I grew very tired, with the familiar Crystal Palace weariness, and sat down in the Egyptian Court to rest. Presently I perceived that what I had supposed to be a large, reddy-brown gentleman of Egyptian extraction, painted on the wall, was in reality a stout person in tweeds, who had terrified me a little time before by treading heavily on my toes, and apologizing in a very loud voice. Much to my alarm, he approached me again, and, ere I could escape, slapped me on the back.

'TENSHUN!

"Come along here and see the exhibits,"

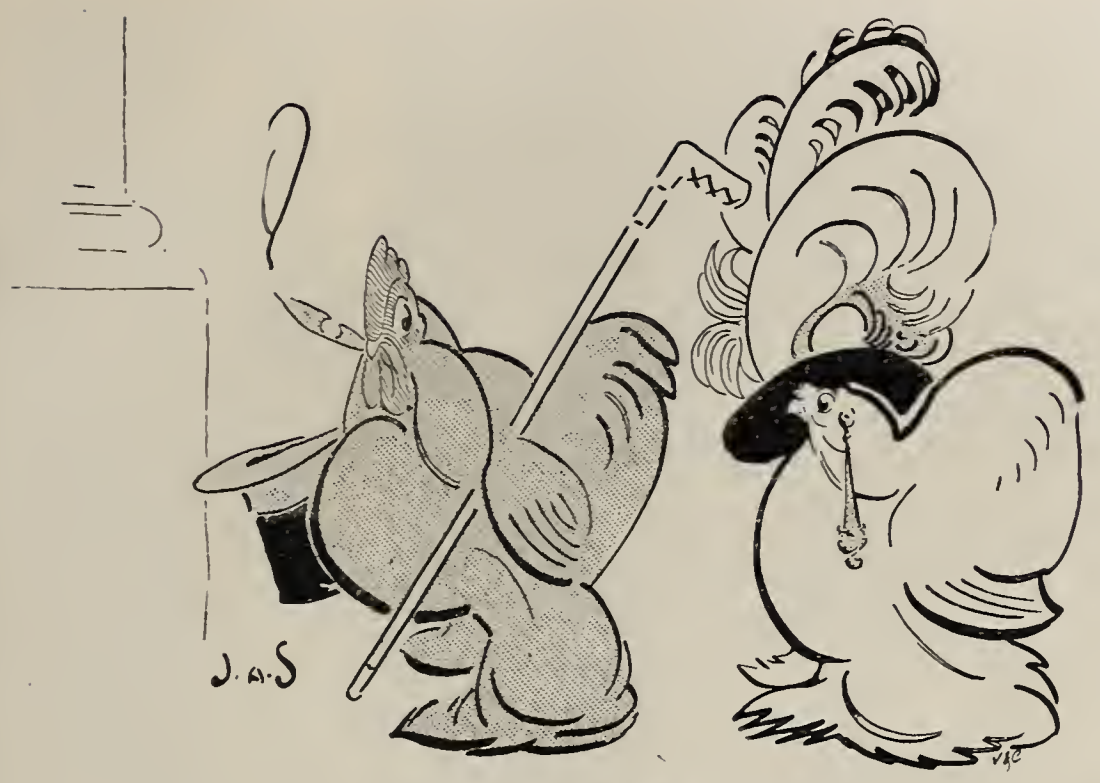
A LIFEGUARDSMAN.

he said. "I don't believe you're enjoying yourself a bit. See what wonderful things breeders are doing! Perfecting species till their mothers wouldn't know 'em. What's the good o' fowls that only lay eggs, and

QUICK—MARCH!

HEAVY AND LIGHT WEIGHT CHAMPIONS.

stuff pillows, and help to make dinners, and so on? See these game-cocks, now. We're breeding 'em into lifeguardsmen. Good notion, eh? And Houdans, too—they're evoluting into grenadiers. And we're getting boxers as well. We're working up to heavy-weight champions with Indian game fowl, and we're getting feather-weights out of the game-bantam class. Beats cock-fighting, that,



THE PEKIN BANTAMS.

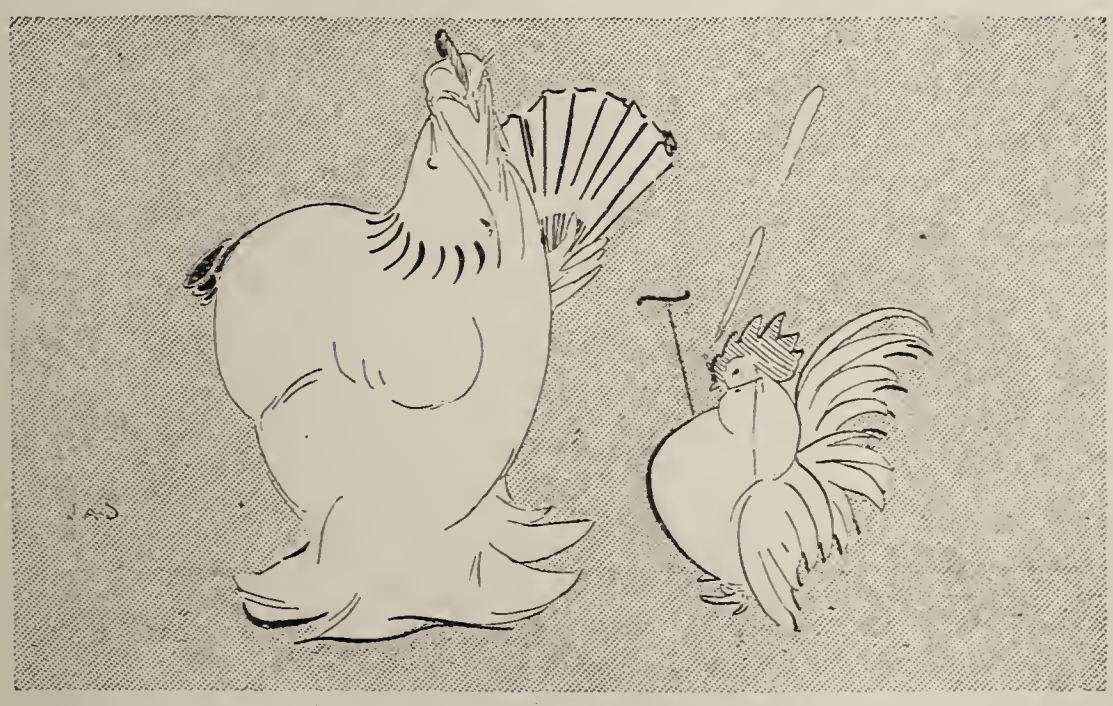
don't it? Oh, I tell you, I knew all along what careful breeding would come to. The recruiting difficulty will be got over altogether as soon as we've bred off a little more of the lifeguardsman's tail, and brought that grenadier's toes close enough to go into boots. And we breed the uniforms on 'em all ready, too! Look at the saving in bearskins alone! Paying game, too! I believe you, my boy. When a breeder's got a few thousand Houdans and game-cocks all drawing full privates' pay and allowances, why, his fortune's made—to say nothing of the sale of dead poultry after a desperate battle. And there's a deal o' money in boxing matches, too—and you can keep a whole nest of champions going on a handful of oats now and again, and an occasional worm. Cheaper than the usual sort of boxing champion, I assure you.

"Of course, some breeders aren't so successful. Here's the Pekin bantams, for instance. Well, there's been a deal of trouble taken with them, but they haven't got far. We've cut down the Cochins' clothes for 'em, but they haven't grown a decent fit yet, and never will, so far as I can see. Why, any common bantam you like can show a neater figure than them. Look at that precocious little chap pre-Cochin' with that big hen."

I glared, but the stout person never blenched. "Halloa, Maria," he ex-

"MARIA!"

claimed, familiarly, and I quailed, for my wife's name is Maria. But I perceived that he was addressing a black Spanish hen, who was busy with a powder-puff. I had never understood before how the black Spanish hens got their beautiful complexions when on show. Now that I saw it at last, it seemed the most natural thing in the world, and I was not in the least surprised to hear the bird reply, in tones that



PRECOCIOUS.

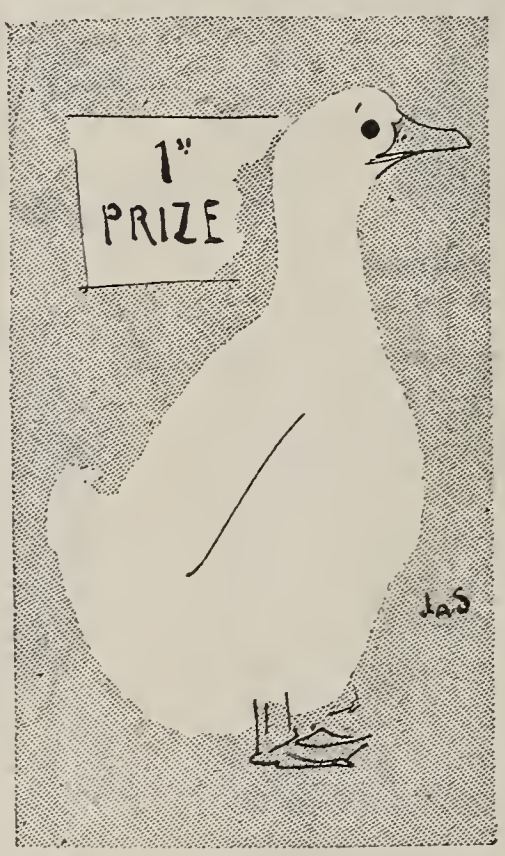
reminded me singularly of my wife's. "Oh, don't bother me," she said, "it's sickening. Here I'm expected to keep a good complexion for four days right off! It's all very well as regards my face, but I can't make it stop on my nose. And a pretty sight I'm beginning to look, Orlando!" The Spanish hen looked straight in my face. Now, my name *is* Orlando, and what with the Spanish hen's voice, and other things that reminded me of my wife, I felt so uncomfortable that I began to run swiftly—many, many miles, it seemed, till I arrived at the part of the show occupied by the geese and ducks.

But the man in the brown suit was still with me. "We haven't done so much in breeding with ducks," he said. "The duck remains pretty simple, even a

"CALL HISSELF A JUDGE, INDEED!"

first prize duck. Something white with a beak and legs, and there you are. They're so much alike that duck judges go mad regularly after three shows each."

Here a very hoarse goose, shuffling impatiently in its cage, addressed me as though in response to an observation of my own. "Prize?" she said, "no, of course not! It's disgraceful! Oh, I know how these shows are worked! Ketch me comin' agen, and leavin' the washin' an' everythink! Him call hisself a judge, indeed! Of course I *knowed* I shouldn't get no prize. Just like these fellers. It's scandalous. Why, only yesterday as never was I says to Mrs. Harris, I says"—but I fled again. The geese seemed a shockingly

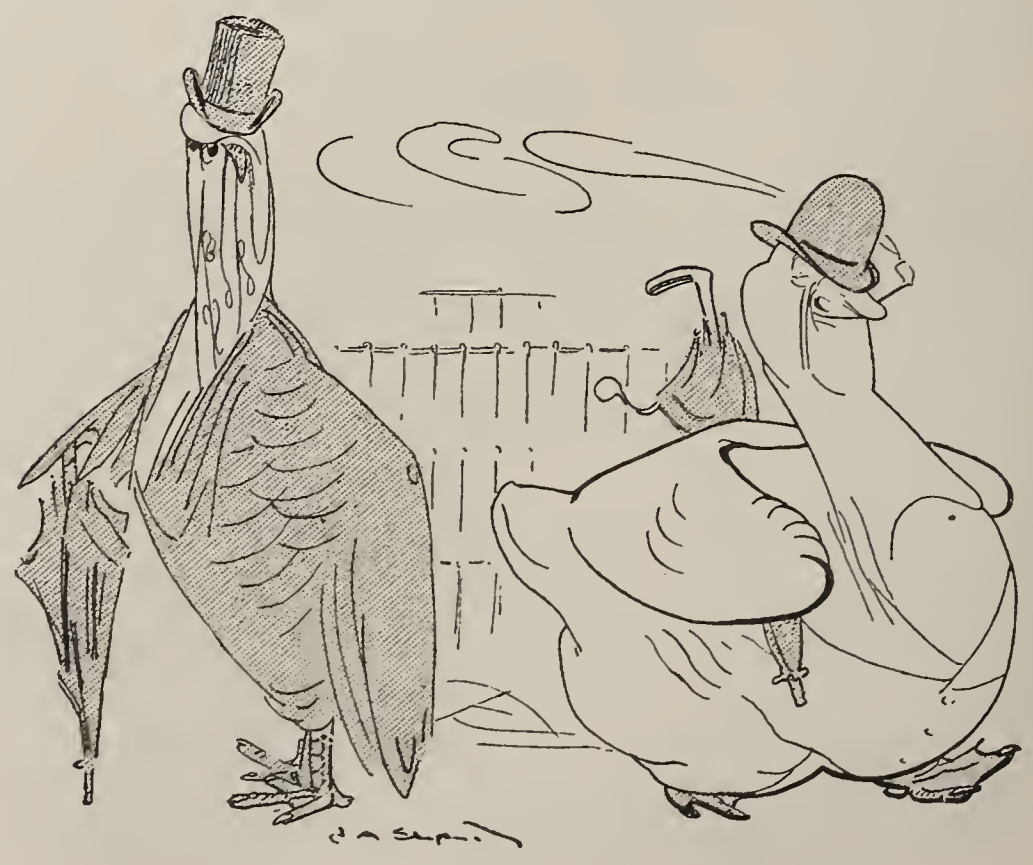


THE TYPE.

"YUS—I'M FUST.

vulgar crew, and were "guying" each other and the very respectable turkeys near them, like bad boys in a theatre gallery. One had begun to ask me an impudent question as to my feet, when I left, and came again among the much better behaved fowls.

"Here," said the brown man, who followed



"ALL RIGHT—SEE YOU AGAIN AT CHRISTMAS!"

me everywhere, "here are the Cochins." By this time, I began to distrust my previous recognition of the brown man. They were certainly *not* tweeds he was wearing, and there was something very distinctly Egyptian about him. Was he the figure on the wall, after all? Certainly his hair was rather oddly plaited, and his hat had the aspect of a curious canister from a grocer's shop. Also I began to doubt whether they were actually tight brown trousers or only the mural brick-brown of his not very fleshy legs. But he was very active, and he went about freely prodding the Cochins with a brass telescopic "stir-'em-up" to make them show their points for my instruction. "The Cochins," he went on, "are excellent for miscellaneous development. You know what the fanciers say" (I didn't) — "they say you can't put a Cochin in an unsuitable place. He's good all round, and he'll adapt himself to any conditions. He'll make a lot of useful breeds without much trouble. Just as we shall recruit our army from the game-fowl and Houdans, so we shall fill up the police force with Cochins as soon as we've bred the tail very small and turned it into a pair of white cotton gloves sticking out of the pocket. We have great hopes, too, of adding to our hardy sea-coast population.

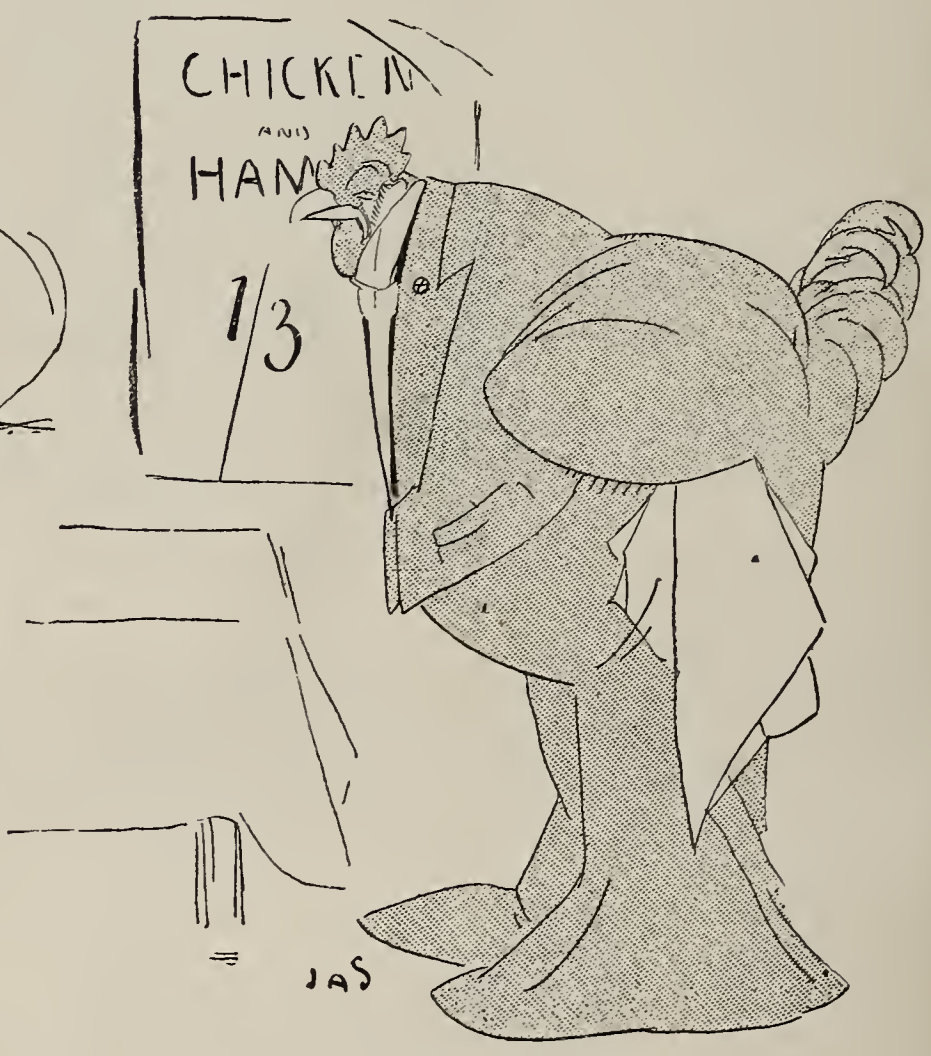
"I'M A FINE OLD ENGLISH GENT."

XXX 24.

"NICE DAY FOR A SAIL, SIR."

THE CHICKALEARY VARIETY.

"There is a certain safe and steady character about an old Cochin cock that should inspire confidence in the most timid tripper looking for a boat. As a music-hall vocalist, too, if we can only get his crow hoarse enough and loud enough, he should have a great future. Then as a City waiter we might do excellent business with him. They can't get City waiters fat enough nowadays — the old sort is dying out. And then we can use up all the mistakes in breeding as dray-horses—look at their legs! If only those motor-cars would keep off, we should have great times in the new Cochin days!" I frowned, but he went ahead—perhaps he hadn't meant it. "And we quite expect to get an old-fashioned inn-landlord or two," he said, "just accidentally among some of the broods, you know; we're pretty near it already. It's a great thing to revive old institutions like this by breeding from poultry, isn't it? And



"FOWL, SIR? YESSIR."

THE NEW COCHIN DAYS.

A LANDLORD.

money in it, too, I assure you—lots. Just a little trouble, and a little oats, and a few worms, and you draw all the waiter's tips,

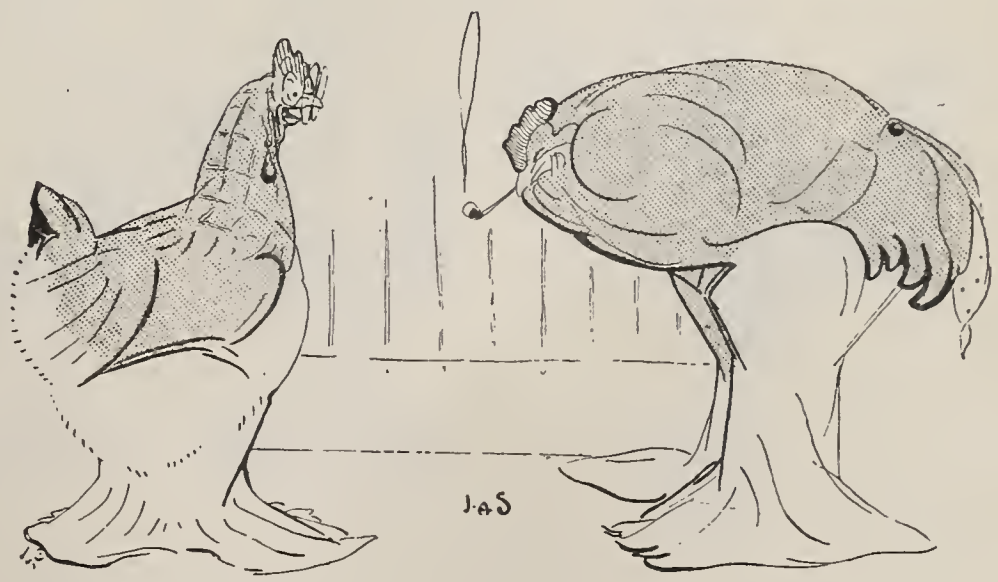
THROGMORTON STREET.

the landlord's bills, the policeman's mutton, and the princely salary of the music-hall singer! I'm getting up a syndicate to run the notion. When we've bred a few more bantams into stock-brokers, I think we'll sell the idea for big money in Throg-morton Street." It was really very wonderful, and I began to feel an immense respect for the oddly-shaped birds in the cages before me. I had once longed for one of the telescopic brass "stir-'em-ups" that fanciers use, but now I wouldn't have used one if I had it.

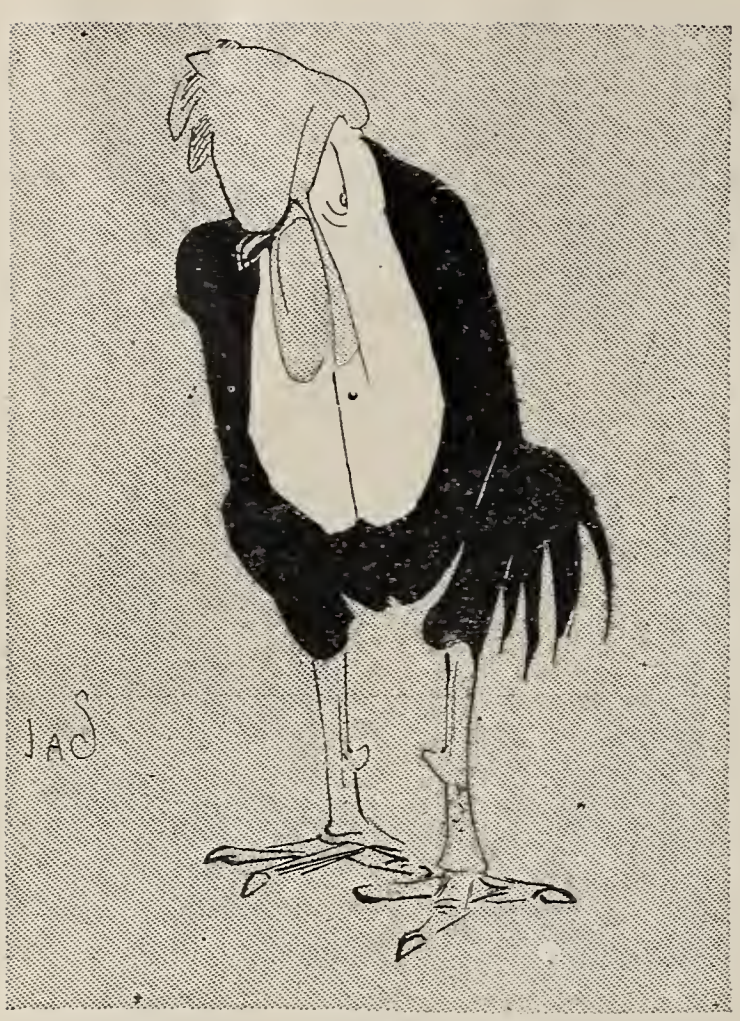
"See this black Spanish cock, now," pursued my guide. "We're experimenting with him. The idea is to make him a gentleman. It would be altogether a fancy breed, you understand, and of little use commercially, unless we could get them a few directorships and so forth. We thought they'd breed best into evening dress, considering the plumage.

THE "STIR-'EM-UP."

We're also getting on very well with some more black Spanish, which we are gradually working up by successive generations, into nigger minstrels. The sands, you know, will be so good for them — excellent thing, sand, for fowls; and we calculate to produce in time a complete troupe from each sitting of eggs. So that, with a few good sitting hens, every popular seaside resort could be supplied in a very



HENPECKED.



FRESH.

AFTER FOUR DAYS.

short time, and the net income would be enormous. I'm putting money in it. Won't you take shares?" For a moment I reflected on the shilling secured in the corner of my pocket-handkerchief. Was this an emergency? Perhaps it was. But I didn't dare. What would Maria say?

"But speaking of the black Spanish which we are developing into a gentleman," the brown man proceeded, "you see, we've managed to breed his black trousers some little way down his legs, and, although we have not yet developed a complete shirt, we have achieved a dickey. It was very nice and bright when he first came here, but after four days, you know, it's—well, it's a little dickey, as they say." I began to suspect the brown man of the low vice of punning. But he went on: "I expect he himself feels a little dickey (though he's really a large bird), after four days and nights in evening dress. One does, you know. Besides, he's the only person here in evening dress, and no doubt he feels uncomfortable in being so. That's natural in a gentleman. Oh, yes, we're bringing out the feelings of a gentleman, too, I assure you, though they're really useless—in fact, a dead loss, commercially. It's

"NOW WE SHAN'T BE LONG!"

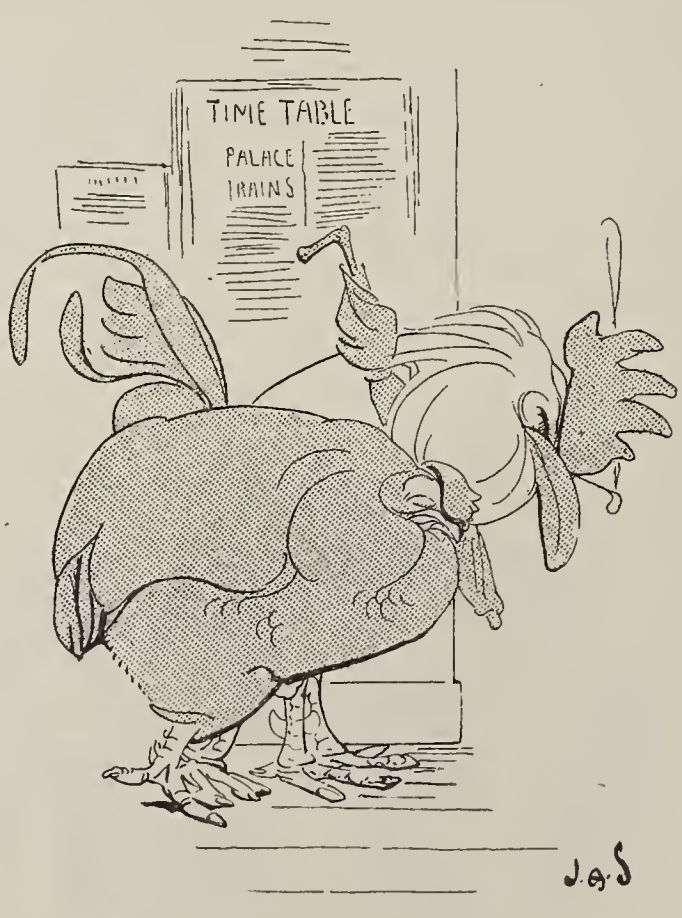
an experiment, you know,—purely a fancy matter. Nothing of consequence, of course, compared to the policeman, or the niggers. We shall make money out of *them*.

"There'll be a deal of human labour saved, of course," he went on presently; "but it's being compensated for in other ways. You see, what with incubators and foster-mothers, and one thing and another, fowls get very little of their own old-fashioned work to do nowadays, and they must find some new outlet. Why, they do say there are some fowls now who don't even lay their own eggs! So that they must do something to occupy their time. It would be foolish to let them waste their efforts in mere amusement — they'd go playing the piano, and singing, and reading novels by Miss ——but, there, never mind who. As it is, they'll be bred up to decent trades, and *we'll* take their profits, see? That's what I call keeping up with the spirit of the times. That's the watchword of progress. Improve, improve, improve; make the world, and the poultry in it, better, happier, cleverer—and scoop in the profit for the syndicate. This sort of benevolence doesn't amount to much unless it is run on strictly business lines. Our chief difficulty, of course, will be, while we make the cocks and hens clever enough to carry on all our work for us cheap, to take care that they don't get clever enough to demand wages, and go striking, and all that. There is a danger, although it isn't very apparent as yet. Coming up here from the country teaches them a great deal. Why, do you know, when the electric light was turned on the first evening, I heard a white Leghorn and a Langshan disputing like anything. 'What's the time?' asks one. 'I don't know,' says the other. 'Why, hang it,' says the first, 'I got through all my

PLAYING THE PIANO AND SINGING.

"WHAT'S THE TIME?"

day's crowing hours ago, and here's another blessed sun!' But they've learnt better by this. They get more knowing every day of the show, and the humanizing influence will land them a long way ahead in shrewdness presently. The thing we must take care of, as I have said, is to get all we can out of them before they get too clever to stand it. At present they are only at a fair average of ordinary intelligence. We're closing to-night, and you'll find all the more intelligent and cultivated breeds looking over the eligible coops and desirable troughs and runs that they show there at the end, with the idea of taking home a new residence. And last of all, when everybody's worn out and tired to death, and seedy as caraway, you'll find some respectable old couple stranded on the inhospitable railway platform—having lost their last train as naturally and intelligently as any pair of human beings you can name! Oh, I tell you, we're doing a lot for progress in poultry!"



(To be continued.)

DOROTHY.

By James Workman.

THE judge had dined, and was enjoying an after-dinner cigar, before turning to a pile of papers that lay on the table at his elbow. Yet even as he watched the flickering fire, and puffed dreamily at his cigar, luxuriating in a little relaxation after a hard day's work in a close and crowded court, his mind was busy formulating the scathing sentences in which he intended to sum up a case that had been tried that day. There could be no doubt as to the guilt of the prisoner, who had been accused of a most impudent fraud, and though it was a first offence, the judge intended to pass the severest sentence which the law allowed.

The judge was no believer in short sentences. He regarded leniency to a criminal as an offence against society, a direct encouragement to those who hesitated on the brink of vicious courses, and were only restrained by fear of punishment. The well-meaning people who got up petitions to mitigate the sentence upon a justly convicted thief or murderer were, in his eyes, guilty of mawkish sentimentality. There was no trace of weakness or effeminacy in his own face, with its grizzled eyebrows, somewhat cold, grey eyes, thin lips, and massive chin. He was a just man, just to the splitting of a hair, but austere and unemotional.

He had conducted the trial with the most scrupulous impartiality, but now that a verdict of guilty was a foregone conclusion, he determined to make an example of one who had so shamefully abused the confidence placed in him.

Stated briefly, the situation was as follows. The prisoner, Arthur Maxwell, was cashier to a firm of solicitors, Messrs. Lightbody and Dufton. The only surviving partner of the original firm, Mr. Lightbody, had recently died, leaving the business to his nephew, Thomas Faulkner. Faulkner accused Arthur Maxwell of having embezzled a sum of £250. Maxwell admitted having taken the money, but positively asserted that it had been presented to him as a free gift by Mr. Lightbody. Unfortunately for the prisoner, the letter which he had stated had accompanied the cheque could not be produced, and Faulkner, supported by the evidence of several well-known experts, declared the signature on the cheque to be a forgery. When the cheque-book was examined the counterfoil was discovered to be blank. The prisoner asserted that Mr. Lightbody had himself taken out a blank cheque and had filled it up and signed it at his private residence. He could, however, produce no proof of this assertion, and all the evidence available was opposed to his unsupported statement.

"Arthur Maxwell," soliloquized the judge, "you have been convicted on evidence that

leaves no shadow of a doubt of your guilt of a crime which I must characterize as one of the basest——"

The chattering of voices in the hall brought the soliloquy to an abrupt conclusion. The judge required absolute silence and solitude when he was engaged in study, and the servants, who stood in considerable awe of him, were extremely careful to prevent the least disturbance taking place within earshot of his sanctum. He jerked the bell impatiently, intending to give a good "wigging" to those responsible for the disturbance.

But the door was thrown open by his daughter Mabel, a pretty girl of twelve, who was evidently in a state of breathless excitement.

"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed, "here's such a queer little object wants to see you. Please let her come in."

Before the judge could remonstrate, a little child, a rosy-faced girl of between five and six, in a red hood and cloak, hugging a black puppy under one arm and a brown paper parcel under the other, trotted briskly into the room.

The judge rose to his feet with an expression which caused his daughter to vanish with remarkable celerity. The door closed with a bang. He could hear her feet scurrying rapidly upstairs, and he found himself alone with the small creature before him.

"What on earth are you doing here, child?" he asked, irritably. "What can you possibly want with me?" She remained silent, staring at him with round, frightened eyes. "Come, come, can't you find your tongue, little girl?" he asked, more gently. "What is it you want with me?"

"If you please," she said, timidly, "I've brought you Tommy."

Tommy was clearly the fat puppy, for as she bent her face towards him he wagged his tail and promptly licked the end of her nose.

The judge's eyes softened in spite of himself.

"Come here," he said, sitting down, "and tell me all about it."

She advanced fearlessly towards him, as animals and children always did in his unofficial moods.

"This is Tommy, I suppose?" he said, taking the puppy on his knee, where it expressed its delight by ecstatic contortions of the body, and appeared to consider his watch-chain a fascinating article of diet.

"I've broughted you other things as well," she said, opening the brown paper parcel, and revealing a doll with a very beautiful complexion, large blue eyes, and hair of the purest gold, a diminutive Noah's Ark, a white pig, a woolly sheep, a case of crayons, a penholder, a broken-bladed knife, a small paint-box, a picture-book or two, and what bore some faint resemblance to a number of water-colour sketches. She seemed particularly proud of the last-named.

"I painted them all by myself," she explained.

The judge thought it not unlikely, as he glanced with twinkling eyes at the highly unconventional forms and daring colours of these strikingly original works of art.

"Well," he said, "it is very kind of you to bring me all these pretty things, but why do you want to give them to me?"

"I—I don't want to give them to you," she faltered.

The judge regarded her with very friendly eyes. He was so used to hearing romantic deviations from the truth from the lips of imaginative witnesses, that frankness was at all times delightful to him.

"Come," said he, with a quiet laugh, "that's honest, at least. Well, why do you give them to me if you don't want to?"

"I'll give them to you, and Tommy too"—the words were accompanied by a very wistful glance at the fat puppy—"if—if you'll promise not to send poor papa to prison."

A silence, such as precedes some awful convulsion of Nature, pervaded the room for several seconds after this audacious proposal. Even Tommy, as though cowering before the outraged majesty of the law, buried his head between the judge's coat and vest, and lay motionless except for a propitiatory wag of his tail.

"What is your name, child?" asked the judge, grimly.

"Dorothy Maxwell," faltered the little girl, timidly, awed by the sudden silence and the perhaps unconsciously stern expression upon his lordship's face.

"Dorothy Maxwell," said the judge, severely, as though the little figure before him were standing in the prisoner's dock awaiting sentence, "you have been convicted at the close of the nineteenth century of the almost unparalleled crime of attempting to corrupt one of Her Majesty's judges, to persuade him, by means of bribery, to defeat the ends of justice. I shall not further enlarge upon the enormity of your crime. Have you anything to say why sentence should not be——No, no, don't cry. Poor little thing, I didn't mean to frighten you. I'm not the least bit angry with you—really

and truly. Come and sit on my knee, and show me all these pretty things. Get down, you little beast."

The last words were addressed to Tommy, who fell with a flop on the floor, and was replaced on the judge's knee by his little mistress.

"This is very like condoning a criminal offence," thought the judge to himself with a grim smile, as he wiped the tears from the poor little creature's face, and tried to interest her in the contents of the brown paper parcel. But the thoughts the tears had aroused did not vanish with them. Arthur Maxwell was no longer a kind of impersonal representative of the criminal classes, to be dealt with as severely as the law allowed in the interests of society in general. He was the father of this soft, plump, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed, golden-haired little maid, who would inevitably have to share, now or in the future, her father's humiliation and disgrace. For the first time, perhaps, the judge felt a pang of pity for the wretched man who at that moment was probably pacing his cell in agonizing apprehension of the inevitable verdict. A vivid picture started up before him of the prisoner's white face, twitching lips, and tragic eyes. He remembered his own emotion when he first sentenced a fellow-creature to penal servitude. Had he grown callous since then? Did he take sufficiently into account the frailty of human nature, the brevity of life, the far-reaching consequences that the fate of the most insignificant unit of humanity must entail?

"THE JUDGE TRIED TO INTEREST HER."

At this moment the door opened, and his wife, a slender, graceful woman, considerably younger than himself, with a refined, delicate face, came quietly in.

"Ah," exclaimed the judge, with a sudden inspiration, "I believe you are the bottom of all this, Agnes. What is this child doing here?"

"You are not vexed, Matthew?" she asked, half-timidly.

"Hardly that," he answered, slowly; "but what good can it do? It is impossible to explain the situation to this poor little mite. It was cruel to let her come on such an errand. How did she get here?"

"It was her own idea—entirely her own idea; but her mother brought her, and asked to see me. The poor woman was distracted, nearly frantic with grief and despair, and ready to clutch at any straw. She was so dreadfully miserable, poor thing, and I thought it was such a pretty idea, I—I couldn't refuse her, Matthew."

"But, my dear," expostulated the judge, "you must have known that it could do no good."

"I—I knew what the verdict would be," answered his wife. "I read a report of the trial in an evening paper. But, then, there was the sentence, you know—and—and I thought the poor child might soften you a little, Matthew."

The judge's hand strayed mechanically

among the toys, and to interest the child he began to examine one of the most vivid of her pictorial efforts.

"You think I am very hard and unjust, Agnes?" he asked.

"No, no, no," she answered, hurriedly; "not unjust, never unjust. There is not a more impartial judge upon the Bench—the whole world says it. But don't you think, dear, that justice without—without mercy is always a little hard? Don't, don't be angry, Matthew. I never spoke to you like this before. I wouldn't now but for the poor woman in the next room and the innocent little thing at your knee."

The judge made no reply. He bent still more closely over the scarlet animal straying amid emerald fields, and burnt umber trees of a singularly original shape.

"That's a cow," said Dorothy, proudly. "Don't you see its horns?—and that's its tail—it isn't a tree. There's a cat on the other side. I can draw cats better than cows."

In her anxiety to exhibit her artistic abilities in their higher manifestations she took the paper out of his hands, and presented the opposite side. At first he glanced at it listlessly, and then his eyes suddenly flashed, and he examined it with breathless interest.

"Well, I'm blessed!" he exclaimed, excitedly.

It was not a very judicial utterance, but the circumstances were exceptional.

"Here's the very letter Maxwell declared he had received from Lightbody along with the cheque. His reference to it, as he couldn't produce it, did him more harm than good; but I believe it's genuine, upon my word I do. Listen; it's dated from The Hollies, Lightbody's private address:—

"'My dear Maxwell,—I have just heard from the doctor that my time here will be very short, and I am trying to arrange my affairs as quickly as possible. I have long recognised the unostentatious, but thorough and entirely satisfactory, manner in which you have discharged your duties, and as some little and perhaps too tardy recognition of your long and faithful services, and as a token of my personal esteem for you, I hope you will accept the inclosed cheque for £250. With best wishes for your future, believe me, yours sincerely,

"'THOMAS LIGHTBODY.'

"What do you think of that? I'll send it round to Maxwell's solicitor at once."

"Oh, Matthew, then the poor fellow's innocent, after all?"

"It looks like it. If this letter is genuine, he certainly is. There, don't look miserable again. I'm sure it is. If it had been a forgery, you may be sure it would have been ready for production at a moment's notice. Where did you get this paper, little girl?"

Dorothy blushed guiltily and hung her head.

"HE EXAMINED IT WITH BREATHLESS INTEREST."

"I took it out of pa's desk. I—I wanted some paper to draw on, and I took it without asking. You won't tell him, will you? He'll be ever so cross."

"Well, we may perhaps have to let him know about it, my dear; but I don't think he'll be a bit cross. Now, this lady will take you to your mother, and you can tell her that papa won't go to prison, and that he'll be home to-morrow night."

He kissed her, and his wife held out her hand. But Dorothy lingered, with hanging head and twitching lips.

"May I—may I say good-bye to Tommy, please?" she faltered.

"You sweet little thing," exclaimed his wife, kissing her impulsively.

"Tommy's going with you," said the judge, laughing kindly. "I wouldn't deprive you of Tommy's company for Tommy's weight in gold. I fancy there are limits to the pleasure which Tommy and I would derive from each other's society. There, run away, and take Tommy with you."

Dorothy eagerly pursued the fat puppy, captured him after an exciting chase, and took him in her arms. Then she walked towards the door, but the corner of her eye rested wistfully on the contents of the brown paper parcel. The judge hastily gathered the toys, rolled them up in the paper, and presented them to her. But Dorothy looked disappointed. The thought of giving them to purchase her father's pardon had been sweet as well as bitter. She was willing to compromise in order to escape the pang that the loss of Tommy and the doll and the paint-box and other priceless treasures would have inflicted, but she still wished—poor little epitome of our complex human nature—to taste the joy of heroic self-sacrifice. Besides, she was afraid that the judge might after all refuse to pardon her father if she took away all the gifts with which she had attempted to propitiate him.

She put the parcel on a chair and opened it out. Holding the wriggling puppy in her arms, she gazed at her treasures, trying to make up her mind which she could most easily part with that would be sufficiently valuable in the judge's eyes to accomplish her purpose. Finally, she selected the sheep, and presented the luxuriantly woolly, almost exasperatingly meek-looking, animal to the judge.

"You may have that and the pretty picture for bein' kind to papa," she said, with the air of one who confers inestimable favours.

He was about to decline the honour, but, catching his wife's eye, he meekly accepted it, and Dorothy and the puppy and the brown paper parcel disappeared through the door.

"Well, well," said the judge, with a queer smile, as he placed the fluffy white sheep on the mantelpiece, "I never thought I should be guilty of accepting a bribe, but we never know what we may come to."

The next day Maxwell was acquitted, and assured by the judge that he left the court without a stain upon his character. The following Christmas, Dorothy received a brown paper parcel containing toys of the most wonderful description from an unknown friend; and it was asserted by his intimates that ever afterwards the judge's sentences seldom erred on the side of severity, and that he was disposed, whenever possible, to give a prisoner the benefit of the doubt.

Side-Shows.

I.

By William G. FitzGerald.

THEY are of very ancient date. It has been stated that the various colossal skeletons that come to light from time to time are merely the remains of prehistoric side-shows — giants, in fact, that were in former times exhibited at one stone axe per "time." However this may be, side-shows have long flourished, and, doubtless, will continue to flourish so long as inquisitiveness remains a part of our nature.

Shows of all sorts thrive exceedingly on show, by the way. Advertisement being the very breath of the showman's nostrils, you will also notice lurid lithographs on the side of the car, so that the whole makes a stirring *ensemble* as the train enters a great terminus, with perhaps the bearded lady as engine-driver, and the pig-faced gentleman astride one of the buffers.

The born showman is so earnest in manner and gesticulation, so leathern of lung, and so profuse—not to say incoherent—in opulent adjectives before potential patrons, that he at length believes implicitly

From a Photo by] SPECIAL TRAIN BELONGING TO COUPÉ'S TRAVELLING SHOW. *[M. G. Greene, Atlanta, Ga.*

American soil—and coin. Barnum was a millionaire several times over during his wonderful career; and Adam Forepaugh had more money than he knew what to do with. Travelling shows in the United States are conducted on a tremendous scale. The staff may number hundreds, and then there are the human freaks (ever jealously guarded from the non-paying eye), the huge menagerie, and hundreds of horses of all kinds, from the *haute-école* Arab right down to bony "Jimmy," who drags a van.

No wonder they require special trains! The photo. reproduced above shows the passenger part of one of these. The centre panel of the great Pullman car is adorned with a modest portrait of the proprietor of the show—or "director-general," as he loves to be styled. He probably owns the whole train, as well as the in every statement he himself makes. Such a one was Coxswain Terry, shrewdest of sailors, who owns the show next depicted. It was announced as "a 'air-raisin' pifformance"; and certainly it was a little uncanny, though not exactly up to the standard of the pictures hung outside. These depicted a gigantic individual, apparently in the last throes of death beneath a tropical sea, and surrounded by every conceivable (and inconceivable) denizen of the deep. Sword-fish and shark, whale and octopus — all were attacking him with staggering unanimity.

Visitors to this side-show see a tank containing 500 gallons of water — positively guaranteed not to burst and nearly drown the spectators, as similar tanks have often done. The water is heated by gas overnight to a temperature of about 90 degrees, and into it are thrown six or seven good-sized pythons

or rock-snakes (some over 12ft. long), who protest fiercely against the whole thing. They would leave the water forthwith, were it not for the strong wire-netting on top of the tank.

Presently a man, young and scantily clad, appears at the back. He removes half the wire-netting and drops into the water among the snakes. They instantly twine themselves about his legs, his waist, his arms, and his neck; but some, more knowing than the rest, neglect him altogether, and endeavour to hurry out of the hated element.

UNDER WATER AMONG THE SNAKES.

A confederate mingles with the crowd in order to warn the submerged performer when one of the reptiles is half-way out; to help him when he is severely bitten (as he frequently is); and to render assistance when he is in danger of being strangled by a python about his throat.

The performance is one wild, whirling struggle with the writhing reptiles—sinking to the bottom from time to time with an armful of them, merely to drag them hither and thither to keep up the excitement and give patrons value for money. About once a fortnight, each snake takes a rest and a meal, the latter consisting of live rabbits, birds, and rats.

The baby, Thomas Sabin, whose portrait next appears, was a great blessing to his parents, who were people of no great weight, either in the literal or social acceptance of the term. For years he brought them ten pounds a week, his weight increasing, but his age almost standing still. He has a nice face, but few would care to dandle him on their knee. As we see him in the photo., this phenomenal baby is just turned two years of age, and weighs nearly *eight stone*. The child was born in Banbury, and was in no way remarkable for some considerable time. At length, however, little Tommy began to put on flesh so rapidly, that his parents, alarmed, sent for the local doctor, who in turn summoned a specialist from London. All this, of course, created some sensation, and in due time the inevitable showman came along with tempting offers.

It is more or less well known that vigilant agents are for ever scouring the universe, from Whitechapel to Central Africa, for

THE BIGGEST BABY IN THE WORLD.
From a Photo. by Hodge, Plymouth.

freaks of Nature—"refined freaks," as one showman remarked, whatever he meant by that. The famous "dime museum" is the habitat of human freaks; and America is the home of the dime museum. You will find one or more of these interesting institutions in every considerable town from Maine to California. The proprietor takes an empty shop or store in the principal street, rigs up a circular platform, and seats the freaks thereupon. Some waxworks or a cage of monkeys or lions are provided by way of adventitious free attractions; and perhaps there will be a "bijou theatre" at one side, in which fifteen minutes' performance is given at intervals; this latter, however, is an extra. But the freaks are the mainstay of the show. There they sit all day, beaming sympathetically on the inquisitive crowds who surge around them. There are fat ladies, Siamese twins, and skeleton men, bearded ladies and elastic-skinned people; giants and dwarfs; armless artists, and cave-dwelling pigmies; girls with hair of phenomenal length; people half black and half white; and countless other monstrosities whom to see is a nightmare.

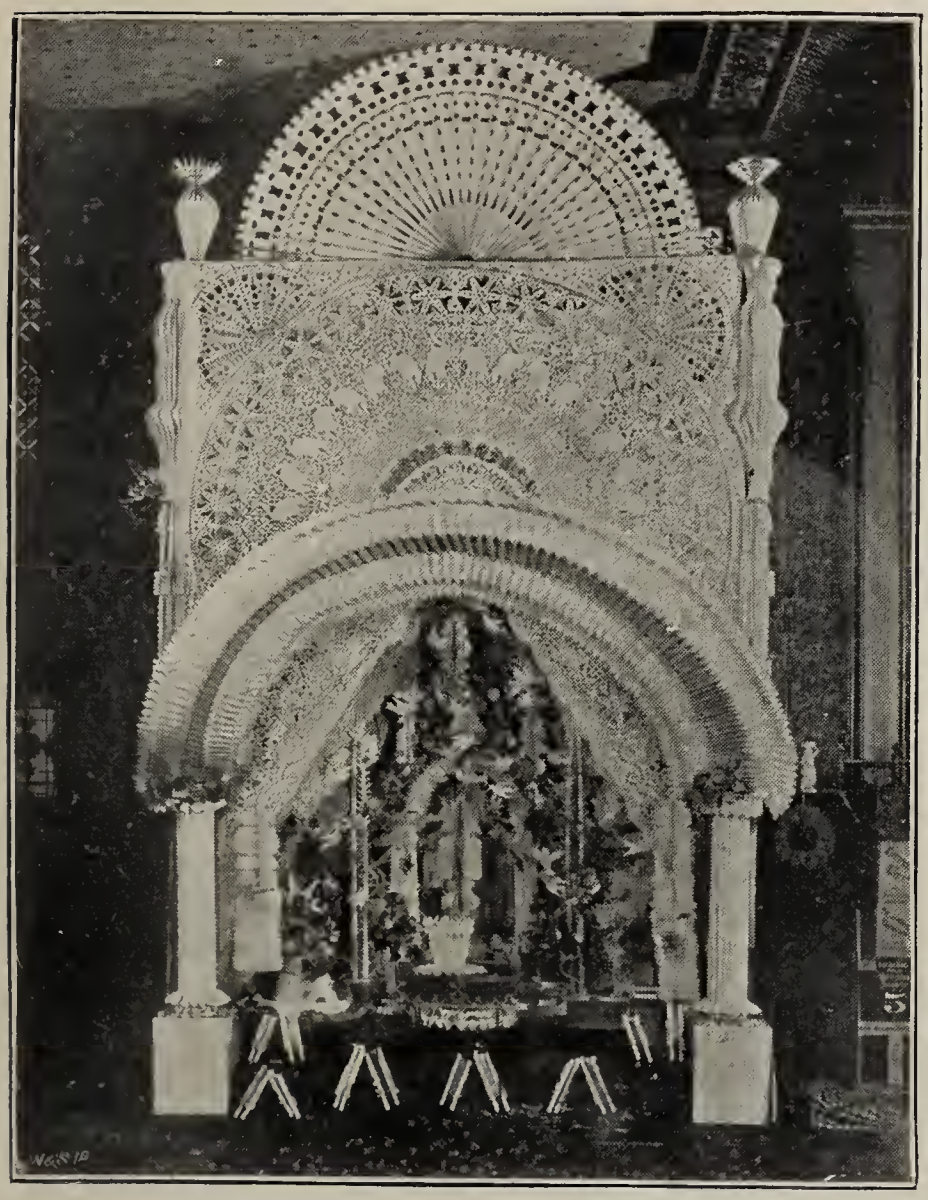
Every half-hour the official lecturer clears his raucous throat and proceeds to deliver the history of each freak, with many an impressive flourish, whilst the freak himself (or herself) glares down with conscious pride on his throng of admirers. Such is the typical dime museum.

The skeleton man, next seen, has been the round of innumerable shows in the Old and New Worlds. His wife and son are photographed with him, and are in no wise abnormal. On the other hand, freaks—particularly midgets — often marry among themselves, mainly for business reasons.

The etiquette of the side-show holds a superabundance of clothing highly improper. Freaks *must* exhibit a good deal of their person *in puris naturalibus*, so as to do away with any suspicion of humbug. For the side-show cannot exist in an atmosphere of scorn and doubt; enthusiasm, energy, earnestness—these are the notes that herald success and fortune.

By no means the least curious of the American side-shows is the kiosk of the professional paper-tearer, which is seen in the next illustration. The entire façade of this elaborate little structure is made wholly

THE SKELETON MAN WITH HIS WIFE AND SON.
From a Photo. by Chas. Eisenmann, New York.



KIOSK OF THE PROFESSIONAL PAPER-TEARER.
From a Photo. by Robinson & Roe, Chicago.

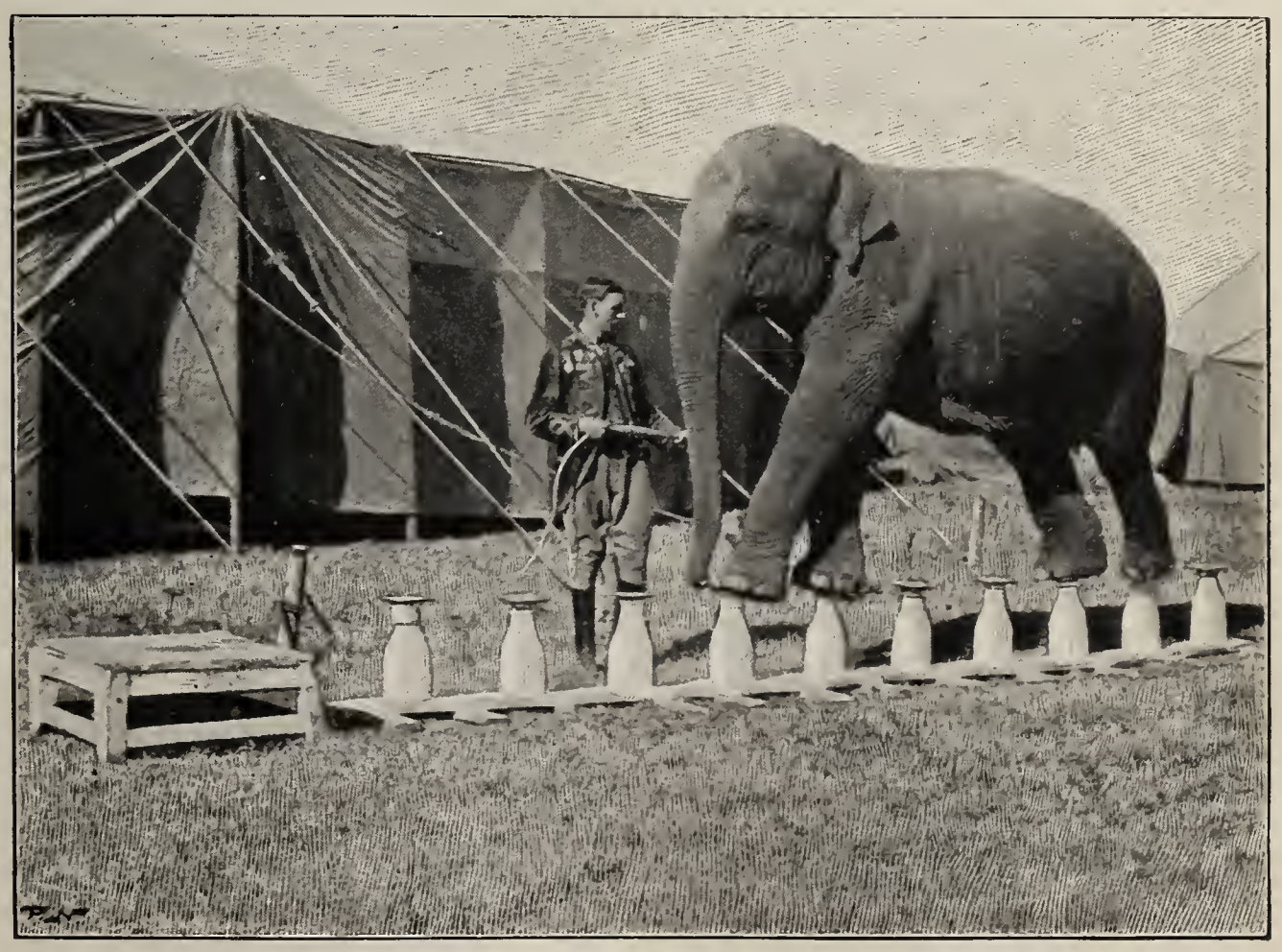
of paper torn into shape by the Professor himself, who boasts of using no other implements whatever than his own ten fingers. This is certainly very wonderful when one looks closely into the photograph and studies the delicate lace-work; the arch and columns and ornaments, and the flower-pots and birds within—all made of paper torn with the fingers.

But this unique artist had a somewhat ignoble end in view; as a fact, he sold a patent blacking, using his stall and his handiwork as a lure for the unwary, who were ultimately almost forced to buy.

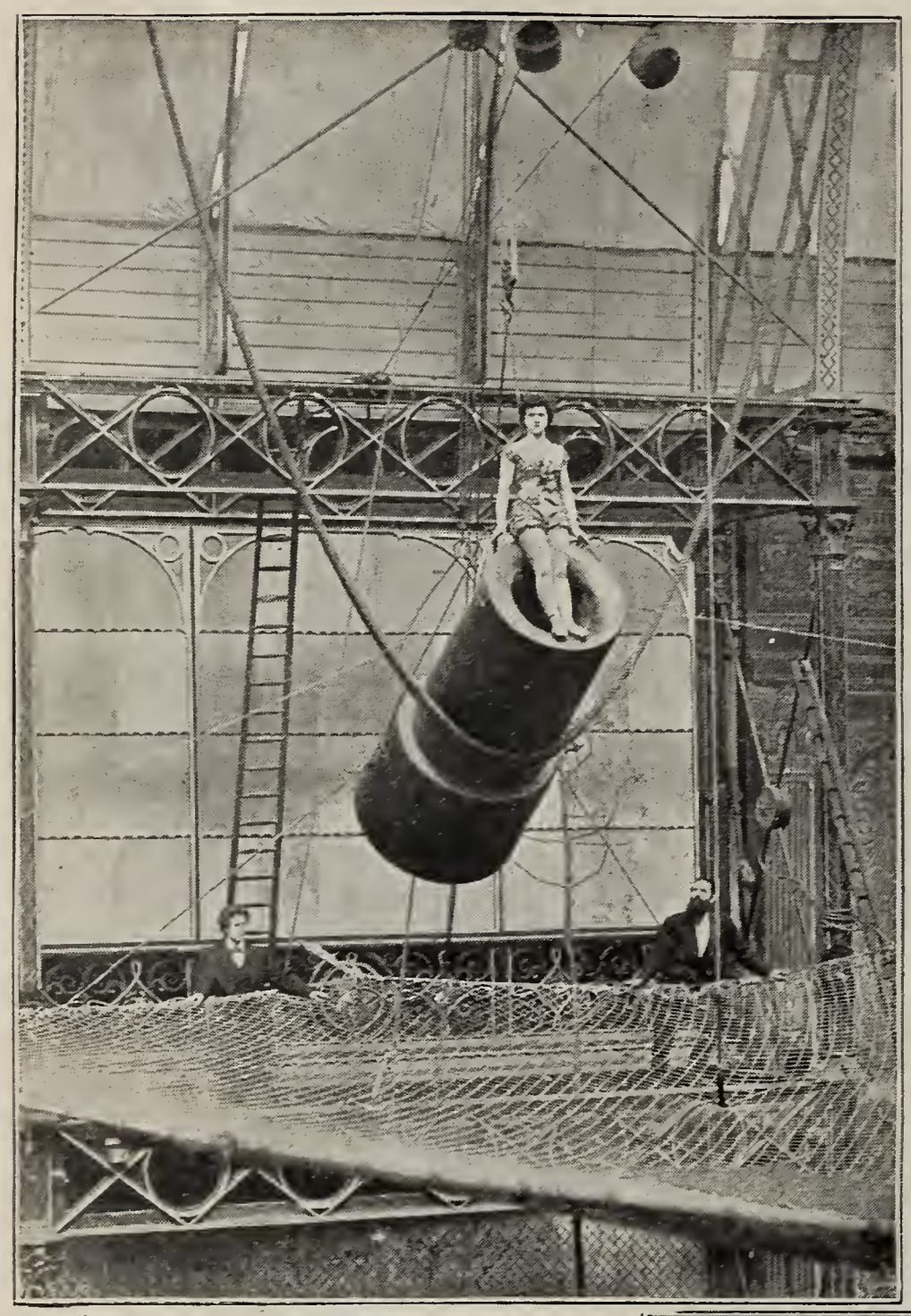
"Miraklus Cont'nental Sensation. The Mawvel o' the Age. A wild, fiery Hafrican Elephant walkin' on the tight-rope, an' a dawncin' on a row o' bottles." Thus overwhelmingly was our next side-show announced to the expectant crowd. What the wild, fiery one did do is seen in the photograph; and it certainly is an interesting spectacle to see the enormous brute picking its way with patient care along the "bottles," which, as one may judge, are massive blocks of wood mounted on substantial planks. There is a platform at either end, and on to this the elephant steps with an unmistakable air of relief, after having accomplished the perilous passage.

There is still a mint of money in the side-show business. Tom Thumb received £150 a week, yet his presence (scarcely "services," since he did nothing but strut about the platform) was worth double that sum to his proprietor.

It was the famous freak-hunter, Farini, who introduced to the London public Zazel — "a beautiful lady shot from a monstrous cannon." Zazel was paid £100 a week at the Royal Aquarium. The cannon itself, I gather, was a French patent concern; it was made of wood, painted to resemble steel. Inside there was an ingenious arrangement of powerful india-rubber springs, which acted upon the plate on which Zazel herself stood. The lady got right into the cannon and lay upon her back, her feet resting upon the plate that was to propel



AN ELEPHANT WALKING ON BOTTLES.



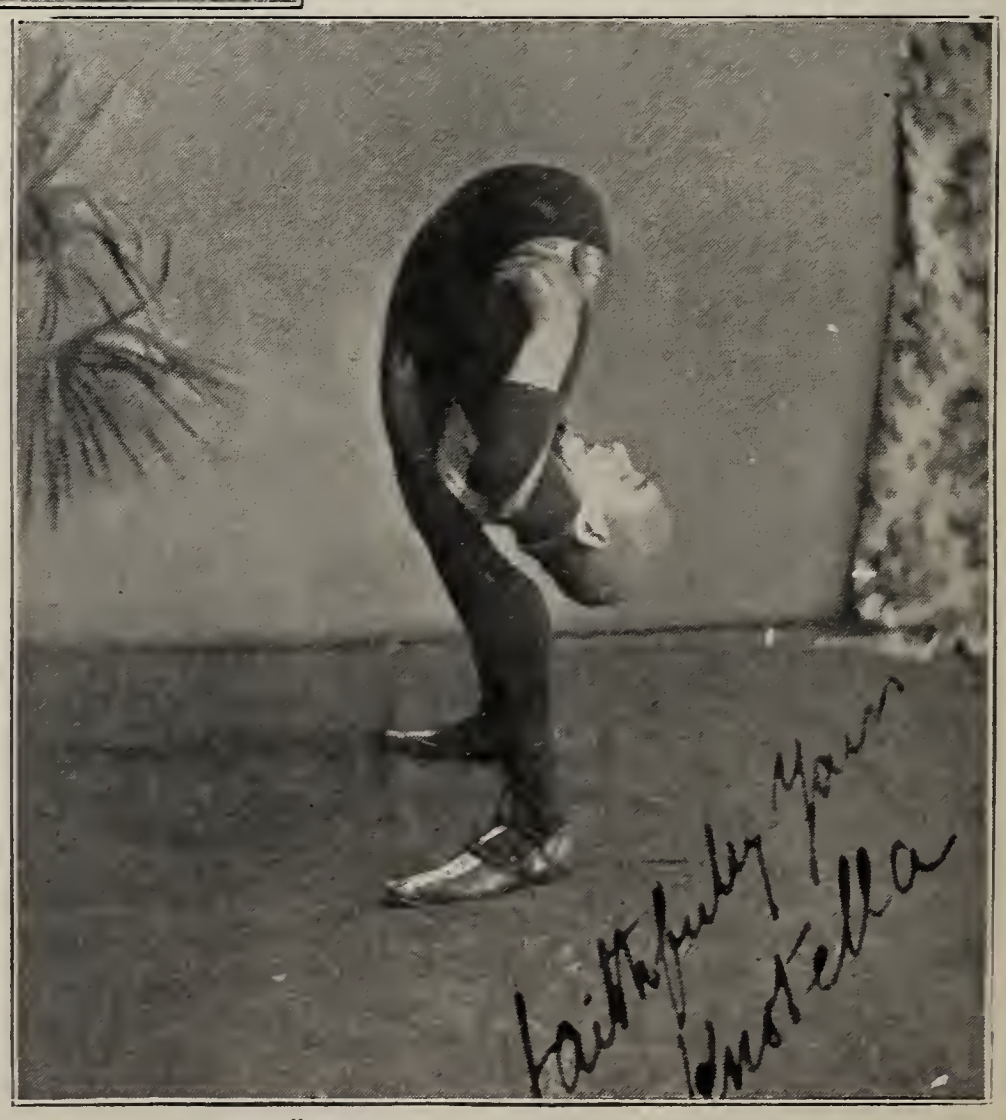
"A BEAUTIFUL LADY SHOT FROM A MONSTROUS CANNON."
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co

her. The whole thing was made wonderfully impressive. The showman called for perfect silence at so serious a moment, and the band stopped playing. A flaming torch was applied to a fuse and there was a terrific explosion—*outside the cannon*. Simultaneously "the beautiful woman" flew out from the muzzle some thirty-five feet, and ultimately dropped into the net below.

There is one peculiarity common to all freaks and human curiosities. Directly they enter the show business, they assume another name—a name more or less appropriate or descriptive. Thus, midgets will be "billed" as Princess Topaz, or Little Dot, or Captain Tiny; and fat ladies as Madame Tunwate, or some such inelegant but suggestive cognomen.

"Knotella," the contortionist, is a case in point. His real name—like the birth of Jeames—is "wropt up in a mistry." However, this photograph proves that the man can throw himself into most amazingly bizarre postures. It is an interesting fact, by the way, that photography plays a very important part in the lives of professionals of this sort. Suppose they live in Vienna, and want an engagement in London. They give their best possible show in a photographer's studio, and then send a complete set of photos. to the London agents, supplementing this photographic record of their entertainment with a full written description. The agents, in turn, place the photos. before the managers of the variety theatres; and thus an engagement may be definitely fixed without the performer leaving his home in a distant part of Europe.

It is difficult to say whether male or female contortionists ("benders," as they call themselves) are the more successful in assuming strange and fearful attitudes; certain it is that Knotella is run pretty close by a charming young lady whose professional name is Leonora. Clad in



"KNOTELLA" DOING HIS WONDERFUL BACKWARD BEND.
From a Photo. by Wilkinson & Moor, Manchester.

From a Photo. by] LEONORA AS "CONTEMPLATION." *[Meacham & Sabine, Youngstown.*

snaky, scaly tights, Leonora throws herself into postures that simply baffle description.

In the first photo. the lady is seen in an extraordinary attitude of quiet contemplation, her body hidden altogether. In the next

LEONORA POSING AS A "HUMAN BOAT."
From a Photo. by Meacham & Sabine, Youngstown.

she has formed herself into a kind of ship, with a decidedly prepossessing figure-head. This contortionist tells me she practises incessantly, and is for ever trying to devise some new and startling posture which, without being in any way repulsive to an audience, will yet demonstrate the marvellous pliability of the human frame.

The pony, lamb, and dog seen in the accompanying photograph are a diminutive trio, and they go through their performance without extraneous assistance of any sort. A highly ornamental kind of stall is provided for the pony, and, standing in this, he faces the audience. On a plush-covered canopy over his back stands the lamb, whilst the dog sits on a sort of third story above. Presently, out trots the pony for a gallop round, and as he passes the tier of canopies for the third time, the lamb skilfully leaps down on to his broad back. Then comes another round or two of this jockeying, and when the little dog thinks the public are in need of a new sensation, down *he* jumps on to the lamb's back, and round they all go, looking as if they really enjoyed it. In turn the riders watch their opportunity and regain their platforms, and at length the pony backs into the lower stall, to receive his share of well-merited applause.

Mr. John Chambers, the "Armless Wonder," when not side-showing, keeps a comfortable little shop at 697A, Old Kent Road. The famous Indian Armless Boy, who created such a sensation in America, didn't have to shave, or travel on the railway by himself, or use a latch-key, or put on boots, or read the daily papers, or write letters, or make himself useful in the house as becomes the father of grown-up girls. Mr. Chambers does all these things, and more. Never shall I forget his performance before

THREE PERFORMERS WHO GIVE A SHOW ON THEIR OWN ACCOUNT.
From a Photo. by G. Wacker & C. Knoth, Hamburg.

MR. CHAMBERS, THE ARMLESS WONDER, SHAVING HIMSELF WITH HIS FOOT.

a railway booking-office. He asked for the ticket, and while the clerk was getting it, the right laceless shoe was off, followed by the stocking, revealing a wondrously white, sensitive foot, with a wedding-ring on the second toe. Like lightning this foot was lifted and dipped into the low inside pocket of an Inverness cape, and next moment, simultaneously with the production of the ticket, the exact fare was "planked" smartly down on the ledge.

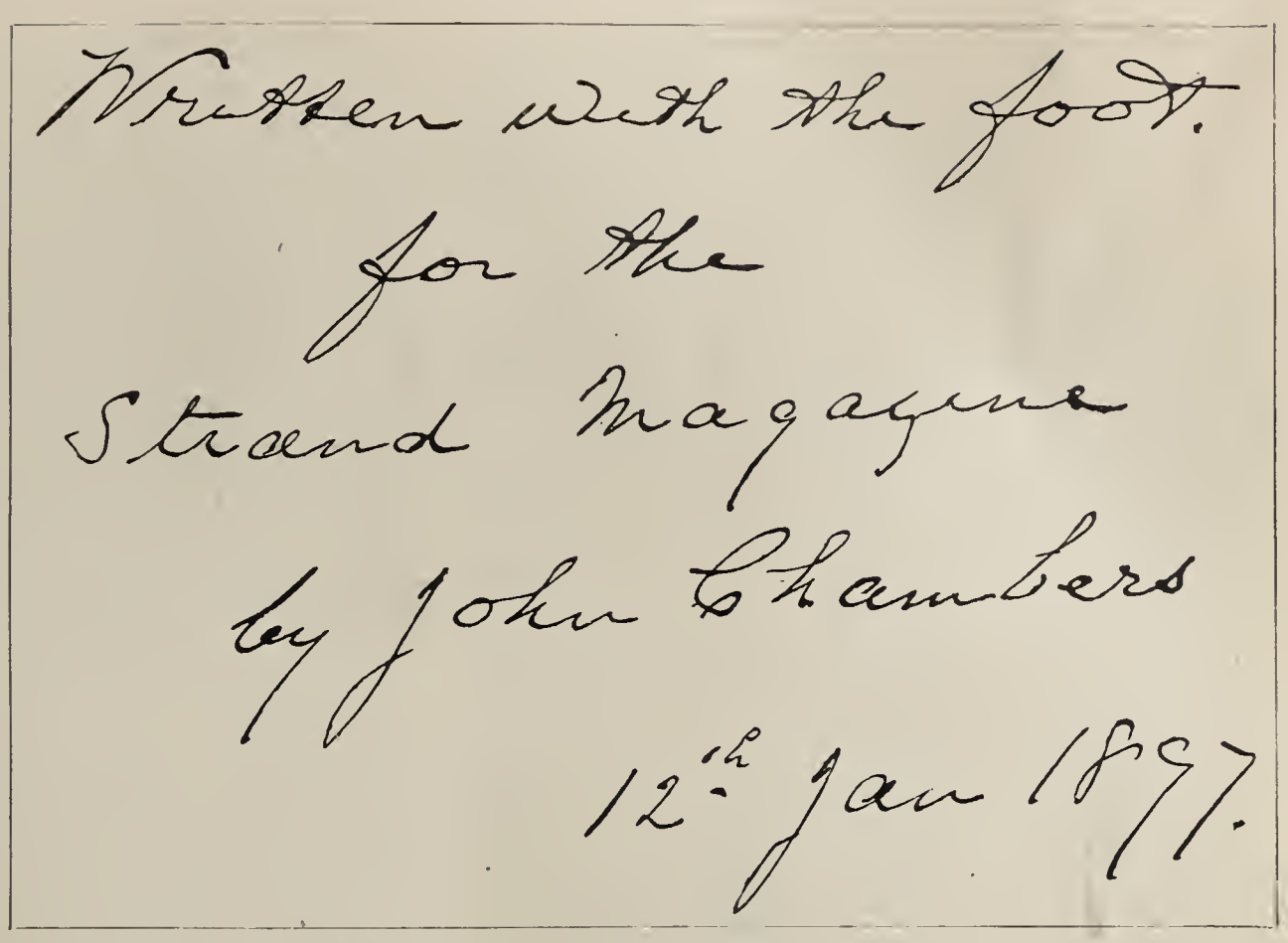
There is hardly a single thing which ordinary men do with their hands that Mr. Chambers cannot do with his feet. He owes the inception of his invaluable training to his mother, who, as she saw her baby kicking on the hearth-rug—as babies will—conceived the idea of teaching him to use his feet as other children do their hands.

The result of life-long practice in this direction is perfectly astounding. Look at Mr. Chambers shaving himself, in the first photograph. The plentiful lathering, the sure touch and sweep of the keen razor over throat and face—these must be seen to be realized. I have hinted that Mr. Chambers is useful in the house. He uses with his feet mallet and chisel, saw and hammer, as well as any expert carpenter; and he points with justifiable pride to floor-cloths laid, and meat-safes, writing-desks, and other domestic articles manufactured entirely by himself.

Chambers is one of a family of six boys, and all his brothers are perfectly formed. The second photograph shows this wonderful armless man having a little musical evening at home. He is playing the cornet, whilst his eldest daughter presides at the piano. I repeat, there is virtually nothing that Mr. Chambers cannot

A QUIET MUSICAL EVENING.

do with his feet. Mr. Chambers also conducts his own correspondence, business and private. That he writes a very creditable "hand" will be evident from the following specimen, which he was good enough to write specially for this article.



SPECIMEN OF MR. CHAMBERS'S WRITING WITH HIS FOOT.

Kert Louw, the Bushman Chief, is the next side-show to figure in our gallery. Here is his story in brief. A great showman, who must be nameless, chanced to be exhibiting a Zulu troupe in London, when he was approached by a certain South African millionaire, financially interested in side-shows. "Why don't you bring over some pigmy earthmen?" suggested the millionaire; and the suggestion found favour in the sight of the showman. He accordingly dispatched an expedition, whose leader was instructed to proceed to Cape Town, and work northwards from there in search of the pigmy races. The expedition was assisted by the Cape Government officials. Said one of these latter: "Apply to Kert Louw, the Bushman Chief of the Kalahari Desert; he will get a whole tribe for you, if you like." But Kert Louw was not in favour at the time, and so was not easy to find. As a fact, a price of £100 was put on his head by the Cape Government, to whom he was something of a scourge by reason of mail robberies and murders on a huge scale.

But promises and guarantees at length brought the chief from his hiding-place, and he agreed to produce so many "earthmen" in return for a stated number of sheep and goats, and a quantity of tobacco, powder, and Cape "smoke," or vile brandy.

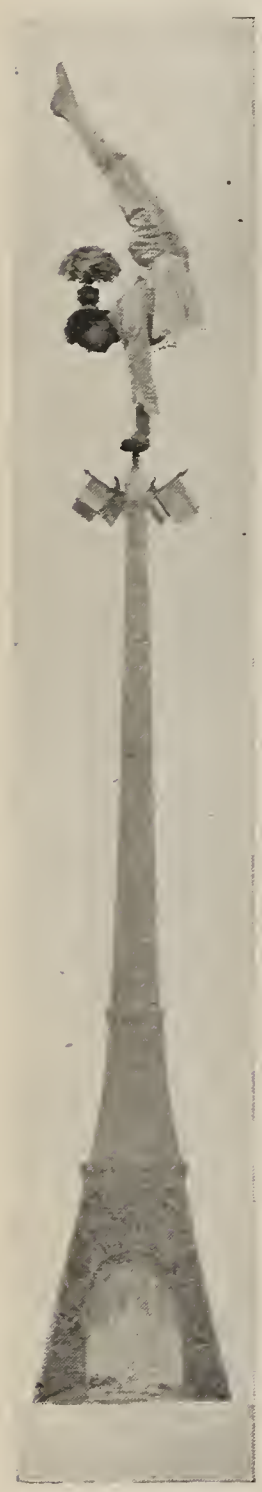
Thus the expedition was successful. In fact, it not only carried off the so-called earthmen, but it also managed to smuggle out of the country Kert Louw himself; and the Bushman Chief's photo. is here reproduced. Clad in unaccustomed garb, he became part of the show; and he only secured his release and return to his native wilds by a ruse quite in keeping with the cunning indicated in his villainous countenance. Having noticed that the showman-in-chief was passionately fond of diamonds, Kert Louw took him aside one day and assured him by all his gods that he knew of a diamond mine that would utterly efface the fame of Kimberley.

KERT LOUW—THE BUSHMAN CHIEF.

The showman subsequently announced to his subordinates that he was about to re-visit Africa, accompanied by the Bushman, on another freak hunt. So Kert Louw was taken out to the Cape in the gorgeous state-room of a Union liner, and conveyed up country in grand style — only to disappear from the showman's side and be lost in the wilderness. It was not a freak hunt, nor even a mine hunt—merely a wild-goose chase.

The three photographs next reproduced of Sadi Alfarabi, and his striking "business," give an excellent notion of what the great pro-

fessional equilibrists of the world can accomplish. Sadi is a Russian by birth, and every single member of his family was an acrobat, each vying with the other in devising startling feats wherewith to take Europe by storm.



SADI ALFARABI ON THE TOWER.

In the first photo. we see Sadi standing on his hands on the summit of a miniature Eiffel Tower 30ft. high. A shaded oil-lamp is balanced on the back of his head; and as the point that supports him is movable, he revolves slowly on his perilous eminence. The second photo. shows the equilibrist performing a peculiarly difficult feat — walking on his hands on four billiard cues, his legs perfectly perpendicular in the air. He tells me that this hurts his hands exceedingly, and is likewise a severe strain on the muscles of the back. The third feat of the Russian performer shown here is considered the most difficult ever attempted by an equilibrist. It is really a very miracle of balancing. The chairs are in no sense trick chairs; they are not particularly light or frail, but solidity and weight are absolutely necessary to the accomplishment of such a feat. This photograph, as well as others, gives one an idea of the trouble which foreign speciality artistes take to insure that their photographs shall do them justice. There is the labour of dressing; the conveyance to the studio of all necessary "properties"; and last, but by no means least, the actual successful accomplishment of the feat, which must be sustained until after the crucial moment of uncovering the lens. And after all this the photos. may be utter failures! While I am on this subject, I may mention that on one occasion, in Buda Pesth, Sadi Alfarabi, whilst posing for the chair feat, incontinently collapsed in the photographer's studio. A fresh camera was afterwards necessary, likewise a fresh photographer.

WALKING ON BILLIARD CUES.

A MARVELLOUS BALANCING ACT.
From Photos. by Lawson & Powers, California.

(To be continued.)

[I have quite a budget of grateful acknowledgments to make to the following well-known impresarios and entertainment caterers, for the loan of their interesting photos. reproduced in this article: Messrs. Warner and Co., of Wellington Street; Nathan and Summers, 10, Henrietta Street; W. B. Healey and Son, 17, Great Marlborough Street; J. Woolf, of "Wonderland," Whitechapel; and Read and Bailey, of the Agricultural Hall.]

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXXIV.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

FADED STARS.

IN this, its third Session, it becomes more than ever clear that the Fourteenth Parliament of Queen Victoria will not vary the level of respectable commonplace which has prevailed in the House of Commons in recent times. As far as individuality is concerned, the Parliament of 1874-80 marks the high tide. That was the assembly that provided a platform on which were played the high jinks of Major O'Gorman, Mr. Biggar, Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell, Dr. Kenealy, Sir John Astley, Mr. Tom Connelly, Mr. David Davies, Mr. Delahunty, with his one-pound notes; Mr. McCarthy Downing, Mr. Plimsoll, and his famous achievement of standing on one leg and shaking his fist at the Speaker; Sir John Elphinstone, Mr. David McIver, honest John Martin, the Chevalier O'Clery, J. P. Ronayne, one of the wittiest of Irishmen: Dr. O'Leary, whose vote Dizzy won at a critical epoch by telling him almost with tears in his eyes how he reminded him of "my old friend Tom Moore"; Captain Stackpoole, Mr. Smollet, great grand nephew of the novelist and historian, who effectively reproduced in the House the manners of Humphrey Clinker; Mr. Whalley, with his grave suspicion of Mr. Newdegate, whom he once accused of being a Jesuit in disguise; Mr. Newdegate, with his funereal voice, his solemn manner, and his pocket-handkerchief of the hue of the Scarlet Lady whose existence disturbed his hours sleeping or waking—all these lived in the Parliament of 1874–80. All, all are gone, and there is none to take their place.

THE ADMIRAL.

I see I have omitted the Admiral from the list, which proves its abundant fulness. Yet, perhaps, of all the characters in that memorable Parliament, the Admiral was the most subtly humoristic. His proper style was Sir William Edmonstone, Bart., C.B., member for Stirlingshire. In the House he was never known by any other name than "the Admiral." Through the long Sessions of the '74 Parliament there was no more constant attendant than the Admiral, seated midway on the bench immediately behind Her Majesty's Ministers. Strangers in the gallery, attracted by certain growlings suggestive of limited allowance of rum in the forecastle, grew familiar with the spare figure, surmounted by a small head, from which the hand of Time had gently but firmly plucked the greater part of the hair. They knew and liked the thin, resolute looking face, with frail vestiges of whiskers, the mouth marked with lines telling of threescore years and ten.

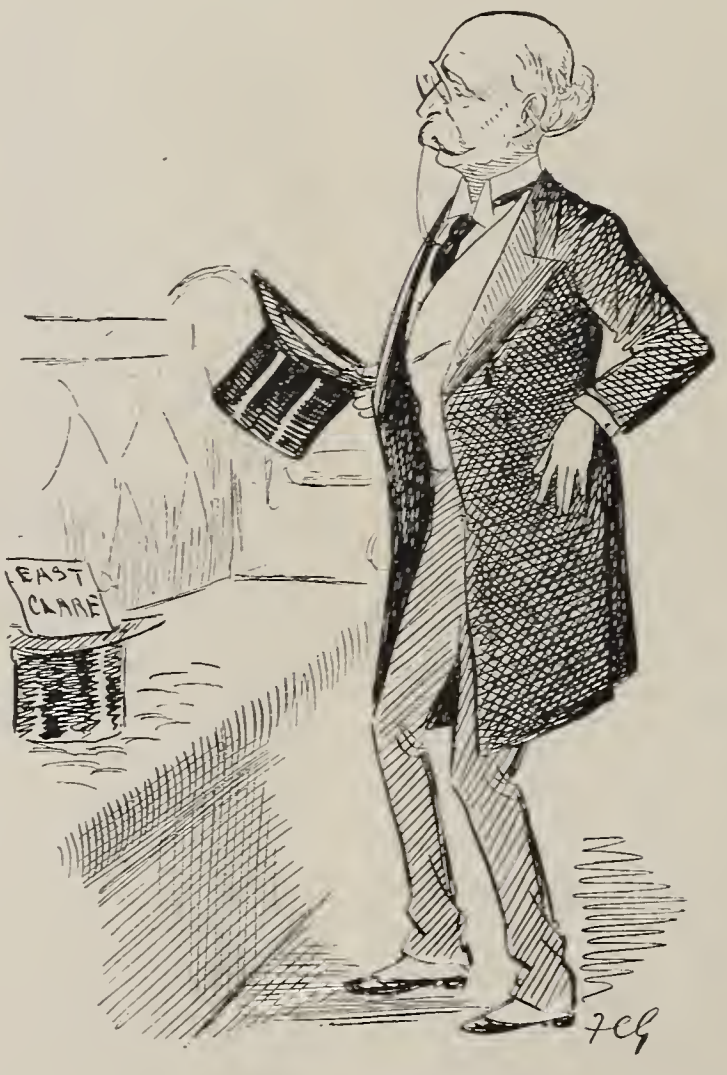
In February, 1874, the Admiral came in with a crowd of new members, absolutely an unknown man. Circumstances had not been favourable to the development of that political acumen later developed in remarkable degree. Afloat or ashore, he had served his Queen and his country full fifty years. It was not by any fault of his that the only time he smelt gunpowder fiercely fired was when, as a lad of sixteen, a midshipman on the *Sybille*, he came across some pirates in the Archipelago. Since then the Admiral was present at many desperate actions, chiefly taking place in the House of Commons. He saw right honourable pirates on the Front Bench opposite again and again attempt to board the Treasury Bench, he standing by and cheering whilst the bold Ben Dizzy beat them off.

There were many things misty to the mind of the Admiral. One he could not comprehend was the perversity that would lead a member of the House, in whatsoever quarter he might be seated, to challenge a decision on the part of even a subordinate member of the Administration. Sir William Harcourt used to take great delight in "drawing" the Admiral. This was not a difficult thing to accomplish. Express in plain terms the conviction that the Government had blundered; say that a particular Minister had done something he ought not to have done, or left undone that which he should have done. Thereupon the House, wickedly watching for the consequence, beheld the Admiral, hitherto quiescent, begin to move as a river-boat rocks when caught in the swell of a passing steamer. He tossed petulantly from side to side, thrust one hand deep in his trouser pocket, brushed with the other his scanty locks, as he rested his elbow on the back of the bench. Finally, seizing a copy of the Orders of the Day, the Admiral, his lips angrily pursed, his brow black as thunder, began furiously to fan himself.

If the attack proceeded, he indulged in a series of coughs, the like of which was never heard on land or sea; at first eloquently expostulatory, then indignantly denunciatory, finally hopelessly despairing.

Early in the career of the Parnellites the Admiral devoted much attention to them. But for him, as for his esteemed leaders, they proved too much. During the Session of 1877, when organized obstruction was in full play, the Admiral was known to cough himself hoarse, and in a single night to use up, in the process of fanning himself, five copies of the Orders abstracted from unconscious members sitting near him. Mr. Parnell went on as had been his wont. Mr. Biggar took no note of the frantic semaphore signals made in his direction. Mr. O'Donnell blankly regarded the irate old gentleman with the added aggravation of an eye-glass.

In the course of time the Admiral accepted the Parnellites with the sort of pained resignation with which a man submits to untoward climatic phenomena. When one of them rose to speak, the gallant old salt, with a low groan, turned his face to the wall. Only an occasional tremor of the nervously folded Orders showed he was listening and in pain. The Admiral passed away with the Disraelian Parliament, and his type we shall never see more at Westminster.



A HORRIBLE DISCOVERY.

THE IRISH QUARTER.

When the new Parliament elected in 1892 met, and the Liberal Party, long straying in the wilderness, crossed over into the Canaan whose plains smile to the right of the Speaker's Chair, the Irish members, according to their wont, remained in their old quarters on the Opposition side. This was a piece of tactics suggested, I believe, by the late A. M. Sullivan. Certainly it was adopted under the leadership of Mr. Parnell. Up to 1880 the Irish members, Nationalist first and Liberals afterwards, were accustomed to follow the movements of the British Liberal Party. They sat with them in Opposition, and when the Liberals regained office, they crossed the floor in their wake. When the election of 1880 put Mr. Gladstone in power, the Parnellites, to the dismay and openly expressed disgust of the Conservative nobility and gentry, resolved to stay where they had been quartered when Parliament was dissolved. They were in full exercise of their right; and, accordingly, country squires, sons of peers, University men, and wealthy manufacturers had to grin and bear the company of Mr. Biggar, Mr. O'Donnell, Mr. Finnigan, and the rest.

There was no pride about Lord Randolph Churchill, and, when he had established himself in the leadership of the Fourth Party, he found the contiguity of the Parnellites highly convenient. He and they were joined in the yoke of common enmity to Mr. Gladstone and all his works. In those days, the Irish Nationalist member was in the House of Commons regarded in a light difficult for a younger generation to realize. He was a sort of political leper, with whom no man would associate. Quite a sensation was created when, from time to time, Lord Randolph Churchill was seen to turn round and converse with Mr. Healy or Mr. O'Donnell, who usually sat immediately behind his corner post.

A CUCKOO IN A DOVE'S NEST.

All that is changed now. Old members have even grown accustomed to Irish members being referred to by Ministers and ex-Ministers as "my hon. and learned friend." (Note.—Nearly all Irish Nationalist members have been called to the Bar.) Nevertheless when, in the first week parties settled down in the House of Commons elected in 1892, Mr. Willie Redmond was discovered seated on the fourth bench above the gangway on the Opposition side, something like a shudder ran through the Conservative host. That is the quarter of the House where, when the Conservatives are in Opposition, the flower of the Squirearchy

blooms. To indicate its precise bearing, it suffices to say that the bench Mr. Redmond marked for his own was the very one frequented by Sir Walter Barttelot when his side were in Opposition.

For Redmond Minor, above all Irish members, to plant himself out there was a procedure relieved only from the charge of effrontery by suspicion of a joke. There was no use trying to forestall him. Patriot squires banded themselves together, taking turn and turn about to be early at the House with design to secure all the seats on this bench. At whatever hour they arrived, they found on the seat next but one to that sacred to the memory of Sir Walter Barttelot a hat they recognised as hailing from East Clare.

The owner was always in his place at prayer-time to establish the claim he had thus pegged out. But men, like eels, grow accustomed by use to all extremes of adversity. After a while Mr. W. Redmond endeared himself to his immediate circle of neighbours by loudly interrupting Mr. Gladstone when he spoke on Irish matters, and by, from time to time, blandly inquiring across the gangway of Mr. Tim Healy: "Who killed Parnell?"

"WHO KILLED PARNELL?"

MR. REARDON.

A very old member of the House, who sits in this quarter when the Conservatives are in Opposition, recalls the company of another Irish member of eccentric habits. This was Mr. Reardon, who, some thirty years ago, represented a borough constituency. He had made his fortune at the auctioneer's rostrum, and when he took to politics, he shrewdly threw in his lot with what in later times have been called "the gentlemen of England." The Conservatives were then in power, and Mr. Reardon, as a faithful follower of Lord Derby and a moneyed man withal, sat on the fourth bench behind Ministers.

He had acquired an odd habit of slipping off his boots as a preliminary to going to sleep over an argument. The sight, and something more, of a pair of stockinged feet greatly irritated his neighbours. They dropped many hints of their preference for boots. But, more especially in hot weather, Mr. Reardon never failed to kick off his boots as a preliminary to settling down to close attention to debate.

One night he was in this condition when a division was challenged. A happy thought struck an honourable and long-suffering member who sat near him. Taking the brogues gingerly between finger and thumb, he passed out behind the Speaker's Chair, hiding the things under one of the benches at the back of the Chair.

Mr. Reardon, thoroughly comfortable about the feet, slept on whilst the question was put, and did not even awake when the Speaker called "Ayes to the right, noes to the left." The bustle of the parting hosts at length aroused him. The House was evidently dividing, and he had not the slightest idea what it was about. It was of small consequence, as the Whip would show him into which lobby he should walk. Easy on that score, he felt down for his boots, and, lo! they were not. He got down on his knees, peered all along under the bench, but, like the Spanish Fleet, they were not yet in sight.

The House was now nearly empty. The Speaker was regarding his movements with grave attention. The Whips at the doorway were impatiently signalling. There was only one thing to be done, and Mr. Reardon did it. He went forth and voted in his stockinged feet.

A GRATEFUL POLITICIAN.

The old member recalls yet another story about Mr. Reardon. When he came forward in the Conservative interest, the Lord Lieutenant of the day did everything, that one in his position might do discreetly, to assist the candidate. When Mr. Reardon won the seat, and called to pay his respects at the Viceregal Lodge, His Excellency jocularly remarked that the new member owed much to him, and that he really deserved some reward. Mr. Reardon was delighted. Touching the Lord Lieutenant lightly in the ribs, he whispered in his ear:—

"Certainly, my lord. I won't forget. There's a neat little bracelet in gold at the disposal of her ladyship."

It was not without some difficulty that the alarmed Lord Lieutenant succeeded in averting the consequences of his little joke.

SIR JOHN TENNIEL'S EARLIEST CARTOON.

The British public, long familiar with Sir John Tenniel's weekly cartoon in *Punch*, are not aware that this master in black and white at the outset of his career worked in colours. Nearly half a century ago he entered into competition for engagement to contribute to the frescoes on the walls of the then new Houses of Parliament. He was selected, together with Mr. Maclise, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Horsley, and Mr. Dyce, who have since all achieved the position of R.A.

In this respect, and in one other much more satisfactory, Sir John Tenniel stands in a position of splendid isolation. Very shortly after the frescoes were completed, the paintings began to disappear. As early as 1863, nine years after the completion of the work in the upper Waiting-Hall, the Fine Arts Commission reported the paintings to be partially decaying. Since then decay has spread, till, at the present day, some of the panels are blank save for suspicion of a smudge to be detected under a strong light. The one exception to the common lot is Tenniel's fresco of "St. Cecilia," to be found on the staircase leading down from the Committee-room corridor to the central lobby.

For some years patient and well-directed effort has been made to restore the other frescoes, but without effect. "St. Cecilia," on the contrary, having been dusted and cleaned with bread, was found to be in a fair state of preservation. It has lately received two coats of a paraffin wax solution invented by Professor Church, and all that is now wanted is a fairly good light in which it might be seen. The secret of this rare triumph is found, as in the case of other and older Masters, in the preparation and manipulation of colours. When the stripling Tenniel came to his work in 1849 it occurred to him that the best way to confront the peculiar difficulties of the case was to paint very thinly without impasto. In fact, he hardly did more than stain with his colours the white ground of the wall. Yet this is the one that has lasted, whilst Mr. Herbert's fresco, Mr. Horsley's, and the rest, dealt with what looked like fuller grip, and certainly with more colour, have vanished, leaving scarce a tone of colour behind.

A TERRIBLE OFFENCE.

There is, Professor Church says, no parallel to this case of a pure fresco which, for nearly half a century, has successfully resisted the influence of the London atmosphere, more especially as it is developed in contiguity to the Thames.

THE STRANGERS' GALLERY.

Considering how keen is the interest excited by Parliamentary proceedings, how high political feeling occasionally runs, it is remarkable how rare are the interruptions to debate by strangers indulging even in an ejaculation. The most common outbreak from the Strangers' Gallery takes the form of clapping hands. Some village Hampden on a visit to town, making his way to the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons, listening entranced to an impassioned speech, gives vent to his feelings in the ordinary way by clapping his hands. That is what is usually done in similar circumstances at meetings in the country he is

NOTICE TO QUIT.

accustomed to attend. Why it should be different in the House of Commons he does not at the moment realize. Full opportunity for thinking the matter over is invariably provided, he being summarily led forth by the attendant and conducted to the door of the outer lobby.

A VOICE FROM THE PRESS GALLERY.

The funniest disorderly interruption to debate I ever heard in the House of Commons passed undetected by the authorities. At the time, some years back, there was still in the Press Gallery a very old member. He had, in fact, been in the gallery so long, had heard so many speeches, seen so many processions of members coming and going, that familiarity had justified its proverbial consequence of breeding contempt. Perhaps of all members of the House, the one J. had the most rooted dislike for was Mr. Gladstone. This was partly based on political grounds, J. being from birth and associations a high old Tory of the Church-and-State kind. The objection was possibly nurtured by the fact that Mr. Gladstone was a voluminous speaker, whom it was necessary to report fully, and when, towards midnight, a man got a ten minute or quarter of an hour "turn," it meant unduly prolonged labour.

EVICTION.

Next to Mr. Gladstone, J. mostly disliked his own misguided countrymen, the Irish Nationalist members. As it was not always necessary to report what they said, he had the opportunity of listening, and was accustomed to growl out a commentary upon their speeches. One night, after dinner, Mr. Sexton introduced into his discourse a statement that particularly irritated J.

"No, no," he cried, in audible voice, shaking his head reprovingly at the member for Sligo.

Standing in his accustomed place below the gangway, at the other end of the House, Mr. Sexton distinctly heard the contradiction.

"An honourable member above the gangway," he observed, "says, 'No, no.'"

Members in the quarter addressed protested that they had not spoken, but Mr. Sexton had heard the contradiction, and in an aside of some length demonstrated its ineptitude.

J. was remarkably silent for the rest of his turn.

It was not he, but a venerable and esteemed colleague who, at the end of a quarter of an hour's "turn," during which reporters to right and left of him had been taking verbatim note of an important speech by Mr. Gladstone, was accustomed to bend over and in a hoarse whisper inquire, "What line is he taking?"

AN ANCIENT PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICE.

The other day I saw treasured in a private library what is perhaps the earliest collection of Parliamentary speeches. They were delivered by Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, father of the more famous Francis Lord Verulam, and were spoken in successive Parliaments of Queen Elizabeth. The addresses are written out on parchment that has withstood the wear and tear of more than three centuries. Half-way down one of the speeches is a break marked by this note: "Hereafter ffolloweth that I intended to have saide if I had not byn countermaunded."

Here is consolatory suggestion for Parliament men in a reign that has lasted longer than Queen Elizabeth's. In Mr. Courtney's case, mentioned last month (when on a Wednesday afternoon he talked out a Woman's Rights Bill he had risen to support), had he been aware of the precedent, and disposed to follow it, he might have averted calamity to the measure in which he took such generous interest. Had he been content to discontinue his prepared speech at the point where interruption grew boisterous he might, on the next morning, have pasted in a book of pleasant reference whatever measure of report the newspapers gave. Then, with the prefatory note, "Hereafter followeth what I intended to have said if I had not been countermanded," might follow at length the precious apothegms whose delivery had

been checked by the noise of inconsiderate persons wearying to get home.

DUCAL DUPLICITY.

In the recently published life of Philip Duke of Wharton there leaps to light a record usefully illustrating the standard of morality in those "good old" Parliamentary times, whose lapse we occasionally hear deplored. When Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, was arraigned on a charge of treasonable conspiracy against good King George, Wharton espoused his cause and undertook the task of defending him before the House of Lords. When the indictment had proceeded a certain length, the Bishop's friends became anxious to know whether all had been alleged, or whether the representatives of the Crown had any cards up their sleeve. Wharton undertook to find out. He called upon Sir Robert Walpole, at the Prime Minister's residence in Chelsea, and protested his poignant regret at having hitherto adopted a line of conduct distasteful to the King and hurtful to his faithful Minister. By way of atonement he now offered to join in the denunciation of Atterbury, and begged the Premier to coach him up on the subject of the Bishop's guilt.

Walpole, delighted to secure so important a recruit on the Ministerial side, told him everything. Next day the Duke appeared in his place in the House of Lords, and with a thorough knowledge of the strong and weak points of the prosecution upon which the Premier had dilated for his instruction, he delivered a powerful speech in favour of the Bishop!

LORD ELCHO IN TWO PIECES.

It is happily impossible to parallel this achievement from modern Parliamentary records. The nearest approach to it, far removed from its slippery footing, was Lord Elcho's double dealing with the Derby Day. In the Session of 1890 he, in a speech that disclosed a real humorist, moved the adjournment of the House over the Derby Day. Two years later, in a discourse equally witty and not less convincing, he seconded an amendment by Sir Wilfrid Lawson traversing the proposal that the House should make holiday on account of the race on Epsom Downs.

That is obviously a very different thing from the deliberate turpitude of the Georgian Duke. It marks the higher standard of morality which governs Parliamentary life of to-day that the House of Commons was vaguely shocked, being only partially reassured by suspicion that it was all a joke. There may be no connection between the events, but it is certain that on the following day, the House having resolved to sit in spite of the Derby, no quorum was forthcoming, and within three weeks Parliament was dissolved.

CABINET COUNCILS.

No unalterable rule orders the location of a Cabinet Council. Through the Parliamentary Session it not infrequently happens that a consultation of Cabinet Ministers is summoned upon some news of the moment, and meets in the room of the First Lord of the Treasury. It is not formally called a Cabinet Council, or so recorded, with the list of Ministers present, in the papers of the next day. But it is really the same thing, and occasionally leads to exceptionally important conclusions.

In the ordinary course of events, Cabinet Councils are held in a large room on the first floor of the official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury in Downing Street. It was from this room that on a historic occasion, whilst awaiting a critical message from Constantinople, Mr. Gladstone's colleagues in his second Administration adjourned to the scanty walled-garden at the back of No. 10, Downing Street. A Government clerk chancing, in the rare leisure of a day's work, to look out of the window, happed upon the scene and sketched it, showing Lord Granville seated at a small table playing chess with a colleague, whilst the momentous message still tarried on the wires.

The room in which the Cabinet Council sit is plainly furnished, something after the style of the dining-room in a well-to-do boarding-house in the neighbourhood of Russell Square. One notes the double windows, a precaution not necessary to exclude sound from without, for though in the heart of London Downing Street is, back and front, one of its quietest dwelling-places. Possibly the device was adopted as final precaution against sounds from within escaping.

THE YELLOW WINDOW BLIND.

There lingers round the Chamber a tradition of the Cabinets of 1868–74 which took much wear and tear out of the Council-room. There was, at that epoch, a hideous yellow blind attached to one of the windows. In the course of some remarks on the Irish Education Bill, which led to the Ministerial crisis of 1873, Mr. Gladstone, restlessly walking to and fro, tugged at the blind as he passed it, displacing the

cord. The blind stuck fast half-way down on a painful slant. Mr. Disraeli, coming into power on the crest of the wave of the General Election of 1874, found the stranded yellow blind in precisely the position it had been left by Mr. Gladstone's undesigned effort. One of the weekly illustrated papers published in July, 1874, a sketch of the new Cabinet Council, which incidentally preserves the condition of the wrecked window-blind.

A CABINET COUNCIL OF TWO.

The daily newspapers are not backward in providing on the following morning outline sketches of events taking place within the jealously-guarded portals of the Cabinet Council. On the whole, for those having regard for accuracy, it is better to await the later appearance of letters and diaries, either of dead-and-gone Cabinet Ministers or of men intimately connected with Ministerial circles.

"COLD, ISN'T IT, ARTHUR?"

Horace Walpole gives a charming account of a Cabinet Council of two, held under the presidency of Pitt. The Premier, who during the term of his office lived in Downing Street, was in bed with the gout, and had summoned to conference his colleague the Duke of Newcastle. It was a bitterly cold day, and Pitt, according to his custom, having no fire in his room, had bedclothes piled upon him mountains high. This was all very well for the Premier, but rather hard on the Duke, who, as Walpole says, "was, as usual, afraid of catching cold." He first sat down on Mrs. Pitt's bed as the warmest place, then drew himself up into it as it got colder. The lecture continued a considerable time, and the Duke at length fairly lodged himself under Mrs. Pitt's bed-clothes.

"A person from whom I had the story," Walpole writes, "suddenly going in, saw the two Ministers in bed at two ends of the room, while Pitt's long nose and black beard, unshaven for days, added to the grotesque character of the scene."

"AWFULLY COLD."

The well-regulated mind refuses to contemplate an analogous scene in Downing Street of to-day. The boldest imagination could not frame a picture calling up before the mind's eye Mr. Arthur Balfour in bed on one side of a room, whilst there peeped forth from beneath the coverlet of a couch at the other end of the chamber the *spirituel* countenance of the Lord Chancellor.

BY EARLIER BEDSIDES.

Horace Walpole, who knew his Plato, might, had he chanced to think of it, have recalled an earlier bedside confabulation. It will be found in the Protagoras, giving an account of the visit of Socrates, accompanied by his friend Hippocrates, to the house of Callias, with intent to make the acquaintance of three famous sophists, Protagoras of Abdera, Hippias of Elis, and Prodicus of Ceos. Socrates relates how he found Prodicus lying in his bedchamber, rolled up in heaps of blankets, his disciples planting themselves on neighbouring beds whilst they talked. So great was the crowd, Socrates could not get in, and from the thronged portal listened to the resonant voice of Prodicus laying down the law.

AN AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE

X

THE EPISODE OF THE GAME OF — POKER —

By Grant Allen.

"SEYMOUR," my brother-in-law said, with a deep-drawn sigh, as we left Lake George next day by the Rennselaer and Saratoga Railroad, "no more Peter Porter for me, *if* you please! I'm sick of disguises. Now that we know Colonel Clay is here in America, they serve no good purpose; so I may as well receive the social consideration and proper respect to which my rank and position naturally entitle me."

"And which they secure for the most part (except from hotel clerks), even in this republican land," I answered, briskly.

For in my humble opinion, for sound, copper-bottomed snobbery, registered A1 at Lloyd's, give *me* the free-born American citizen.

We travelled through the States, accordingly, for the next four months, from Maine to California, and from Oregon to Florida, under our own true names, "Confirming the churches," as Charles facetiously put it—or in other words, looking into the management and control of railways, syndicates, mines, and cattle-ranches. We inquired about everything. And the result of our investigations appeared to be, as Charles further remarked, that the Sabeans who so troubled the sons of Job seemed to have migrated in a body to Kansas and Nebraska, and that several thousand head of cattle seemed mysteriously to vanish, *à la* Colonel Clay, into the pure air of the prairies, just before each branding.

However, we were fortunate in avoiding the incursions of the Colonel himself, who must have migrated meanwhile on some enchanted carpet to other happy hunting-grounds.

It was chill October before we found ourselves safe back in New York, *en route* for England. So long a term of freedom from the Colonel's depredations (as Charles fondly imagined—but I will not anticipate) had done my brother-in-law's health and spirits a world of good; he was so lively and cheerful, that he began to fancy his tormentor must have succumbed to yellow fever, then raging in New Orleans, or eaten himself ill, as we nearly did ourselves, on a generous mixture of clam-chowder, terrapin, soft-shelled crabs, Jersey peaches, canvas-backed ducks, Catawba wine, winter cherries, brandy cocktails, strawberry-shortcake, ice-creams, corn-dodger, and a judicious brew commonly known as a Colorado corpse-reviver. However that may be, Charles returned to New York in excellent trim; and, dreading in that great city the wiles of his antagonist, he cheerfully accepted the invitation of his brother millionaire, Senator Wrengold, of Nevada, to spend a few days before sailing in the Senator's magnificent and newly-finished palace at the upper end of Fifth Avenue.

"There, at least, I shall be safe, Sey," he said to me, plaintively, with a weary smile. "Wrengold, at any rate, won't try to take me in—except, of course, in the regular way of business."

Boss-Nugget Hall (as it is popularly christened) is, perhaps, the handsomest brown stone mansion in the Richardsonian style on all Fifth Avenue. We spent a delightful week there. The lines had fallen to us in pleasant places. On the night we arrived, Wrengold gave a small bachelor party in our honour. He knew Sir Charles was travelling without Lady Vandrift, and rightly judged he would prefer on his first night an informal

party, with cards and cigars, instead of being bothered with the charming but, still, somewhat hampering addition of female society.

The guests that evening were no more than seven, all told, ourselves included—making up, Wrengold said, that perfect number, an octave. He was a *nouveau riche* himself—the newest of the new—commonly known in exclusive, old-fashioned New York society as the Gilded Squatter; for he "struck his reef" no more than ten years ago: and he was therefore doubly anxious, after the American style, to be "just dizzy with culture." In his capacity of Mæcenas, he had invited amongst others the latest of English literary arrivals in New York—Mr. Algernon Coleyard, the famous poet, and leader of the Briar-rose school of West-country fiction.

"You know him in London, of course?" he observed to Charles, with a smile, as we waited dinner for our guests.

"No," Charles answered, stolidly. "I have not had that honour. We move, you see, in different circles."

I observed by a curious shade which passed over Senator Wrengold's face that he quite misapprehended my brother-in-law's meaning. Charles wished to convey, of course, that Mr. Coleyard belonged to a mere literary and Bohemian set in London, while he himself moved on a more exalted plane of peers and politicians. But the Senator, better accustomed to the new-rich point of view, understood Charles to mean that *he* had not the entrée of that distinguished coterie in which Mr. Coleyard posed as a shining luminary. Which naturally made him rate even higher than before his literary acquisition.

At two minutes past the hour the poet entered. Even if we had not been already familiar with his portrait at all ages in THE STRAND MAGAZINE, we should have recognised him at once for a genuine bard by his impassioned eyes, his delicate mouth, the artistic twirl of one grey lock upon his expansive brow, the grizzled moustache that gave point and force to the genial smile, and the two white rows of perfect teeth behind it. Most of our fellow-guests had met Coleyard before at a reception given by the Lotus Club that afternoon, for the bard had reached New York but the previous evening; so Charles and I were the only visitors who remained to be introduced to him. The lion of the hour was attired in ordinary evening dress, with no foppery of any kind, but he wore in his buttonhole a dainty blue flower whose name I do not know; and as he bowed distantly to Charles, whom he surveyed through his eye-glass, the gleam of a big diamond in the middle of his shirt-front betrayed the fact that the Briar-rose school, as it was called (from his famous epic), had at least succeeded in making money out of poetry. He explained to us a little later, in fact, that he was over in

"THE LION OF THE HOUR."

New York to look after his royalties. "The beggars," he said, "only gave me eight hundred pounds on my last volume. I couldn't stand *that*, you know; for a modern bard, moving with the age, can only sing when duly wound up, so I've run across to investigate. Put a penny in the slot, don't you see, and the poet will pipe for you."

"Exactly like myself," Charles said, finding a point in common. "*I'm* interested in mines; and I, too, have come over to look after my royalties."

The poet placed his eye-glass in his eye once more, and surveyed Charles deliberately from head to foot. "Oh," he murmured, slowly. He said not a word more; but somehow, everybody felt that Charles was demolished. I saw that Wrengold, when we went in to dinner, hastily altered the cards that marked their places. He had evidently put Charles at first to sit next the poet; he varied that arrangement now, setting Algernon Coleyard between a railway king and a magazine editor. I have seldom seen my respected brother-in-law so completely silenced.

The poet's conduct during dinner was most peculiar. He kept quoting poetry at inopportune moments.

"Roast lamb or boiled turkey, sir?" said the footman.

"Mary had a little lamb," said the poet. "I shall imitate Mary."

Charles and the Senator thought the remark undignified.

After dinner, however, under the mellowing influence of some excellent Roederer, Charles began to expand again, and grew lively and anecdotal. The poet had made us all laugh not a little with various capital stories of London literary society—at least two of them, I think, new ones; and Charles was moved by generous emulation to contribute his own share to the amusement of the company. He was in excellent cue. He is not often brilliant; but when he chooses, he has a certain dry vein of caustic humour which is decidedly funny, though not perhaps strictly without being vulgar. On this particular night, then, warmed with the admirable Wrengold champagne — the best made in America—he launched out into a full and embroidered description of the various ways in which Colonel Clay had deceived him. I will not say that he narrated them in full with the same frankness and accuracy that I have shown in these pages; he suppressed not a few of the most amusing details—on no other ground, apparently, than because they happened to tell against himself; and he enlarged a good deal on the surprising cleverness with which several times he had nearly secured his man; but still, making all allowances for native vanity in concealment and addition, he was distinctly funny—he represented the matter for once in its ludicrous rather than in its disastrous aspect. He observed also, looking around the table, that after all he had lost less by Colonel Clay in four years of persecution than he often lost by one injudicious move in a single day on the London Stock Exchange; while he seemed to imply to the solid men of New York, that he would cheerfully sacrifice such a fleabite as that, in return for the amusement and excitement of the chase which the Colonel had afforded him.

"I SHALL IMITATE MARY."

The poet was pleased. "You are a man of spirit, Sir Charles," he said. "I like to see this fine old English admiration of pluck and adventure! The fellow must really have some good in him, after all. I should like to take notes of a few of those stories; they would supply nice material for basing a romance upon."

"I hardly know whether I'm exactly the man to

make the hero of a novel," Charles murmured, with complacence. And he certainly didn't look it.

"*I* was thinking rather of Colonel Clay as the hero," the poet responded, coldly.

"Ah, that's the way with you men of letters," Charles answered, growing warm. "You always have a sneaking sympathy with the rascals."

"That may be better," Coleyard retorted, in an icy voice, "than sympathy with the worst forms of Stock Exchange speculation."

The company smiled uneasily. The railway king wriggled. Wrengold tried to change the subject hastily. But Charles would not be put down.

"You must hear the end, though," he said. "That's not quite the worst. The meanest thing about the man is that he's also a hypocrite. He wrote me *such* a letter at the end of his last trick—here, positively here, in America." And he proceeded to give his own version of the Quackenboss incident, enlivened with sundry imaginative bursts of pure Vandrift fancy.

When Charles spoke of Mrs. Quackenboss, the poet smiled. "The worst of married women," he said, "is—that you can't marry them; the worst of unmarried women is—that they want to marry you." But when it came to the letter, the poet's eye was upon my brother-in-law. Charles, I must fain admit, garbled the document sadly. Still, even so, some gleam of good feeling remained in its sentences. But Charles ended all by saying, "So, to crown his misdemeanours, the rascal shows himself a whining cur and a disgusting Pharisee."

"Don't you think," the poet interposed, in his cultivated drawl, "he may have really meant it? Why should not some grain of compunction have stirred his soul still?—some remnant of conscience made him shrink from betraying a man who confided in him? I have an idea, myself, that even the worst of rogues have always some good in them. I notice they often succeed to the end in retaining the affection and fidelity of women."

"Oh, I said so!" Charles sneered. "I told you you literary men have always an underhand regard for a scoundrel."

"Perhaps so," the poet answered. "For we are all of us human. Let him that is without sin among us cast the first stone." And then he relapsed into moody silence.

We rose from table. Cigars went round. We adjourned to the smoking-room. It was a Moorish marvel, with Oriental hangings. There, Senator Wrengold and Charles exchanged reminiscences of bonanzas and ranches and other exciting post-prandial topics; while the magazine editor cut in now and again with a pertinent inquiry or a quaint and sarcastic parallel instance. It was clear he had an eye to future copy. Only Algernon Coleyard sat brooding and silent, with his chin on one hand, and his brow intent, musing and gazing at the embers in the fireplace. The hand, by the way, was remarkable for a curious, antique-looking ring, apparently of Egyptian or Etruscan workmanship, with a projecting gem of several large facets. Once only, in the midst of a game of whist, he broke out with a single comment.

"Hawkins was made an earl," said Charles speaking of some London acquaintance.

"What for?" asked the Senator.

"MOODY."

"Successful adulteration," said the poet, tartly.

"Honours are easy," the magazine editor put in.

"And two by tricks to Sir Charles," the poet added.

Towards the close of the evening, however—the poet still remaining moody, not to say positively grumpy—Senator Wrengold proposed a friendly game of Swedish poker.

It was the latest fashionable variant in Western society on the old gambling round, and few of us knew it, save the omniscient poet and the magazine editor. It turned out afterwards that Wrengold proposed that particular game because he had heard Coleyard observe at the Lotus Club the same afternoon that it was a favourite amusement of his. Now, however, for a while he objected to playing. He was a poor man, he said, and the rest were all rich; why should he throw away the value of a dozen golden sonnets just to add one more pinnacle to the gilded roofs of a millionaire's palace? Besides, he was half-way through with an ode he was inditing to Republican simplicity. The pristine austerity of a democratic senatorial cottage had naturally inspired him with memories of Dentatus, the Fabii, Camillus. But Wrengold, dimly aware he was being made fun of somehow, insisted that the poet must take a hand with the financiers. "You can pass, you know," he said, "as often as you like; and you can stake low or go it blind, according as you're inclined to. It's a democratic game; every man decides for himself how high he will play, except the banker; and you needn't take bank unless you want it."

"Oh, if you insist upon it," Coleyard drawled out, with languid reluctance, "I'll play, of course. I won't spoil your evening. But remember, I'm a poet; I have strange inspirations."

The cards were "squeezers"—that is to say, had the suit and the number of pips in each printed small in the corner, as well as over the face, for ease of reference. We played low at first. The poet seldom staked; and when he did—a few pounds—he lost, with singular persistence. He wanted to play for doubloons or sequins, and could with difficulty be induced to condescend to dollars. Charles looked across at him at last; the stakes by that time were fast rising higher, and we played for ready money. Notes lay thick on the green cloth. "Well," he murmured, provokingly, "how about your inspiration? Has Apollo deserted you?"

It was an unwonted flight of classical allusion for Charles, and I confess it astonished me. (I discovered afterwards he had cribbed it from a review in that evening's *Critic*.) But the poet smiled.

"No," he answered, calmly, "I am waiting for one now. When it comes, you may be sure you shall have the benefit of it."

Next round, Charles dealing and banking, the poet staked on his card, unseen as usual. He staked like a gentleman. To our immense astonishment, he pulled out a roll of notes, and remarked, in a quiet tone, "I have an inspiration now. *Half-hearted* will do. I go five thousand." That was dollars, of course; but it amounted to a thousand pounds in English money—high play for an author.

Charles smiled, and turned his card. The poet turned his—and won a thousand.

"Good shot!" Charles murmured, pretending not to mind, though he detests losing.

"Inspiration!" the poet mused, and looked once more abstracted.

Charles dealt again. The poet watched the deal with boiled-fishy eyes. His thoughts were far away. His lips moved audibly. "*Myrtle*, and *kirtle*, and *hurtle*," he muttered. "They'll do for three. Then there's *turtle*, meaning dove; and that finishes the possible. *Laurel* and *coral* make a very bad rhyme. Try *myrtle*; don't you think so?"

"Do you stake?" Charles asked, severely, interrupting his reverie.

The poet started. "No, pass," he replied, looking down at his card, and subsided into muttering. We caught a tremor of his lips again, and heard something like this: "Not less but more republican than thou, Half-hearted watcher by the Western sea, After long years I come to visit thee, And test thy fealty to that maiden vow, That bound thee in thy budding prime For Freedom's bride ——"

"Stake?" Charles interrupted, inquiringly, again.

"Yes, five thousand," the poet answered, dreamily, pushing forward his pile of notes, and never ceasing from his murmur: "For Freedom's bride to all succeeding time. *Succeeding; succeeding;* weak word, *succeeding*. Couldn't go five dollars on it."

Charles turned his card once more. The poet had won again. Charles passed over his notes. The poet raked them in with a far-away air, as who looks at infinity, and asked if he could borrow a pencil and paper. He had a few priceless lines to set down which might otherwise escape him.

"This is play," Charles said, pointedly. "*Will* you kindly attend to one thing or the other?"

The poet glanced at him with a compassionate smile. "I told you I had inspirations," he said. "They always come together. I can't win your money as fast as I would like, unless at the same time I am making verses. Whenever I hit upon a good epithet, I back my luck, don't you see? I won a thousand on *Half-hearted*, and a

thousand on *budding;* if I were to back *succeeding*, I should lose, to a certainty. You understand my system?"

"I call it pure rubbish," Charles answered. "However, continue. Systems were made for fools—and to suit wise men. Sooner or later, you *must* lose at such a stupid fancy."

The poet continued. "For Freedom's bride to all *ensuing* time."

"Stake!" Charles cried, sharply. We each of us staked.

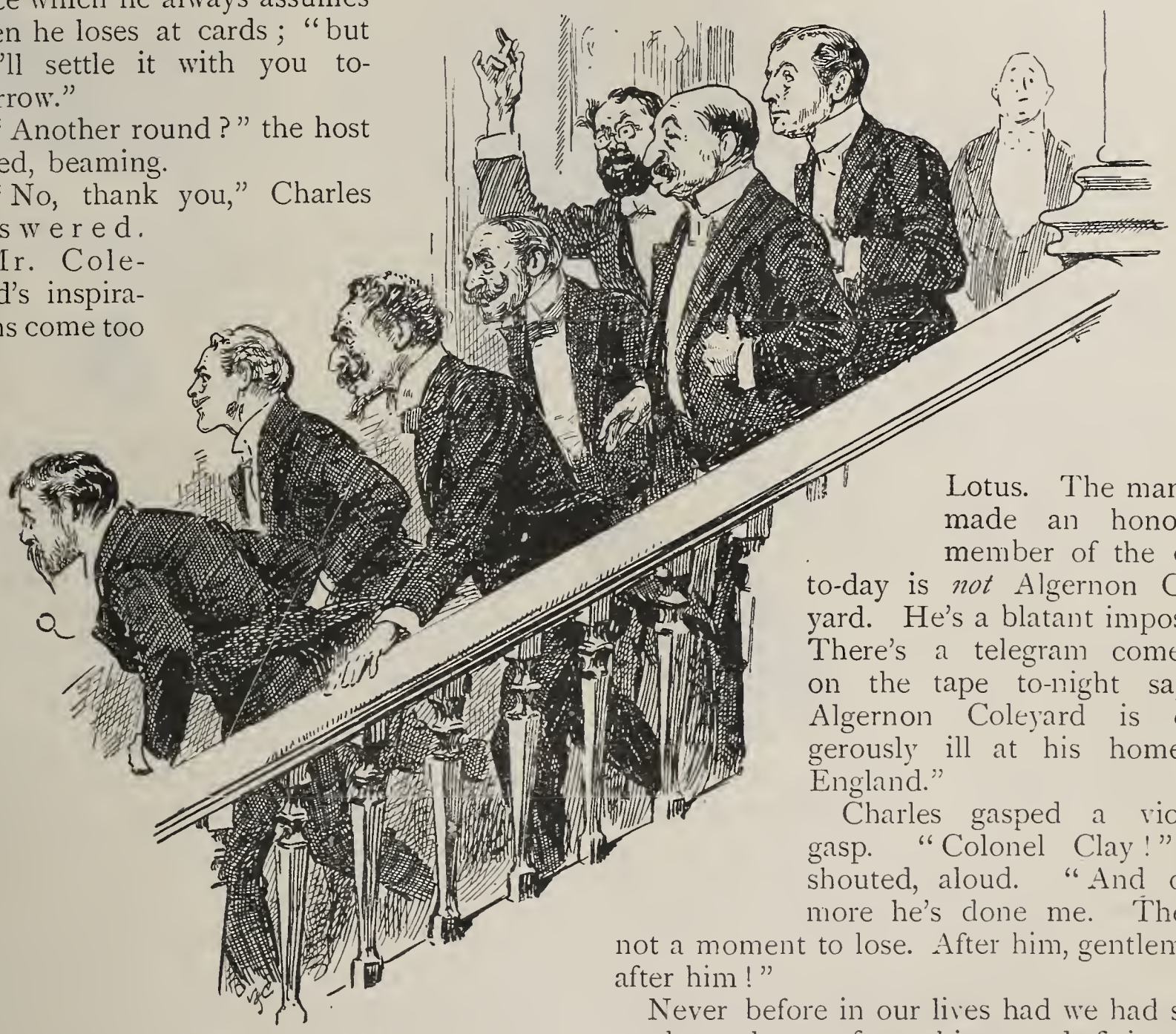
"*Ensuing*," the poet murmured. "To all *ensuing* time. First-rate epithet that. I go ten thousand, Sir Charles, on *ensuing*."

We all turned up. Some of us lost, some won; but the poet had secured his two thousand sterling.

"I haven't that amount about me," Charles said, in that austerely nettled voice which he always assumes when he loses at cards; "but—I'll settle it with you to-morrow."

"Another round?" the host asked, beaming.

"No, thank you," Charles answered. "Mr. Coleyard's inspirations come too pat for my taste. His luck beats mine. I retire from the game, Senator."



"WE BURST DOWN THE STAIRS IN A BODY."

Just at that moment a servant entered, bearing a salver, with a small note in an envelope. "For Mr. Coleyard," he observed. "And the messenger said, *urgent*."

Coleyard tore it open hurriedly. I could see he was agitated. His face grew white at once.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said. "I—I must go back instantly. My wife is dangerously ill—quite a sudden attack. Forgive me, Senator. Sir Charles, you shall have your revenge to-morrow."

It was clear that his voice faltered. We felt at least he was a man of feeling. He was obviously frightened. His coolness forsook him. He shook hands as in a dream, and rushed down-stairs for his dust-coat. Almost as he closed the front door, a new guest entered, just missing him in the vestibule.

"Halloa, you men," he said, "we've been taken in, do you know? It's all over the Lotus. The man we made an honorary member of the club to-day is *not* Algernon Coleyard. He's a blatant impostor. There's a telegram come in on the tape to-night saying Algernon Coleyard is dangerously ill at his home in England."

Charles gasped a violent gasp. "Colonel Clay!" he shouted, aloud. "And once more he's done me. There's not a moment to lose. After him, gentlemen! after him!"

Never before in our lives had we had such a close shave of catching and fixing the redoubtable swindler. We burst down the stairs in a body, and rushed out into Fifth Avenue. The pretended poet had only a hundred yards start of us, and he saw he was discovered. But he was an excellent runner. So was I, weight for age; and I dashed wildly after him. He turned round a corner;

it proved to lead nowhere, and lost him time. He darted back again, madly. Delighted with the idea that I was capturing so famous a criminal, I redoubled my efforts —and came up with him, panting. He was wearing a light dust-coat. I seized it in my hands. "I've got you at last!" I cried; "Colonel Clay, I've got you!"

He turned and looked at me. "Ha, old Ten Per Cent.!" he called out, struggling. "It's you, then, is it? Never, never to *you*, sir!" And as he spoke, he somehow flung his arms straight out behind him, and let the dust-coat slip off, which it easily did, the sleeves being new and smoothly silk-lined. The suddenness of the movement threw me completely off my guard, and off my legs as well. I was clinging to the coat and holding him. As the support gave way, I rolled over backward, in the mud of the street, and hurt my back seriously. As for Colonel Clay, with a nervous laugh, he bolted off at full speed in his evening coat, and vanished round a corner.

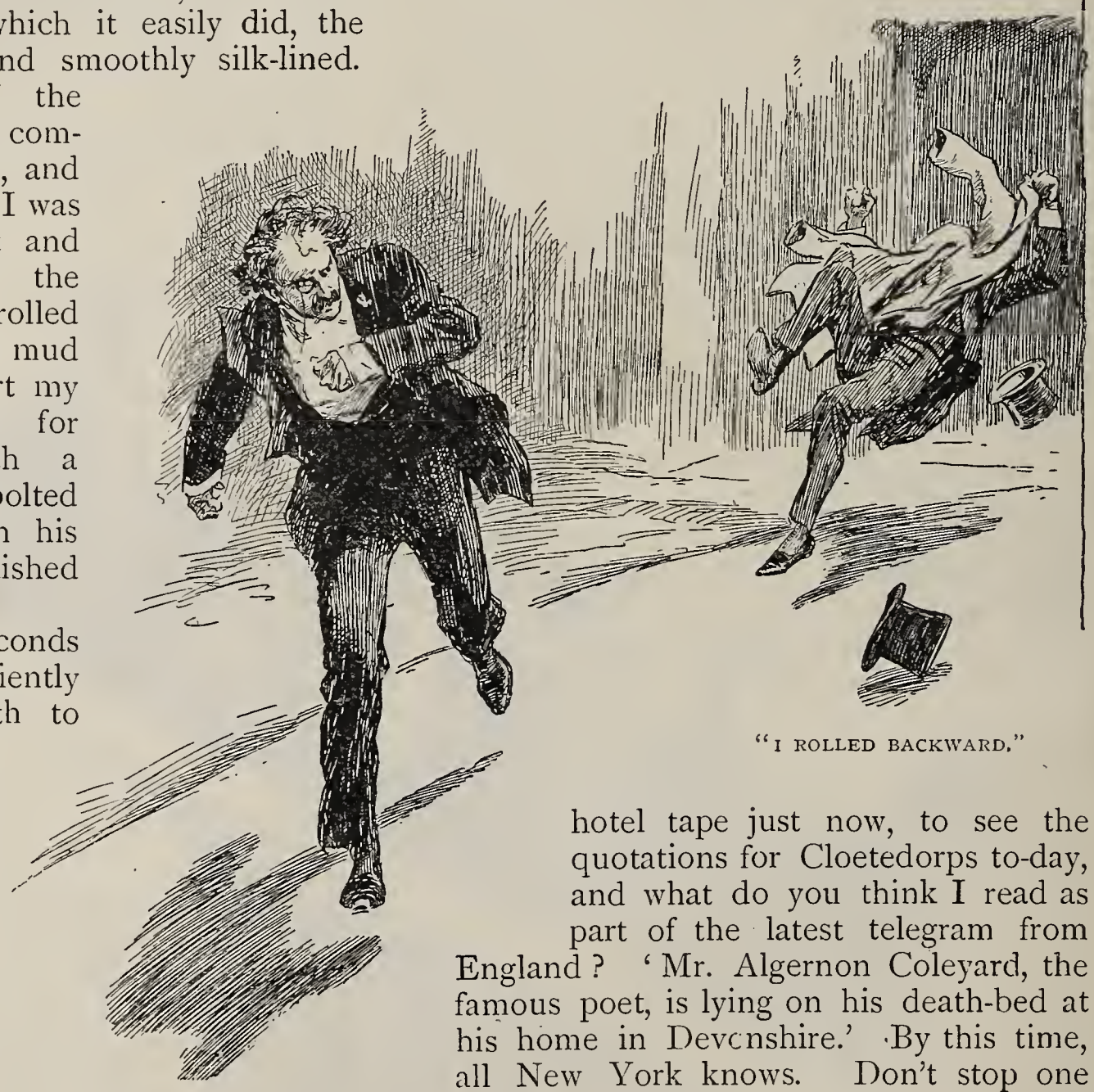
It was some seconds before I had sufficiently recovered my breath to pick myself up again, and examine my bruises. By this time, Charles and the other pursuers had come up, and I explained my condition to them. Instead of commending me for my zeal in his cause —which had cost me a barked arm and a good evening suit — my brother-in-law remarked, with an unfeeling sneer, that when I had so nearly caught my man I might as well have held him.

"I have his coat, at least," I said. "That may afford us a clue." And I limped back with it in my hands, feeling horribly bruised and a good deal shaken.

When we came to examine the coat, however, it bore no maker's name; the strap at the back, where the tailor proclaims with pride his handicraft, had been carefully ripped off, and its place was taken by a tag of plain black tape without inscription of any sort. We searched the breast-pocket. A handkerchief, similarly nameless, but of finest cambric. The side-pockets—ha, what was this? I drew a piece of paper out in triumph. It was a note—a real find—the one which the servant had handed to our friend just before at the Senator's.

We read it through breathlessly.

"DARLING PAUL,—I *told* you it was too dangerous. You should have listened to me. You ought *never* to have imitated any real person. I happened to glance at the hotel tape just now, to see the quotations for Cloetedorps to-day, and what do you think I read as part of the latest telegram from England? 'Mr. Algernon Coleyard, the famous poet, is lying on his death-bed at his home in Devonshire.' By this time, all New York knows. Don't stop one minute. Say I'm dangerously ill, and come away at once. Don't return to the hotel. I am removing our things. Meet me at Mary's.



"I ROLLED BACKWARD."

"Your devoted,

"MARGOT."

"This is *very* important," Charles said. "This *does* give us a clue. We know two things now: his real name is Paul—whatever else it may be, and Madame Picardet's is Margot."

I searched the pocket again, and pulled out a ring. Evidently he had thrust these two things there when he saw me pursuing him, and had forgotten or neglected them in the heat of the *mêlée*.

I looked at it close. It was the very ring I had noticed on his finger while he was playing Swedish poker. It had a large compound gem in the centre, set with many facets, and rising like a pyramid to a point in the middle. There were eight faces in all, some of them composed of emerald, amethyst, or turquoise. But *one* face—the one that turned at a direct angle towards the wearer's eyes—was *not* a gem at all, but an extremely tiny convex mirror. In a moment I spotted the trick. He held this hand carelessly on the table, while my brother-in-law dealt; and when he saw that the suit and number of his own card mirrored in it by means of the squeezers were better than Charles's, he had "an inspiration," and backed his luck—or rather his knowledge—with perfect confidence. I did not doubt, either, that his odd-looking eye-glass was a powerful magnifier which helped him in the trick. Still, we tried another deal, by way of experiment—I wearing the ring; and even with the naked eye I was able to distinguish in every case the suit and pips of the card that was dealt me.

"Why, that was almost dishonest," the Senator said, drawing back. He wished to show us that even far-Western speculators drew a line somewhere.

"Yes," the magazine editor echoed. "To back your skill is legal; to back your luck is foolish; to back your knowledge is——"

"Immoral," I suggested.

"Very good business," said the magazine editor.

"It's a simple trick," Charles interposed. "I should have spotted it if it had been done by any other fellow. But his patter about inspiration put me clean off the track. That's the rascal's dodge. He plays the regular conjurer's game of distracting your attention from the real point at issue so well, that you never find out what he's really about till he's sold you irretrievably."

We set the New York police upon the trail of the Colonel; but of course he had vanished at once, as usual, into the thin smoke of Manhattan. Not a sign could we find of him. "Mary's" we found an insufficient address.

We waited on in New York for a whole fortnight. Nothing came of it. We never found "Mary's." The only token of Colonel Clay's presence vouchsafed us in the city was one of his customary insulting notes. It was conceived as follows:—

"Oh Eternal Gullible!—Since I saw you on Lake George, I have run back to London, and promptly come out again. I had business to transact there, indeed, which I have now completed; the excessive attentions of the English police sent me once more, like great Orion, 'sloping slowly to the west.' I returned to America in order to see whether or not you were still impenitent. On the day of my arrival I happened to meet Senator Wrengold, and accepted his kind invitation solely that I might see whether or not my last communication had had a proper effect upon you. As I found you quite obdurate, and as you furthermore persisted in misunderstanding my motives, I determined to read you one more little lesson. It nearly failed; and I confess the accident has affected my nerves a little. I am now about to retire from business altogether, and settle down for life at my place in Surrey. I mean to try just one more small *coup;* and, when that is finished, Colonel Clay will hang up his sword, like Cincinnatus, and take to farming. You need no longer fear me. I have realized enough to secure me for life a modest competence; and as I am not possessed like yourself with an immoderate greed of gain, I recognise that good citizenship demands of me now an early retirement in favour of some younger and more deserving rascal. I shall always look back with pleasure upon our agreeable adventures together; and as you hold my dust-coat, together with a ring and letter to which I attach importance, I consider we are quits, and I shall withdraw with dignity.

"Your sincere well-wisher,

"CUTHBERT CLAY, Poet."

"Just like him!" Charles said, "to hold this one last *coup* over my head *in terrorem.* Though even when he has played it, why should I trust his word? A scamp like that may say it, of course, on purpose to disarm me."

For my own part, I quite agreed with "Margot." When the Colonel was reduced to dressing the part of a known personage, I felt he had reached almost his last card, and would be well-advised to retire into Surrey.

But the magazine editor summed up all in a word. "Don't believe that nonsense about fortunes being made by industry and ability," he said. "In life, as at cards, two things go to produce success—the first is chance; the second is cheating."

Antarctic Exploration.

By C. E. Borchgrevink.

NANSEN'S remarkable and successful expedition forms an epoch in the history of Polar exploration, as well as a beginning of a new era in our knowledge of the globe we live upon, and of the laws that rule it. Of what is published up to date of the results of the Nansen expedition, we know that many former theories about those high latitudes have by Nansen's work been turned into facts, whilst others of them must now needs be abolished.

Some of the most important problems will, however, still remain unsolved mysteries; and they will be such until the time comes when observations within the Antarctic Circle will be at hand to distinguish between rules and exceptions. Only when we have sufficient news from the Antarctic regions will the work done in the Arctic acquire its value, by the comparison of the conditions which exist at the two Poles. And proportionally with the growth of our knowledge of Arctic phenomena, the want and necessity of Antarctic work is felt.

C. EGEBERG BORCHGREVINK.
From a Photo. by Johnstone & Co., Melbourne.

Apart from the tremendous geographical interest which Antarctic exploration possesses, there is a vast open field for scientific research in those southerly regions, with the maximum interest of the whole scientific world concentrated on magnetical observations. On South Victoria Land, 2,500 miles south of Australia, or as far from that British Colony as New York is from Liverpool, lies the yet undiscovered South Magnetic Pole, the culminating point of terrestrial magnetism in the south.

It was one of the main objects of the *Erebus* and *Terror* expedition to determine the exact position of this Pole, but although its variable position was approximately determined by Sir James Clark Ross by help of the dip-compass, the main work is yet to be done. Until this work has been accomplished, our knowledge of terrestrial magnetism and navigation will be at fault, in so far as the periodical variations of the direction of the magnet-needle can only be approximately reached by calculations.

It is an interesting fact that the north-eastern point of South Victoria Land is not situated much farther south of the Equator than is the north of Norway north; that is, the 7th parallel. The regions of the southern hemisphere are, however, comparatively colder than the corresponding ones in the northern hemisphere. The great difference in the average temperatures in the corresponding latitudes of the northern and southern hemispheres is partly to be ascribed to the existence of great warm currents in the north which are lacking in the south, and partly to the existence of much more land on the northern part, and to the equality of its distribution over the area of that semi-globe. In the 70th parallel north, trees up to 30ft. are to be found; while at Cape Adair, that is, in 71° 23′ south, I only found lichen. The presence of lichen does.

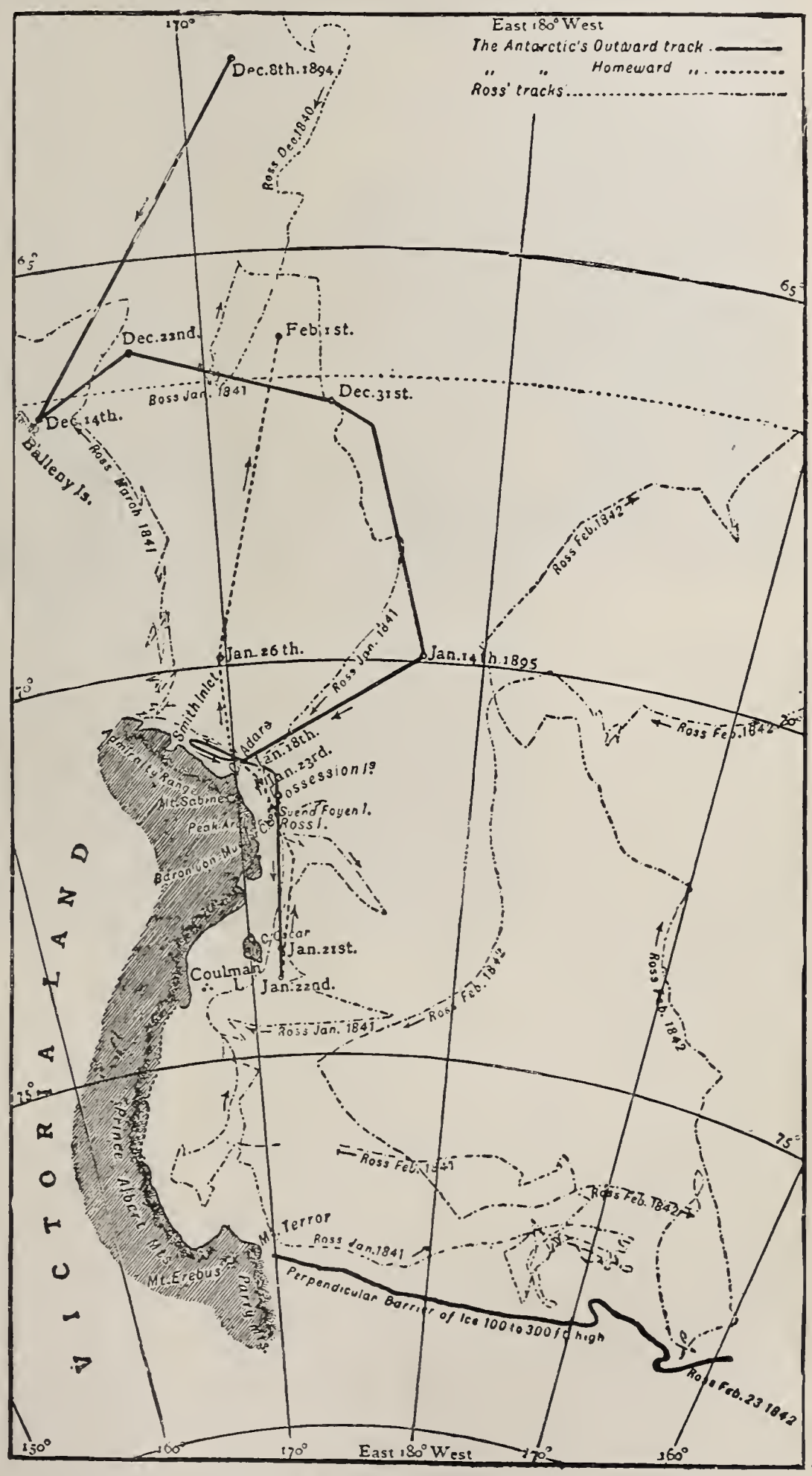
however, in a considerable degree increase those possibilities of successful exploration which we, from Sir James Clark Ross's expedition, should expect.

The reason why so few expeditions have investigated those southern lands is principally to be ascribed to their great distance from the centre of civilization, and to the fact that the civilized population of the south has hitherto had both thoughts and energies entirely occupied by its nearest surroundings, through the necessity of conquering the difficulties and securing the riches of those new countries where they landed as emigrants, and where immediate gain, with the least possible risk, was the one purpose.

At present there seem to be on foot both national and private attempts to organize Antarctic expeditions, and I venture to say that those observations I personally made at South Victoria Land in 1895, and had the honour of laying before the International Geographical Congress, in the Imperial Institute, have stimulated the interest which the world at present takes in Antarctic work — partly because most of my observations corresponded with those made on board the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, and partly because I succeeded in bringing new facts to light. From being an imaginary mine on the scientific "Exchange," South Victoria Land commands at present both scientific and commercial attention. Since men of thought directed the force of their philosophy towards the Poles of the earth, it has been expected to discover land round the southern end of the axis of rotation; it was naturally to be expected, according to the rules of gravitation.

In my opinion the great southern continent is the Greenland of the south, with just as many possibilities. I do fully believe that hitherto unknown animal life will be found on South Victoria Land. Captain Larsen on the whaler *Jason* brought back petrified wood from Graham Land, south of Cape Horn, which fact of course proves great climatic changes in those regions during succeeding periods.

As our knowledge of the great southern continent now stands we must believe it really to be a continent, and not a mere accumulation of islands; as well from the appearance of the land, as it has been sighted nearly all round, as also from sea-



VICTORIA LAND—SHOWING THE TRACKS OF BORCHGREVINK'S SHIP, THE "ANTARCTIC."

BORCHGREVINK GIVING THREE CHEERS FOR SIR JAMES CLARK ROSS ON POSSESSION ISLAND.
From a Drawing by C. E. Borchgrevink.

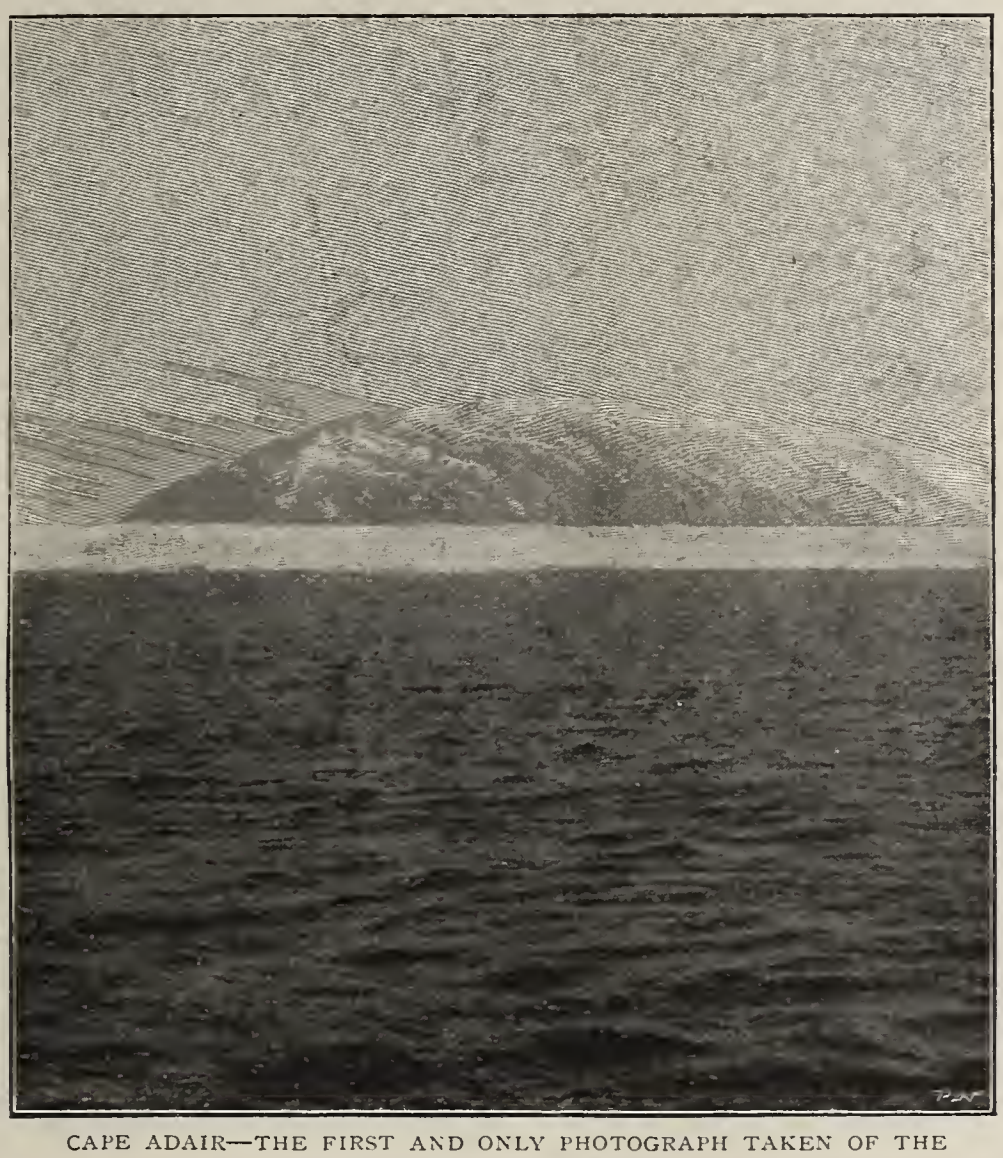
soundings; and last but not least, from the nature of those specimens of rocks which I brought back with me from Victoria Land. If it is all land it is probably of an area twice the size of Australia.

Already the first sight of Victoria Land convinces one that it is of volcanic origin. The volcanoes of Victoria Land show a tendency to follow the same line. From Mount Sabine to Mount Melbourne the trend is south-south-westerly. Mount Erebus and Mount Terror lie almost due south of Mount Sabine. Further north from Mount Sabine the great earth-fold, on the septum of which this chain of volcanoes is situated, probably bends a little westwards, as shown partly by the surroundings, partly by the position of Balleny's Island. North-west of Balleny Islands the great fold trends perhaps to the knotting point between the Tasmanian axis of folding and that of New Zealand, the former perhaps running through Royal Company Island, and the latter through or near Auckland Island and Macquarie Island. The knotting point would probably be somewhere (approximately) near the intersection of the 60th parallel of south latitude, with the 150th meridian of longitude east from Greenwich. It would just join the line of extinct volcanoes along East Australia on the west, and, perhaps, the active volcanic zone of the North Island of New Zealand, or at all events, the fold which bounds that continent on the east.

Traced in the opposite direction, the volcanic zone probably runs through Seal Islands, the active volcanoes of Christensen and Sarsee, and through Mount Haddington, an extinct volcano in Trinity Land, to Paulet and Bridgman Islands, active volcanoes. The volcanic zone bends easterly from here on account of the easterly trend in the fold, which appears to make a loop towards South Georgia before it swings back towards Cape Horn. That there is a real easterly trend in the earth-fold at Trinity Land and the South Shetlands is proved by the observations made by the *Astrolabe* and *Zélée* expedition, which record a strike in a north-north-east and south-south-west direction to the greyish-white limestones and phyllite-schists at the South Orkneys. Towards Cape Horn from near South Georgia the fold probably trends west-north-westerly, then follows an approxi-

mately meridional direction parallel with the chain of the Andes.

It may be noted, however, that whereas the Erebus chain of Victoria Land is on the east side of the fold, the Christensen-Bridgman group are apparently on the opposite side. This may be due to the fact that at the latter locality the eastern slope of the fold is steeper than the western, as seems probable from the presence of the deep ocean abyss east of Graham Land, as shown on Dr. Murray's map. It is probable, therefore, that the volcanic chain of Victoria Land will continue towards the South Pole, probably bending somewhat to the eastward, and will thence change its position to the fold on the other side of the Antarctic continent, so as to run through the Christensen-Bridgman line of volcanoes. In any case it is almost certain that high land, covered, of course, more or less by snow and glaciers, will be found at the South Pole.



CAPE ADAIR—THE FIRST AND ONLY PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OF THE SOUTH VICTORIA CONTINENT.

Many theories have been formed as to the origin of that ice-free bay which exists near Victoria Land, and which stretches from lat. 70 down to 78. I maintain the belief, resting on my own observations, that a north-easterly running warm current is the main cause of it. Dr. Nansen's observations in the North Polar Basin are therefore especially interesting to me, in regard to the existence of relative warm currents at those high latitudes. Thus, when Professor Mohn, at Christiania University, writes that Nansen through his discovery of those currents upset all former oceanographic theories, it is but what my observations in the ice-free basin at Victoria Land did one year before we heard of the *Fram*, and I gave some time to this same discovery in my lecture before the International Geographical Congress in London.

The relatively startling high temperatures which Nansen observed in the northern waters were all taken from great depths, and in so far his observations are not synonymous with mine in the south, which were taken near the surface; but the mere fact that warm currents do exist within the North Polar Basin proves to me that my observations were not merely exceptions but rules; the temperature was even high enough to allow of the existence of a live blue jelly-fish, and to promote the growth of sea-weed on the shores of the southern continent. It is not only the fact that new discoveries in the north are incomplete without similar observations in the south which urges on Antarctic research, but on the southern hemisphere nations are also beginning to see the importance and necessity of knowing the regions where laws of Nature are laid down which not only influence but rule their daily life.

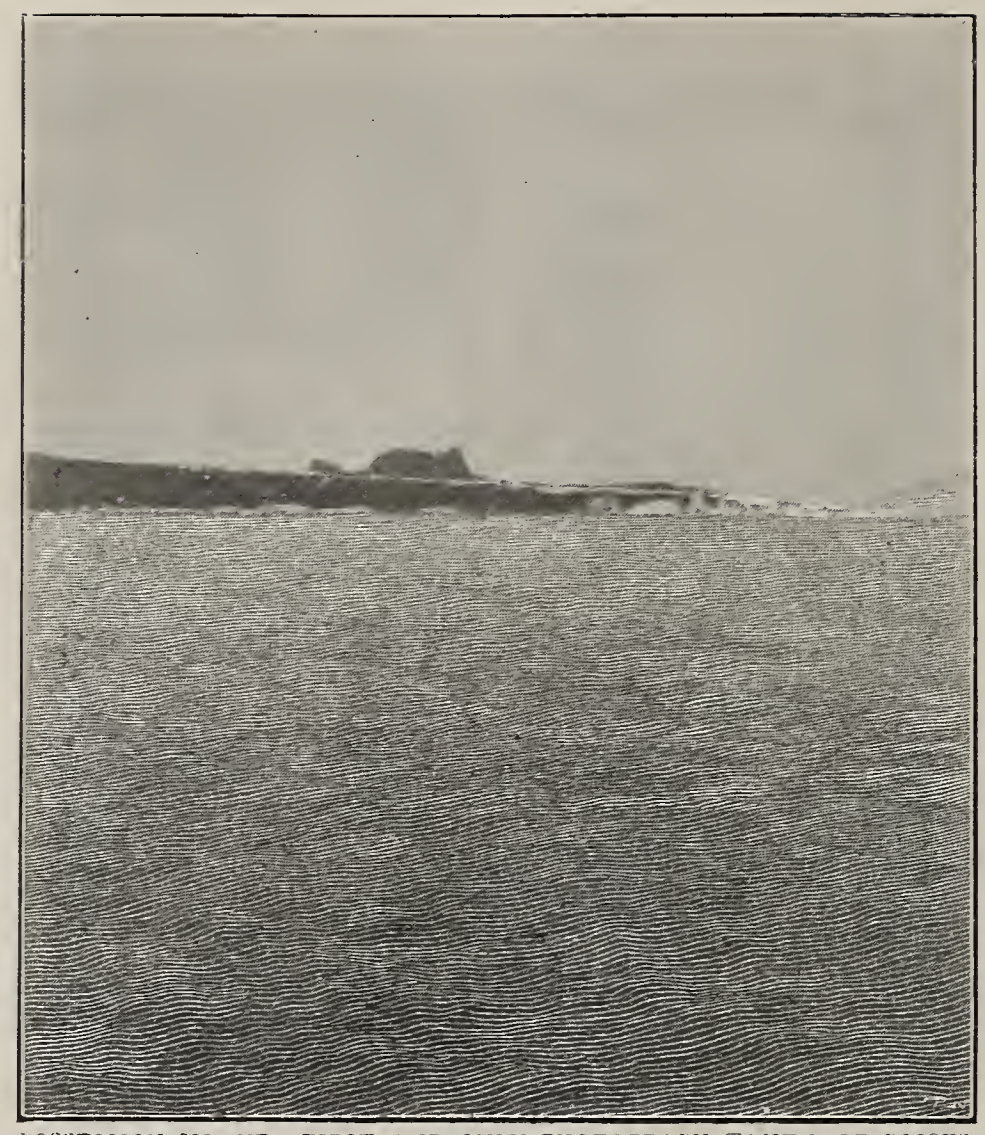
In a country like Australia, the want of meteorological observation within the Antarctic Circle is keenly felt. The good and bad times in th• Australian Colonies are, so to say, entirely dependent upon the foresight of the weather. When drought or floods set in, the Australian squatters may in one season lose more than what has been gained during a lifetime.

Although the Government Meteorologist of Queensland, Mr. Clements Wragge, has greatly increased the sources from which he draws his well-known reliable weather prophecies, by the erection of a meteorological station on Mount Wellington, in Tasmania, he himself confesses that his work cannot achieve its full value until news from the Antarctic Circle enables him to finish the construction of the weather isotherms and isobars for the latitudes between 50° and 80° south. Mr.

Wragge is endeavouring at present to raise the funds necessary for the erection of a similar weather station to the one on Mount Wellington, to be put on Mount Kosinsko, in New Zealand.

The honour of being the first man to discover the Antarctic Continent probably belongs to Captain James Cook, who, in the year 1772, reached latitude 71° 10′ S. in longitude 106° 54′ W., where he sighted the great ice barrier which forms the seaward boundary of Antarctica. Speaking of this discovery, Sir James Clark Ross says: "I confidently believe that the enormous mass of ice which bounded his view when at his extreme south latitude was a range of mountainous land covered with snow." In 1819 William Smith, in the brig *William*, discovered the Archipelago of the South Shetlands, south of Cape Horn. In 1820–23 Weddell visited the South Shetlands, including the active volcano Bridgman. Powell, the discoverer of the South Orkneys, visited the volcanic island of Bridgman in 1822, and found it to be at that time 200ft. high.

Weddell, who visited it during the following year, estimates its height at 400ft., and describes the island as being of sugar-loaf shape, whereas at the time of Powell's visit there was a crater on the west side of the island. Weddell penetrated to 74° S. in 1823, thus attaining a higher latitude than Captain Cook, but he saw no land anywhere in that neighbourhood. In 1831 Biscoe, in the brig *Tula*, discovered Enderby Land. In 1839 Balleny discovered Balleny Islands, a volcano 12,000ft. high, and adjoining it the active volcano of Buckle Island. In 1839 the important French expedition under Dumont D'Urville explored the South Shetlands. In 1840 Commander Wilkes, in the U.S.A. corvette *Vincennes*, discovered Wilkes Land.



POSSESSION ISLAND- FIRST AND ONLY PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OF POSSESSION ISLAND, WHERE SIR JAMES CLARK ROSS LANDED IN 1841, AND PLANTED THE BRITISH FLAG.

In January, 1841, Sir James Clark Ross made his memorable discovery of Victoria Land. With the object of trying to find the South Magnetic Pole, as he already had found the North Magnetic Pole, he forced his well-fortified ships through the pack-ice, which he encountered in latitude about 67° S., and longitude 174½° E. It was a very formidable pack. In four or five days, however, he forced his way through it, and entered comparatively open water beyond, a great ocean pool about 600 miles in diameter. Bounding this on the west was the magnificent chain of snow-clad volcanoes of Victoria Land. Ross traced the coast for 500 miles southwards until he encountered the Great Ice Barrier, terminating sea-wards in a sheer wall of ice, from 180ft. to 200ft. high. His dredging showed that marine forms of animal life, especially polyzoa, were abundant right up to the edge of the Great Ice Barrier. Ross states that on January 19th, 1841, when off the coast of South Victoria Land, in latitude 72° 31′ S., longitude 173° 39′ E., the dredge was put over in 270 fathoms water, and after trailing along the ground for some time was hauled in.

In 1874 H.M.S. *Challenger* visited the neighbourhood of the supposed Termination Land of Wilkes. In 1893–94 the whaler *Jason*, with Captain C. H. Larsen, visited the north-western portion of Antarctica.

The important discovery was made by Dr. Donald of lower tertiary rocks within the fossil shells "Cucullœa" Natica and Cytherea *in situ* at Cape Seymour. Fossil wood was found imbedded in the tertiary rocks at a level of 300ft. above the sea-level. A new active volcano, named by Captain Larsen "Christensen" Volcano, was discovered in lat. 65° 5′ S., long. 58° 40′ W. On the

THE "ANTARCTIC" IN THE ICE-PACK OFF BALLENY ISLANDS.
From a Sketch by C. E. Borchgrevink, made December 14th, 1894.

sketch chart accompanying Captain Larsen's paper another active volcano is shown, also Windberg Volcano and the four Seal Islands, all of which are considered to be of volcanic origin, if not dormant or extinct volcanoes.

This is in short what had been done before I visited South Victoria Land in the steam whaler *Antarctic*. South Victoria Land, as it appeared to me, rose from the sea generally in very steep basaltic rocks, but at places we found also that the land ran out into quite low peninsulas, especially near the mouth of the fjords, of which several were observed.

Professor Mohn, in his article on Nansen's discoveries in the October number of the *Geographical Journal* (translated from the Christiania *Morgenbladet*, September 6th, 1896), writes that, during the *Fram's* drift towards the North Pole, "the expedition made its greatest discovery, namely, *a wide deep sea towards the North Pole*, having a relatively warm temperature in its depths."

I have already touched upon the importance of the discovery of the high temperature observed, and upon the similar conditions in the south; but what deserves an equally important space in this work of comparison is Dr. Nansen's *deep-water soundings* in those high latitudes. Although new and of great consequence, they did not surprise me—indeed, they were to be expected, in consideration of the already "known" larger accumulation of land on the northern hemisphere, as well above as under the sea-level. Should even the North Polar Basin have been a shallow pond, I do not see how even a continent like Antarctica (twice the size of Australia) should have counteracted the weight of the northern semi-globe, as nowhere do deep-water soundings result in greater figures than in the southern oceans; thus, whilst 2,000 fathoms are mentioned as remarkable in the north, they are but comparatively shallow measurements in the south.

Why My Antarctic Expedition Plans in 1896 Were Not Realized.

When I arrived in London in August, '95, I was invited to lay the result of my voyage in the *Antarctic* before the International Geographical Congress. Afterwards I intended to work together the funds for a new Antarctic expedition. This plan I followed, and after seeing the hearty way in which my modest work in the *Antarctic* was received at the Imperial Institute, as well as at other scientific meetings all over the world, I expected that only few difficulties would be laid in my road.

A proposal was soon made to me, to the effect of co-operation in my expedition plans, by an Antarctic Company. The company was to utilize the news which I had brought from the peninsula at Cape Adair, and was supposed to be floated with the object of working the guano deposits there. I was to get £5,000 from the Antarctic Company as a reward for my reports upon the guano, and as a remuneration for services granted in connection with gaining a Government concession. The £5,000 I determined to use for the benefit of my proposed Antarctic expedition of discoveries.

Furthermore, my scientific expedition was to be conveyed to South Victoria Land by the company's steam whalers, thus enabling me to organize my enterprise for a much smaller amount than if I had to procure my own vessels. At last I saw a prospect of getting my plans through by going hand in hand with commerce, an illusion from which my bitter experiences in the whaler *Antarctic* ought to have saved me. In all good faith I assisted in obtaining a Government concession of the guano-beds at Cape Adair. The concession was granted with my name left out of it, and, alas! with my co-operator from the City mentioned in the official document as discoverer of my discoveries. However, with my heart in the enterprise I pocketed my pride, collected £4,000 for my scientific expedition, and awaited with eagerness the forming of the Antarctic Company.

The company's prospectus for private use came out with a proposed capital of £100,000 ready for under-writing. It is unnecessary to say that it never was floated—was it ever intended to be?

Time went on, and it got too late for me to reorganize my expedition plans for the year 1896, as it was necessary for me to reach Victoria Land during the Antarctic spring—that is, in December.

In the meantime I had twice had very good news from Australia, where efforts were being made for the purpose of raising the necessary funds for me, and I put myself in cable communication with the Hon. H. J. Reid, the Premier of New South Wales, who took, and still takes, a vivid interest in my work for the Antarctic cause.

Assistance from Australia did not, however, come in time to allow me to sail southwards last season. Thus has my hard work for a recognised good cause been delayed—who knows for how long? But another fifty-four years will not elapse before justice is done to that work which so bravely was begun by an illustrious Briton, Sir James Clark Ross, and I believe that to some extent I have personally shortened the period of waiting.

I have been reproached because I tried to make commerce serve scientific ends. How long shall then commerce continue to benefit by science without paying its tribute to new discoveries? Edison said, some time ago, "Only when we learn to know electricity and magnetism in their homes in the Arctic and Antarctic regions can we hope to realize the full use of these powers."

From a Sketch by] DOUBTFUL ISLAND—WITH THE COAST OF VICTORIA LAND AT THE BACK. [*C. E. Borchgrevink.*

My Present Plans.

During the next four months, I expect to have raised my funds sufficiently to allow me to charter a steam whaler, for the sole use of my exploring expedition during one year in the Antarctic regions.

While the main object of the expedition will be to collect scientific data, full attention will also be given to further investigation of the commercial possibilities of the southern seas, of the islands, and of the shores of Victoria Land, and the ship will therefore be

fitted out with the necessary implements for such research. I still maintain my belief in a future for commercial energy in those parts, both in regard to the guano-beds and also in respect to whaling and sealing.

However, my scientific staff, which I wish to consist of twelve efficient men, will have their entire energy directed to scientific research. I propose to land at Cape Adair, with an adequate outfit of instruments, provisions, dogs, and sledges, and to establish my winter quarters at that spot. Semi-globular huts constructed on the Eskimo principle, and built out of hardwood, will be taken with us for the purpose of sheltering my staff, and also some live stock, which I intend to take with me.

As soon as the provisions and implements of the main camp have been landed, the vessel will proceed southwards with its crew, myself and three of my staff, if possible, as far as 76° S., where my companions and I will be landed (all must necessarily be snow-shoe runners), with our instruments, dogs, sledges, and provisions and other necessaries for the inland journey towards the South Magnetic Pole.

If I succeed in landing on Victoria Land at that latitude, I shall have to cross about ten degrees of longitude in a westerly direction to reach the place where the South Magnetic Pole (according to dip-compass observations) ought to be situated in lat. 75° 5′ S., long. 150° E., or about 150 English miles; the longitudes at 76° S. being about 15 miles apart.

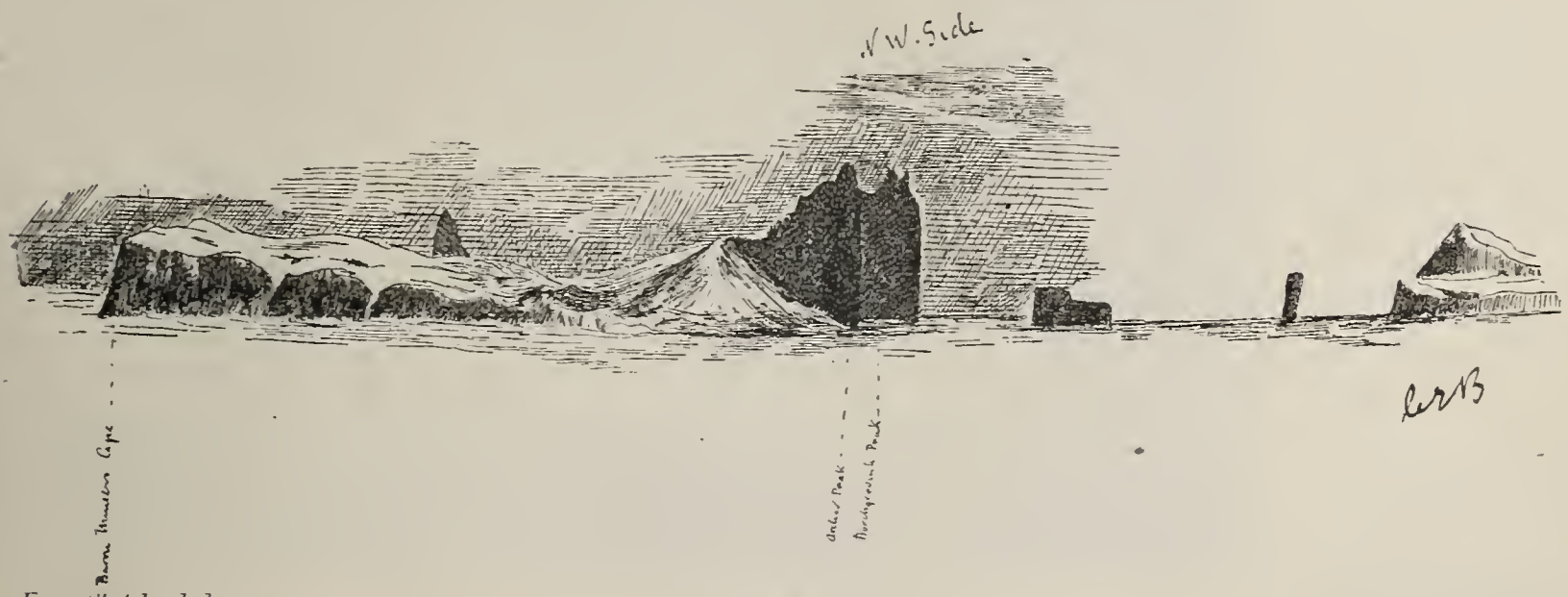
I hope to have covered the distance inland and back in two months, in which time I shall have made the necessary magnetic observations, and again join the camp at Cape Adair before the Antarctic winter sets in.

My scientific staff at Cape Adair will meanwhile have been occupied in exploring the Bay at Victoria Land, in taking deep-water soundings, investigating the fjords, and in collecting specimens of the fauna and flora, besides making pendulum observations, taking meteorological data, etc.

I think it desirable that the whaler should return to Australia, or Tasmania, shortly after having landed my scientific expedition on Victoria Land; both because it would be safer for the vessel, and because it could do some valuable work among the islands between Australia and Victoria Land during the latter part of the Antipodean winter. It would be safer, because it would avoid the danger of the ice-pressure in winter, and because it could start fresh for Victoria Land the succeeding spring for the purpose of bringing the members of the expedition back to civilization.

In zoological direction I expect great discoveries to be made, especially on the Victoria Continent itself. So far we know that the Antarctic Circle is the home of fish, whales, seals, and birds of the most widely differing kinds, but undoubtedly there are also in those regions hitherto unknown mammals. Amongst the birds, the penguins seem the most numerous, especially the "Eudyptes Adeliæ," which formed the entire

EAST SIDE OF POSSESSION ISLAND.



From Sketches by] POSSESSION ISLAND. *[C. E. Borchgrevink.*

From a] A TYPICAL SOUTH POLAR ICEBERG. *[Photograph.*

population of Possession Island, and of the mainland. In this connection it may be interesting to mention a rather curious incident which came under my notice after my return to London. I visited the Zoological Gardens in mid-summer, where an Emperor penguin (a specimen of "Aptenodytes Forsterii") was in the act of making most alarming preparations for departure to a better and cooler world. The keeper expressed great astonishment at the sudden death of his protégé, an astonishment with which I could not sympathize, after hearing that for the last fourteen days he had stuffed fish down the bird's throat, and also that this unhappy visitor from the Antarctic regions had been condemned to walk about on hot asphalt, with only a small pond of fresh water to cool its Antipodean thirst.

Penguins do not live on fish, as some people believe. I opened the bowels of nearly every penguin we killed on our voyage, and never found fish there, only crustaceans and pebbles, or pebbles only. That small incident could not but strike me as a curious proof of how little we know of regions and conditions which are not alone far from indifferent to us, but which interest us, affect us, and rule our daily life.

From a] A TYPICAL SOUTH POLAR ICEBERG. *[Photograph.*

Lillekort.

A Story
for
Children.

From the French
of
Xavier Marmier.

THERE was once a man and his wife who were very, very poor, and had a great many children. Each year added one to the number. One day the wife gave birth to a beautiful boy, who, on opening his eyes, cried :—

"Dearest mother, give me some of my brother's old clothes, and food for two days, and I will go into the world and seek my fortune, for I see you have enough children here without me."

"Heaven forbid, my child!" exclaimed the mother. "You are much too young to leave the house."

But the little one insisted; so at length his mother gave him some clothes and some food, and he departed, full of joy. Lillekort (for so he named himself) travelled towards the east. Presently he met an old, one-eyed woman, and took away her eye.

"Alas!" she cried, "I can no longer see. What will become of me?"

"What will you give me for your eye?" asked Lillekort.

"A sword that will slay a whole army, no matter how numerous."

"So be it."

Lillekort took the sword and continued his journey. A little farther on he met another old, one-eyed woman, took away her eye, and asked what she would give him for returning it.

The old woman said she would give him a ship that would sail over land and sea, over mountains and valleys, and on his agreeing, she gave him a little ship so small and light that he could carry it about in his pocket.

As soon as he was quite alone Lillekort stopped to examine his little vessel. He drew it from his pocket and put one foot in it. Immediately it grew larger. He put in the second foot. It grew yet larger. He sat down in it. It increased yet more. Then he said :—

"Go over the waves of the ocean, over mountains and through valleys, until you reach the palace of the King."

The ship immediately sped through space with the rapidity of a bird, and stopped in front of a magnificent palace. From one of the windows of this palace several persons beheld, with astonishment and interest, this boy who travelled in a manner so strange, and they hastened out to obtain a nearer view of the wonder. But Lillekort had already put his ship in his pocket. They

asked who he was and whence he came. To these different questions he knew not how to reply; but in a firm voice said he wished to enter the service of the King, no matter in what capacity; if need be, as a servant of the servants.

His humble request was granted. He was ordered to fetch wood and water for the kitchen. Arriving at the palace he saw with surprise that all the walls were hung with black, both without and within.

"Wherefore," he asked the cook, "this appearance of mourning?"

"Alas," she replied, "the only daughter of our King has been promised to three trolles, enormous ogres, and Thursday next the first comes to claim her. A knight, whose name is Rend, has undertaken to defend her. But how should he succeed? In the meantime we are all plunged in anguish and affliction."

Thursday evening Rend led the Princess to the sea-shore. It was here he had to defend her. But he was not very brave, so instead of waiting near her he climbed a tree and hid among the branches. In vain the Princess begged him to assist her.

"No, no," said he; "why two victims? One is sufficient."

At that moment Lillekort asked the cook's permission to go to the sea-shore.

"Go," said she, "but be sure you return by the time I prepare supper, and do not forget to bring me a good load of wood."

Lillekort promised, and ran toward the beach. At the same time the trolle appeared, making a noise like thunder. His body was of enormous dimensions, and he had five frightful heads.

"Madman!" he cried, on seeing the little kitchen-boy.

"Madman!" repeated Lillekort.

"Do you know how to fight?"

"If I do not know I will learn."

The trolle then threw a bar of iron at Lillekort, which, falling on the ground, raised a pile of sand and dust.

"A beautiful tower of strength," cried Lillekort. "Now, see mine."

With these words he drew his sword and with one blow smote off the monster's five heads.

Finding herself delivered, the Princess began to dance and sing gaily, then she said to the young boy: "Rest, lay your head on my knees."

Whilst he thus rested she placed on him a suit of golden armour.

All danger being over, Rend came down from the tree, took the tongues and lungs of the monster, and then told the Princess he would kill her unless she promised to acknowledge him publicly as her deliverer. She yielded to his threats, and he returned with her in triumph to the palace. The King loaded him with honours, and at supper seated him at his right hand. Meanwhile, Lillekort entered the giant's ship, and brought from thence a quantity of gold and silver trinkets.

"From whence all these riches?" asked the cook, anxiously, for she feared he had stolen them.

"Reassure yourself," he replied. "I went home for a moment; these trinkets fell from an old piece of furniture, so I brought them back for you."

"WHILST HE THUS RESTED SHE PLACED ON HIM A SUIT OF GOLDEN ARMOUR."

"What beautiful things! A thousand thanks!"

The Thursday following, fresh grief, fresh anguish. However, Rend said as he had vanquished the first trolle, he reckoned he could conquer the second. But this time also he took refuge among the branches of a tree, saying: "Why two victims? One is surely sufficient."

Lillekort again obtained the cook's permission to go out, he said to play with some children on the sea-shore, so he hastened forth, after promising to return by the time she prepared supper, and bring a good load of wood.

As he reached the shore he saw the trolle approaching. He was twice as colossal as the first, and had ten heads.

"Madman!" exclaimed the trolle, on seeing Lillekort.

"Madman!" repeated the valiant boy, and on the trolle asking if he could fight, replied, as on the former occasion, that he could learn.

The giant then threw a bar of iron at him, which, falling on the ground, raised a column of dust thirty feet high.

"A beautiful tower of strength," said the boy. "Now, see mine." And drawing his sword he, with one blow, smote off the monster's ten heads.

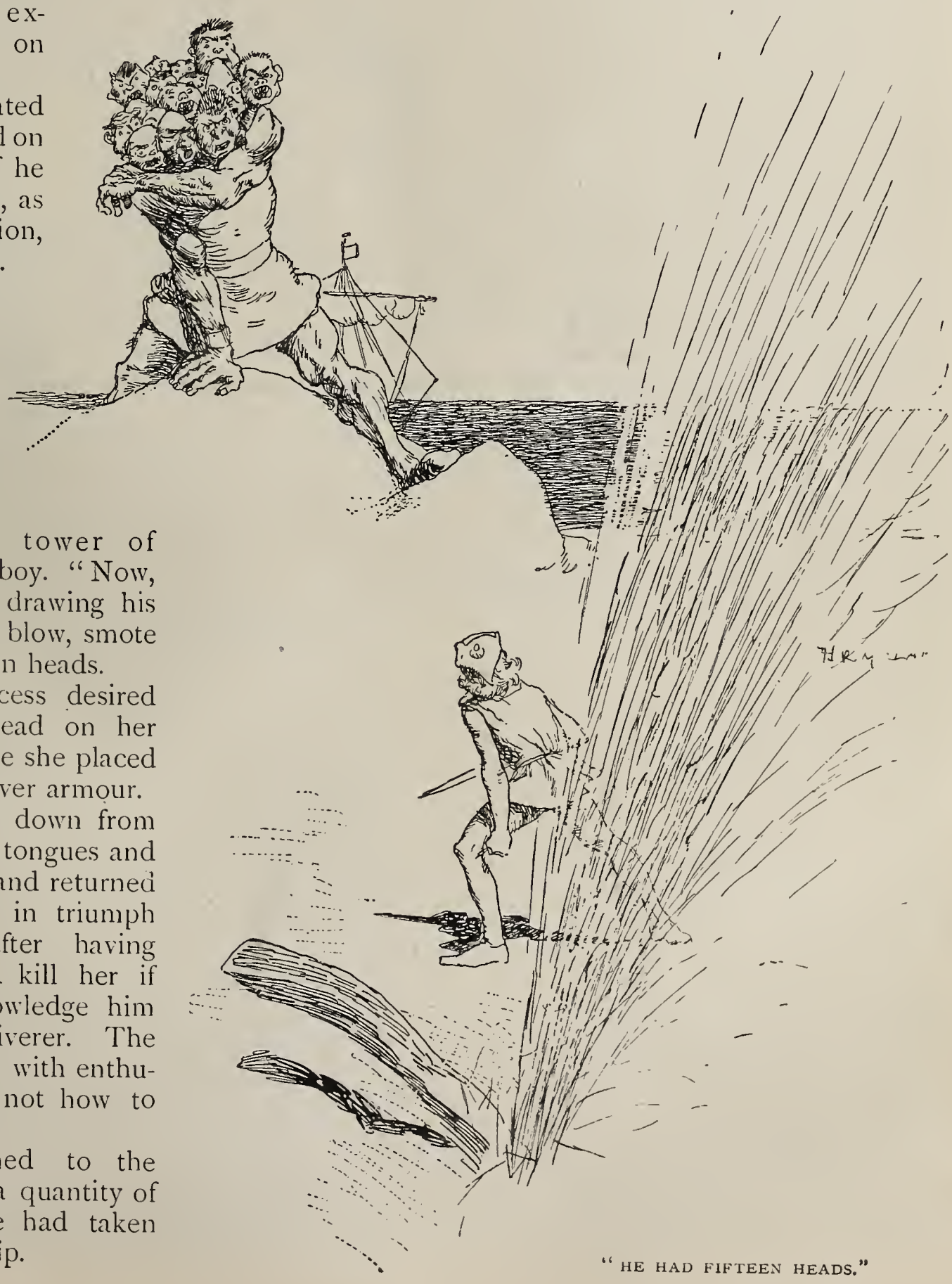
Again the Princess desired him to rest his head on her knees, and this time she placed on him a suit of silver armour.

Rend now came down from the tree, took the tongues and lungs of the trolle, and returned with the Princess in triumph to the palace, after having declared he would kill her if she did not acknowledge him publicly as her deliverer. The King received him with enthusiasm, and knew not how to show his gratitude.

Lillekort returned to the kitchen, carrying a quantity of gold and silver he had taken from the trolle's ship.

The third Thursday, the palace was again hung with black, and the people were plunged in grief. But Rend said he had already conquered two formidable monsters and would overcome the third. But, as on the preceding Thursdays, he hid in the tree, and when the Princess implored him to remain with her, said one victim was sufficient.

Lillekort, who had again obtained the cook's permission to go out, reached the shore at the same time as the monster, who was much more terrible than either of the two former. He had fifteen heads, and the bar of iron he threw at his brave little adversary raised a column of earth forty feet high. Lillekort, however, with his magic sword, struck off the fifteen heads at one blow.



"HE HAD FIFTEEN HEADS."

"Rest," said the Princess; "rest your head on my knees."

Whilst he thus rested, she put on him a suit of bronze armour, and said:—

"How can we make it known that it is you who saved me?"

"Listen," replied Lillekort, "this is my idea. Rend will go without scruple to claim the reward promised to your deliverer: your hand and the half of your father's kingdom. When the day for your marriage arrives say you wish to be served at table by the boy who carries wood and water to the kitchen. I will let a few drops of wine fall on Rend's plate. He will strike me. A second and a third time I will do the same, and again he will strike me; then you shall say: 'For shame to strike him whom I love—he who saved me—he whom I should wed!'"

Seeing the trolle was dead, Rend came down from the tree and led the Princess back to the palace, after having made her swear a third time to proclaim him as her deliverer.

The King announced that his daughter's deliverer should receive in the most splendid manner the reward he had so well deserved. The cowardly knight was betrothed to the Princess, and half the kingdom was given him. The day of the Princess's marriage she would be served by the boy who carried wood and water to the kitchen.

"What!" exclaimed Rend, in disgust; "you wish that dirty, hideous little varlet to come near you?"

"Yes, I wish it."

Lillekort was summoned, and, as he had said, he once, twice, thrice let some drops of wine fall in Rend's plate.

The first time he was struck the coarse garments he wore fell off, and the valiant boy appeared in a suit of bronze armour, the second time in silver armour, and the third time in armour of glittering gold.

Then the Princess cried: "For shame to strike him whom I love—he who saved me—he whom I should wed!"

Rend swore loudly that it was he who had saved her.

"Let us see the proofs of the victors," said the King.

"IN ARMOUR OF GLITTERING GOLD."

The knight immediately showed the tongues and lungs of the trolles.

Lillekort fetched the treasures he had taken from the monsters' ships. At the sight of the gold, silver, and diamonds, no one had the slightest doubt.

"The trolles alone have such treasures," said the King, "and only he who kills them can obtain possession of their riches."

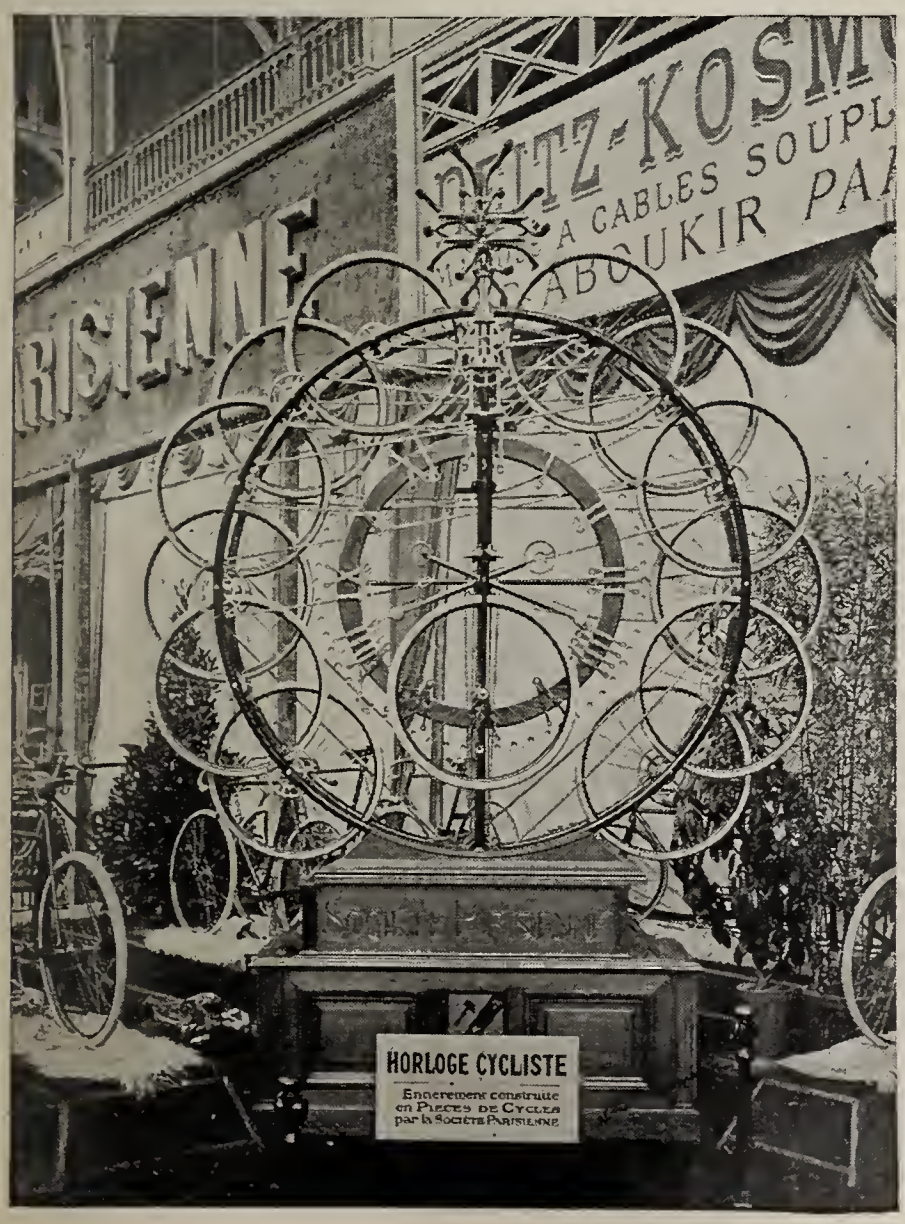
Rend, the coward and impostor, was thrown into a ditch full of serpents, and the Princess's hand was given to Lillekort, together with half of the kingdom.

Curiosities.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

HOUSES DECORATED WITH HUMAN SKULLS.

As the records of Benin City remind us, there still remain some terribly black spots in Darkest Africa. Here are some houses of the Bianzi people, decorated with the grinning skulls of enemies killed in war. Probably those enemies furnished food as well as ornament. The Bianzis are among the cruellest and most powerful tribes of the Upper Congo. When the "king" dies, forty or fifty slaves are murdered by way of an escort into regions unknown; and their skulls (as well as elephant tusks) decorate the grave of the dead monarch. This photo. is from the lecture "A Thousand Miles Up the Congo," and it was kindly lent us by Mr. W. C. Hughes, of Mortimer Road, Kingsland, N.



A MONKEY WITH A WAR MEDAL.

It would be hard to beat the record of Jenny, the "Service" monkey. In 1864 she joined H.M.S. *Vigilant* (Captain Brown, who afterwards presented her to the Zoo), and was singular in hailing from the Andaman Islands, where no monkeys were supposed to exist. Also, she belongs to an unknown species. For four years Jenny served on board the ship, and then, having passed all the dangers of the Abyssinian Campaign, she was discharged with a first-class certificate and silver chain and medal. This was in lieu of prize money. Of course, Jenny was the sailors' pet, and so was educated

From a Photo. by York & Son.

to an amazing pitch. *Her* pet was an almost featherless chicken, which she nursed baby-fashion. She never turned in at night without her pipe and glass of grog, which she consumed with unmistakable relish.

GIGANTIC CLOCK MADE OF CYCLE PARTS.

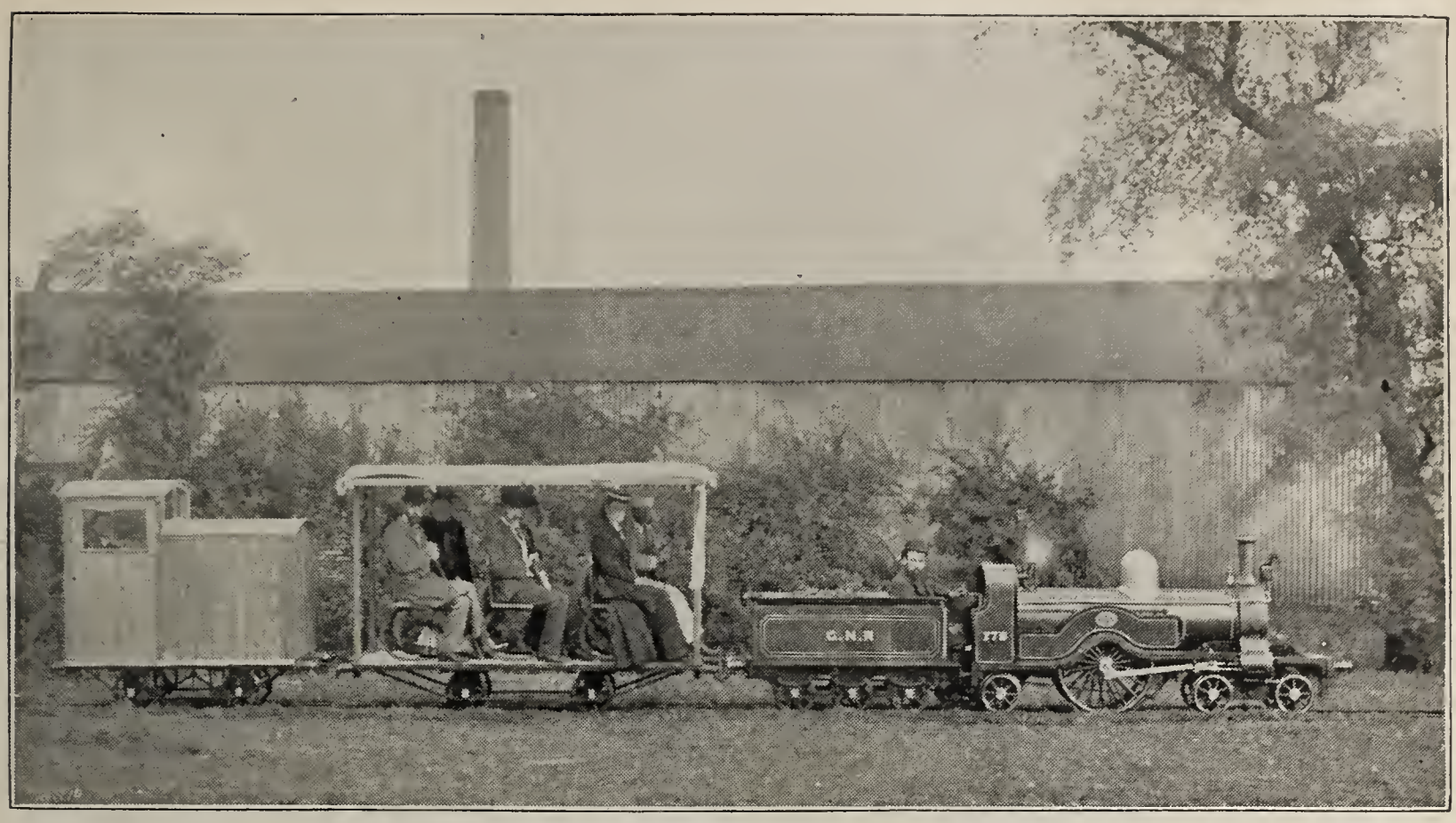
This curiosity was shown at a recent Industrial Exhibition held in Paris. So great was its success among the hosts of exhibits that it became one of the principal attractions of the Exhibition, and brought a great deal of business to its ingenious proprietors—La Société Parisienne, of 10, Avenue de la Grande-Armée. It will be seen that the clock is constructed entirely of cycle parts, the very hour-figures being brightly-plated cranks. All the smaller wheels revolved by means of gear chains, but this was merely by way of attracting a crowd. The clock kept excellent time, and struck the hours, half-hours, and quarters, the real mechanism being concealed in the base. The photo. was kindly placed at our disposal by the courteous Secretary of the Nyassa Company, of Bartholomew House, E.C.

TWO CURIOUS BALLOON PHOTOS.

These two very curious balloon photos. were kindly lent us for reproduction by the pioneer English aeronauts, Messrs. Charles Green, Spencer and Sons, of 14, Ringcroft Street, Holloway, N. The first is quite unique. It is a snap-shot taken at an altitude of thousands of feet above London, and it depicts a shower of advertisement hand-bills fluttering down towards the earth. This is a very novel form of advertisement, for who could fail to be impressed with the merits of certain wares when their recommendations came down from the very heavens? From the second photo. one may infer that the car of the balloon was not very spacious. The gentleman who looms so large in the photo., and who is evidently contemplating the troubled world far beneath him, was unable to get far enough away from the lens of the camera, which, having taken a wholly disproportionate view of his person, then cast its searching eye at the glorious prospect of agricultural country beneath. The different fields are strongly marked; and some distance below, another balloon may be seen sailing along on its own account.

LOADING BANANAS ON THE COSTA RICA RAILWAY.

Bananas are an important factor in the traffic of this railway, whose secretary, Mr. A. J. Shepherd, kindly lent us this photo. The gentleman seen standing on the car is employed by the shipper to check the fruit as to quantity and condition. In 1894, Costa Rica exported 1,576,650 bunches. A first-rate bunch (which may contain hundreds of bananas) can be shipped at a cost of about a shilling. A single acre of the incredibly rich soil may yield 200 magnificent bunches. One Costa Rica banana plantation covers 2,471 acres.

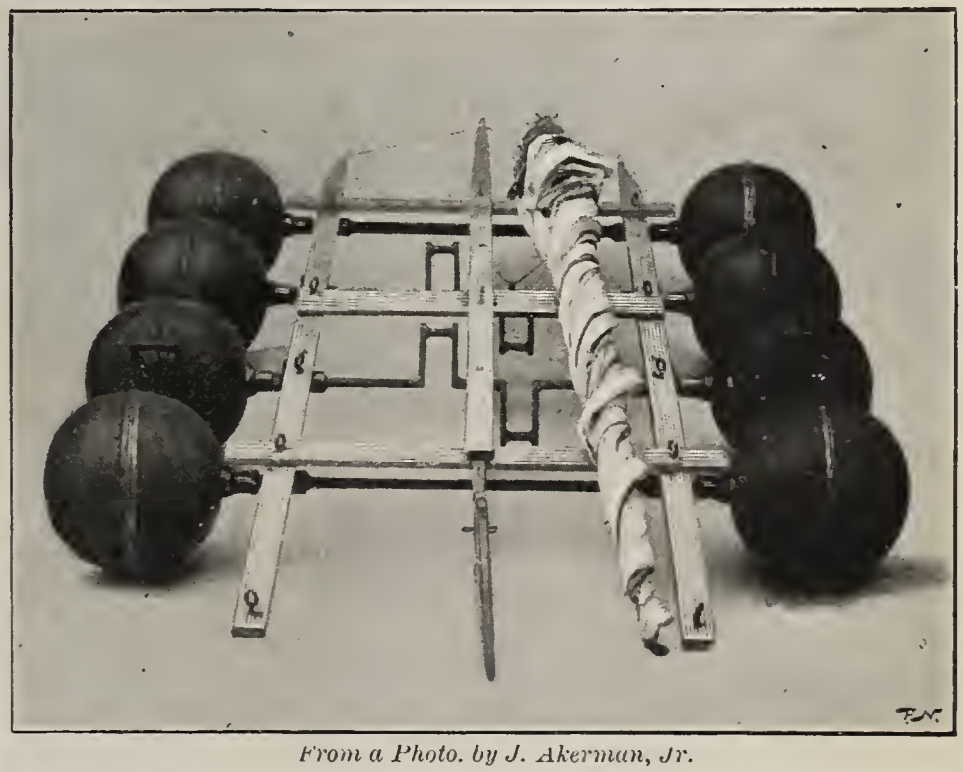


THE SMALLEST PASSENGER TRAIN IN THE WORLD.

This was built by Messrs. W. G. Bagnall, Limited, Castle Engine Works, Stafford, the photo. being forwarded by their London representatives. The graceful little locomotive is a perfectly proportioned model of a Great Northern express engine. The cylinders are 4in. in diameter, and the driving wheels 30in. ; the gauge is 18in. Small as it is, however, the engine weighs 2¾ tons, and would haul 15 tons on a fairly level track ; it would run at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour. The rails weigh but 9lb. to the yard. The whole train was specially built for use in a gentleman's private park.

VERY CURIOUS FREAK OF NATURE.

This is about the most curious specimen of its kind we ever received. It is a pretty hard pear, with an amusing "portrait" on one side. The lady who photographed it assures us that the pear was absolutely untouched by hand. It was grown at Lytham Hall, Lancashire. A gentleman's dress bow has apparently been placed beneath the pear, doubtless to accentuate the expression of sleek complacency that marks its broad "face." Forehead, eyes, nose, cheeks, mouth, and chin are all defined in a really marvellous manner.



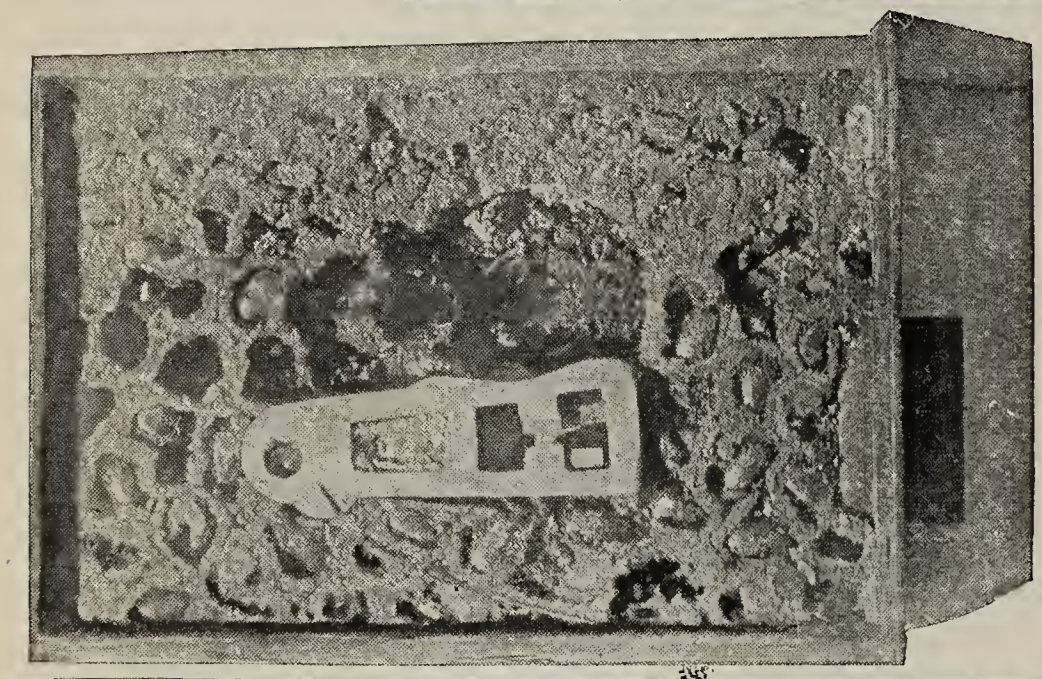
From a Photo. by J. Akerman, Jr.

A MACHINE ON WHEELS, FOR REACHING THE NORTH POLE.

It is the invention of Mr. R. Anderson, of 2, Queen's Square, London. This gentleman has noticed that the greatest drawback to Arctic exploration is the transport difficulty ; and this he proposes to obviate by using a machine which works equally well on land, ice, snow, and water. No more boats and sledges ! This machine can be built of steel or aluminium in independent sections, each section with three globes arranged shamrock-fashion. Each globe will be 6ft. in diameter, and built in compartments so as to insure unsinkability. For ice-travelling, spikes are inserted in the globes, while paddles are used in water. Mr. Anderson proposes to select a meridian over Franz Josef Land, and follow it right across the Pole. His machine would have five sections to carry five men, and provisions for three months (May to September). Light sails would be carried, and it is hoped to cover fifty miles every twenty-four hours.

DOG-GATES.

There are very few of these left in England. Dog-gates were in the time of Elizabeth placed at the foot of the staircase in order to prevent the dogs of the household from straying into the apartments upstairs. In those pre-dandy dog days the ground floor and plain—very plain—food were thought good enough for canine favourites. This pair of dog-gates still exist at Slyfield Manor, Bookham, Surrey. The photograph was sent in by Mr. S. H. Wrightson, of 206, Manningham Lane, Bradford.

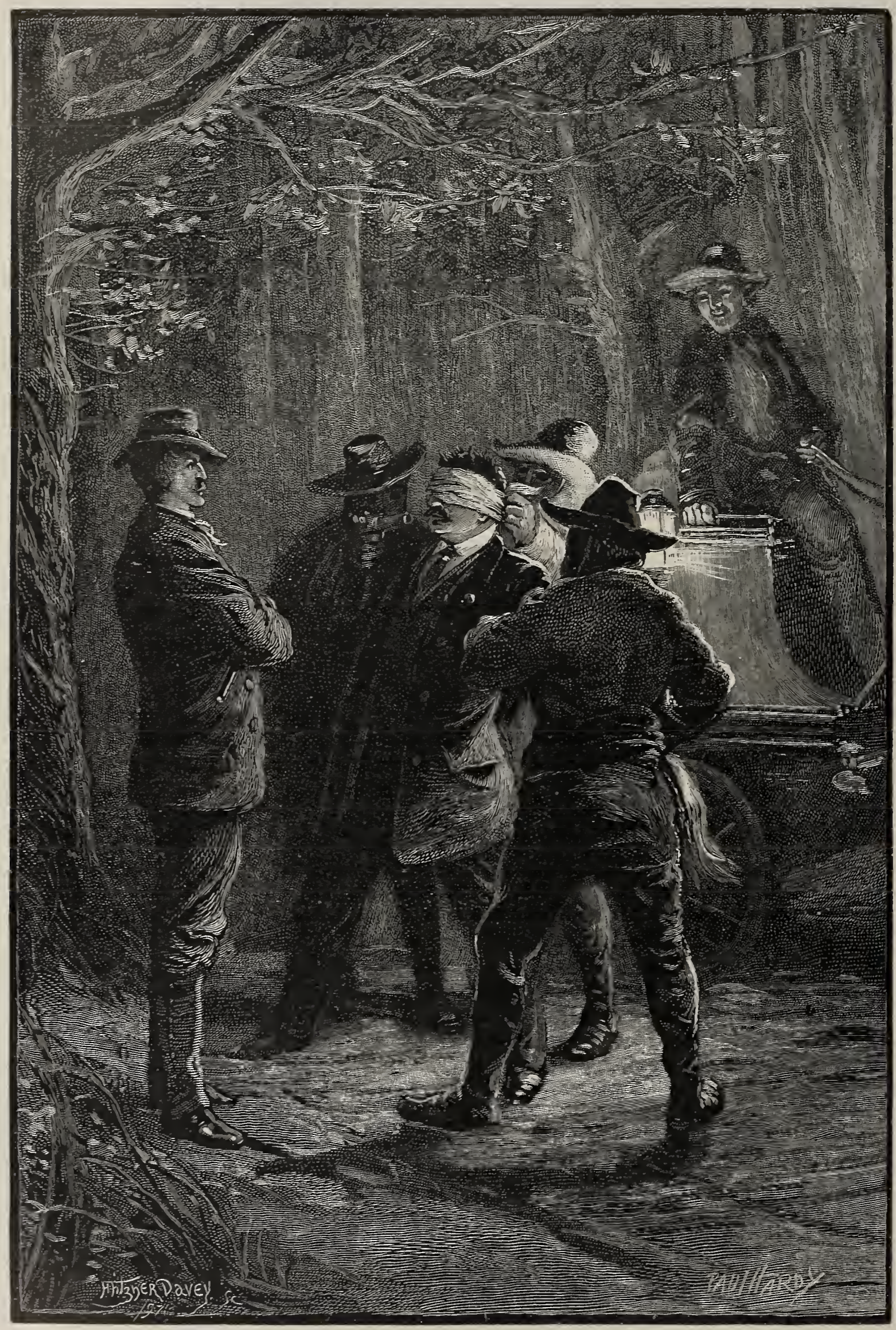


MUD-CELLS FORMED IN A LOCK BY A MASON-BEE.

This photo. was taken by Mr. Oswald H. Latter, Science Master at Charterhouse. Mr. Latter says: "The photo. represents the interior of the lock of a shed belonging to one of my colleagues. The whole of the interior has been completely filled with mud-cells by a mason-bee. There are over fifty cells visible, and there were doubtless more in the semi-circular space scooped out by the attempts made to turn the key. Fortunately, however, the attempts were not persevered with and the bolt was left 'shot.' The nest was built last summer."

PELICANS' BREEDING-GROUND ON A GUANO ISLAND.

This unique photo. was lent by the Peruvian Corporation. It is one of a set taken for the Anglo-Continental Guano Works Co., and shows a vast number of pelicans breeding on Chinchas South Island, off the coast of Peru. Both birds and guano are under the protection of the Peruvian Government. Guano, as everybody knows, is the most efficacious manure extant. Baron Liebig considered the importation of 1cwt. of it was equivalent to the importation of 8cwt. of wheat. The deposits on the Chinchas Islands yielded nearly 7,000,000 tons of guano in twenty-eight years. Besides pelicans, penguins, gannets, albatross, shags, petrels, and other sea-birds have haunted these rocky islands in their millions from time immemorial.



"'SILENCE!' CAME A STERN VOICE."

(*See page* 367.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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By Emily Spender.

A JUNE evening in Florence. The sun had just set, the Arno ran like a river of fire beneath a flaming sky; a rosy light lingered on the heights above the city and on the marble façade of San Miniato amongst its cypresses. Up and down the Lung'arno loitered crowds of people, delighting in the balmy air after a blazing day; carriages with daintily-dressed women rolled past, and the tram-cars were laden with the bourgeoisie, on their way to or from the Cascine, the Hyde Park of Florence.

Amidst these gay and happy people, talking, laughing, fluttering fans, one young man seemed quite out of harmony. His athletic figure and style of dress gave him an unmistakably English air. He was leaning on the wall, his eyes fixed upon the brown, swiftly rushing river, with a gloomy, abstracted gaze; he seemed unconscious of the glowing sunset and the throngs of passers-by.

Presently he started, as a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a musical voice uttered a common-place greeting: "Halloa, Percivale! Didn't know you were in Florence."

Percivale was just an ordinary, good-looking English lad of one or two and twenty, fair, well-built, healthy, with honest blue eyes, such as you may see turned out by the dozen in a University town. But the man who addressed him was of a different make, a man whom few people would pass in the street without observing. Tall, spare, and upright, with a keen, strongly lined face, latent fire in his dark grey eyes, and the easy grace which comes from strength, Maurice O'Connor had more than good looks—he had distinction. He had the reputation of being eccentric and unsociable. Since the death of his young wife, a few months after their marriage, he had led a roving life, the life of a traveller and explorer. Latterly he had somewhat settled down; he had bought a villa in the Tuscan hills, within easy reach of Florence. He was an amateur artist of remarkable ability; and here he was able to gratify his love of Nature and of art. Speaking Italian like a native, he had become on friendly terms with the peasants of the wild and lonely country where he had made his home; whilst he was frequently to be met with studying in the picture galleries of Florence. He had little in common with Harry Percivale, but Maurice O'Connor had had a liking for the young man ever since the day he had happened, in a casual sort of way, to save him from drowning when, bathing off the coast of Ischia, Harry had been seized with cramp on a chilly spring day.

"I came over from England a fortnight ago," said Harry, presently, as the two men sauntered along the Lung'arno, "and I might as well have stayed at home for any pleasure I have had."

"Really?" and Maurice gave a quick glance at him. "Anything wrong?"

"Everything!" replied Harry, savagely.

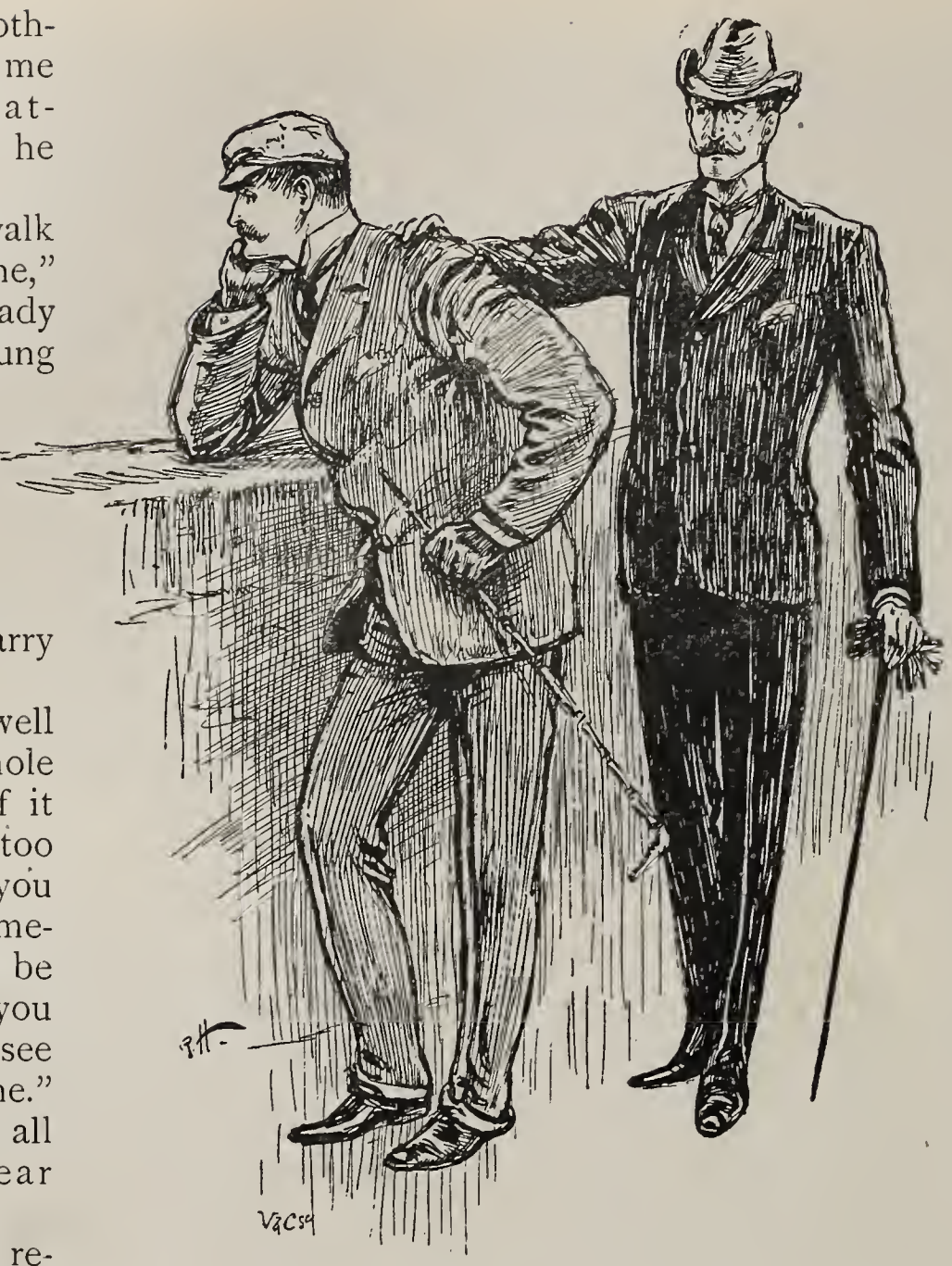
"That is, it's nothing to do with me—a family matter——" and he stopped short.

"Let us walk on to the Cascine," said Maurice, ready to ignore the young man's semi-confidence, if he wished to say no more. They went a few yards in silence, then Harry burst out:—

"I might as well tell you the whole story—that is, if it won't bore you too much. Perhaps you can suggest something. I should be awfully glad if you would. *I* don't see what is to be done."

"Tell me by all means, my dear fellow."

"Well, you remember my sister Lucia: she and her mother, my step-mother, you know, were with me at Ischia last year."



"HALLOA, PERCIVALE!"

"Yes, I remember her," said Maurice, with an almost imperceptible change in his quiet voice.

"She is a dear little creature, as simple and docile as a child. My step-mother is Italian, you know, and Lucia has been brought up in a convent, and has not the pluck of an English girl, and thinks she must do everything she is told. Well, it is a horrid story altogether. There is a man named Henderson—I don't know if you have ever met him?"

"No, I think not."

"He is an awful bad lot—about as bad as they make them; but he has heaps of money, and is smart, and all that kind of thing. What does the beast do, but actually dare to propose to marry my poor little sister, Lucia; and her mother, wretched woman, aids and abets him, just because he has a place somewhere in England and ten thousand a year—or says he has. He may be in the hands of the Jews for what I know. Lucia loathes him, I'll bet anything she does, though she will hardly own it even to me; but she daren't call her soul her own. All her Italian lady friends are down upon her, telling her it's her duty, and the custom of the country, to marry the man her mother accepts for her, and it's only those improper English girls who think of choosing a husband for themselves. Bah! It makes me sick—an innocent baby like Lucia, just out of a convent, and that loathsome reprobate, double her age!"

Maurice O'Connor's face had become very dark and grim as he listened in silence. A year ago, when he had met the Percivale family at Ischia — Harry, the Oxford undergraduate, the portly, dark-haired, vivacious Italian step-mother, and her young daughter, Lucia —Maurice had at once been attracted by the latter, for she had reminded him of his dead wife, as she was when he had met her first, a mere school-girl. Lucia Percivale had probably not his wife's intellect and strength of character, but there was something in her flower-like grace and child-like innocence which touched the strong and tender-hearted man. And now to hear of her destined sacrifice, one more maiden to a Minotaur, filled him with righteous wrath.

"Can you do nothing to stop this marriage?" he asked, coolly enough, for he was not a man to wear his heart upon his sleeve.

"I have tried to move Heaven and earth, and it's no go at all. The Signora (that's my step-mother, you know) is just like one of those great Italian mules. I wish to Heaven my father were living! I am confident he would soon put a stop to this hateful marriage. But what can I do? The Signora stormed and raved at me, and finally ordered me out

of the house yesterday, and forbade me to speak to Lucia again. So I just packed up my portmanteau, and walked off to an hotel. The wedding day is fixed—curse it ! and yet I simply can't go home again and leave Lucia to her fate."

They walked some way in silence. The street was almost deserted now—the dark masses of the Cascine woods loomed vaguely before them, fire-flies flashed and vanished, and from the leafy recesses of the park came the silvery trill of a nightingale.

Maurice asked a few more questions about the intended marriage. He was evidently pondering over what Harry had told him, and was anxious for all the information he could gain respecting Mr. Henderson, and Lucia's feelings towards him.

"You may see him for yourself, perhaps, if you are still living in that out-of-the-way place of yours in the mountains," said Harry.

"Yes, I have come down to Florence only for a couple of days."

"Well, they—that is, Lucia and her mother and that beast, Henderson—are going to Vallombrosa next week, to stay at the hotel there. Lucia is quite ill with the worry of it all, and the doctor says she must have mountain air, and so she and my step-mother will remain there till just before the wedding. Of course she is ill ; she is miserable ; but she accepts the inevitable. She is resigned and obedient, like a Hindu widow going to be burnt alive. She doesn't know half the horror of her fate, poor little innocent. And I have to look on and see it ! I wish to goodness we lived in the old days, and there was someone to do the young Lochinvar business, and spirit her away, despite them all. I have been wondering if I couldn't do it myself, but I don't quite see how."

"Perhaps the bridegroom might be spirited away instead of the bride," returned Maurice, with a quiet laugh.

A week or two later, Mrs. Percivale, or the Signora, as she was usually called, was sitting under the shade of the great sycamores in the hotel garden at Vallombrosa. In front, fields, "whose grass you scarce could see for flowers," and where silvery poplars shimmered, sloped towards a dark wood of immemorial pines. Beyond rose range after range of filmy blue hills, crowned with the faint peaks of the distant Apennines. Behind the white, green-shuttered walls of the hotel were the tall towers and massive buildings of the ancient and famous monastery. Above rose vast forests of beech and pine, climbing the hillside for many a mile, along whose wild and enchanting paths Milton once wandered, and where still, "beneath the high, overarched Etrurian shades," flow down the brooks embanked with myriad fallen leaves. The very name of Vallombrosa is full of legend and romance, even though its monastery has become a Government college of forestry, and its ancient hostelry a modern hotel, crowded in summer time by English and Italians.

Mrs. Percivale, a handsome, portly woman, of the Juno type which one often sees amongst the Roman bourgeoisie, was chattering away in English, fluently enough, but with a most un-English accent—occasionally waving her plump hands to emphasize her words.

Her prospective son-in-law, Mr. Henderson, was bending over her, with an attentive air —for his cue had been to pay as much court to the mother as to the daughter, whilst inwardly vowing she should never set foot in his house in England. "I hate foreigners," he used to say.

Henderson was a rather short, stout man of nearly forty, with a sallow face and haggard eyes. Well-dressed as he was, and courteous as he could be when he chose, there was a stamp of ill-breeding about him, and an air of self-sufficiency which some people found intolerable. But the Signora saw nothing of this. She had all the Italian simplicity of nature (which is often combined with a child-like cunning in little matters), and she had the warm heart and domestic affection of her countrywomen. Devoted to her daughter Lucia, she sincerely believed that she was doing the best possible for her welfare by urging on the marriage with Mr. Henderson, and that her step-son Harry was flying in the face of Providence by opposing it. Lucia had but a small dowry, and she was lucky to have found an Englishman of wealth and position willing to marry her. The Signora herself had led the happiest of lives with her English husband, Lucia's father. "If only her *caro sposo* were alive now, how he would have rejoiced at his little daughter's good fortune ! "

So ready are we to believe that the dead would have been on our side ! Harry and his step-mother each claimed the late Mr. Percivale as an adherent to their opposite opinions.

Lucia was a fair, delicate-looking girl of seventeen, childish and unformed in character, but with a sweet and sincere nature, and she might, under favourable influences, develop into a noble woman. She knew nothing of

life; her convent was her world; she was resigned to her marriage with a man utterly distasteful to her; all the girls of her acquaintance married the men their parents chose for them. It was all the will of Providence, which allowed some people to be rich and others poor, some to be happy and others miserable; and it was her duty to accept what God and her mother ordained for her. Life was a sorrowful mystery, she thought, and she only wished she might have been allowed to remain with the kind, gentle sisters in the convent, and escape from the terrible necessity of marrying anybody; most of all this Mr. Henderson. She scarcely knew why she disliked him so much: he was always paying her compliments, and telling her how much he adored her, besides lavishing jewellery and pretty things upon her; but her womanly instinct revolted against the expression in his face when he gazed at her, and she shuddered when he took her hand. "Perhaps he has the evil eye," she whispered to herself. A short respite was now all that was left to her. The wedding was fixed for that day week. After this evening, she would scarcely see Mr. Henderson again before that dreaded day, for to-night he was returning to Florence to make the thousand and one necessary arrangements.

"MRS. PERCIVALE WAS CHATTERING AWAY IN ENGLISH."

"It will be night long before you arrive at Florence," the Signora was saying to him. "Ah, what a dark and dolorous drive through the forest! I shudder to think of it!"

"There is nothing to be afraid of, *cara Signora*. The English Consul tells me the country about here is absolutely safe, or else I shouldn't risk it. Of course, I don't believe what the——"—"natives" he was going to say, with the peculiar contempt an Englishman can show when speaking of the inhabitants of any country but his own; but remembering that Mrs. Percivale was an Italian, he turned his sentence, awkwardly, into, "I don't believe what waiters and hotel-keepers say, of course."

During the *table d'hôte* that evening, Mrs. Percivale, who always amused herself between the courses by carefully observing the guests, gave a little cry.

"Look! Lucia, there is your brother; there is Harree, at the end of the long table! He did not tell us he was coming. How glad am I, now that Mr. Henderson is going to leave us. I do not like being here in these mountains without a gentleman," and she nodded and smiled at her step-son, who returned her greeting very stiffly. Her volatile but kindly nature had forgotten all about their stormy parting; but Harry evidently had not. He looked pale and stern, and consumed with anxiety; he scarcely touched any dinner, and before the meal was quite over, and the Signora could summon him to her side, he had vanished from the room.

After dinner, Mr. Henderson departed for Florence in a hired carriage and pair. He took a tender farewell of Lucia, with the whispered words, "Only another week, and we shall never part again!" which had turned the poor girl sick with nameless horror.

Mr. Henderson was thoroughly enjoying his drive, in the dewy, balmy air of the June

evening, as he reclined in the carriage, smoking one of the choice cigars he had smuggled into this land of bad tobacco. There had been still a rosy glow in the north-western sky when he started, but the brief twilight was passing, and when the road descended into the forest, and the tall pine-trees stood thickly ranged on either side, the gloom became funereal. The carriage lamps shed flickering, uncertain lights, weird shadows flew past, and now a gleam fell upon an ancient and wayside cross of stone. At that moment the wild and mournful hoot of an owl — or what sounded like such — rang through the woods and the driver abruptly pulled up his horses.

"What are you doing? Go on," shouted Henderson, in his lame and blundering Italian. But the coachman sat still on his box without replying. "Curse the fellow! what does he mean by it?" and Henderson sprang to his feet.

The feeble light from the lamps showed him two dark figures standing at the horses' heads, men in the ordinary dress of peasants, but with their faces veiled by black crape, which gave them a sinister and alarming aspect. And, then, as if they had sprung out of the earth, four men, similarly masked, surrounded the carriage.

"You rascals!" cried Henderson, furiously, but turning cold with terror as he thought, "They are brigands, and it is all a lie to say there are none in Tuscany."—"You rascals, what do you want?"

"We want you," replied a solemn voice in Italian. "The Signor will alight and come with us."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," and Henderson tried to swear and bluster. "How dare you, you thieves, interfere with an Englishman? Drive on!" he shrieked. "Drive over them!"

But the coachman never moved, and his only answer was something that sounded rather like a chuckle. The next moment a pair of powerful arms pinioned Henderson, and something hard and cold was pressed to his forehead. "Another sound, and you are a dead man!"

Utterly cowed, and shivering with fright, he was dragged out of the carriage, and set on his feet in the road. Each of his arms was then held in an iron grasp, and a third man, standing behind him, tied a thick cotton handkerchief tightly over his eyes; but not before he had caught a glimpse of a brigand standing a little apart from the rest—a tall, powerful-looking man, who wore no mask over his face.

Henderson guessed him to be the chief of the brigands, and he gasped and stuttered out an appeal: "I will give you all I have to let me go—I have five hundred *lire* in my purse, and there is English money in my portmanteau——"

"Silence!" came a stern voice, and if Henderson had had his wits about him, he might have noticed that the chief spoke with a deeper and more Roman accent than the softer Tuscan of his followers. "We want a good deal more than that, and we shall have it too, before we have done with you. Now, quick march!"

Henderson was hurried along between the two men who had gripped his arms. He tried to collect his senses, and to form some idea, blindfolded though he was, of whither he was being taken. The ground at first was soft under his feet; evidently it was a forest-path deep in fir-needles. Now and then came a breath of cool air, scented with pine; he could hear a brook murmuring not far away; there was no other sound but the tramp of the gang who surrounded him. After about half a mile, the path began to ascend steeply, and now and again he stumbled and struck his feet against stones, and presently he, being "fat and scant of breath," began to pant, but still upwards he was hurried, till at last he bemoaned himself in English—"They want to kill me—I shall be done for in another moment."

"Stop!" came a word of command from the chief in front. "Give him a moment's rest, and here, let him have a drink."

A flask was held to his lips, and he gulped down a mouthful or two of what to his astonishment proved to be some of the best cognac he had ever tasted.

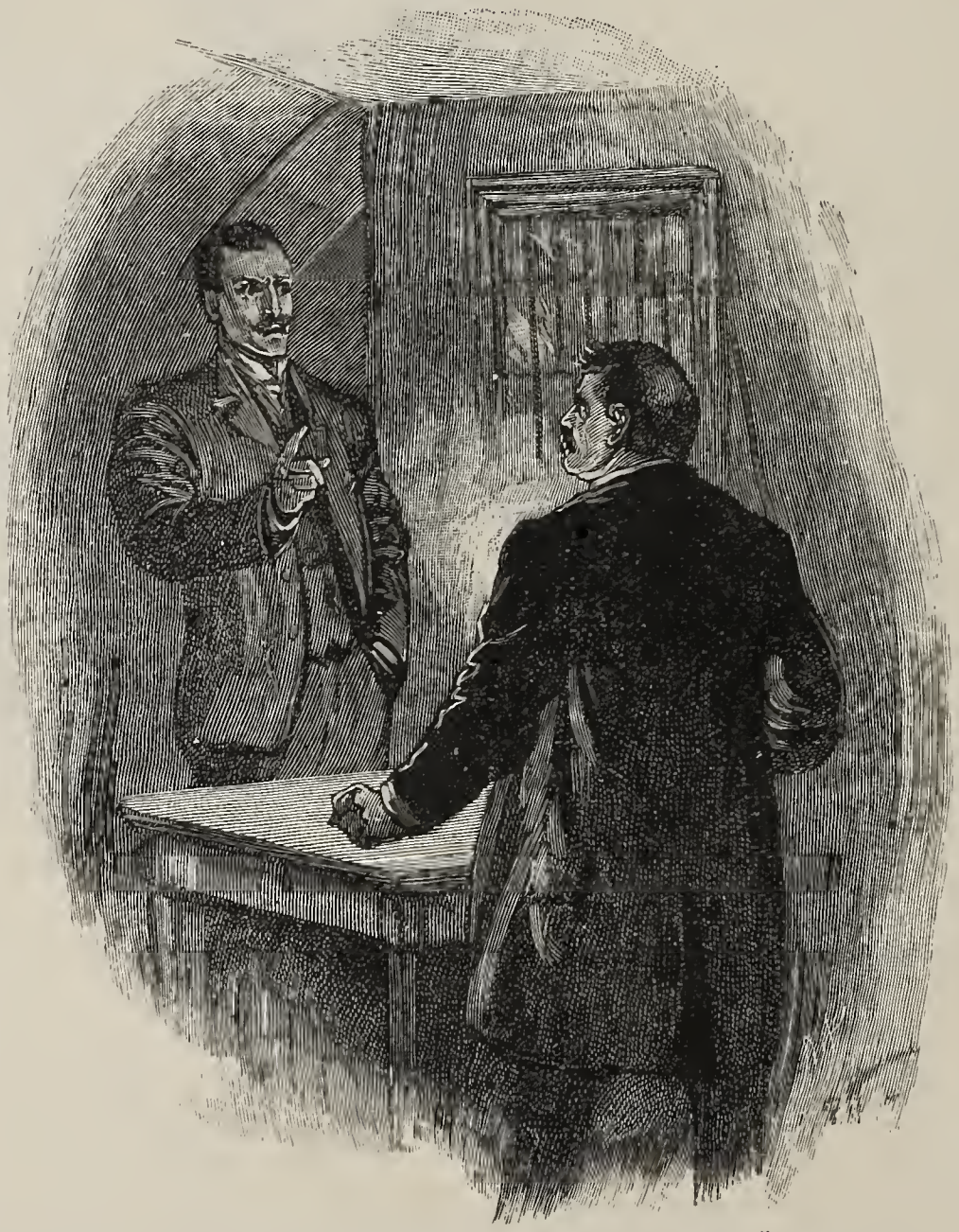
"Rather civil sort of brigands these, after all," he thought, especially as the pace now slackened and he was allowed to proceed at a more merciful rate of speed.

Onwards they went, mile after mile; the air grew fresher, almost chilly, as they ascended, and he could distinguish that they had left the pines below them, and by the crackling of last year's leaves under foot, had reached the beech woods on a higher level of the mountains. He heard streams rushing past him, occasionally the hoot of an owl—a genuine owl this time—but perfect silence was maintained by the brigands.

And now they had begun to descend rapidly; he was guided down a slippery, stony path, then to his surprise and relief

he found himself on the firm ground of a high road.

Some instinct told the prisoner that they were approaching a dwelling-house. The road gave place to a gravel path; there was a faint scent of roses and mignonette in the air, as if a garden were near; now he was being led up stone steps; he heard a heavy door open; he had entered, and the door was shut behind him, with a clanging of bolts and bars. He was hurried upstairs, flight after flight; now he was brought into a room—"You can let him go," came the voice of the chief—then his arms were released, the handkerchief was unbound from his eyes, and Henderson stood breathing hard, blinking his eyes after the darkness, and glancing round him in bewilderment.



"DON'T TRY TO ESCAPE FROM THIS PLACE."

He found himself in a small bedroom, with a bare floor and a few articles of furniture, cheerless, but spotlessly clean; and a small window strongly barred. In the darkness without, it was, of course, impossible to know what that window looked upon. The room was dimly lighted by one of those brass three-wicked lamps the Tuscan peasants use. It was all so strange — this homely room was so unlike the mountain cave where brigands are usually supposed to have their haunts. Henderson began to feel the whole thing was a horrid nightmare. The two men who had held his arms, and whose crape-veiled faces looked even more ominous in these common-place surroundings, had retreated to the door, and he was standing face to face with the chief, who appeared to disdain any disguise. He was a distinguished-looking man, with finely cut features, a touch of grey on his dark hair and moustache, and a passionate gleam in his dark eyes, which wore a very ferocious aspect in Henderson's estimation.

The chief addressed him in Italian, speaking slowly and distinctly. "You can understand me, I believe?—well, I wish to give you a word of advice. Don't try to escape from this place, it is useless. The house is guarded by my men, and you will remain here until it suits me to release you."

"How much money do you want?" and Henderson tried to pluck up courage. "It would pay you much better to take all I have with me and let me go. There will be a great row made about your kidnapping an English subject."

"I am afraid that is a question we are not likely to agree upon," returned the brigand, with ironical politeness. "But I will not trouble you any further now; we will resume our conversation another time. Supper will be brought you presently, and I will wish you good-night. By-the-by," he turned as he was about to leave the room, "you can sleep without fear: I pledge you my word as a gentleman — brigand," he added, quickly, "your life is safe if you obey my orders."

Presently the door—which was guarded outside by the two brigands who had led Henderson hither—the door opened again, and an old peasant woman, with wrinkled face and grey hair, covered by a yellow kerchief, entered, bearing a plain but substantial meal, half a cold fowl, a loaf, and a bottle of *vin ordinaire*, but — humiliating detail—the bread and meat were cut in small pieces, as if for a child; no knife was allowed him.

Henderson addressed the woman eagerly: "*Buona donna*, tell me where I am."

But she only shook her head, saying, "I understand no English," a bad compliment to Henderson's efforts in Italian—and setting down her tray, she left the room, and the door was promptly locked and bolted on the outside. Footsteps went down the staircase, then all was profoundly still.

His long march through the forest, his fright and anxiety, had thoroughly exhausted him, and he ate his homely meal with unusual relish. He found his door could be securely bolted from the inside, and this, combined with the brigand's promise (murdering villain as the man might be, Henderson somehow felt convinced he might trust his word), this made a certain sense of rest and comfort steal over the prisoner when his hunger and thirst were appeased.

The whole adventure was so odd. Here was a brigand living in a fairly comfortable house, able to allot his prisoner a bedroom, with clean bed, washstand, towels, even a looking-glass, just as if he kept an inn! Why did they not take his purse? Why was his very portmanteau brought into the room and placed by his bedside? But a dreadful presentiment made him shiver—if they thus scorned to rob him of mere trifles, it meant only that a ruinous ransom would be demanded in exchange for his liberty and life. And then he began to rage against the whole country—the Government which was powerless to put down brigandage, the officials who were in league with the brigands, the English Consul who had deceived him by denying their existence. He tried to comfort himself by wild threats of what he would do when he was free again: the Ambassador would be appealed to, an international matter made of it, and the Italian Treasury forced to pay him exemplary damages.

Then, somewhat tardily, he began to think of Lucia. "Good heavens!" and he turned quite cold—"suppose these blackguards keep me here over the wedding day, and refuse to let me communicate with the Percivales! What is to become of me? Nobody will have the ghost of a notion where I am."

Extreme fatigue and the death-like silence around him had their effect upon him, however, and he slept soundly till after sunrise. Then he sprang up, and, full of curiosity as to his whereabouts, he went to the barred window. He looked down some thirty feet upon a strip of grass, then came a dense wood of pine trees, amidst which he could hear a river murmuring far down below. A low range of grassy hills, now golden with flowering broom, rose steeply beyond the pine wood, shutting out all distant view. There was not a sign of human presence, not a clue to tell him where he was. Only, as these hills were now bathed in morning sunshine, he knew that his window looked towards the west.

And, to his amazement, three days passed away in this room, without his seeing a living creature, except the old woman who brought his meals and made his bed. "Tell your master I wish to speak to him," said Henderson, impatiently. "Why does he leave me here like this?" But the old woman only shook her head as before.

The weariness of those three days was indescribable. He had nothing to do but smoke and read over again one or two Tauchnitz novels which he happened to have in his portmanteau. He tried shouting and banging at the door of his room, but without the slightest result, except that the armed brigands who always guarded the entrance when the old woman brought him food roughly told him to be quiet, or he would repent it. All the time he was maddened by the thought that the week was speeding on, that nothing was being done for his release, and that the twenty-sixth, the day fixed for his wedding, was near at hand.

About five o'clock on the fourth evening of his imprisonment he at last heard footsteps approaching, which he rightly guessed to be those of the chief. He entered, with a great rattling of keys and bolts, and behind him came two of his followers, armed with revolvers, but also with more peaceful weapons—an ink-bottle and a writing-case. Henderson's heart beat fast; some crisis in his fate was evidently approaching. In his excited state, the chief looked to him more commanding and ferocious than ever. The brigand bowed in a stately manner and began:—

"As I do not wish your friends to be anxious about you, and their seeking you might inconvenience me, I have to request you, signor, to write a short letter to the Signora Percivale. You see, I know all about you. We have plenty of friends and allies in the city of Florence."

"Certainly I will write to her," replied Henderson, with alacrity; "it is just what I have been wishing to do."

"But understand me, signor—you will have the goodness to write the letter from my dictation—that is, I shall dictate it in Italian, and you will write to the Signora Percivale in English, as is your custom. Only remember this: I can read and under-

stand English, although I do not speak it—to you; so you will not add anything of your own composition. Do you understand me?"

Henderson thought he did, only too clearly, and his face fell.

The ink-bottle, pen, and a sheet of paper were then, in obedience to a sign, placed upon the table by the brigands, and the chief and his prisoner seated themselves.

"Now begin," said the former, and he dictated the following words:—

"Dear Mrs. Percivale,—I much regret to tell you that circumstances have occurred which will prevent my being able to fulfil my engagement to marry your daughter, Miss Lucia Percivale, on the 26th instant. This, my intention to relinquish the honour of her hand, is irrevocable. So I beg you to forget that such a person has ever existed as

"Your obedient servant,

"James Henderson."

It was too much. His terror lost in fury, Henderson threw down the pen and sprang to his feet, choking with curses.

"You scoundrel, do you think you are going to treat an Englishman like this? I defy you—you and all your cut-throats—I defy you to make me write a blackguardly letter like that!"

"You will change your mind to-morrow," returned the chief, coolly. "Here," he said, turning to his men, "blindfold him, and take him down to the dungeon."

Accordingly, the two men again laid hold of the wretched Henderson, who kicked and fought, and all but bit, but was quieted down by a further application of the revolver to his forehead. Downstairs he was dragged, without another word being spoken, down flight after flight, the last steps being of slippery stone; he felt a damp, chilly atmosphere surround him, and when the bandage was removed from his eyes, he found himself in total darkness. A heavy door was slammed upon him, a grating key was turned in the lock, and he was left alone with his helpless rage and mortification.

All sorts of terrors pursued him in this awful gloom—rats were the least of them—the thought that he might be forgotten, might be left to die of starvation, tortured him. He raved, he swore, he was all but delirious.

As night fell, a faint ray of moonlight shone through a narrow slit of a window high above his head, dimly revealing a square room, with damp, fungus-stained walls, and floor of earth; in one corner an empty packing-case littered with straw, in another, some empty bottles. The dungeon looked uncommonly like a wine-cellar without the wine, and the gruesome idea occurred to him that perhaps the brigands had broken into this lonely house and murdered its proprietor, and had now comfortably established themselves here, instead of in one of those dens and caves in the mountains which, according to all conventional notions, was their fitting habitation.

The intolerable hours dragged on; Henderson seated himself on the packing-case, and sat shivering and bemoaning himself. He thought once or twice of Lucia, and came to

"THE TWO MEN AGAIN LAID HOLD OF THE WRETCHED HENDERSON."

a hearty conviction he had been a fool to refuse to write that letter to her mother. He could make it up with her when he was set at liberty again; and, in any case, no woman in the world was worth all this misery; he would write anything—anything to get out of this den of horrors, and to put into a good humour that disgusting, tall, cool, supercilious captain of the brigands.

Morning dawned at last, faint daylight glimmered through the window, then a ray of sunshine—but still no one came near the prisoner. At last, when Henderson was entirely broken-spirited by cold and hunger, he heard the joyful sound of his door being unlocked. The usual guard of two armed men appeared. "The Signor, our Captain, wishes to know whether you are ready to write the letter as he commanded you?"

"Anything you like," replied the prisoner, with the recklessness of despair. "You have me in your power -- I am not responsible."

So Henderson was once more blindfolded, and hurried upstairs. When he was allowed the use of his eyes again, he found himself in his former prison; but, after his night of horror, it appeared to him, now, quite a cheerful and luxurious apartment. The chief soon made his appearance, and wished his prisoner good-day, with what the latter thought a diabolically sarcastic smile. Without further demur, Henderson wrote the letter precisely as the chief dictated to him, addressing it to the Signora Percivale at her house in Florence, whither she and Lucia had by this time returned.

"It will be posted in Florence," said the chief, grimly, "and the Signora and the rest of your friends, who have doubtless been wondering what has become of you, will now have no further wish for your society, and will take no trouble to seek your whereabouts. Thus I shall be spared the necessity of putting you to death and hiding your body."

Henderson started at this, and then groaned to himself in English: "A pretty figure I shall cut in the eyes of Florence society!"

"There is now the matter of your ransom to be considered," went on the chief, as he put the letter in his pocket. "You have doubtless your cheque-book in that portmanteau there?"

"I don't know," muttered Henderson, sulkily.

"Look and see!" in a tone which the prisoner did not venture to disobey. "Now write a cheque for five thousand pounds sterling, payable to Giuseppe Amalfi."

"I'll be shot if I do!"

"Oh, no, you will not be shot—*just yet.* You will have to spend a few weeks in the dungeon first, on bread and water, and not too much of that, and afterwards, if you still prove obstinate, well—I daresay you have heard how it is our custom to cut off a prisoner's ear or so, and send it to his friends, with a demand for ransom. Now, then, which shall it be?"

Henderson tried to keep his teeth from chattering. "I—I have not—not got five thousand pounds in the world."

"Have you not?" returned the chief, scoffingly. "Well, I daresay you can borrow it—to save your ears."

Thereupon, the prisoner wrote the cheque, with a shaking hand. The chief took it and said:—

"I will now bid you farewell, signor. In a few days' time you will be set at liberty. You will not see me again, but I shall hear of you, and know all about you, wherever you are. Beware," and his tone became one of awful menace, "beware of the tremendous vengeance which will fall upon you if you, at any future time, make any attempt to discover the brigand chief, Giuseppe Amalfi."

Haughtily bowing, the chief left the room. But as soon as he was outside the door, his face totally changed. He slapped the pocket gleefully in which he had placed the letter, then, struggling with inward laughter, he took a matchbox from another pocket, struck a match, set light to the cheque for five thousand pounds, and consumed it to ashes.

Three days later Henderson's room was invaded about midnight by a gang of some half-dozen brigands, who led him downstairs and out of the house, and then, after miles of wandering up and down forest paths, suddenly released him. Tearing the bandage from his eyes, he found himself in a lonely spot on the high road between Vallombrosa and Florence, not far from the place where he had been made prisoner. His portmanteau was placed by his side. There was nothing for him to do but to shoulder it and to walk down to the nearest station on the railway to Florence, there to wait till daylight and the first train.

He was half inclined to believe that his capture and detention were all a dream. And he found later that all his friends were quite sure of it. His piteous story was

received everywhere with shouts of incredulous laughter, and so mercilessly was he chaffed, and such dreadful rumours reached him of the wrath of the Signora at the jilting of her daughter, that he fled from Florence without attempting to see the Percivales again; his only consolation being that he had saved both his ears and his money; for, unaccountably as it seemed to him, that cheque for five thousand pounds was never presented at any bank. And so Italy and its brigands knew Mr. Henderson no more.

"Brigands!" cried the irate Signora; "as if there were any brigands in Tuscany! If this were Sardinia or Sicily, one might believe in it. But no, no, it is all an excuse, a lie—Lucia, *carissima mia*, my poor, deceived, deserted Lucia, do not weep for him, the heartless villain. It is a lucky escape for you; one ought to be thankful if there *were* any brigands to carry him away."

"THERE WAS NOTHING FOR HIM TO DO BUT TO SHOULDER IT."

Lucia, so far from weeping, had a glad step and beaming eyes, and a heart uplifted with thankfulness that a merciful Heaven had delivered her, even at the eleventh hour, from a fate worse than death, and she quite agreed with her mother in invoking blessings on the brigands—if there were any such useful people.

As for Lucia's brother Harry, he was not only in high spirits, but for days he was subject to sudden fits of uncontrollable laughter. Upon being remonstrated with by his stepmother for his untimely mirth, he answered, with a fresh giggle: "I can only echo your words, Signora: a lucky escape—two lucky escapes! Henderson has escaped from the brigands and Lucia has escaped from Henderson. We shall never hear of Henderson any more, or of the famous brigand, Giuseppe Amalfi, with his £5,000 cheque. Don't scold me, Signora. I *must* laugh!"

A year afterwards, Lucia, a bride, was driving with her husband, Maurice O'Connor, along the forest road to his villa. It was a massive-looking, antique stone house, covered with clematis and wistaria, hidden away in a nook of the Tuscan hills, with a garden full of roses, and pine woods all around it, and a river murmuring, and blackbirds singing in the valley below.

"Oh, what a lovely place," cried Lucia; "as completely out of the world as a hermitage. How happy we shall be here together, with no one to intrude upon us!"

"Yes, its solitude stood me in good stead, once upon a time," said Maurice O'Connor. "But the house is not so lonely as it looks. For the peasants who work on my farm and in my woods have their cottages not far away; and they are all my very good friends. I have managed somehow to gain their hearts, perhaps just by showing them some of the sympathy and courtesy which Italians so much appreciate. Anyhow, I think they would follow me through fire and water. And never shall I forget how their faithfulness helped me, indirectly, to win you, Lucia. Only, as some of their good service consisted in a great flourishing of pistols, and as Italians are apt to be quick-tempered, I took good care beforehand that those pistols should *not* be loaded, for fear of accidents. Some day I will tell you the whole story, my dear little wife!"

Easter Eggs.

By L. S. Lewis.

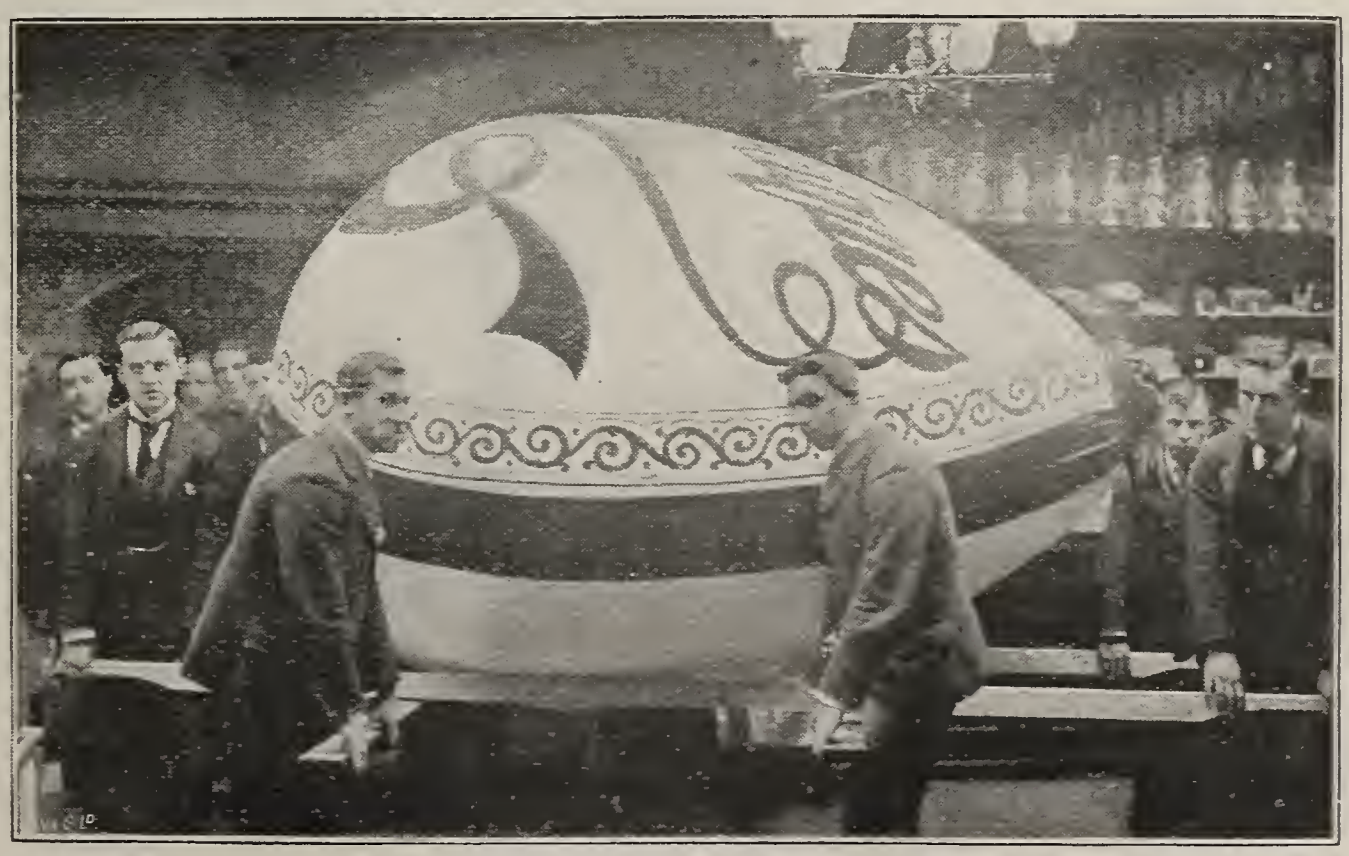
IT is more than thirty years since Mr. Joseph Hartl, an Austrian confectioner, re-introduced into England Easter eggs wrought in sweetmeats; and although our confectioners do not receive a hundredth part of the encouragement given to their *confrères* on the Continent, yet they are absolutely second to none in ingenuity of design and general excellence; this will be evidenced by the photographs reproduced in this article.

FILLING EGGS WITH SWEETS AND JEWELLERY.

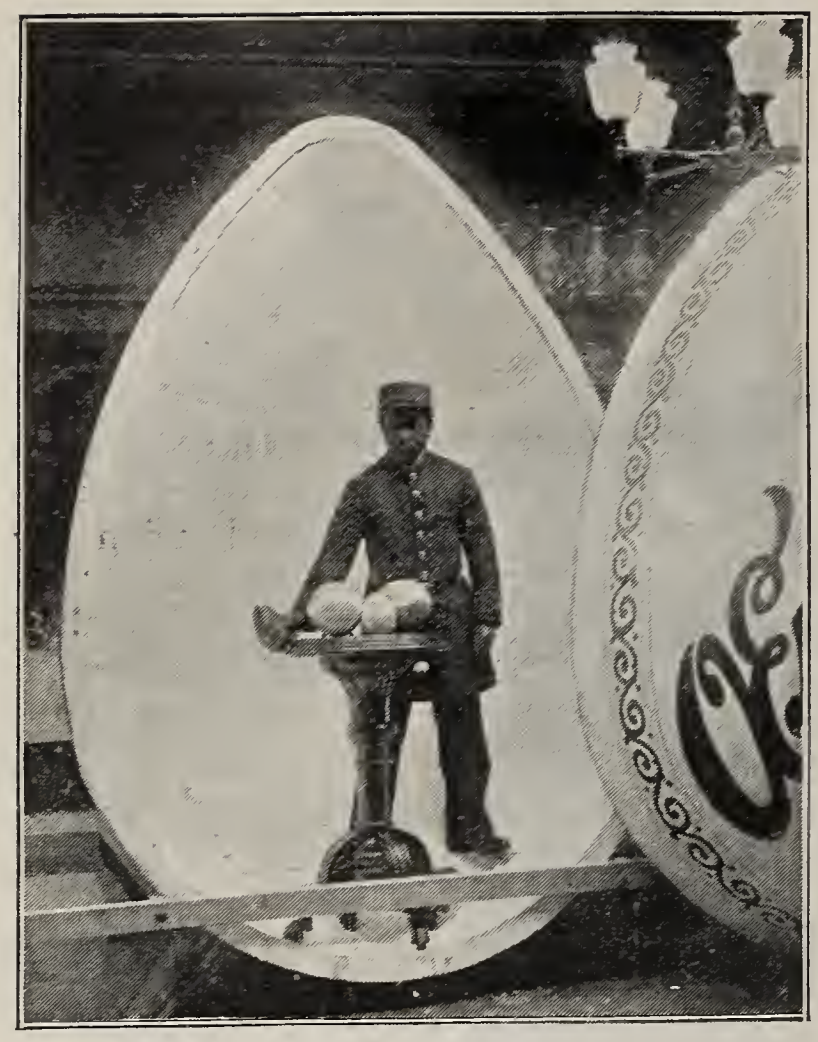
The first photo. shows a corner of Messrs. Buszard's spacious show-rooms in Oxford Street. One assistant is putting confectionery into the eggs, whilst his colleague is inserting various articles of jewellery, which have been ordered at the jeweller's and then sent on to Buszard's to be placed in specially made eggs, and dispatched to all parts of the world. On the counter is seen between £3,000 and £4,000 worth of jewellery—watches, rings, brooches, clocks, tuds, pins, etc.

Eggs in which such presents are placed are mere *papier-mâché* shells, covered with hand-painted satin. Frequently, however, a lady will order a plain white satin egg to be painted upon by herself, and then returned for filling and dispatching. Returned travellers will bring in ostrich eggs to be painted and filled; and an egg of the extinct great auk has passed through Messrs. Buszard's hands—truly a present for a prince, empty or filled.

All sorts of presents, from gloves and bonnets to articles of furniture, are placed in Easter eggs; for ours is a practical age. The record egg, in point of size and costliness, was made at Buszard's splendid establishment, and here it is. Seven men are carrying it on a kind of bier. The shell of this monster egg was entirely of chocolate, nine feet high, and eighteen feet in circumference at the widest part. It held about half



THE BIGGEST EASTER EGG EVER MADE.



MAN STANDING INSIDE THE GREAT EGG.

a ton of superfine confectionery, besides the whole expensive trousseau of a South African millionaire's bride. A great number of the wedding presents were also packed in the egg. The sweetmeat part of the order, including the elaborate external decoration, cost £500. The packing of the filled egg was a work of art, and the whole was insured for many thousands of pounds before being delivered on board a Castle liner at Southampton Docks.

The next photo. gives an excellent notion of the size of this wonderful egg. One of Messrs. Buszard's liveried servants is seen standing in an unfinished half of the shell; a little table is before him, and on it are placed some plain satin eggs of ordinary size. Easter eggs worth £20,000 have been sent out by this famous wedding-cake house; but, of course, the value lay chiefly in the precious contents—perhaps a superb diamond necklace composed of specimen stones.

The next photo. shows an amusing novelty. It was made by Messrs. Buszard, and would

TWO EASTER NOVELTIES.

cost two or three pounds. A very perky pigeon, wearing a smart hat, is wheeling an elegant little wheelbarrow, in which is a beautifully decorated and painted egg, filled probably with perfume or sweets.

A PIGEON OF IMPORTANCE.

When I mention that £10 is quite a common price to pay for an artistic Easter novelty in the West-end of London, some idea may be gained of the extent of the Easter trade in New York and capitals of Europe. The inhabitants of St. Petersburg, rich and poor, exchange more Easter eggs than the people of any other two of the world's great capitals. Paris used to come next (Easter novelties may still be seen there, priced at 5,000 francs); but second place

MOTHER OWL AND HER LITTLE ONES.

must now be given to New York, in which city, as everyone knows, things are conducted on a magnificent scale. Mr. Tom Smith, the "Cracker King," told me of a superb Easter egg which a New York railway magnate presented to his little son. It was really a miniature carriage, the body being in the form of a huge egg, enamelled white, lined with white quilted satin, and drawn by a pair of marvellously diminutive ponies. London comes last in this matter—a long way after Edinburgh, Manchester, and Birmingham.

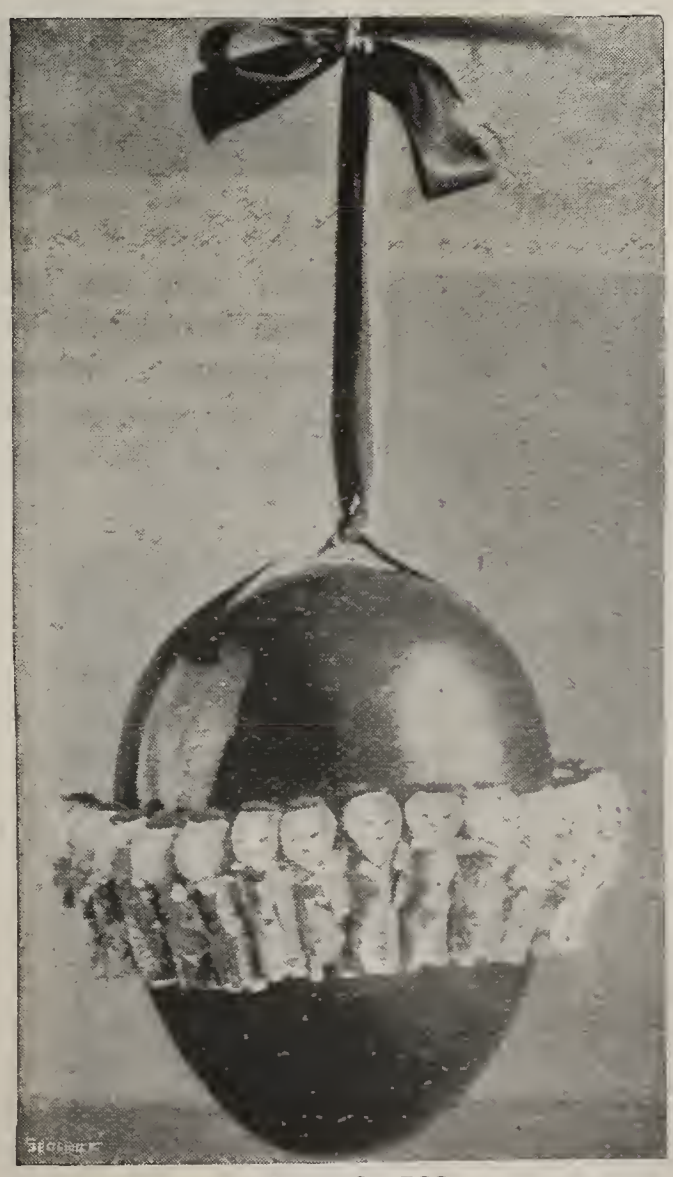
Here are two more tasteful and pretty novelties from Buszard's. One is a little Swiss carrier who has the inevitable egg in his pannier; and the other is an egg made in the shape of a nest, mounted on a rustic stand, and with a doll clinging to the outside. This brings me to Easter eggs for children. At Hamley's, in Regent Street, you will be shown a satin egg containing a doll's complete trousseau; an egg of plaited straw, containing a miniature tea or dinner-service, or, perhaps, a regiment of soldiers; and huge expensive eggs filled with games and mechanical toys of all kinds.

The next novelty shown here was made by Messrs. A. J. Caley and Son, of Norwich, the well-known confectioners. Here we see a big, wise-looking owl with her family; the bodies of all consisting of a delicious chocolate Easter egg. The big chocolate egg lower down, engirdled with a regiment

GREAT MOTOR-CAR OF CHOCOLATE.
From a Photo. by Avenell & Co., Brighton.

of Japanese youngsters, is from the same great East Anglian house.

Of course, to some extent topical events affect the designs of Easter novelties: but the craze *must* be something which can be fashioned into the shape of an egg. Thus, a bicycle wouldn't do. But look at this ingenious little motor-car, which was designed and "built" by Maynards, Ltd., the well-known retail confectioners. The motor-car is one mass of chocolate, weighing 18lb. This is a big egg, but, in point of size—though not in tastefulness and ingenuity of design—the Parisians eclipse us. I have seen, in Paris, Easter eggs as big as an ordinary door. Not all sweetstuff, however. One, I remember, was merely a huge shell of interlaced cane or wicker, which was to be filled with moss and stuck all over with fresh flowers — a costly and



A JAPANESE EGG.

"THE MILLINER'S APPRENTICE."
(A Little Chick.)

beautiful ornament for a lady's boudoir. This cost 1,500 francs.

The next photo. shows another of Mr. Hartl's designs—a real chick dressed up as a milliner's apprentice, and carrying in her hand a box of eggs. The donor can, of course, buy an expensive hat or bonnet and place it in the box, to be delivered, as it were, by the gay little chick.

Mr. Ponder, Her Majesty's own confectioner, usually prepares some Easter eggs for the little Battenbergs and other Royal children. These eggs are in the Continental style—that is to say, real eggs boiled hard, dyed various colours, and then inscribed with names and mottoes. The Queen herself receives Easter eggs from some of her numerous relatives, and also from foreign monarchs.

The elaborate Easter egg next shown is reposing in a kind of hansom cab, or jinricksha, made of bamboo and drawn by a team of four little storks. A fifth stork, of commanding mien, is driving the whole concern, post haste to the residence of the lucky recipient.

But Easter novelties would be incomplete without some representation of "the goose

"THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGGS."

that laid the golden eggs"; and here is that wonderful bird, attended by numerous progeny. The designer may be a little weak in his natural history (notice the relative sizes of the eggs)—but it were churlish to criticise such pretty things. The larger goose is a mechanical bird—there being a somewhat painful view of clockwork at the place where the neck joins the body. That goose will nod complacently for hours, as though it knew its eggs contained (as many ultimately do) a little pile of twenty or fifty bright new sovereigns.

ELABORATE EGG CONTAINING JEWELS.

Lastly we come to some of the many novelties turned out by Mr. Fuller, the

MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. CECIL RHODES.

DR. JAMESON.

famous American confectioner. In the first place, then, there are rich American cakes in the form of magnificent eggs, iced and decorated in a most beautiful manner, and bound at the joining of the halves with pretty satin ribbons. Then there are blown egg-shells filled with chocolate cream (poured through the pin-hole), and ultimately heated in a saucepan and placed in one's egg-cup on Easter morning. Naturally, even the shrewdest suspect nothing, but attack the egg in the usual way.

A CLOWN.

A "DUDE."

But Fuller's funniest and most original things are reproduced here. They are of American origin; and here is the manner of their making: About a gross of hen's eggs are bought and blown by the girls at Fuller's works, naturalists' tools being used for this purpose; the contents of the eggs, by the way, are sold to the girls very cheaply, at so much per quart. The blown shells are next taken to the drying-room and left there a few days, before being weighted or balanced. This is done by pouring in through the hole a little fine shot, on top of which is poured melted wax. The eggs are then stood on a perfectly level surface and allowed to settle. Then they are placed in the hands of an artist, who judges from the shape of the egg (and the shapes vary) what "character" shall be imparted to it by means of oil paint. I have chosen for reproduction the following: Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Dr. Jameson, a clown, a "dude," and a penguin. Now, these eggs are as funny as they are novel. Push Rhodes—knock him down as many times as you like—and he bobs up again, protesting furiously. The masher rolls about with a tremendous swagger; the clown, with reckless *abandon;* and the penguin, with that comically stupid and helpless air so notoriously characteristic of the bird.

THE STUPID PENGUIN.

In very few of these eggs are "properties" needed; I mean legs, arms, and so on. They depend solely for their effect upon the weighting and the painted likeness on the bare shell. In the case of the penguin, however, a head and a pair of wings have to be stuck on with gutta-percha. At first these weighted eggs were called "dancing eggs," but that name had to be altered, because people were disappointed at finding no clock-work inside!

With an Artist in Japan.

By Raymond Blathwayt.

Illustrated by Mortimer Menpes.

IN Kyoto last spring Mr. Mortimer Menpes—"Japanese Menpes" as he is termed by his brother artists in England—and I spent several days and nights studying the charming variety of life for which Japan is more celebrated perhaps than any other country even in the charming East. I came across Menpes seated in a Japanese theatre one bright morning.

"Here I am, you see," said he, as he bade me sit down beside him, "making studies of the actor's life in Japan. I have got the whole theatre and ten actors, as you see, all posing at once upon the stage, and I pay only 3s. 6d. an hour. Fancy hiring the Lyceum, with Irving and Forbes Robertson thrown in, for a sum like that.

"Now, look at this theatre," he continued, "and look at that group of actors, and see what a perfect harmony, without one single discord, they produce. Vivid, and yet harmonious and restful. Is that instinct or science? I should say science. Do you notice, too, that they don't go in for realism as we do? Herkomer's moon hurriedly rising and setting would be impossible in this land of born artists. Oh! look at that beautiful man," he continued, pointing to the stage whereon lay a man with a pocket-handkerchief thrown across his body. "He's a corpse. He has been killed in a fierce encounter which took place just before you came in. You see, he's getting up and strolling off the stage, just as he would if the people crowded the theatre, and the piece were in full swing. And quite rightly, too. He argues within himself: 'Why should I stay here? Since no one believes I am really killed; since I am no longer wanted, why should I waste my time stopping about here?' You see, realism is never attempted in a Japanese theatre. Like all their art, it is a mere suggestion. Do you know how they light up their actors? Instead of their standing in a blaze of lime-light, they—but I'll get them to show you, and you shall see for yourself. Tell them," and as he spoke he turned to his interpreter, "to do that piece over again."

MR. MORTIMER MENPES.
From a Photo. by Mendelssohn.

The man called out to the men, a moment's hesitation of preparation, and several actors, at once assuming tragic poses, stalked solemnly about the stage, each one of them being followed by a man carrying a long, red-lacquered stick in his hand like a fishing-rod, and in which stuck a flickering, guttering candle, by which a fitful illumination was cast upon those quaint, highly-decorated faces.

"Notice the double-handed swords, the extraordinary poses; watch them changing their costumes, painting their faces, putting on their masks, all of which they do in full view of their audience. Oh! they're funny people! I was here the other day at a full performance. The musicians sat behind and formed a sort of Greek chorus, commenting on the actors, asking questions of them, applauding or deploring their motives. The prompters crawled about, now and again rushing up to a man, and prompting him in a loud voice. Half the actors were down amongst the audience, and when they heard their cue they would push through the spectators, acting as they went. You can imagine how charming those vivid emerald green and gold dresses are by night,

IN A JAPANESE THEATRE.

with the orange light and the bluish background, and how beautiful the whole thing is in this dim, religious light.

"But I'll finish up now," continued my friend, as with a few swift, dexterous strokes he painted in the decorative waves meant to illustrate a seaside resort, which had been wheeled in behind the actors.

"There! now we'll go for a walk," and so we passed out together into a perfect blaze of brilliant sunshine.

Kyoto, the ancient capital of Japan, with

THE HAND ACTION OF ACTOR.

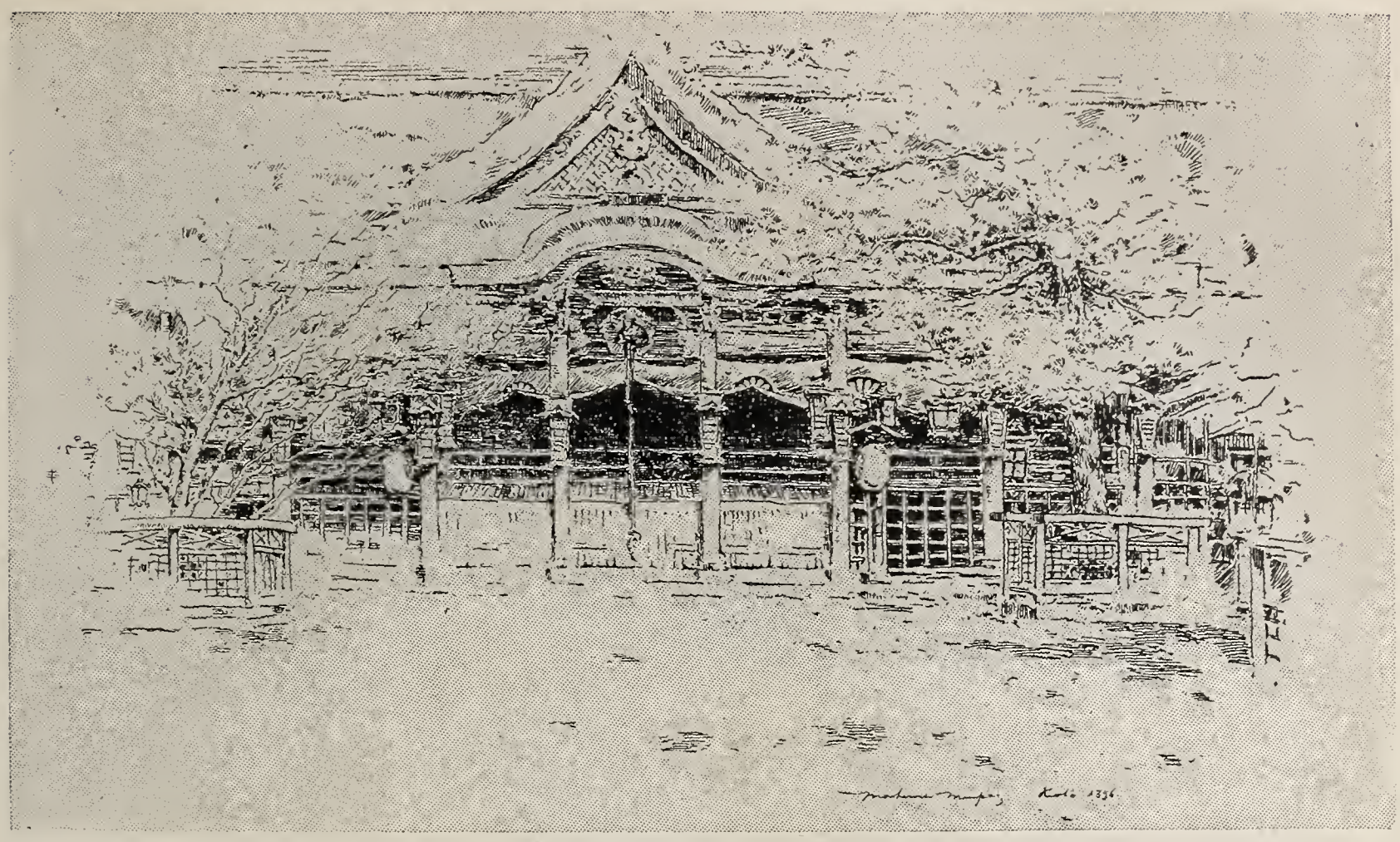
a thousand years of history and more behind it, is situated in the Province of Yamashiro, in the very heart of Japan. Lovely green-clad hills and mountains stand round about it on all sides, and dividing it almost exactly in half flows the Kamogawa, or River of Wild Ducks, which empties itself in Osaka Bay.

In the centre of the beautiful city, said to be in many respects the most interesting in Japan, lies Gosho, the ancient residence of the Mikados, and on the hill-side is the wonderful monastery of Chioin, and here, far up amid the rafters of the gracefully arched roof—and till you have been to Japan you do not know all the beauties and possibilities that exist in a roof—we caught a glimpse of the umbrella that the architect had left there centuries ago.

Just behind the monastery and the temple, to which access from the valley beneath is obtained by means of a stately flight of stone steps, is hung a great bell, the bell of the Buddhist priests, and the largest bell in Japan. It is 18ft. in height and some 900 years old. Eight men are required to manipulate the huge piece of timber by which it is sounded, in order that it may be swung with accurate precision so as not to deaden the sound; and then, when well done, as it was the day we heard it, how magnificent is the deep boom that solemnly pulsates through the valley, dying away at length upon the summer breeze with a quivering sweetness, which once heard can never be forgotten.

THE DOUBLE-HANDED SWORD.

Up and down those steps, leading to lofty fanes and long-drawn aisles of dark-hued fir-trees, passed Buddhist monks and priests, and citizens of Kyoto, and of the wider world beyond — for Kyoto is the resort of pilgrims and of tourists innumerable — and flickering in and out of the



A TEMPLE GATEWAY IN KYOTO.

sunlight, flecked by alternate light and shadow, tripped the sweet little *musumés*, without whose charm of presence Japan would lose half its attraction for the Western traveller.

Mortimer Menpes and I wended our slow way to a public park, wherein the people were keeping one of their many holidays. Our slow way, I say advisedly, for my friend stopped now and again to make a sketch of something or someone that caught his fitful fancy. Now it was a temple, half obscured by the lovely cherry blossom, which snowed pink and white upon the ground beneath; now it was a tradesman in his shop, a carpenter at his bench, drawing his tool *to* him, instead of pushing it *from* him as with us; or it was a stencil cutter, or a potter in a tumble-down shed, and with the rudest implements, producing, nevertheless, the exquisite vessels for which Kyoto is so justly celebrated.

"You must see Kanzan's pottery before you leave," said Menpes; "and notice those lovely ducks, those butterflies wheeling and turning in a summer sky, those lovely flowers that he produces upon his cups. Kanzan is the Minton of

A CARPENTER AT HIS BENCH.

A STENCIL CUTTER.

Japan, and he is far more, for no European can approach him."

By this time we were passing the outskirts of the town. The rice and indigo fields lay rich and green and marshy around us, the little pools of water sparkling in the rays of the setting sun, and the air resonant with the tremendous croaking of thousands upon thousands of frogs. The 'ricksha men hurried by, chattering vigorously as they ran, with their splendidly developed legs glancing in and out of the shafts of their machines. Forty miles a day, drawing a heavy load, these men will run, at a fast trot that scarcely ever knows variation or diminution. And now we came to the park, wherein the people made holiday—and not Frenchmen or Italians can enjoy themselves more light-heartedly than the Japanese on pleasure bent.

A POTTER.

Amongst the men there was plenty of drunkenness. I never saw more on a Bank Holiday in England. It was more like a Saturday evening in Scotland, except that there was not a drunken woman to be seen. But the men had evidently gone in strongly for their beloved saké, which is, I fancy, at once the popular drink and the greatest curse of Japan. Many of the people, however, sat quietly enough, drinking tea in the quaint little tea-houses, which are so everyday a feature in Japanese

A JAPANESE BOY.

life. But beyond all, and above all, were the children. Japan is a very paradise of babies, and children rule the roost entirely in the Land of the Rising Sun

"Now, I am happy," said my friend, as he pulled out his sketch-book, sat himself down upon a handy bench, and began to sketch a group of little boys who stood wonderingly around.

Soon he picked out for special notice the little fellow of whom so charming a likeness here appears. I wandered on by myself to admire the wonderful interest of the varied scene around me. I came across a group of little girls—and for once I wish I were a woman that I could do technical and artistic justice to their beautiful costumes—engaged in a game of battledore and shuttlecock.

The little women—for such they are—were evidently *en fête*, and had probably come from a children's party; they wore for the most part blue, flowered silk kimonos; their faces, which they treat exactly as an artist does his canvas, were painted deathly white, and their pretty mouths were as red as those of their own beloved dolls, which, indeed, they very closely resembled. Their wooden clouts clattered loudly but not altogether unmusically upon the ground as they rushed here and there intent upon the progress of their game. The shuttlecock was a golden bulb stuck full of feathers to resemble the petals of a flower.

And here I noticed, exactly as I had read, that the boys stood round chaffing their sisters and singing a song, which they have probably sung from time immemorial, that the winds might rise and blow away the shuttlecock, whilst the little girls replied in chorus with a song, in which they prayed the winds to calm themselves within their cave. The girls who failed to hit their shuttlecock were punished with ink marks upon their white painted faces, or with circles drawn black round their merry eyes. Gentle little maidens are they in Japan, taught to defer in all things to their brothers, who in many respects are the most odious specimens of humanity that it has ever been my misfortune to encounter.

What a Japanese boy requires, and what unfortunately he never gets, is a good thrashing at stated intervals; that would make a man of him. At present, as matters stand, he is pampered and petted till he becomes absolutely unendurable, so that he is growing up a source of misery to himself and to his friends, and in the not far future a source of absolute danger to the community at large.

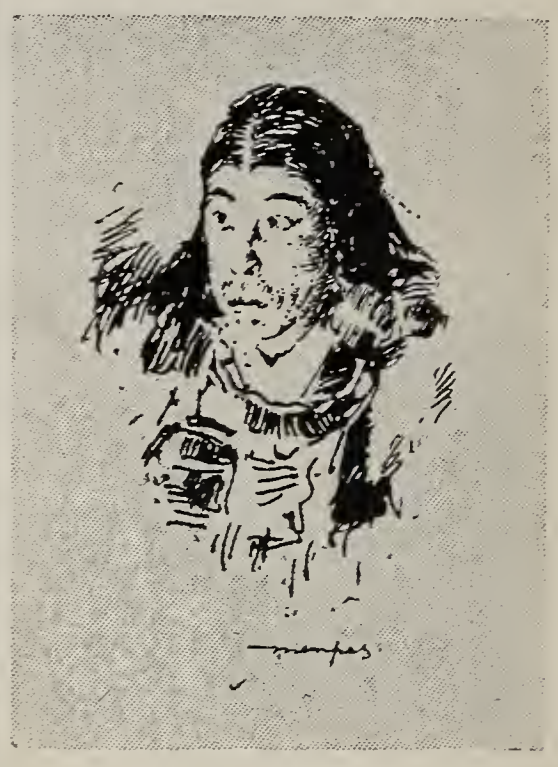
Japan's chief source of danger, her gloomiest outlook for the future, lies in her ill-regulated and totally undisciplined young manhood. However, this is not a political dissertation, so we will go on with the child-life of which we now and again obtained such charming glimpses that afternoon and evening in the public park at Kyoto. For evening was now descending, calm and peaceful, upon the great and ancient city.

PLAYING THE "SAMISEN."

"The beauty of Japan," said Menpes, as we strolled about together, "is its wonderful variety. The child-life of the country is more beautiful here than anywhere else, it is so all-pervading, so characteristic; there is, besides, the life of the merchant, the artificer, the artist, the actor, the musician, but above and beyond all is the child-life you see all around you. Look at that girl now," he continued, as he pointed to a pretty little maiden standing at the fast-closed door of one of the ridiculous little toy-houses by which we were surrounded, crooning her innocent little song and twanging upon the *samisen*, just as Menpes, who then and there made a sketch of her, has depicted in the little picture here reproduced.

AN ACTOR.

A BOY ACTOR.



AN ACTOR.

"Here, too, in Japan," he murmured, as he folded up his drawing materials and as we resumed our walk, "how sharply is the difference defined between night and day. I see two sides to the daily life in Japan, and I am depicting those aspects as well as I can for my next Bond Street Exhibition; the day, or silver side; the night, or golden side. Can you not see what I mean? Let us stand aside for a moment, and watch what goes on, and you will soon gather my meaning."

AN ACTRESS.

And, indeed, what we saw was beautiful and suggestive in the extreme. The moon was just topping the neighbouring hill, and silvering the firs and pines with her calm and quiet light, so different from the fierce glare of the day; the temples stood outlined clear and sharp against the evening sky, from which the last red light of the setting sun had scarcely yet died away. Some blind men passed us, going swiftly but silently along, making a low, peculiar whistle as they walked. The electric tram-cars, crammed with people, rushed along the crowded streets; the river tinkled along its shallow bed; a thousand cries assailed the stars glittering afar off in lonely majesty.

"What a difference," remarked my friend, "between a fine night and a rainy night there is in Kyoto, to be sure. In London there is but little—everything goes on much as when it is fine; but here, on a wet night, the streets are still as death, and all these queer, mysterious little people are hidden within their tiny houses, and scarcely a candle-gleam to tell what has become of them; but on a fine night, like this, the hum and bustle is everywhere and continuous. I remember Mr. Griffin says much the same thing in 'The Mikado's Empire.'"

A JAPANESE CHILD.

At this moment we came upon a group of musicians and actors going, presumably, to the theatre, and Mr. Menpes, through his interpreter, asked to be allowed to make a sketch of one or two, a request which met with an immediate and delighted response, for the Japanese, unlike many Easterns, have a great pleasure in seeing themselves upon canvas.

The guide told me that the *samisen*, or banjo, which one of the women carried, is quite a modern instrument, having been brought over from Manila within the last 200 years. Music in Japan, as in the East generally, consists of what to us, with our ideas of sweet sounds, appears to be little inferior to the most extraordinary series of discords. There is one very curious ceremony which takes place at certain great shinto festivals, and that is the performance by the band of Court musicians attached to the Bureau of Rites of the silent concert.

On these occasions the musicians appear with string and wind instruments, and go through all the motions of playing, without a single instrument emitting a sound, it being held that the sanctity of the occasion would be profaned were any sound to fall on unworthy ears. Music—certain kinds of it, that is—is handed down in secret from family to family, it being hereditary in certain families.

The chanting of the Buddhist Liturgy is classical, and is not unlike the well-known Gregorian chants. But as a matter of fact, music is never taken really seriously by the Japanese. The streets were full of children, for it was the eve of the Fifth day of the Fifth month, the festival, that is, of the boys. Already the gardens and streets, the hill-sides and country roads throughout the whole country, were gay with the *nobori*, or paper fish, which, of gigantic size and of exquisite colouring and most perfect make, were floating from trees and poles and chimneys and walls, and which by every breeze that blew were enormously inflated.

"To-morrow," said Menpes, "is the Feast of Flags, or Boys' Day. These fishes are a sign that a boy has been born in the family during the year, or that there are sons in the family. The girls have their day on the 3rd of March, *Hina Matsun*, or Feast

of Dolls. How queer that little chap looks with his head shaven. Their heads when shaven appear of abnormal size. It is quite a universal fashion and, I imagine, a very ancient one. The head is shaved altogether for the first three years. After this, the hair is allowed to grow in three tufts, one over each ear and the other at the nape of the neck. At ten years of age the boy is allowed to grow all but a round space on the crown, which exactly resembles a Roman priest's tonsure. At fifteen, when the boy becomes a man, his hair is allowed to grow in full.

"Curious mixture, these children are," continued my friend, as a very large school of charming little girls, some 200 in number, filed by us two-by-two, and who, to my mingled delight and astonishment, were singing, with great sweetness, and in perfect time, the well-known English song, "In the gloaming, oh, my darling."

"There, just imagine hearing that song in far-away Japan, and sung, too, by little *musumés*. How on earth did they get hold of that, I wonder?"

"But what to me is so curious," said I, "is the extraordinary way in which they mingle pessimism and playfulness, pathos and humour. Miss Isabella Bird went into a school once and found a number of these joyous little girls reciting a poem as pessimistic as the gloomiest of the Psalms of David:—

> Colour and perfume vanish away.
> What can be lasting in this world?
> To-day disappears in the abyss of nothingness:
> It is but the passing image of a dream, and causes only a slight trouble."

DOLL-MAKERS.

"Their favourite game, as I daresay you know," said Menpes, "is that of funerals."

At this moment we passed a doll-maker's shop, in which sat a couple of girls manufacturing little puppets that to the life resembled the ridiculous little boys who were eagerly looking on, and who probably served as unconscious models to the busy artists,

who turned the toys off so rapidly. While Menpes sketched them, I strolled over the way to where a crowd of children were breathlessly bending over a man who was busy at something in their midst. The man turned out to be one of those of whom I had often heard, who was engaged in painting a picture of coloured sand upon the ground. One of the crowd was a little girl with her baby-brother fast asleep strapped upon her back, as is the way of the country.

On each side of a patch of sand, so spread as exactly to resemble a huge piece of white paper, stood two lamps, and on this he drew his picture with coloured sands taken from half-a-dozen different bags, and into which he would dip his hand now and again, letting the black sand trickle from his fingers and go at will, sketching the outline of a fish or a man, or anything else, and then he would colour the sketch, sometimes doing two colours at once.

"They are wonderful artists," said my friend; "when I get home I will give you an exact reproduction of Kyosai's blacksmith at work. You will then see what life and animation a Japanese artist can convey by a few rapid strokes. He never hesitates. He has the picture in his mind's eye, and in a moment he reproduces it, to the life, upon his paper or silk, as the case may be. I once saw Kyosai sit down upon the floor and, with incredible rapidity, and, if I may so express it, sureness of aim, depict a stork in a very difficult and peculiar attitude. I thought, perhaps, it was a stock subject, like the fish a street artist draws upon the London pavements.

"'Not a bit,' said he; 'that bird lives in my garden, and I saw it in that attitude in the morning. I went away, made a sketch, came back again, found the bird still in the same attitude; I studied it carefully again, went back to my picture, made the alterations I thought necessary, and so now I can do it perfectly from memory. How can your artists attempt to sketch a figure in action, as I am told they do, from a man standing perfectly still in the first attitude of running? That can only really be done by an effort of memory. Tell your artists to train their memory and their eye. Let them study what they see. Why should an artist study anatomy? He isn't a doctor. He should depict the action of the muscles as shown in the flesh-covered legs and arms.' That was Kyosai's theory, and he was a great artist. And now," said my friend, "let us to our beds with what hearts we may."

Sayonara, "Good-bye, come again soon."

AGE 25.

From a Photo. by the Photographie Parisienne, Bucharest.

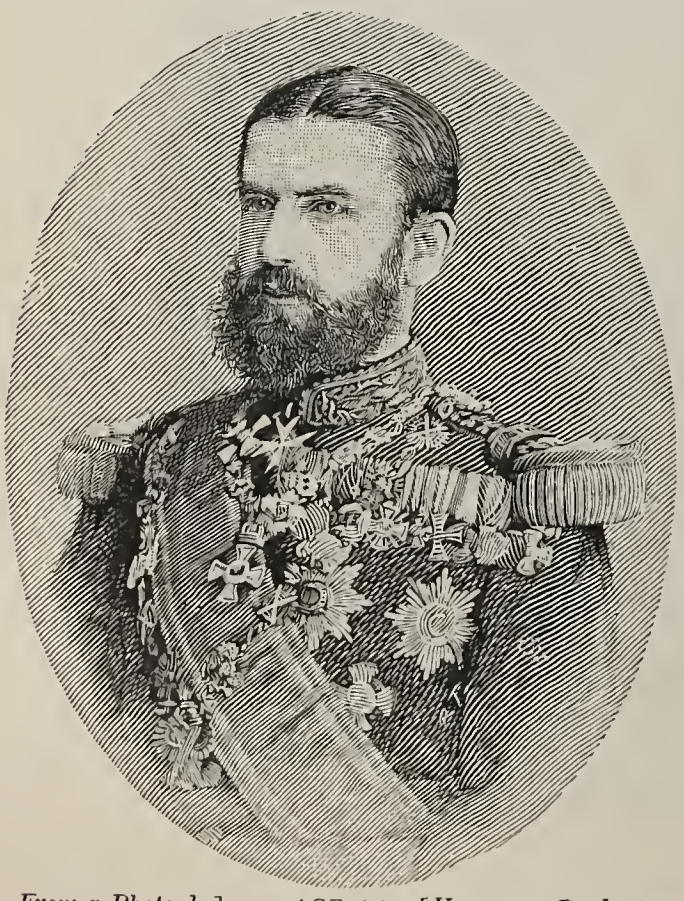
THE KING OF ROUMANIA.

BORN 1839.

CHARLES I., KING OF ROUMANIA, was elected and proclaimed Prince-Regent of Roumania with hereditary succession by a plébiscite taken April 8–20, 1866. In April, 1877, a convention was concluded between his Government and Alexander II., permitting the Russians to cross the Danube. The Roumanian army was then mobilized, and war declared against Turkey. Prince Charles had the command

From a Photo. by] AGE 43. *[F. Duschek, Bucharest.*

of the Army of the West, and he fought at Plevna, where the Roumanians and their Prince behaved with great gallantry. He had the title of "Royal Highness" from 1878 till March 26, 1881, when he was proclaimed King of Roumania by the unanimous vote of the representatives of the nation.



From a Photo. by] AGE 35. *[Hermann, Bucharest.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[F. Mándy, Bucharest.*

THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

(CARMEN SYLVA.)

PAULINE ELISABETH ODILE LOUISE, daughter of the late Prince Hermann of Wied, married Prince Charles of Roumania in 1869.

AGE 18.
Photo. by F. Duschek, Bucharest.

AGE 26.
Photo. by F. Duschek, Bucharest.

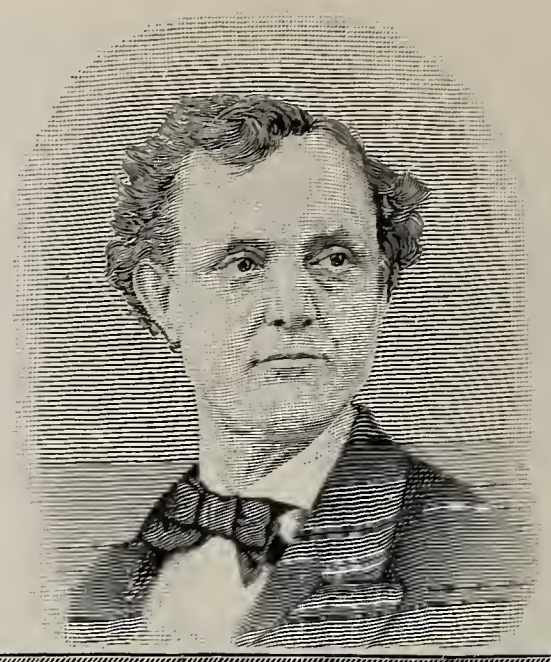
Her great popularity in the land of her adoption dates from her first appearance among her people. She began at once to enter into the life of the Roumanian people, to study their customs, and to endeavour to understand their thoughts and aspirations. During the war of 1877, the Princess worked day and night in the hospitals, setting an example which was followed by the Roumanian women in the most unselfish manner. When the victorious Roumanian army, headed by the Prince, entered Bucharest on their return from the campaign, the war song which they sang, and which had inspired them in many battles, was composed by their own Princess, "the mother of her people." Under the name of "Carmen Sylva" she has published many volumes of stories and poems. Some of her most beautiful and touching poems are those written on the death of her only child in 1874.

Photo. by] AGE 32. *[F. Duschek.*

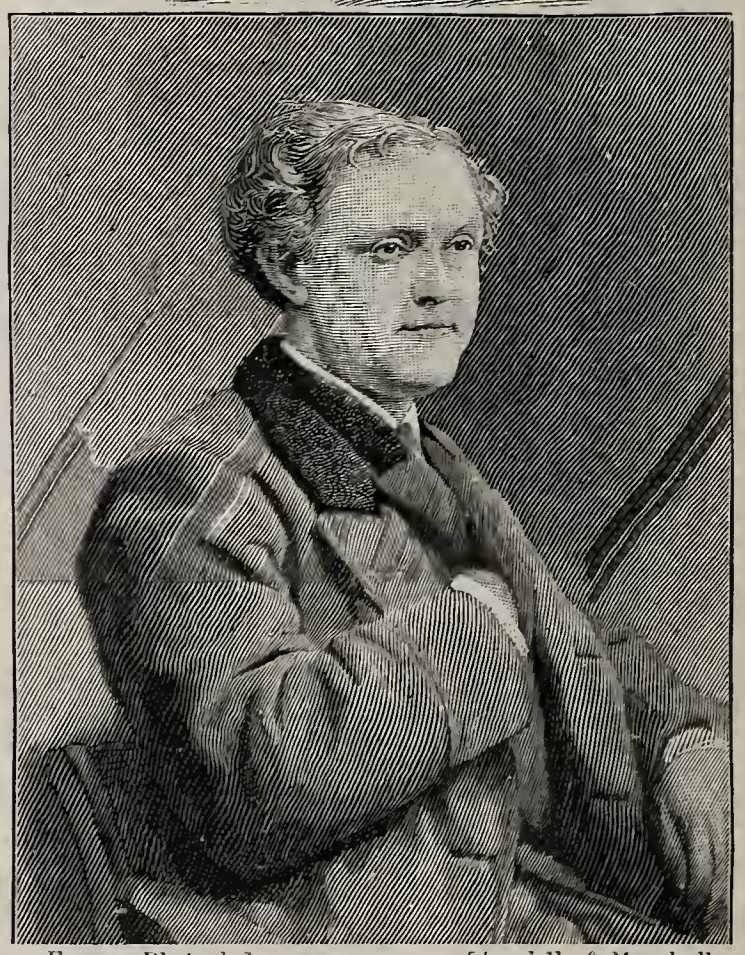
Photo. by] AGE 40. *[Mandy.*

Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Mandy, Bucharest.*

From a] AGE 5. [*Painting.*



AGE 40. *From a Photo. by* *Elliott & Fry.*

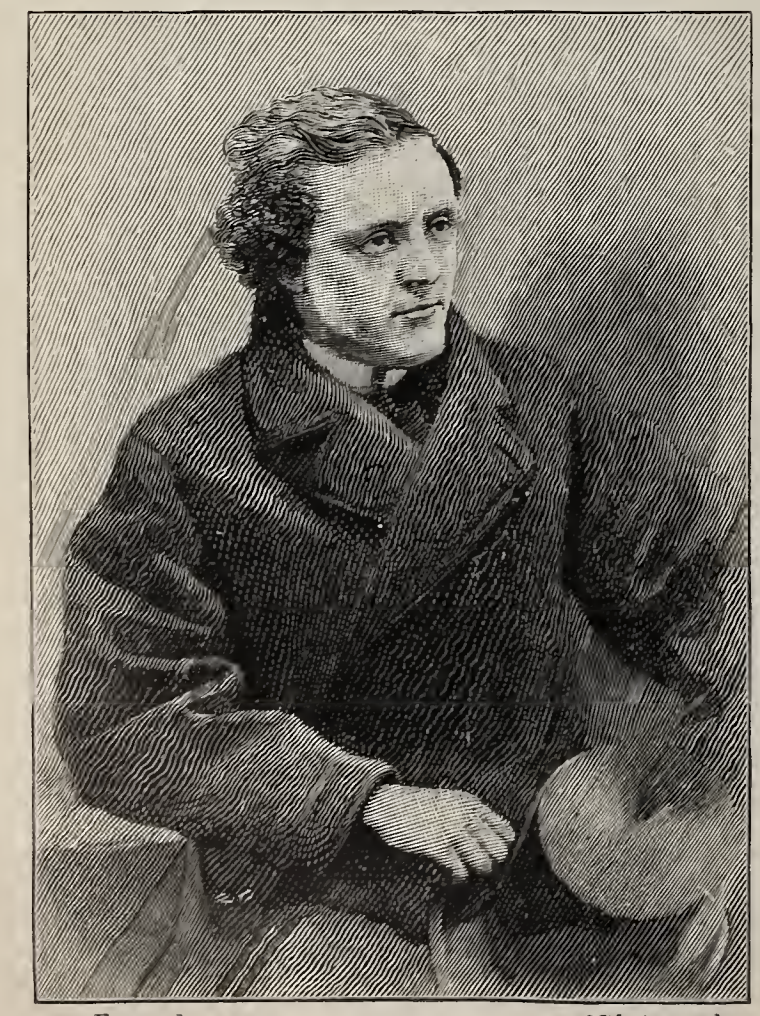


From a Photo. by] AGE 50. [*Fradelle & Marshall.*

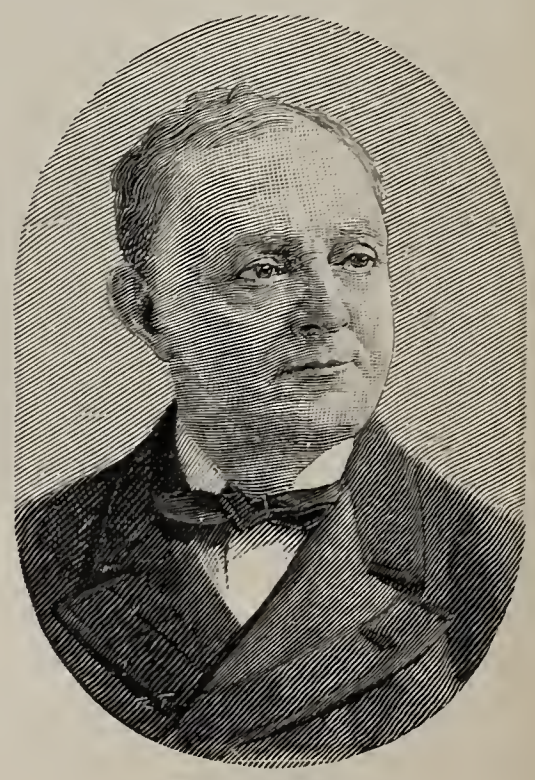
MR. JOHN S. CLARKE.

Born 1835.

SOME time ago Mr. John S. Clarke, the American comedian, resumed the management of the Strand Theatre with a laughable play called "The Prodigal Father." When Mr. Clarke began his London career at the St. James's in 1867 as *Major Wellington de Boots*, he had already acted that part in the United States over a thousand times. His *Dr. Pangloss* was another great success, and his *Salem Scudder* was delightful. In 1872 he became proprietor of the Charing Cross Theatre, and played *Bob Acres* in "The Rivals." He afterwards managed the Haymarket with the late E. A. Sothern. Mr. Clarke is a brother-in-law of the late Edwin Booth, the great American tragedian, and is one of the largest owners of theatre property in the world. His recent reception at the Strand shows that his kind face and brilliant comedy-acting have not yet been forgotten by London.



From a] AGE 30. [*Photograph.*



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Mayall & Co.

From a] AGE 10. *[Painting.*

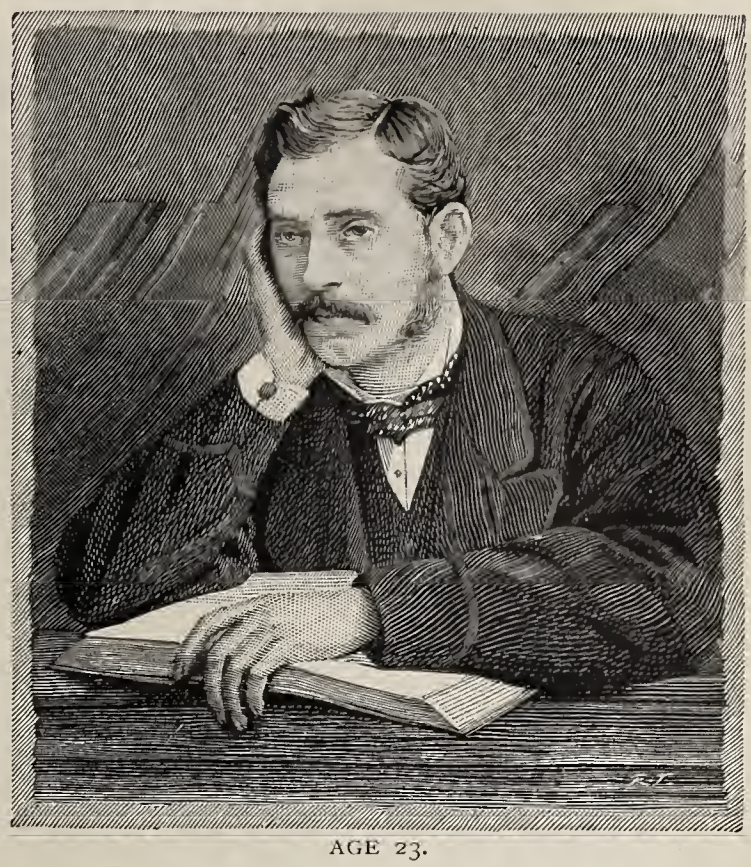
THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK.

BORN 1845.

HUYSHE YEATMAN, Bishop of Southwark, who was recently installed as Sub-Dean of the Pro-Cathedral of St. Saviour's on its restoration, was educated at Winchester, where he rose to the "Sixth Book," being also a prefect. He read for Orders

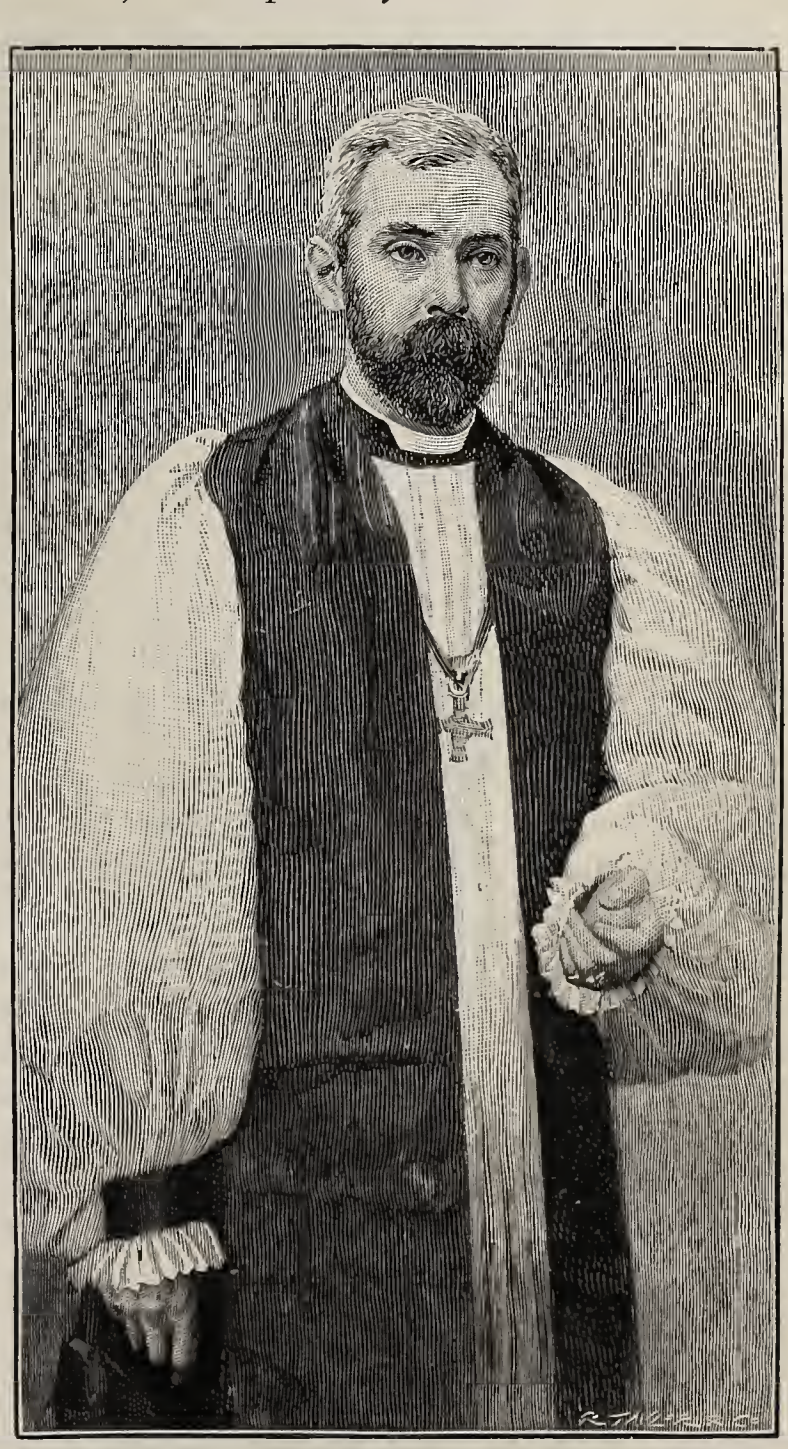
AGE 19.
From a Photo. by Herbert Watkins, Regent Street.

under the Master of the Temple, was ordained in 1869, and was successively chaplain to Bishop Moberley, secretary of the Diocesan Society, vicar of Netherbury, vicar of Sydenham, examining chaplain to the Bishop



AGE 23.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Cambridge.

of Winchester, proctor for his diocese in Convocation, and finally became a bishop in 1891. The Bishop of Southwark has devoted much attention to the working affairs of the Church, and especially to education.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[H. Hellier, Sydenham.*

IT was three years ago last April. I have no need to turn to my diary to ascertain that fact, for the story and the after-events made such a deep impression upon me that I can recall the occasion as though it were but yesterday. The good ship *Bantling Castle* was in the "Doldrums," and I was one of her passengers, homeward bound from the Cape for a six months' holiday, after a five years' voluntary exile among sheep, goats, ostriches, Kaffirs, and Hottentots. The change from my rough Karroo life to the comforts and luxuries of a well-appointed liner was as agreeable as it was vast, and I was enjoying myself amazingly.

On the evening in question I was leaning over the taffrail, smoking my pipe, in company with the doctor of the *Bantling Castle*, with whom I had struck up a shipboard friendship. Not a breath of air ruffled the surface of the water, which, save for a slow, gentle heaving, would have been motionless except where we left a widening track behind us. The heat had been intense, and the passengers, who during the earlier part of the day had for the most part lain about like so many inert bodies wherever anything threw sufficient shade to cover them, now began to rouse themselves.

Down into the oily waters sank the sun, looking so like a red-hot ball dropping into the sea that one almost expected to hear the "sizzle" as it touched the horizon. Hardly had it disappeared, when the sea and sky alike were flooded with a pale, luminous light—a soft, delicate colour between blue and green, with the barest suspicion of violet in it. I cannot describe it properly, but I have seen the same tint in an opal. So perfectly did the heavens and the ocean blend together in this wondrous light that it was utterly impossible to distinguish the line of the horizon. While this delicious state of things lasted I puffed away in silence, forgetful of my companion and completely unconscious of everything around me save the soft, delightful colouring I have mentioned, and I seemed to feel the calm, restful peace of the bygone Sabbaths in my old rural home in the Old Country. My thoughts flew back over the gulf of years, and I was once more a child, toddling by my mother's side over the daisy-carpeted meadows to the little village church. The voice of my companion recalled me from the pleasant, shadowy land of reverie.

"Young fools!" he muttered, evidently to himself.

I looked at him in surprise at such an extraordinary remark, and he laughed as our eyes met.

"You see, Mr. Merton," he said, in explanation to my look of inquiry, "I've a trick of thinking aloud sometimes. It's an easy habit to get hold of, but a bad one to break off."

"Yes, yes, I know it is," I replied. "I'm guilty of the same thing myself occasionally. But, come now, Dr. Tryson, there's surely a yarn at the back of that remark of yours?"

"Well, call it a yarn if you like, but it's more like a rope's end—it breaks off so suddenly. But you shall hear it." And as the light faded, and the brief twilight merged into night, and the glorious Southern Cross became alight, blazing like so many Koh-i-noors in the inky mantle above us, the doctor told me his story, which I am enabled to give practically verbatim, for I wrote it down in my diary the same night.

"A year ago this very month," he began, "we left the Cape with the mails and an almost full complement of passengers, of whom it is only necessary that I should mention three individually. Two of these were Miss Denton and her father. Miss

"THERE'S SURELY A YARN AT THE BACK OF THAT REMARK."

Denton was one of the handsomest girls I ever saw. I should say she would be about twenty at the time, tall of stature and with a figure that any woman might well be proud of. Then her face—well, I'm afraid I'm not much of a hand at describing the fair sex, so just think of the prettiest girl you know, and imagine Miss Denton to be like her. But that wasn't all. Her disposition—or, at least, so much as I saw of it—was as charming as her outward appearance, and before we were two days out she was not only the belle, but the first favourite of the whole vessel.

"Her father, Major Denton, was a retired Army officer, an easy-going, genial, middle-aged gentleman, who never appeared to trouble his head about anything so long as his daughter was happy and he had his cheroot. What had brought them out to the Cape I don't rightly remember, although I knew at the time; but I rather fancy they had been on a visit to some friend or relative, Port Elizabeth way. But, however, that doesn't matter. It's got nothing to do with the yarn.

"The last of the trio was a young man, Gabriel by name—Emmanuel Gabriel. Rum sort of name, rather—continental, eh?—but there was nothing continental about the man. He was a fine-looking fellow of six feet or so. Brown, curly hair and moustache, regular features, and all that sort of thing. His skin was tanned to a burnt sienna shade, his age would be about twenty-eight, and except for being just a shade hasty in temper, he was as agreeable an acquaintance as I ever came across on board ship. Somehow he and I fell into the habit of smoking an after-dinner pipe together, and in our conversations I gathered that he had struck a streak of luck at the diamond fields, and, although he was not by any means a millionaire, he was perfectly satisfied with what he had got, and was on his way home to enjoy the best of his days in the Old Country.

"From the first, Gabriel appeared to be very much struck with Miss Denton, and his attentions did not seem at all displeasing to the lady. Now, there is nowhere like shipboard for observing the progress of a flirtation, and we watched the intimacy between the two deepen as the days went by. Before we crossed the line many of the passengers expressed their opinion that the young couple were going to make a match of it, and more than one bet was made as to whether or no their engagement would be announced before we dropped anchor in Plymouth Sound. Of course, all this gossip and speculation went on well out of reach of the ears of Gabriel and Miss Denton, and I don't think the slightest suspicion ever crossed their minds that they were somewhat relieving the monotony of the voyage for their fellow-passengers by causing a little mild excitement amongst them.

"And so things went on until we got into the 'Doldrums.' It had been just such a day as we have had to-day, with just such another sunset; and that fact recalled the affair to my mind. We were steaming along at the rate of fourteen knots. Gabriel was seated, contrary to rules, on the bulwarks behind the after wheel-house, and Miss Denton was standing at his side. Suddenly, from some cause or other that the man himself was never able to explain, he lost his balance and toppled over backward into the water. Instantly, 'Man overboard!' rang along the decks, and as soon as possible the engines were reversed and a boat lowered. But before that could be done I'd seen

the pluckiest thing that ever I saw in my life.

"Gabriel struck the water flat, and the shock seemed to deprive him of his senses, for he made little or no effort to keep himself afloat. A couple of life-buoys were pitched to him, but almost before they touched the water Miss Denton had mounted the bulwarks, and before anyone could get near enough to stop her, had plunged in after the drowning man. The way she 'took off' from the bulwarks was a treat, I can tell you. Everybody held their breath as she disappeared for a moment, and then cheered lustily as her fair head popped up again above the water and she struck out for the helpless man, pushing one of the life-buoys before her. It was a lucky thing, perhaps, for both of them that the weather had been so hot, and consequently, the lady was not hampered with a lot of clothing, otherwise her task might have been too much for her. By the time a boat had been lowered and manned she had reached Gabriel, and the two hung on to the life-buoy until help arrived. As the boat neared them the light was fading quickly, but it was not yet so dim as to hide from us an ominous ripple on the surface of the water within a stone's throw of the freighted buoy.

"SHE PLUNGED IN AFTER THE DROWNING MAN."

"'For God's sake, pull your hardest, lads!' I screamed.

"'What is it? what is it?' asked Major Denton, springing to my side, and clutching my arm.

"I pointed. I couldn't for the life of me have told him in words. His eyes told him what my tongue refused to speak.

"'Fifty pounds if you get 'em safe on board!' he shouted, wildly. Then his face turned as grey as the ash of your pipe. His eyes closed, his lips moved slightly, and I caught a few words of prayer—earnest, passionate prayer, the cry of a soul in helpless, unutterable agony.

"The men in the boat bent to the oars with a will. Not because of the major's promised reward, but because they, too, had caught sight of that fatal ripple—probably also the three-cornered fin of the monster that caused it—and the boat fairly shot through the water. It was touch and go, I can tell you. I never saw a closer shave in my life, and I never want to see another as close.

"The boat reached the buoy at last, and the men dragged in first Miss Denton and then Gabriel. Just as they pulled the latter over the thwarts, we could distinguish a flash of white, and heard a loud snap as the shark rolled over and made a grab at his escaping prey. How near or how far off his mark he was we could not make out in the gathering gloom. The men shouted and beat on the water with the flat of their oars to frighten away the monster, and then pulled for the vessel with the two dripping, rescued ones.

"'Is the doctor there?' I heard the cox'n sing out as they came alongside.

"'Aye, aye,' I shouted, and forced my way through the crowd to meet Gabriel as he staggered on to the deck assisted by a score of willing hands. He was bleeding profusely. I got him below and quickly

ascertained the extent of his injuries. The whole of the fingers, with the exception of the thumb (if you call that a finger), of his left hand had gone—gone as clean as if they'd been taken off with a hatchet.

"He never so much as winced while I was dressing the wound, although he must have been suffering excruciating pain. But when I had finished I noticed that he had drawn blood with biting his lip. The man must have been possessed of enormous will-power.

"'You've had a narrow escape, Mr. Gabriel!' I observed, as I was securing the bandage.

"'Of going after my fingers? Yes,' he replied, with a ghastly smile and a slight shudder.

"'Miss Denton's the pluckiest girl I ever saw,' I said, curious to hear his opinion of her conduct.

"'Miss Denton is an angel!' he exclaimed, with deep earnestness, that convinced me at once the man was hard hit.

"Fortunately the lady, beyond a slight attack of hysterics when the reaction came, suffered no ill-effects from the adventure. Of course, you will easily imagine how everybody was loud in praise of her, and made much of her, but she bore her honours modestly, and did little else but blush when anybody made an allusion to her heroic conduct. I have no doubt that the accident precipitated matters somewhat. At any rate, before another twenty-four hours had passed everybody on board knew that Gabriel and Miss Denton were engaged, and hearty congratulations were being continually buzzed into their ears."

"And as soon as they landed at Plymouth they were married, and, we may presume, 'have lived happy ever after,' eh, doctor? That's the finish of your 'rope's end,' as you call it, I suppose?" I said, concluding the narrator's story for him.

"THE SHARK ROLLED OVER."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Merton," went on the doctor. "You're wrong entirely. That would have been a fitting ending to it, but the actual ending, so far as I know it, was very different. Everything went well until we got to Madeira. Gabriel's wound healed rapidly, the lovers seemed intensely happy in each other's society, and it was understood that they were to be married very soon after landing in England.

"It was about one o'clock in the morning when we sighted the island, but many of the passengers turned out and came on deck, amongst others Gabriel and Miss Denton. I saw them standing arm-in-arm, gazing at the lights of Funchal twinkling across the moonlit water as we brought up in the roads; and I heard the girl's soft laughter mingling

with the man's deep-toned chuckle as the two chatted gaily together. After a little while Miss Denton went below, and Gabriel soon followed. As for me, I remained on deck, smoking my pipe and talking with the captain.

"Hardly more than half an hour had elapsed when Gabriel again made his appearance. This time with his portmanteau, which constituted all his luggage, in his hand. His face was haggard and drawn as though with physical pain.

"'I'm going ashore, captain,' he explained, hastily, as he came up to us. 'I've changed my mind about going back to England. I'm going to leave you here.'

"Both the captain and I were for the moment struck dumb by this announcement. It was so sudden.

"'You're jesting, Mr. Gabriel?' I managed to gasp at last.

"'Do I look like it?' he replied; and I was forced to admit that he certainly didn't.

"'Then you're ill?' I said.

"'Feel my pulse,' he returned, dropping the portmanteau on the deck, and holding out his right hand. I did so. It was perfectly regular—quite normal.

"'This is a very sudden determination, isn't it, Mr. Gabriel?' said the captain.

"'It is, but it is final,' he replied.

"'But, Miss Denton?' I was beginning, but he interrupted me.

"'I never want to see her face again,' he cried, passionately, and added: 'You can tell her so.'

"He would give us no explanation of his strange conduct. He went ashore without bidding 'good-bye' to a single soul except myself and the captain. That was the last I ever saw of Emmanuel Gabriel, and that's the end of my yarn."

"But what of Miss Denton? How did she take it, doctor?" I asked, with a good deal of curiosity.

"Ah, well," he continued, "she took it ill. When she first heard the next morning that Gabriel had left the ship she was amazed. Then, when I told her *how* he had left it, softening down as well as I could the brutal message he had commissioned me to give her, she quietly left the saloon for her cabin, and we saw no more of her that day. When she reappeared amongst us she bore her trouble bravely, but all her light-heartedness had gone, and she drooped like a tired flower. So great was the sympathy felt for her that the whole ship wore an air of depression for the remainder of the voyage, and it was a relief to everybody when we dropped anchor in Plymouth Sound. What became of her I never heard. But it was a curious affair, which will probably never be explained."

As I have already said, the doctor's story made a strong impression upon me; but how much stronger would it have been had I known that I myself was fated to be an active agent in the sequel to it.

Upon landing at Plymouth I made my way direct to my sister's home, a quiet rectory in North Devon, where, after my long absence, I was a welcome guest. But I was not the only visitor in the house, for a young lady-friend was staying with my sister. Conceive my astonishment when I discovered she was no other than the identical Miss Denton of the doctor's yarn. My sister had formed her acquaintance at Ilfracombe the summer before, and the chance meeting resulted in a firm and lasting friendship.

She was quite as charming as Dr. Tryson had led me to suppose, but her face continually wore a look of patient, though sweet, resignation that, I think, enhanced rather than detracted from her beauty, and her ways were gentle and subdued. I told my sister the story I had heard, and she in turn confessed that she had often wondered how it was that Miss Denton so systematically discouraged the advances of all would-be suitors, but of course this unfortunate love affair explained it.

Between Miss Denton and myself a most agreeable friendship sprang up. So agreeable to me, in fact, that—but that has nothing to do with the story. The fact that we had both made the passage from the Cape in the *Bantling Castle* furnished us with an almost endless theme for conversation, and, I think, with the exception of anything connected with the man Gabriel—and his name she never once mentioned, nor did I let her suspect that I knew anything of him—she told pretty nearly all the incidents of her own voyage; and, as matters afterwards turned out, it was fortunate she did so.

Those pleasant summer months, spent mostly in beautiful Devon, passed all too quickly, and in the autumn I returned to my bachelor life on the great, lonely veldt. Six months went by, and then business compelled me to pay a short visit to Port Elizabeth. It was an agreeable change despite the seventy miles across the Karroo, and the long, tedious journey in a slow, jolting, uncomfortable South African train. Just as I got off the train I noticed in front of me a particularly well-built young man.

"What a fine young fellow!" I thought; and probably that is all I should have thought had he not at that moment raised his left hand. *All the fingers of it were gone!* In an instant Dr. Tryson's story flashed across my mind, and I ejaculated aloud, though quite unintentionally: "Emmanuel Gabriel!"

The stranger turned sharp round, and exhibited a bronzed, handsome face.

"Well, sir," he asked, with a pleasant smile, as his dark, flashing eyes sought mine inquiringly: "and what may you want with Emmanuel Gabriel?"

It was a simple enough question, but I couldn't for the life of me find an appropriate answer to it. What *did* I want with Emmanuel Gabriel? I didn't exactly know myself. I stammered a good bit, evidently much to his amusement, and then I blurted out:—

"Then you *are* Emmanuel Gabriel?"

"Of course I'm Emmanuel Gabriel. Do you want to see my credentials?" he replied, with a laugh.

"Oh! I thought perhaps you might be somebody else," I remarked, in a highly idiotic manner.

"And seeing that I'm only myself, Emmanuel Gabriel, what can I do for you, Mr.——?"

"Merton is my name. I never saw you before to my knowledge, Mr. Gabriel, but I have heard you described, and I thought it must be you by——"

"By this, I suppose?" holding up his mutilated hand. "I lost those fingers in an accident two years ago."

"So I heard," I replied, recovering somewhat from my surprise; and then added, hesitatingly: "I'm glad I met you, Mr. Gabriel, because I should like to have some talk with you—that is, of course, if you can give me a spare half-hour."

"I shall be delighted," he replied, in an off-hand sort of way. "I'm staying here overnight—at the 'Standard.' If you are going to put up, you can't do better than come with me. First let me have some dinner, and then I'm at your service to talk as much as you like."

So we went along together to the "Standard," where we dined, and then, over a cigar and a glass of—well, something more palatable than "Cape smoke," we commenced our conversation. I believe he told me he had come from Kimberley to meet a friend from Cape Town, whom he was expecting in a day or two, but I did not pay much heed to what he was saying, for I was casting about in my mind for the best method of introducing the subject that was uppermost there. I thought of several ways, but none recommended themselves to me, and at last I determined to go straight to the root of the matter without any beating about the bush.

"No; I'm about sick of the diamond fields," Gabriel was saying, as he lolled comfortably back in his chair, when I burst in most irrelevantly with:—

"Why did you leave Miss Denton and the *Bantling Castle* so suddenly at Madeira?"

If you have ever been out rabbiting and have seen a rabbit stop nibbling the herbage

"HE SPRANG EXCITEDLY FROM HIS CHAIR."

to leap frantically into the air with a charge of shot in his body, you will have some idea of the effect my words had on Gabriel. He sprang excitedly from his chair, as if a mine had exploded beneath him, upsetting both his own glass and mine, and overturning the table on which they stood.

"What business is that of yours?" he roared, his eyes flashing angrily and his brow drawn into an ugly frown.

"Just this much," I replied, as calmly as I could. "If you had never crossed Miss Denton's path, and taught her to love you, perhaps I might have had some chance of winning her for my wife. As it is, her heart is still true to the man who so cowardly jilted her."

Gabriel was considerably agitated, and for some minutes paced backwards and forwards in silence, with his arms folded. Then he halted suddenly before me, and said, with forced calmness :—

"You can thank your lucky stars, then, that I did cross the jade's path, and save you from such a misfortune."

"Jade!" I exclaimed, my anger rising.

"Yes, jade—*thief*, to be more correct!"

"You lie, you cowardly hound!" I cried, springing up almost beside myself with anger, for though I knew Miss Denton could never stand in any closer relationship to me than that of a friend, her reputation was sacred in my eyes. At first I thought Gabriel would have struck me, but by a mighty effort he restrained his passion. The look of anger passed away from his face, and a pained expression took its place. He took me by the arms, and pressed me back into my chair. The man's sudden change so affected me that I was as a child in his hands, and I sat quietly to listen to what he had to say.

"I once had the same faith—nay, greater faith—in Mary Denton that you have now," he said, sadly; "and if I had heard any man make the accusation against her that I have done, I should have knocked him down there and then. But what my own eyes see I'm bound to believe. What I suffered when I saw my idol shattered no man knows — no man ever can know. The Mary Denton I loved—and still love—is a myth. She does not exist, and never did. I was deceived by an unprincipled, artful woman."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "Miss Denton is as innocent as——"

"Stop! Reserve your panegyrics until you have heard what no mortal man has ever heard before. You're evidently acquainted with the story of our engagement—how you became so, I don't know, nor does it matter. I owe my life to her, I acknowledge, but I don't thank her for it. It were better—a thousand times better—that I had been swallowed by the shark than that I should have lived to endure the agony that the discovery of her duplicity condemned me to. Listen! The night we anchored off Funchal I stood beside her in the moonlight, looking into her fair, false face, and thought myself the luckiest of men. After a while she left me, and I remained on deck a few minutes longer, fondly dreaming, like the romantic fool I was, of the earthly bliss that was in store for me. It could not have been ten minutes after Mary Denton left me, when I, too, went below. As I reached the door of my state-room she was coming out of it. She looked terribly confused, and I for my part was so astonished that I didn't know what to say. We both stood staring at each other for a second or two in

"SHE LOOKED TERRIBLY CONFUSED."

silence. Then she murmured something that I couldn't catch, and slipped past me with her face averted—I suppose to hide the crimson evidence of her guilt. As she passed me I noticed that she was holding something in her hand as though to hide it, and from between the closed fingers I caught sight of the flash of a diamond. When I got inside my room I found that my portmanteau had been opened and its contents were scattered on the floor. Then the first suspicion flashed across my mind. In that portmanteau I had a ring containing a valuable diamond, the first I had ever found and which I had determined to keep just for luck, so I had had it set in a ring. I hurriedly examined my things. Then I went over them carefully a second time. My hasty suspicion was verified. *The ring was missing!* If that doesn't prove that Mary Denton is a thief, then——"

"Then somebody else must be," I exclaimed. "I see it all!"

"See it all?" he exclaimed, excitedly. "What do you mean? Is it possible——"

"Was the setting of the diamond in the form of a horseshoe?" I asked.

"Yes, yes," Gabriel replied, hastily. "Why?"

"Because Miss Denton was wearing just such a ring when I saw her in England last summer, but she never stole it."

"She *must* have done," he went on, vehemently. "Didn't I catch her in the act? Didn't I see her coming out of the cabin with it in her hand? Beside, nobody else knew of its existence."

"Had you ever showed it to Miss Denton?"

"No. You see, I never wore it, and when we were engaged I gave her a plain signet ring that I usually wore, until we landed in England—never once thinking of the diamond ring I had in my portmanteau. Somehow, the night we touched at Madeira the thing suddenly came into my head, and I mentioned it to her—I didn't describe it—and promised to show it her in the morning."

"Wasn't there a passenger on board called Stafford?" I asked.

"Yes, what of him?"

"What sort of a man was he?"

"Oh, I don't know—ordinary sort of a fellow. I don't know much about him—never had much to do with him. What's he got to do with the affair?"

"Everything," I replied. "*He* was the thief!"

"How do you know?" Gabriel asked, hoarsely, grasping my arm so tightly that he made me wince.

"I don't know, I only suspect. Look here! I've listened to your version of the story, you listen to mine now—or, rather, Miss Denton's—and then draw your own deductions as to the guilty party. It's as plain as daylight to me. I was admiring the unique design of this identical ring one morning, and Miss Denton told me how it came into her possession. What she told me was this: On the night in question, as she reached the top of the companion way to go below, this man, Stafford, crossed the foot of it and disappeared, presumably in the direction of his state-room. At the bottom of the steps the glitter of something on the floor caught her eye. Stooping to pick it up, she discovered it was a diamond ring, and remembering that Stafford had passed the spot only the minute before, very naturally supposed that he was the likeliest person to have dropped it. A variety of courses were open to her, but the one she adopted was to put the affair at once into her father's hands, so that he might at once restore the ring—if her surmise was correct—before Stafford had time to grieve much over his loss. She was not sure whether the major was in his state-room or had gone on deck to see the view of Madeira in the moonlight, so, as his cabin was quite near, she determined to go there to ascertain."

"Major Denton's berth was next to mine," broke in Gabriel at this point.

"Then that explains the only thing that puzzled me," I resumed, triumphantly. 'When you left your berth to go on deck, you must have left the door ajar, else how could the thief—who must have been disturbed by footsteps or something before he had replaced the things in the portmanteau—or Miss Denton after him have got in at all? Now, it is quite easy to suppose that she mistook your state-room for her father's. Seeing the door ajar she would naturally think that the major had gone on deck and left it so, and no doubt she just peeped in to make sure. She didn't mention this fact to me, probably, from motives that we can easily understand. But to go on with her story: She found her father's room, and tapped at the door. The major was within. Madeira, by moonlight, was not sufficiently attractive to draw him from his comfortable berth. She gave him the ring, and told him how she had found it. His advice was to let the affair be until morning. In the morning, however, other matters—she didn't say what, but I presume she meant the news that you had

left the ship—drove the matter from their minds, and so for a whole day the ring lay forgotten in the pocket of the major's dressing-gown, and might have lain there even longer had not Stafford set inquiries on foot concerning it, which of course he could do pretty safely now that you were away from the scene. The major handed over the trinket to Stafford, and before the voyage ended bought it back again for a present for his daughter. So that the natural inference to be drawn from the story—your version and Miss Denton's together—is, firstly——"

"That I am an emphatic fool!" Gabriel cried, seizing his hat. "Emphatic" was not exactly the term he used, but it was what he meant.

"Where are you going?" I asked, as he made for the door.

"To see when the next steamer sails for England," he replied, banging the door after him.

"Well, well," I said to myself, as I heard his flying feet along the hall; "all may end happily, after all. As for me—well, I'm afraid I wasn't so *very* deeply in love as I thought, or I shouldn't feel so cool about it. I'm afraid I've been used to bachelor ways too long now to change. If ever I come across Dr. Tryson again, what a yarn I shall have for him!"

Last spring certain events, of no interest to the reader, led me to abandon a colonist's life and come back to settle permanently in Old England.

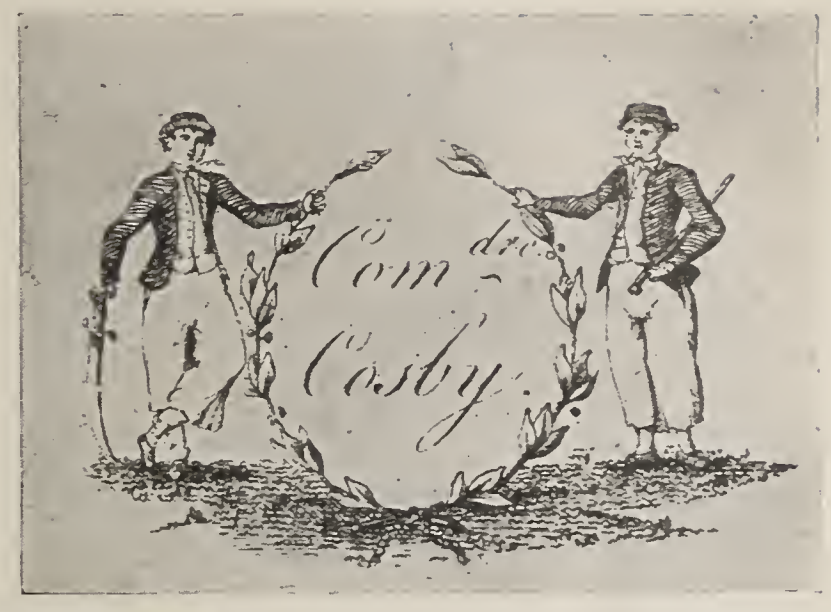
One fine morning last August I was putting a fine edge on my appetite for breakfast by sculling along one of the upper reaches of Father Thames. As I shot round a bend of the river I came upon a punt half hidden among the rushes. On the punt a small tent was erected, and from within I heard the sound of soft, rippling laughter.

As I shot past, the curtain of the tent was drawn aside and the figure of a tall, handsome man appeared. For a second he balanced himself on the edge of the punt and then took a "header" into the water. Scarcely had his head bobbed up again, when the canvas once more parted. A vision of fair, sunny hair, of white arms and feet, and of a scarlet bathing costume flashed for an instant in the morning sunlight before the water hid it.

It was my host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Emmanuel Gabriel, taking their morning plunge together.

Some Old Visiting-Cards.

THE visiting-card in England is barely two centuries old, but it has existed in China for a thousand years. It was not until the eighteenth century that these cards came into general use in this country; they owe their origin to the writing of messages and invitations upon the backs of playing-cards. Next came plain white cards, but these were later on superseded by cards of a more elaborate design—real works of art, designed and engraved by the foremost artists of the day.

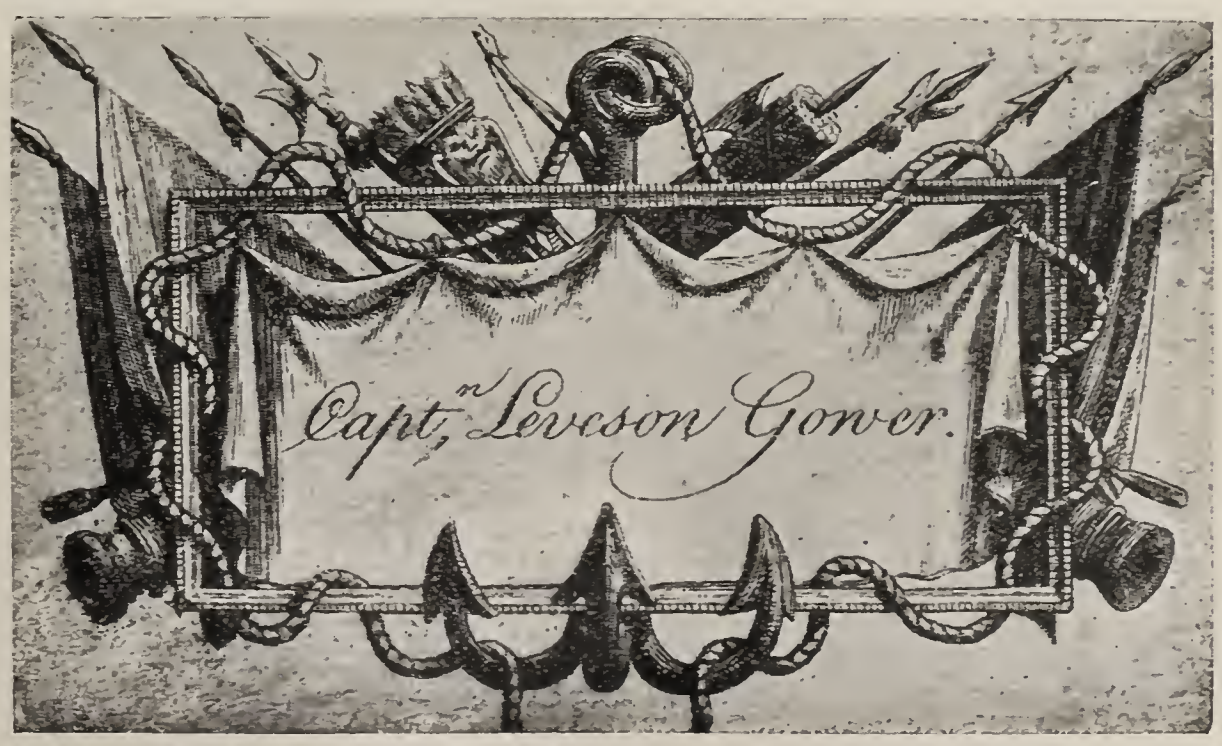


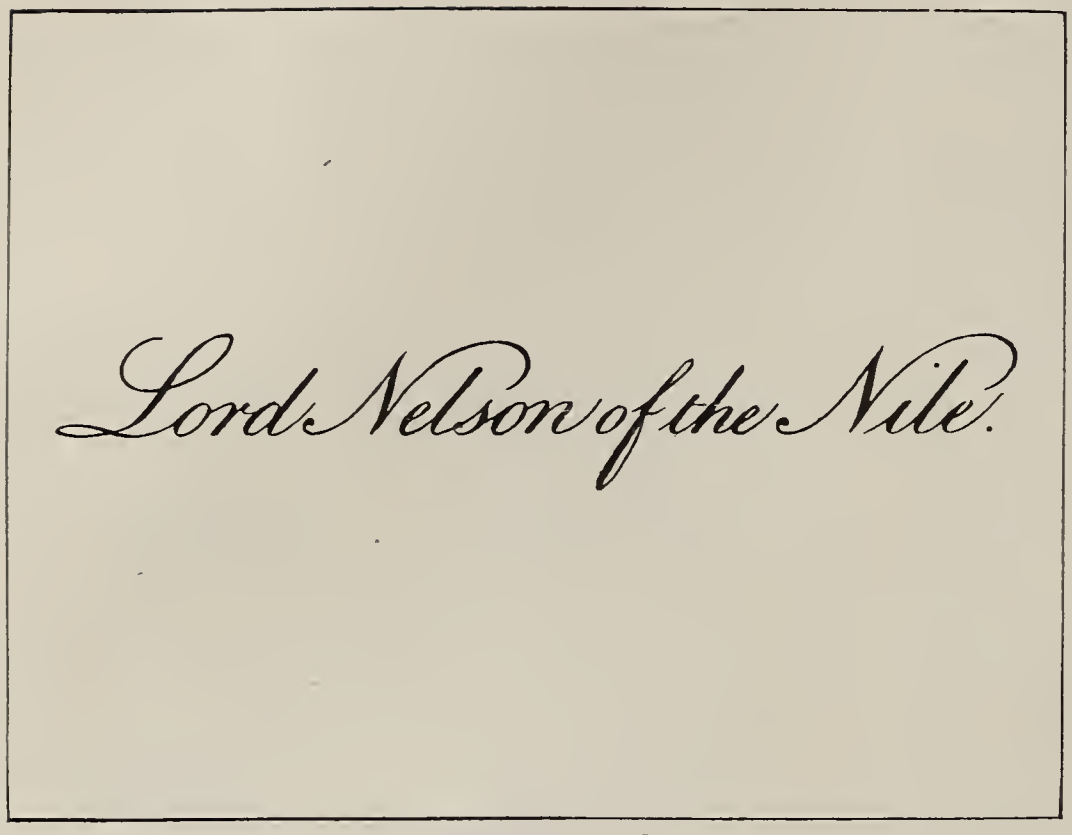
A fine example is the visiting-card of Sir Joshua Reynolds. This was designed by the famous portrait-painter and engraved by Bartolozzi. Art, personified by the figure on the left, is smiling on the wreath-engirdled globe, borne by the child; and the globe bears only the name of "Sir Joshua Reynolds"—as who should say, "*le monde c'est moi.*"

The card of Commander (afterwards Admiral) Cosby also illustrates the emblematical phase of the craze. Two young naval officers guard the name in the design. Phillips Cosby was appointed to the *Robuste* (74 guns) in 1779, and his ship took an important part in the smashing of the French off Cape Virginias two years later.

Captain Leveson Gower was one of the Sutherland family (*temp.* 1783). Look at the spikes and the pikes, the guns and the anchor, the flags and the ropes. One would naturally expect to find that "Captn. Leveson Gower" had, single-handed, wiped out a fleet.

But no rebuke to the

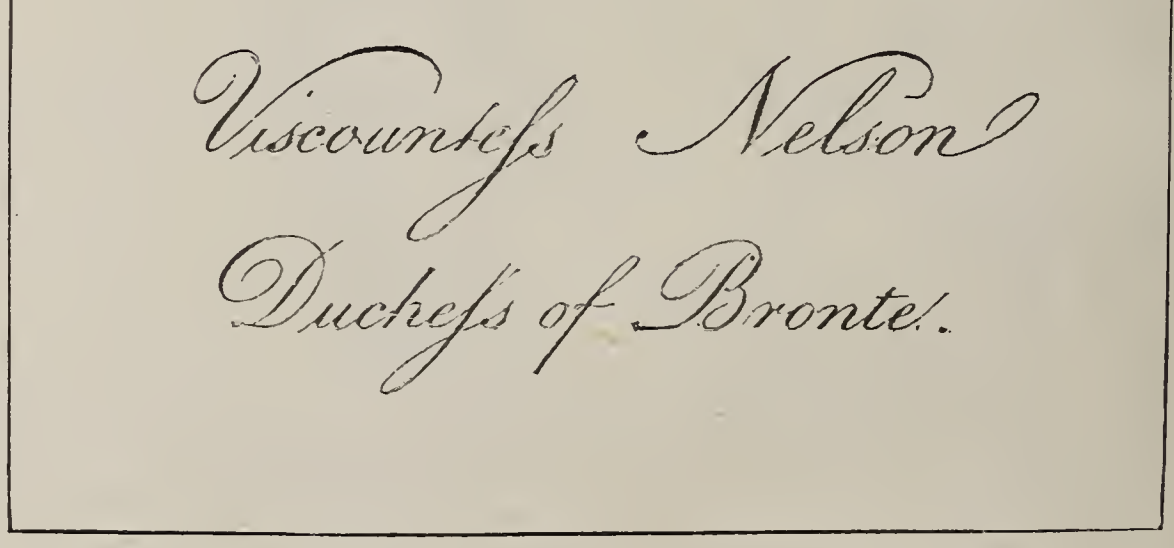


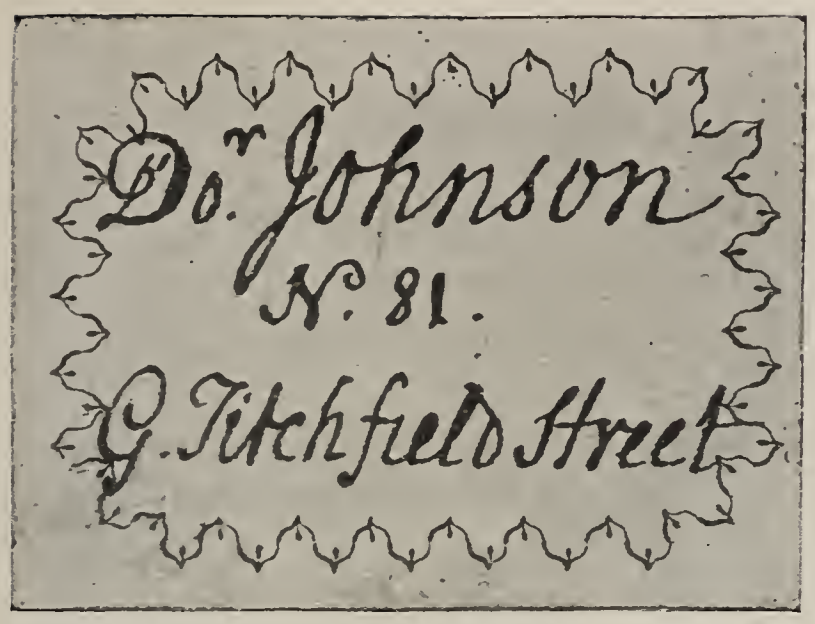


obtrusive captain could be more forcible than the mere juxtaposition of the next card —"Lord Nelson of the Nile"—no pikes, mark you, no boarding irons; nothing but the immortal name.

Next we have the card of Viscountess Nelson. Frances Herbert Nelson was the daughter of William Woolward, senior judge of the Island of Nevis, in the West Indies. In 1779 she married a doctor named Nesbit, who went out of his mind and died within eighteen months, leaving her with an infant son, dependent upon her uncle. Whilst living with him she became acquainted with Nelson, then the young captain of the *Boreas;* she married him at Nevis in 1787. When the *Boreas* was paid off Mrs. Nelson lived with her husband at Burnham Thorpe until February, 1793; and during his first absence in the Mediterranean they corresponded in most affectionate terms. Later came disquieting rumours from Naples about Lady Hamilton, followed by the inevitable domestic broils. After one of these, Nelson wandered all night long through the streets of London in a state of absolute despair and distraction. In 1801 a separation was agreed upon, with a settlement of £1,200 a year on Lady Nelson.

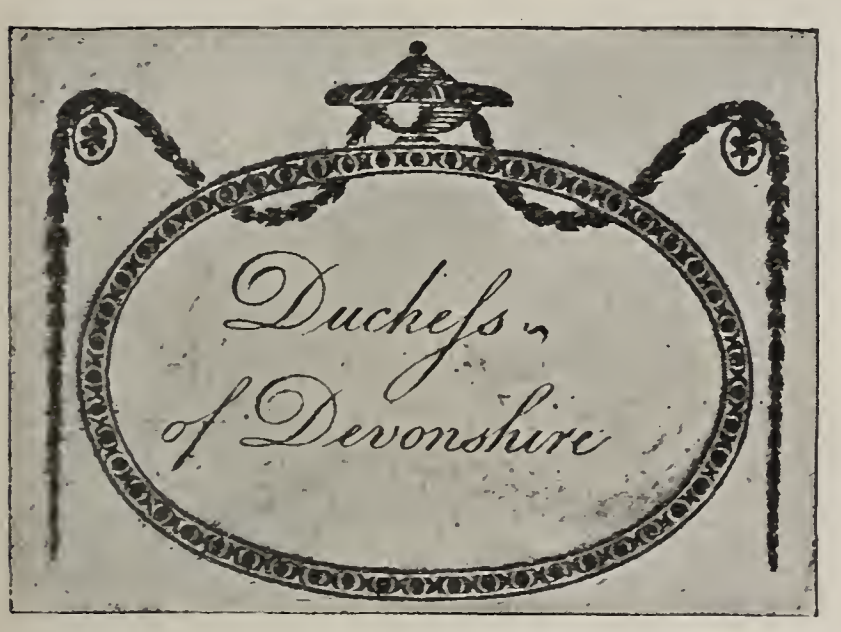
Here is Lady Hamilton's card. The career of this wonderful woman is a remarkable instance alike of the commanding power of beauty and the vicissitudes of fortune. Emma Hart was the daughter of a servant, and was born in a humble Cheshire village. She was successively a labouring hand in a mine; a nurse-girl at Hawarden; a side-show (she was exhibited by a charlatan as the Goddess Hygeia, covered with a transparent veil!); Romney's model; wife of Sir William Hamilton, our Ambassador at the Neapolitan Court; and Nelson's "guardian angel," for whom the hero fought and thought and laboured. An unfinished letter to Lady Hamilton was found on Nelson's desk after the fatal Battle of Trafalgar. Royal Dukes aspired to her favour, and Nelson's jealousy on this point is writ large in his correspondence. After her hero's





death, Lady Hamilton's star began to wane; and we at length find her flying to Calais to escape from her creditors. Here she died in comparative want in 1815.

Dr. Johnson's card comes next. Obviously the redoubtable doctor designed the thing himself. The writing is a little wobbly, and the border uncertain. One wonders whether the original of this was the identical scrap of pasteboard which Dr. Johnson sent in to Lord Chesterfield, whilst he himself waited



in the ante-room for a few guineas "on account."

To Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire is universally conceded the leadership of all that was brilliant in her generation. In 1783 Gainsborough painted her portrait for the second time, and this was the famous picture that was stolen from Messrs. Agnew, after having been bought by them at the Wynn Ellis sale, in 1876, for £10,605.

The visiting-card of Hester, Madame Piozzi (Mrs. Thrale), is next shown. Her father dying in 1762, the girl was forthwith married to Henry Thrale, a rich brewer, who she declared only took her because other ladies to whom he had proposed refused to live in the Borough.

The famous intimacy with Dr. Johnson began at the end of 1764, and a year later saw the great lexicographer virtually domiciled at Streatham Park, the home of the

Thrales. Thrale himself, who died in 1781, was ultimately ruined by a quack, who pretended he had a wonderful plan whereby beer might be made without hops or malt. In 1780 Mrs. Thrale had made the acquaintance of Gabriel Piozzi, an Italian musician, whom she presently married, much to the annoyance of her children and Dr. Johnson.

Antonio Canova, most celebrated of modern sculptors, had an interesting card whereon was depicted a huge block of marble in the rough. He was born at Pasagno, Italy, in 1757, his father being a

humble stone-mason. Two shrines, cut in Carrara marble by him at the age of nine years, attest his genius. He owed his advancement, however, to the patronage of Giovanni Faliero, the patrician, who had seen a lion modelled in butter by the young Canova.

Below is the visiting-card of Mr. Charles Townley, an eminent English antiquary. So great was his admiration for the busts of Clytie, Pericles, and Homer which he possessed, that he employed an eminent engraver to engrave them on a small scale for reproduction on his visiting-card. These elegant little pictures were then left at the houses of distinguished persons. The bust of Clytie Mr. Townley actually carried about with him from place to place, fearing an accident. At his death, in 1805, the British Museum purchased his marbles for £20,000—probably half their value.

Next we have the beautiful visiting-card of the inseparable sisters, Mary and Agnes Berry. They were constantly together for eighty-eight years; and it was their desire to be *buried* together. Thus the introduction of an inscribed tombstone into the design is a play upon their name. In the winter of 1788 the two sisters became acquainted with Horace Walpole, then over seventy. Walpole began writing, in 1788, solely with an eye to

the sisters' amusement, his "Reminiscences of the Courts of George I. and II." He secured a house for his *protegées* at Teddington in 1789, and afterwards prevailed upon them to take possession of Little Strawberry Hill.

Mr. C. W. Batt had a curious card. In this case the card is simply an antique mask, with an open mouth, into which the name of the individual is put; thus it seems as if the mouth were in the act of pronouncing

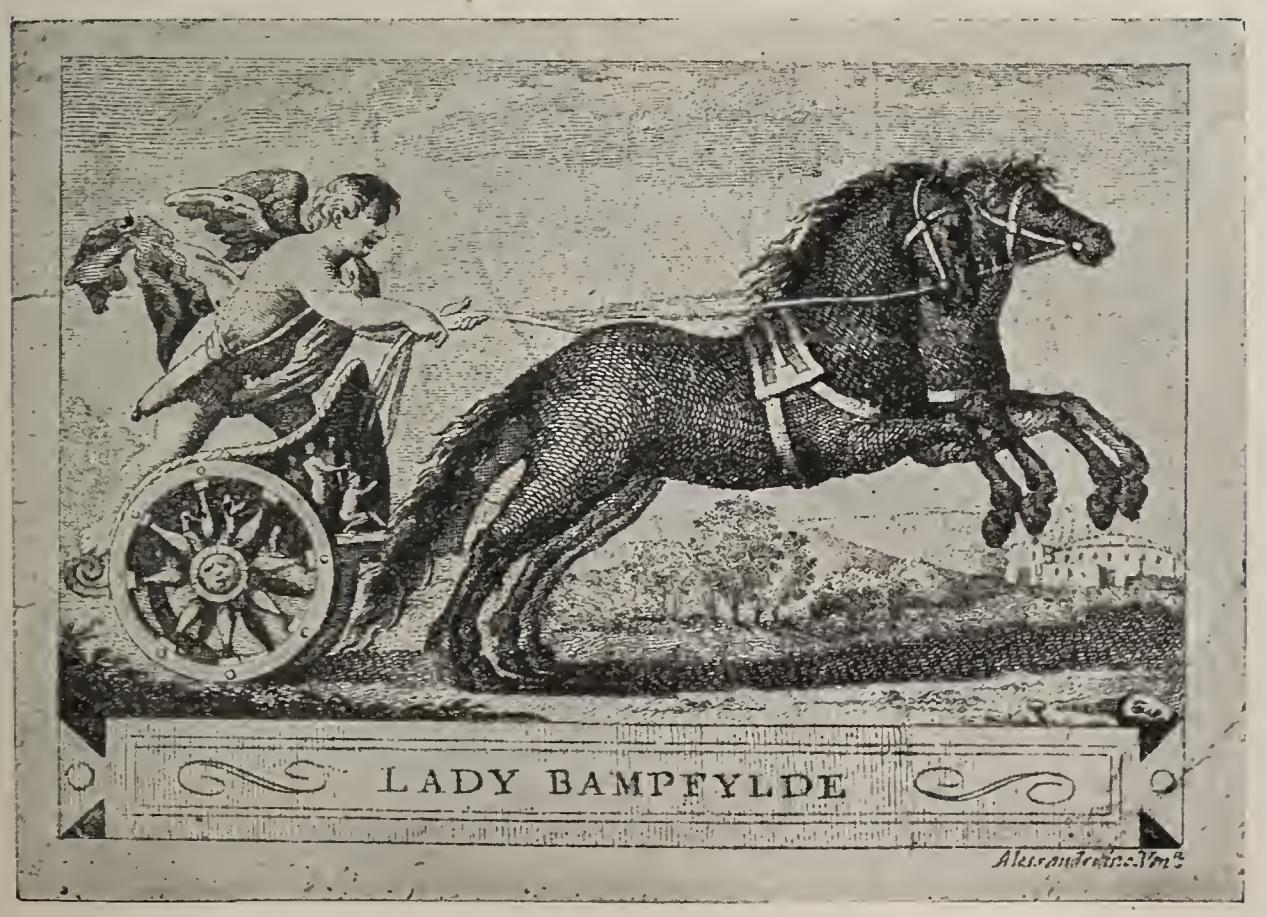
to Reynolds in 1777, and the resulting portrait is one of Sir Joshua's most famous pictures.

The next facsimile shown here is the visiting-card of "Mister Ralph Sneyd." It is

designed on the principle of the renowned "Bil Stumps" inscription discovered by the immortal Pickwick. Three owls are depicted

the name Batt, to the person who might look upon it.

Lady Bampfylde was the mother of John Codrington Bampfylde, the poet, who proposed to Miss Palmer, Sir Joshua Reynolds's niece ; Sir Joshua, however, disapproved of the match, and closed his doors to Bampfylde, who, thereupon, broke the great painter's windows and was sent to Newgate for the offence. Lady Bampfylde, who was one of the reigning beauties of her day, sat



as bewigged judges, pensively guarding the stone on which is engraved, somewhat cryptically, the name of Mr. Sneyd.

The visiting-card of Sir Joseph Banks, P.R.S., opens up an awful prospect. Fancy Nansen with a map of the North Pole on his card, Mr. Henniker-Heaton with a postage stamp, and so on *ad nauseam !* 'Tis an ingenious effort of the inveterate bore. Young Mr. Banks, who had lots of money, deter-

mined to accompany Captain Cook round the world. Soon after his return, the young scientist visited Iceland, and brought away with him a rich harvest of knowledge and specimens. He never forgot Iceland, and he was determined that other people shouldn't forget it either. The little map of Iceland seen on Sir Joseph's card was printed in colours on a white ground.

Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, daughter of John Earl of Ossory, married in 1766 the eldest son of Henry Fox, Lord Holland. She was the mother of the Lord Holland who made Holland House so famous in political and literary circles. Her visiting-card seen in the above facsimile is a good example of the elaborate cards of the period.

The story of Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess of Argyll, is a remarkable one. She was first married (after midnight, and with the ring of a bed-curtain) to James, sixth Duke of Hamilton, and secondly, to John Campbell, Duke of Argyll. By the two marriages she became the mother of four dukes. In 1751, she and her sister Maria (afterwards Countess of Coventry) first appeared in London, and created a great sensation. When they appeared in the drawing-room at St. James's, peers and peeresses clambered on the tables and chairs to get a look at them. Hundreds of people sat up all night in and around a Yorkshire inn to see the Duchess of Hamilton get into her chaise in the morning. A Worcester shoemaker got two and a half guineas by showing (at a penny a head) a shoe he was making for the Countess of Coventry.

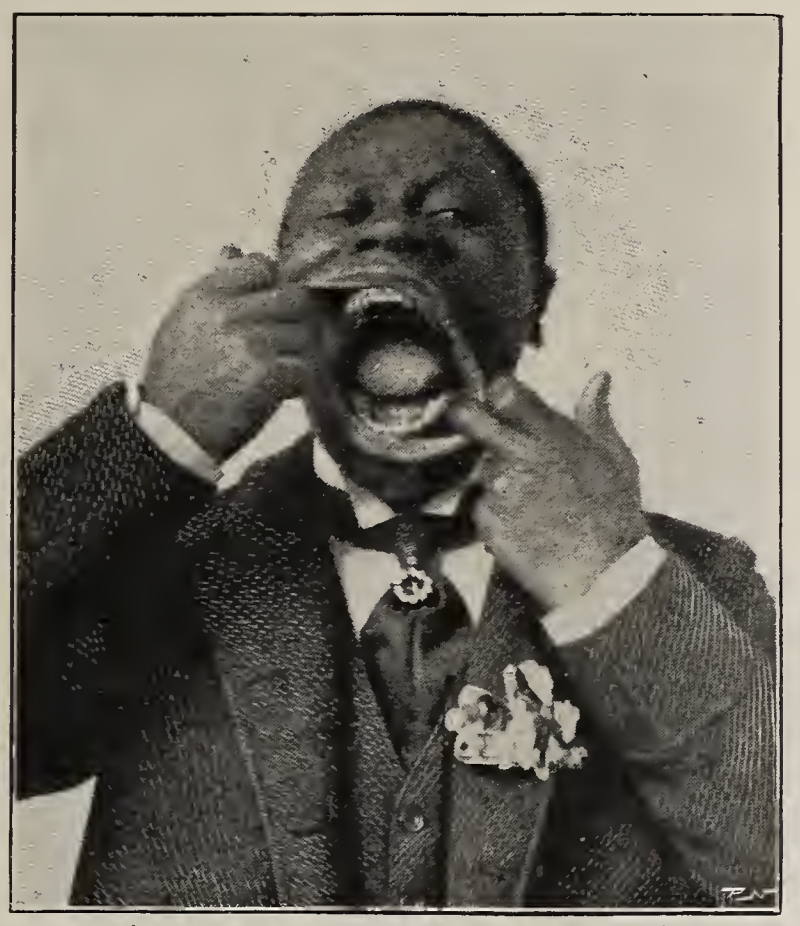
Many cards bore pictorial jokes, representing emblematically the individual's name—such as Bird, Monk, and so on. Mr. Green's card (next shown) was printed in green; and, since the faces in the border are remarkable for stupidity of expression, we may hazard a guess that here was another recondite suggestion of the attribute "Green."

Side-Shows.

II.

By William G. FitzGerald.

THE next "artiste" on my list had a line peculiarly his own. He was a fine, jovial nigger from one of the Southern States, and, chancing to notice at an early age that his mouth was of unusual capacity, even among his kind, he came to see a fortune in it. He began to practise, and was always more or less in form. He supplemented his more natural endeavours by a gutta-percha ball, which was made to expand by a screw arrangement. The result is, I submit, perfectly apparent from the photographs reproduced on this page. First the merry fellow is seen displaying his extraordinary ability in what I might term an "assisted yawn." In the next illustration he has inserted a hand, comparable only to a small leg of mutton; and in the third he has gravely placed *in situ* a good-sized plate. He would remain like this for hours if necessary. Observe his aspect of strenuous eagerness in the first two portraits, and contrast this with the expression of mild complacency — even benignity and broad philanthropy — in the third. He is a thorough good fellow, is this nigger — good-natured, good-tempered, hilarious, making heaps of money, and spending it recklessly. What a unique advertisement he would be for Somebody's tooth-powder, with his expansive smile and superb set of "ivories"! These photos. were forwarded to the well-known showman, Mr. E. H. Bostock, of Elgin House, Norwich, by his brother, Mr. F. C. Bostock, of Boston, U.S.A., with a suggestion that possibly the "Man with the Largest Mouth in America" might prove a big draw in Great Britain.



"THE LARGEST MOUTH IN AMERICA."
From a Photo. by Wendt, New York City.

SWALLOWING HIS FIST.
From a Photo. by Wendt, New York City.

SWALLOWING A PLATE.
From a Photo. by Wendt, New York City.

LIVING BRONZE STATUES.
From a Photo. by Knowlton, New York City.

A decidedly novel show is that provided by the Nahl and Bradley Troupe of Living Bronze Statues. As may be judged from the heroic group here reproduced, these entertainers are men of splendid physique; indeed, they have in former, and less successful, days sat as models to painters and sculptors. The show is at once simple, yet striking and unique. Messrs. Nahl and Bradley wear bronze tights, stand upon circular slabs (such as one may see in the British Museum), and then assume attitudes similar to those of the antique sculptures. Their hands and faces, even, are bronzed with a special powder. So closely do these artistes imitate their famous inanimate models, that in photographs, at any rate, it is almost impossible to distinguish between the living and the real subjects. The set of a single muscle is studied with scrupulous care; and drawings and photographs of statues to be copied are made for the guidance of these professional *poseurs*.

The photo. reproduced here is a gladiatorial subject; and I am told that the work of posing in this way is surprisingly tiring. I can well believe it; and this probably accounts for the curious phenomenon I witnessed at the refreshment-bar of a certain variety theatre, where Achilles and a brother hero were imbibing Scotch whisky, in a distinctly unclassical manner.

The cycling feat of Messrs. Hacker and Lester, which is seen in the next illustration, is considered by competent critics to be the most difficult of its kind ever attempted; yet, the very fact of its being photographed proves that it is accomplished with comparative ease. These well-known cyclist-acrobats go through a performance which would be thought sufficiently amazing were it conducted on *terra-firma* instead of on a bicycle. And observe, neither acrobat wears upon his head any sort of protection.

A whole library of entertaining facts might be written about the romance of freak-hunting and curiosity-finding for the side-shows of the world. Miss Virginie Brisou, who, in place of hands and feet, had powerful lobster's claws 10in. long, was actually kidnapped by an eminent French anatomist, who only yielded up his unique "case" when the law was set in force against him. The story of

From a] A WONDERFUL BALANCING FEAT. *[Photo.*

Farini's costly expedition to Northern Siam in search of "Krao, the Missing Link," reads like one of Jules Verne's wildest flights; and the "Esau Girl," of Virginia, was stolen, as a valuable piece of property, by a travelling phrenologist, who made a small fortune out of the girl before falling into an ambush prepared by her relatives.

There was once shown in New York a stalwart individual garbed as a sailor, who was billed as having "crossed the Atlantic in an open boat." He had never gone beyond the Bowery, but what matter? What distinctive mark could there possibly be about the real article? On the other hand, I have known cases in which "heroes" of this sort — genuine heroes, who may have walked across America on all fours —have been really on show one night, and have *left a deputy* the next. This deputy takes all the vicarious glory with surprising gravity, and narrates his supposed adventures with a great show of feeling. Remember, I am speaking of America —the land of real humour, of ingenuity, of resource. When some important political or other event agitates that great country, topical side-shows spring up with amazing promptness. They may be genuine side-shows, or they may not. Certainly it is far easier and cheaper to engage and "fit up" as the "Cuban Wonder" an astute individual from the New York slums, than to send costly missions to the Pearl of the Antilles in search of human curiosities.

"AN ANGEL O'ER THE DISTANT CITY."
From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street.

The funniest bogus side-show that ever came under my notice was the "Iron-skulled Prince," who was on view at a small museum in St. Louis. He was just an ordinary nigger, with a preternaturally serious face. Of course, he was rigged up with feathers and blankets and things, and by his side lay a seven-pound hammer. This hammer would be taken outside at intervals by the showman and handed round for inspection among the crowd. By the way, the posters showed this "novelty" putting his head under Nasmyth hammers and hydraulic presses. "A sevin-pound 'ammer," cried the showman, shrilly (he was a Cockney). "'E 'as bin known to 'it 'imself on the 'ead with it. Come an' see the iron-skulled man pufform 'is wunnerful feats." People came in and talked to the bogus wonder, who told a wonderful tale of imaginary adventures in Hawaii, then the topic of the day. When any of those nasty, truculent people came in who want value for their money, they generally took the "sevin-pound 'ammer" in hand with a business-like air, whereupon the showman anxiously confronted them with this placard: "*All experiments and demonstrations must be conducted at patrons' own risk. The management takes no responsibility for what may happen.*" Could anything be funnier?

A vastly different show is that given by Miss Jeannette Desborough, who, in the photograph, is seen floating angel-fashion apparently over a distant city. This lady gives a beautiful, graceful, and refined entertainment in mid-air, swinging on invisible piano-wires. Sometimes she poses as the Angel of Death, chanting the dirge of a doomed city as she sweeps downwards, the rustle of her wings sounding above the sweet note of her lyre. The general effect is altogether extraordinary.

The next side-show is the tiny Strong Lady, or, to give her her proper title, "The most diminutive Lady Samson in the

From a] THE TINY STRONG LADY. *[Photo.*

world." This is Madame Rice, a lady from Birmingham, who, aspiring to rise from the ruck of midgets, went into the "strong" business with such success, that we see her in the photograph lifting a 56lb. bar-bell at arm's-length above her head with one hand. Her husband, the Major, is 1¼in. less in height than Tom Thumb; and this tiny pair ride about in a miniature brougham drawn by a pair of Shetland ponies. Madame Rice, I should add, was discovered and trained by the well-known showman, Mr. J. Ball.

Many of the freaks, especially in England, have a wretched time of it, receiving probably just as many shillings a week as they are "billed" (and earn for their proprietor) in pounds. They live in a deplorable manner, and are regarded precisely as valuable cattle would be by a speculative farmer. Their proprietor is occasionally a "melancholy humbug," mostly to be seen in drink, and an imitation fur coat.

Among the most extraordinary side-shows imaginable are the performances of armless men. The Indian boy, Warrimeh Boseth, whose portrait is here shown, was discovered in Vancouver by the ubiquitous freak-finder. Possibly Warrimeh might not shine at a Bisley meeting, but it is no exaggeration to say that he was a wonderful shot with the bow and arrow. He used to lie on his back in the forest, and send pioneer shafts here and there into spots where he knew game lurked; and as the bird or animal tried to escape from that dangerous vicinity, a second unerring arrow from the "hand-footed hunter" would bring it to the ground. Of these feats the boy thought nothing. Though unprovided by Nature with even the slightest suggestion of hand or arm, hunting came as natural to him as breathing. But one day the showman appeared on the scene. The showman saw, and conquered (or, rather, his presents to the aged chief did); and the Indian boy left the solitudes and came into great cities.

I saw Warrimeh in a New Orleans "museum" during the Mardi-Gras Carnival. He half sat, half reclined on a couch, and fixed his fine eyes on a pigeon-trap, such as they use at the Monte Carlo shooting matches. No sooner had the bird risen 10ft. than Warrimeh fell back; his supple toes twanged the bow-string, and the pigeon fell heavily on to the platform amidst thunders of applause.

Frank Western, the well-known shot, is next depicted in one of his fascinating exhibitions with the repeating rifle. You will observe that Mr. Western is literally writing his name with his gun, the letters being first traced, either in tiny lighted tapers, or else in clay pipes. The expert is seated on an armoured tricycle, and it is a very pretty sight to watch him glide rapidly here and there, firing incessantly and with perfectly marvellous aim, until the last pipe-bowl, or

From a] THE "HAND-FOOTED HUNTER." *[Photo.*

From a] MR. WESTERN WRITING HIS NAME IN SHOTS. *[Photo.*

light in the "n," is demolished or extinguished. I remember seeing Mr. Western go up into the gallery of a large London theatre, and actually shoot a clay pipe from the head of his assistant on the stage. I believe a Lee-Metford rifle and cordite ammunition were used; but so risky was this "William Tell" feat considered that before long the management vetoed it, in spite of the famous crack shot's earnest protests.

"Unzie, the Hirsute Wonder"—"Unzie, the Aboriginal Beauty from Australia," next makes his bow. He is something of a *littérateur* and minor poet. He wrote his own biography. Now, I should mention that in pretty well every side-show and dime museum there are printed biographies of the freaks to be had. These fetch from 1d. to 6d. each, and such "takings" form one of the freak's own perquisites (presents from the public are another), in addition to the standing salary. And many of these "Lives" are monumental efforts of unconscious humour.

Unzie commences his autobiography with these lofty lines, which are meant to convey a sense of profound mysticism:—

> How Nature's fields of knowledge doth expand,
> Yea! far beyond her continents of land (*sic!*)
> Beyond the mighty ocean and the sea,
> Beyond Man's comprehensibility.—UNZIE.

Yea, we say, Yea. It is to be feared that Unzie knows no more about metre than a gas inspector; but, after all, the sentiment's the thing. Notice the poet's name at the foot of the verse—as it might be "Milton" or "Tennyson." Unzie was born in 1869, at Tarrabandra, New South Wales. His parents were swarthy Australian aborigines, yet the prodigy himself, at birth, had snow-white hair, skin like alabaster, and a few front teeth. There was consternation among the Minjery people, among whom Unzie's father, Boco (!), was a powerful chief. The natives regarded the little snow-white stranger as a harbinger of evil; but local popular opinion presently veered round, and the child became an object of worship. Years passed away, and one day the phenomenon was kidnapped by an adventurous showman and taken to Melbourne, where he commenced his public career The great mass of snow-white hair that stands out all round the Albino's head like an open umbrella measures 6ft. in circumference. It is so fine

"UNZIE, THE HIRSUTE WONDER."
From a Photo. by Wendt, New York City.

AN ACROBATIC SKATING FEAT.
From a Photo. by Feinberg, New York City.

in texture that when Unzie walks abroad he can tuck the whole "bush" into an ordinary silk hat. It is, however, impossible to run a comb through the hair, so brushes are used instead. It is trimmed every six weeks. Unzie's eyes are likewise wonderful—bluish-grey in a subdued light and purple after sunset. He can see well in the dark, and enjoys perfect health.

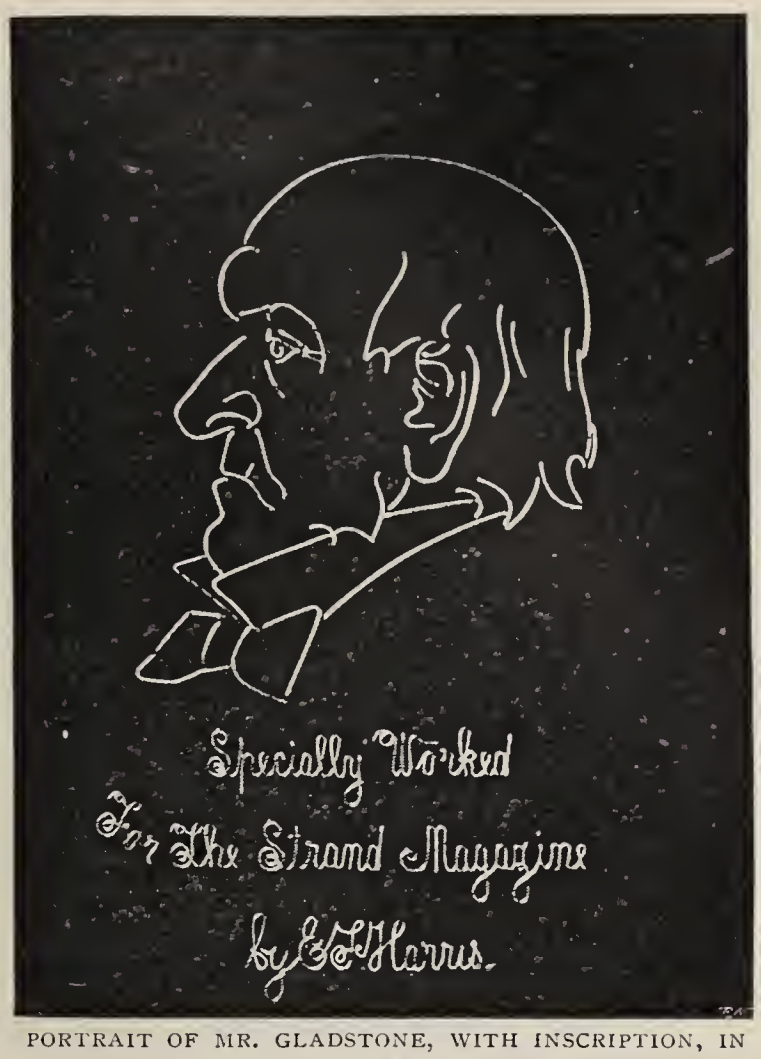
A novel acrobatic entertainment is the next to be dealt with. Acrobats and gymnasts know full well that unless they can devise something startling or strikingly original, they will draw more yawns than applause from their audience. A trapeze or parallel-bar act has to be supremely excellent to pass muster in these critical days. The performers seen in the photograph, however, are both clever acrobats and expert skaters. The photo. shows one of the men carrying his colleague on his back. The two will be skating furiously to and fro, in and out, on the stage, when suddenly one picks up the other in this way and skates swiftly along with him. The thing is done so quickly that, for some moments, the skate-wheels of the acrobat on top revolve noisily in the air by reason of the impetus they received but a second before.

Among the skilled craftsmen who are also side-shows, Mr. E. F. Harris, the "American Wire King," must take a high place. The first photo. shows Mr. Harris's stall. All over his person and that of his wife are fastened specimens of his work — name-brooches and bangles chiefly. Two coils of the gold wire and a tray of rings are seen in the centre. You walk up to the stall, write the name of your wife or sweetheart on a scrap of paper, and hand this to Mr. Harris with a request for a brooch of that particular name. The "Wire King" takes a pair of pliers and a length of wire, and in a few minutes he hands you an elegant name-brooch, pin and all, complete for a shilling or two.

It is not too much to say that Mr. Harris can do in wire what others do in ink or pencil. Look at the two portraits on the next page—one of Her Majesty the Queen

From a] MR. E. F. HARRIS, THE "AMERICAN WIRE KING," AND HIS WIFE. *[Photograph.*

PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN, WITH INSCRIPTION, IN GOLD WIRE.



PORTRAIT OF MR. GLADSTONE, WITH INSCRIPTION, IN GOLD WIRE.

and the other of Mr. Gladstone. These the wire-worker was good enough to prepare specially for this article. The inscription is, of course, also in gold wire, and gives an idea of what the name-brooches look like. In 1887, Mr. Harris was apprenticed to a jeweller in Providence, Rhode Island, and his particular work was the making of circular earrings of gold wire. In his spare time he took to twisting the wire into various shapes; and one day he got the idea of making a brooch in his mother's name. Friends saw this and wanted similar brooches. The young man soon threw up his situation and became what I might call a "working side-show," at the Mechanics' Fair in Boston. At this time, Mr. Harris completed (it took him three months) a beautiful model of the Brooklyn Bridge, all in gold wire; it was 4ft. long, and designed for an advertisement. Great is the ingenuity of the American people. The "Wire King" next "wrote" a letter of congratulation to Mrs. Cleveland on the election of her husband as President. This beautiful and unique epistle was, of course, wrought in gold wire, and mounted on a blue velvet cushion. It brought a graceful reply from the White House. Another of the wire-working ingenious advertisements was a model of the terrestrial globe, with several strands of the wire twisted round it. This was to show at a glance how many thousands of miles of wire Mr. Harris had worked up with his busy pliers into brooches, rings, and bangles.

MENIER, THE "HUMAN OSTRICH."
From a Photo. by G. Sheils, Dublin.

Very funny it is to see the "Great Human Ostrich," billed under the name of *Monsieur* Antoine Menier — which, however, is his real name. When I saw him he was without the war-paint—a modest Frenchman; but doubtless his business manager thought that no one with Antoine's fearsome ability should pose before the public as a civilized white man; hence the spots, the quills, and the

A CHAMPION MANE AND TAIL.
From a Photo. by Eisenmann, New York.

nose-ring. But why not give the poor young man another name? Let me suggest "The Coke-Eating Yahoo."

But there can be no doubt as to Menier's right to the designation of "human ostrich." At Fell's Waxworks in Glasgow he drew crowded houses ten times a day for six weeks. Without going exhaustively into this wonderful man's history, I may mention that his daily "food" in public—the menu is usually hung outside—consists of coal—"common house coal"—candles, soot, broken glass, brass, dust saturated with paraffin, needles, wood, paper, and bricks; a choice assortment of these appalling comestibles being washed down with a measure of train-oil, ink, and methylated spirit. Periodically the unfortunate "ostrich" has to retire from business for weeks, presumably to give his poor outraged stomach a rest. Lest anyone should doubt the genuineness of the performance, atrocious though it be, I hasten to say that I witnessed it myself several times, and assisted in the weighing out of the coke and other dainties.

There are an extraordinary number of animal monstrosities scattered among the side-shows of the world—the double-mouthed calf, the elephant-skinned horse, the three-legged cow, and such like. There is, however, something more or less repellent about these, and so they have not found a place in these articles. But the long-maned and tailed horse, whose photo. is here reproduced, is in no way disagreeable. The animal was shown at Fell's Waxworks, Trongate, Glasgow. The length of the mane is 9ft. 9in.; foretop, 8ft. 9in., and tail, 12ft. 8in. It was bred at Marion, Oregon, and was owned by Messrs. C. H. and H. W. Eaton. This horse recalls Farmer Broadhurst, who was born at Congleton, near Macclesfield, and had a beard 7ft. long. When the worthy farmer took his walks abroad, the beard was packed away beneath his waistcoat.

One man will try for years to devise new dances—on his legs. Another suddenly conceives the idea of making a pair of boots for his hands and dancing on *them*. The accompanying photograph shows Cinatus, the upside-down dancer, whose performance is

AN UPSIDE-DOWN DANCE.
From a Photo. by McBride & Co., Belfast.

the queerest imaginable. The power of his arms must be great, for his upside-down "step" is astonishingly light and nimble. There is nothing like a jig by Cinatus to "bring down the house," in managerial phrase. The applause, as the dancer bangs his booted hand on the boards for the last triumphant "step," is both spontaneous, vigorous, and sustained.

The next photograph was kindly sent to me from Hamburg by Carl Hagenbeck, the renowned wild-beast importer, whose stock is somewhat bigger than our own Zoo. It will be noticed, by the way, that the whole world has been searched for photographs for these articles.

The snake-charmer depicted is an Indian girl—Saidor A. Isoha; curious that nine snake-charmers out of ten should be women. At one time, Saidor used to have a lot of cobras, but she gave up this species on seeing a man die a horrible death after a cobra-bite. She used to catch her own cobras, teasing

From a] SAIDOR, THE INDIAN SNAKE-CHARMER. *[Photo.*

them with a bit of cloth until they bit savagely at it, and then snatching it away, breaking the reptiles' teeth. The lady did big business by organizing public battles between a cobra and a mongoose. This was a little costly, however, for the cobra was always killed.

Saidor now has six Indian pythons, three boa-constrictors, and three African pythons, all between 8ft. and 12ft. long. She has a real affection for her snakes, and they for her. One huge python will form himself into a living turban about her head.

The entertainer that figures in the next illustration is one of the Phoite Pinaud

A TENDER AIR ON THE BIG BASSOON.
From a Photo. by Chas. Beal, Los Angeles, Cal.

Troupe of eccentric performers. This kind of show is mostly given by Continental artistes, who rely mainly on the outlandishness of their attire and "properties." The entertainment usually consists of music, singing, and perhaps dancing, all of which must be wildly fantastic. Notice the colossal instrument of the player, in the photo. It probably has the strident note of a penny tin-whistle, alterable at will to that of a funereal bassoon.

The accompanying reproduction shows M. Nobel, the ventriloquist, in his highly diverting and original performance. M. Nobel has so ingeniously arranged the dummy figures that the old woman appears to be supporting him, as well as a comic Frenchman of the criminal-beggar type. The illusion is marvellously complete. The old

NOBEL, THE VENTRILOQUIST, AND HIS LAY FIGURES.
From a Photo.

woman hobbles laboriously about the stage, beneath her heavy burden, singing a plaintive song in a harsh, cracked, and quavering voice. Next, M. Nobel himself sings in his natural voice, whilst the Frenchman on his back leers and nods approvingly.

To all intents and purposes there are three distinct persons present, and their voices, motions, and gestures are wholly dissimilar. M. Nobel tells me that he was formerly a telegraph clerk in the employ of the Danish Government, at Copenhagen. He is very proud of having invented the whole of his performance, and made the figures and their mechanism.

Now and again one comes across a freak in a side-show who aspires to rise above the ruck of his or her fellows and strike out a new line. Such a one is the astute fat lady seen in the next photo. She plays in a little piece of her own composition called "The Old Maid and the Baby," and the accompanying photograph is designed to recall the title of that little farce. Certainly the idea is vastly funny. The little old maid is primly got up in poke bonnet and shawl, disdainful of mien and sour in expression; whilst the ponderous "baby" (weight 37½st.) cleverly assumes a certain infantile *insouciance* and a ridiculous toy-horse. The dialogue may not scintillate with epigram and wit, but no one can deny the humour of the "situations."

"THE OLD MAID AND THE BABY."
From a Photo. by Barrett, Manchester.

(To be continued.)

[My grateful acknowledgments are due to the following well-known entertainment caterers, who have kindly lent photographs and other material: Messrs. E. H. and F. Bostock; Mr. Chas. Reynolds, of Liverpool; Mr. C. C. Fell, of Trongate, Glasgow; Mr. H. Crouch, of Argyle Street, Glasgow; and Mr. J. Ball, of the Agricultural Hall.]

By Grant Allen.

WE had a terrible passage home from New York. The Captain told us he "knew every drop of water in the Atlantic personally"; and he had never seen them so uniformly obstreperous. The ship rolled in the trough; Charles rolled in his cabin, and would not be comforted. As we approached the Irish coast, I scrambled up on deck in a violent gale, and retired again somewhat precipitately to announce to my brother-in-law that we had just come in sight of the Fastnet Rock Lighthouse. Charles merely turned over in his berth and groaned. "I don't believe it," he answered. "I expect it is probably Colonel Clay, in another of his manifold disguises!"

At Liverpool, however, the Adelphi consoled him. We dined luxuriously in the Louis Quinze restaurant, as only millionaires can dine, and proceeded next day by Pullman car to London.

We found Amelia dissolved in tears at a domestic cataclysm. It seemed that Césarine had given notice.

Charles was scarcely home again when he began to bethink him of the least among his investments. Like many other wealthy men, my respected connection is troubled more or less, in the background of his consciousness, by a pervading dread that he will die a beggar. To guard against this misfortune—which I am bound to admit nobody else fears for him—he invested several years ago a sum of two hundred thousand pounds in Consols, to serve as a nest-egg, in case of the collapse of Golcondas and South Africa generally. It is part of the same amiable mania, too, that he will not allow the dividend-warrants on this sum to be sent to him by post, but insists, after the fashion of old ladies and country parsons, upon calling personally at the Bank of England four times a year to claim his interest. He is well known by sight to not a few of the clerks; and his appearance in Threadneedle Street is looked forward to with great regularity within a few weeks of each lawful quarter-day.

So, on the morning after our arrival in town, Charles observed to me, cheerfully, "Sey, I must run into the City to-day, to claim my dividends. There are two quarters owing."

I accompanied him in to the Bank. Even that mighty official, the beadle at the door, unfastened the handle of the millionaire's carriage. The clerk who received us smiled and nodded. "How much?" he asked, after the stereotyped fashion.

"Two hundred thousand," Charles answered, looking affable.

The clerk turned up the books. "Paid!" he said, with decision. "What's your game, sir, if I may ask you?"

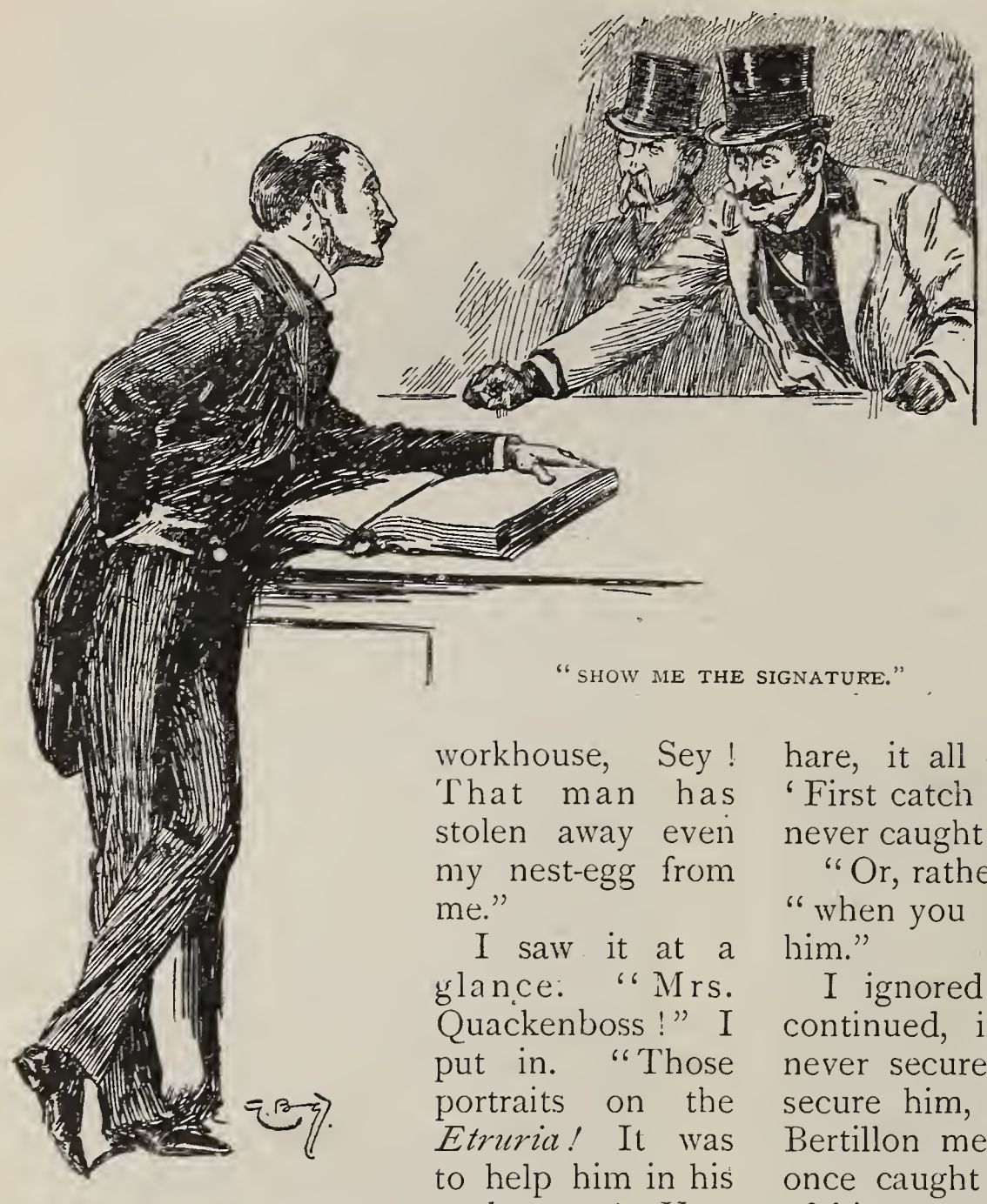
"Paid!" Charles echoed, drawing back.

The clerk gazed across at him. "Yes, Sir Charles," he answered, in a somewhat severe tone. "You must remember you drew a quarter's dividend from myself—last week—at this very counter."

Charles stared at him fixedly. "Show me the signature," he said at last, in a slow, dazed fashion. I suspected mischief.

The clerk pushed the book across to him. Charles examined the name close.

"Colonel Clay again!" he cried, turning to me with a despondent air. "He must have dressed the part. I shall die in the



"SHOW ME THE SIGNATURE."

workhouse, Sey! That man has stolen away even my nest-egg from me."

I saw it at a glance. "Mrs. Quackenboss!" I put in. "Those portraits on the *Etruria!* It was to help him in his make-up! You recollect, she sketched your face and figure at all possible angles."

"And last quarter's?" Charles inquired, staggering.

The clerk turned up the entry. "Drawn on the 10th of July," he answered, carelessly, as if it mattered nothing.

Then I knew why the Colonel had run across to England.

Charles positively reeled. "Take me home, Sey," he cried. "I am ruined, ruined! He will leave me with not half a million in the world. My poor, poor boys will beg their bread, unheeded, through the streets of London!"

(As Amelia has landed estate settled upon her worth a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, this last contingency affected me less to tears than Charles seemed to think necessary.)

We made all needful inquiries, and put the police upon the quest at once, as always. But no redress was forthcoming. The money, once paid, could not be recovered. It is a playful little privilege of Consols that the Government declines under any circumstances to pay twice over. Charles drove back to Mayfair a crushed and broken man. I think if Colonel Clay himself could have seen him just then, he would have pitied that vast intellect in its grief and bewilderment.

After lunch, however, my brother-in-law's natural buoyancy reasserted itself by degrees. He rallied a little. "Seymour," he said to me, "you've heard, of course, of the Bertillon system of measuring and registering criminals."

"I have," I answered. "And it's excellent as far as it goes. But, like Mrs. Glasse's jugged hare, it all depends upon the initial step. 'First catch your criminal.' Now, we have never caught Colonel Clay ——"

"Or, rather," Charles interposed, unkindly, "when you *did* catch him, you didn't hold him."

I ignored the unkindly suggestion, and continued, in the same voice, "We have never secured Colonel Clay; and until we secure him, we cannot register him by the Bertillon method. Besides, even if we had once caught him and duly noted the shape of his nose, his chin, his ears, his forehead, of what use would that be against a man who turns up with a fresh face each time, and can mould his features into what form he likes, to deceive and foil us?"

"Never mind, Sey," my brother-in-law said. "I was told in New York that Dr. Frank Beddersley, of London, was the best exponent of the Bertillon system now living in England; and to Beddersley I shall go. Or, rather, I'll invite him here to lunch to-morrow."

"Who told you of him?" I inquired. "*Not* Dr. Quackenboss, I hope; nor yet Mr. Algernon Coleyard?"

Charles paused and reflected. "No, neither of them," he answered, after a short internal deliberation. "It was that magazine editor chap we met at Wrengold's."

"*He's* all right," I said: "or, at least, I think so."

So we wrote a polite invitation to Dr. Beddersley, who pursued the method professionally, asking him to come and lunch with us at Mayfair at two next day.

Dr. Beddersley came—a dapper little man, with pent-house eyebrows, and keen, small eyes, whom I suspected at sight of being Colonel Clay himself in another of his clever

polymorphic embodiments. He was clear and concise. His manner was scientific. He told us at once that though the Bertillon method was of little use till the expert had seen the criminal once, yet if we had consulted him earlier, he might probably have saved us some serious disasters. "A man so ingenious as this," he said, "would no doubt have studied Bertillon's principles himself, and would take every possible means to prevent recognition by them. Therefore, you might almost disregard the nose, the chin, the moustache, the hair, all of which are capable of such easy alteration. But there remain some features which are more likely to persist — height, shape of head, neck, build, and fingers; the *timbre* of the voice, the colour of the iris. Even these, again, may be partially disguised or concealed; the way the hair is dressed, the amount of padding, a high collar round the throat, a dark line about the eyelashes, may do more to alter the appearance of a face than you could readily credit."

"So we know," I answered.

"The voice, again," Dr. Beddersley continued. "The voice itself may be most fallacious. The man is no doubt a clever mimic. He could, perhaps, compress or enlarge his larynx. And I judge from what you tell me that he took characters each time which necessitated him largely to alter and modify his tone and accent."

"Yes," I said. "As the Mexican Seer, he had of course a Spanish intonation. As the little curate, he was a cultivated North-countryman. As David Granton, he spoke gentlemanly Scotch. As Von Lebenstein, naturally, he was a South-German, trying to express himself in French. As Professor Schleiermacher, he was a North-German speaking broken English. As Elihu Quackenboss, he had a fine and pronounced Kentucky flavour. And as the poet, he drawled after the fashion of the clubs, with lingering remnants of a Devonshire ancestry."

"Quite so," Dr. Beddersley answered. "That is just what I should expect. Now, the question is, do you know him to be one man, or is he really a gang? Is he a name for a syndicate? Have you any photographs of Colonel Clay himself in any of his disguises?"

"DR. BEDDERSLEY."

"Not one," Charles answered. "He produced some himself, when he was Medhurst the detective. But he pocketed them at once; and we never recovered them."

"Could you get any?" the doctor asked. "Did you note the name and address of the photographer?"

"Unfortunately, no," Charles replied. "But the police at Nice showed us two. Perhaps we might borrow them."

"Until we get them," Dr. Beddersley said, "I don't know that we can do anything. But if you can once give me two distinct photographs of the real man, no matter how much disguised, I could tell you whether they were taken from one person; and, if so, I think I could point out certain details in common which might aid us to go upon."

All this was at lunch. Amelia's niece, Dolly Lingfield, was there, as it happened; and I chanced to note a most guilty look stealing over her face all the while we were talking. Suspicious as I had learned to become by this time, however, I did not suspect Dolly of being in league with Colonel Clay; but I confess, I wondered what her blush could indicate. After lunch, to my surprise, Dolly called me away from the rest into the library. "Uncle Seymour," she said to me—the dear child calls me Uncle Seymour, though of course I am not in any way related to her—"*I* have some photographs of Colonel Clay, if you want them."

"*You?*" I cried, astonished. "Why, Dolly, how did you get them?"

For a minute or two she showed some

little hesitation in telling me. At last she whispered, "You won't be angry if I confess?" (Dolly is just nineteen, and remarkably pretty.)

"My child," I said, "why *should* I be angry? You may confide in me implicitly." (With a blush like that, who on earth could be angry with her?)

"And you won't tell Aunt Amelia or Aunt Isabel?" she inquired, somewhat anxiously.

"Not for worlds," I answered. (As a matter of fact, Amelia and Isabel are the last people in the world to whom I should dream of confiding anything that Dolly might tell me.)

"Well, I was stopping at Seldon, you know, when Mr. David Granton was there," Dolly went on; "—or, rather, when that scamp pretended he was David Granton; and—and—you won't be angry with me, will you?—one day I took a snap-shot with my kodak at him and Aunt Amelia!"

"Why, what harm was there in that?" I asked, bewildered. The wildest stretch of fancy could hardly conceive that the Honourable David had been *flirting* with Amelia.

Dolly coloured still more deeply. "Oh, you know Bertie Winslow?" she said. "Well, he's interested in photography—and—and also in *me*. And he's invented a process, which isn't of the slightest practical use, he says; but its peculiarity is, that it reveals textures. At least, that's what Bertie calls it. It makes things come out so. And he gave me some plates of his own for my kodak—half-a-dozen or more, and—I took Aunt Amelia with them."

"I still fail to see," I murmured, looking at her comically.

"Oh, Uncle Seymour," Dolly cried. "How blind you men are! If Aunt Amelia knew, she would never forgive me. Why, you *must* understand. The—the rouge, you know, and the pearl powder!"

"Oh, it comes out, then, in the photograph?" I inquired.

"Comes out! I should *think* so! It's like little black spots all over auntie's face. *Such* a guy as she looks in it!"

"And Colonel Clay is in them too?"

"Yes; I took them when he and auntie were talking together, without either of them noticing. And Bertie developed them. I've three of David Granton. Three beauties; *most* successful."

"HOW BLIND YOU MEN ARE!"

"Any other character?" I asked, seeing business ahead.

Dolly hung back, still redder "Well, the rest are with Aunt Isabel," she answered, after a struggle.

"My dear child," I replied, hiding my feelings as a husband, "I will be brave. I will bear up even against that last misfortune!"

Dolly looked up at me pleadingly. "It was here in London," she went on; "—when I was last with auntie. Medhurst was stopping in the house at the time; and I took him twice, *tête-à-tête* with Aunt Isabel!"

"Isabel does not paint," I murmured, stoutly.

Dolly hung back again. "No, but—her hair!" she suggested, in a faint voice.

"Its colour," I admitted, "is in places assisted by a—well, you know, a restorer."

Dolly broke into a mischievous, sly smile. "Yes, it is," she continued. "And, oh, Uncle Sey, where the restorer has—er—restored it, you know, it comes out in the photograph with a sort of brilliant iridescent metallic sheen on it!"

"Bring them down, my dear," I said, gently patting her head with my hand. In the interests of justice, I thought it best not to frighten her.

Dolly brought them down. They seemed to me poor things, yet well worth trying. We found it possible, on further confabulation, by the simple aid of a pair of scissors, so to cut each in two, that all trace of Amelia and Isabel was obliterated. Even so, however, I judged it best to call Charles and Dr. Beddersley to a private consultation in the library with Dolly, and not to submit the mutilated photographs to public inspection by their joint subjects. Here, in fact, we had five patchy portraits of the redoubtable Colonel, taken at various angles, and in characteristic unstudied attitudes. A child had outwitted the cleverest sharper in Europe!

The moment Beddersley's eye fell upon them, a curious look came over his face. "Why, these," he said, "are taken on Herbert Winslow's method, Miss Lingfield."

"Yes," Dolly admitted, timidly. "They are. He's—a friend of mine, don't you know: and—he gave me some plates that just fitted my camera."

Beddersley gazed at them steadily. Then he turned to Charles. "And this young lady," he said, "has quite unintentionally and unconsciously succeeded in tracking Colonel Clay to earth at last. They are genuine photographs of the man—as he is—*without* the disguises!"

"They look to me most blotchy," Charles murmured. "Great black lines down the nose, and such spots on the cheek, too!"

"Exactly," Beddersley put in. "Those are *differences in texture*. They show just how much of the man's face is human flesh ——"

"And how much wax," I ventured.

"Not wax," the expert answered, gazing close. "This is some harder mixture. I should guess a composition of gutta-percha and india-rubber, which takes colour well, and hardens when applied, so as to lie quite evenly, and resist heat or melting. Look here; that's an artificial scar, filling up a real hollow; and *this* is an added bit to the tip of the nose; and *those* are shadows, due to inserted cheek-pieces, within the mouth, to make the man look fatter!"

"Why, of course," Charles cried. "India-rubber it must be. That's why in France they call him *le Colonel Caoutchouc!*"

"Can you reconstruct the real face from them?" I inquired, anxiously.

Dr. Beddersley gazed hard at them. "Give me an hour or two," he said—"and a box of water-colours. I *think* by that time—putting two and two together—I can eliminate the false and build up for you a tolerably correct idea of what the actual man himself looks like."

We turned him into the library for a couple of hours, with the materials he needed; and by tea-time he had completed his first rough sketch of the elements common to the two faces. He brought it out to us in the drawing-room. I glanced at it first. It was a curious countenance, slightly wanting in definiteness, and not unlike those "composite photographs" which Mr. Galton produces by exposing two negatives on the same sensitized paper for ten seconds or so consecutively. Yet it struck me at once as containing something of Colonel Clay in every one of his many representations. The little curate, in real life, did not recall the seer; nor did Elihu Quackenboss suggest Count von Lebenstein or Professor Schleiermacher. Yet in this compound face, produced only from photographs of David Granton and Medhurst, I could distinctly trace a certain underlying likeness to every one of the forms which the impostor had assumed for us. In other words, though he could make up so as to mask the likeness to his other characters, he could not make up so as to mask the likeness to his own personality. He could not wholly get rid of his native build and his genuine features.

Besides these striking suggestions of the seer and the curate, however, I felt vaguely conscious of having seen and observed *the man himself* whom the water-colour represented, at some time, somewhere. It was not at Nice; it was not at Seldon; it was not at Meran; it was not in America. I believed I had been in a room with him somewhere in London.

Charles was looking over my shoulder. He gave a sudden little start. "Why, I know that fellow!" he cried. "You recollect him, Sey; he's Finglemore's brother—the chap that didn't go out to China!"

Then I remembered at once where it was that I had seen him—at the broker's in the City, before we sailed for America.

"What Christian name?" I asked.

Charles reflected a moment. "The same as the one in the note we got with the dust-coat," he answered, at last. "The man is Paul Finglemore!"

"You will arrest him?" I asked.

"Can I on this evidence?"

"We might bring it home to him."

Charles mused for a moment. "We shall have nothing against him," he said, slowly, "except in so far as we can swear to his identity. And that may be difficult."

Just at that moment the footman brought in tea. Charles wondered apparently whether the man, who had been with us at Seldon when Colonel Clay was David Granton, would recollect the face or recognise having seen it. "Look here, Dudley," he said, holding up the water-colour, "do you know that person?"

Dudley gazed at it a moment. "Certainly, sir," he answered, briskly.

"Who is it?" Amelia asked. We expected him to answer, "Count von Lebenstein," or "Mr. Granton," or "Medhurst."

Instead of that, he replied, to our utter surprise, "That's Césarine's young man, my lady."

"Césarine's young man?" Amelia repeated, taken aback. "Oh, Dudley, surely, you *must* be mistaken!"

"No, my lady," Dudley replied, in a tone of conviction. "He comes to see her quite reg'lar; he come to see her, off and on, from time to time, ever since I've been in Sir Charles's service."

"When will he be coming again?" Charles asked, breathless.

"He's downstairs now, sir," Dudley answered, unaware of the bombshell he was flinging into the midst of a respectable family.

Charles rose, excitedly, and put his back against the door. "Secure that man," he said to me, sharply, pointing with his finger.

"*What* man?" I asked, amazed. "Colonel Clay? The young man who's downstairs now with Césarine?"

"No," Charles answered, with decision; "Dudley!"

I laid my hand on the footman's shoulder, not understanding what Charles meant. Dudley, terrified, drew back, and would have rushed from the room; but Charles, with his back against the door, prevented him.

"I—I've done nothing to be arrested, Sir Charles," Dudley cried, in abject terror, looking appealingly at Amelia. "It—it wasn't me as cheated you." And he certainly didn't look it.

"I daresay not," Charles answered. "But you don't leave this room till Colonel Clay is in custody. No, Amelia, no; it's no use your speaking to me. What he says is true. I see it all now. This villain and Césarine have long been accomplices! The man's downstairs with her now. If we let Dudley quit the room, he'll go down and tell them; and before we know where we are, that slippery eel will have wriggled through our fingers, as he always wriggles. He *is* Paul Finglemore; he *is* Césarine's young man; and unless we arrest him now, without one minute's delay, he'll be off to Madrid or St. Petersburg by this evening!"

"You are right," I answered. "It is now or never!"

"Dudley," Charles said, in his most authoritative voice, "stop here till we tell you you may leave the room. Amelia and Dolly, don't let that man stir from where he's standing. If he does, restrain him. Seymour and Dr. Beddersley, come down with me to the servants' hall. I suppose that's where I shall find this person, Dudley?"

"N—no, sir," Dudley stammered out, half beside himself with fright. "He's in the housekeeper's room, sir!"

We went down to the lower regions in a solid phalanx of three. On the way we met Simpson, Sir Charles's valet, and also the butler, whom we pressed into the service. At the door of the housekeeper's room we paused, strategically. Voices came to us from within; one was Césarine's, the other had a ring that reminded me at once of Medhurst and the seer, of Elihu Quackenboss and Algernon Coleyard. They were talking together in French; and now and then we caught the sound of stifled laughter.

We opened the door. "*Est-il drôle, donc, ce vieux?*" the man's voice was saying.

"*C'est à mourir de rire,*" Césarine's voice responded.

We burst in upon them, red-handed.

Césarine's young man rose, with his hat in his hand, in a respectful attitude. It reminded me at once of Medhurst, as he stood talking his first day at Marvillier's to Charles; and also of the little curate, in his humblest moments as the disinterested pastor.

With a sign to me to do likewise, Charles laid his hand firmly on the young man's shoulder. I looked in the fellow's face; there could be no denying it; Césarine's young man was Paul Finglemore, our broker's brother.

"Paul Finglemore," Charles said, severely "otherwise Cuthbert Clay, I arrest you on several charges of theft and conspiracy!"

The young man glanced around him. He was surprised and perturbed; but, even so, his inexhaustible coolness never once

deserted him. "What, five to one?" he said, counting us over. "Has law and order come down to this? Five respectable rascals to arrest one poor beggar of a *chevalier d'industrie!* Why, it's worse than New York. *There*, it was only you and me, you know, old Ten per Cent.!"

"Hold his hands, Simpson!" Charles cried, trembling lest his enemy should escape him.

Paul Finglemore drew back even while we held his shoulders. "No, not *you*, sir," he said to the man, haughtily. "Don't dare to lay your hands upon me! Send for a constable if you wish, Sir Charles Vandrift: but I decline to be taken into custody by a valet!"

"Go for a policeman," Dr. Beddersley said to Simpson, standing forward.

The prisoner eyed him up and down. "Oh, Dr. Beddersley!" he said, relieved. It was evident he knew him. "If *you've* tracked me strictly in accordance with Bertillon's methods, I don't mind so much. I will not yield to fools; I yield to science. I didn't think this diamond king had sense enough to apply to you. He's the most gullible old ass I ever met in my life. But if it's *you* who have tracked me down, I can only submit to it."

"A CONVENIENT POLICEMAN."

Charles held to him with a fierce grip. "Mind he doesn't break away, Sey," he cried. "He's playing his old game! Distrust the man's patter!"

"Take care," the prisoner put in. "Remember Dr. Polperro! On what charge do you arrest me?"

Charles was bubbling with indignation. "You cheated me at Nice," he said; "at Meran; at New York; at Paris!"

Paul Finglemore shook his head. "Won't do," he answered, calmly. "Be sure of your ground. Outside the jurisdiction! You can only do that on an extradition warrant."

"Well, then, at Seldon, in London, in this house, and elsewhere," Charles cried out, excitedly. "Hold hard to him, Sey; by law or without it, blessed if he isn't going even now to wriggle away from us!"

At that moment, Simpson returned with a convenient policeman, whom he had happened to find loitering about near the area steps, and whom I half suspected from his furtive smile of being a particular acquaintance of the household.

Charles gave the man in charge formally. Paul Finglemore insisted that he should specify the nature of the particular accusation. To my great chagrin, Charles selected from his rogueries, as best within the jurisdiction of the English courts, the matter of the payment for the Castle of Lebenstein—made in London, and through a London banker. "I have a warrant on that ground," he said. I trembled as he spoke. I felt at once that the episode of the commission, the exposure of which I dreaded so much, must now become public.

The policeman took the man in charge. Charles still held to him, grimly. As they were leaving the room, the prisoner turned to Césarine, and muttered something rapidly under his breath, in German. "Of which tongue," he said, turning to us, blandly, "in spite of my kind present of a dictionary and grammar, you still doubtless remain in your pristine ignorance!"

Césarine flung herself upon him with wild devotion. "Oh, Paul, darling," she cried, in English, "I will not, I will not! I will never save myself at *your* expense. If they send you to prison—Paul, Paul, I will go with you!"

I remembered as she spoke what Mr. Algernon Coleyard had said to us at the Senator's. "Even the worst of rogues have always some good in them. I notice they often succeed to the end in retaining the affection and fidelity of women."

But the man, his hands still free, unwound her clasping arms with gentle fingers. "My child," he answered, in a soft tone, "I am sorry to say the law of England will not permit you to go with me. If it did" (his voice was as the voice of the poet we had met), "'stone walls would not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage.'" And bending forward, he kissed her forehead tenderly.

four-wheeler ourselves, in which my brother-in-law, Dr. Beddersley, and myself took our seats. "Follow the hansom!" Charles cried out. "Don't let him out of your sight. After him, close, to Bow Street!"

I looked back, and saw Césarine, half fainting, on the front door steps, while Dolly, bathed in tears, stood supporting the lady's-maid, and trying to comfort her. It was clear she had not anticipated this end to the adventure.

"Goodness gracious!" Charles screamed out, in a fresh fever of alarm, as we turned the first corner; "where's that hansom gone to? How do I know the fellow was a

"WHERE'S THAT HANSOM GONE?"

We led him out to the door. The policeman, in obedience to Charles's orders, held him tight with his hand, but steadily refused, as the prisoner was not violent, to handcuff him. We hailed a passing hansom. "To Bow Street!" Charles cried, unceremoniously pushing in policeman and prisoner. The driver nodded. We called a

policeman at all? We should have taken the man in here. We ought never to have let him get out of our sight. For all we can tell to the contrary, the constable himself — may only be one of Colonel Clay's confederates!"

And we drove in trepidation all the way to Bow Street.

Pictures on the Human Skin.

By Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S.

IT may sound almost incredible that people are to be found who will patiently submit to sit or lie for hours at a time, whilst undergoing a certain amount of pain at the hands of a tattooer who, with his sharp needles or other pointed weapons, fixes indelibly on various portions of their bodies pictures and

A COAT OF ARMS, BY MR. S. MACDONALD.
From a Photo. by G. Renwick, Burton-on-Trent.

designs of all kinds, and yet that such is the custom to-day in nearly every part of the globe is a fact that can be proved beyond doubt, and it is no exaggeration to say that tens of thousands of men and even women are more or less decorated in this manner at the present moment.

In early times, when our barbarian ancestors pricked a decoction of woad into their bodies, the custom was possibly connected with a religious rite, and to show how universally it was practised in Britain we have only to refer to the earlier historians who, during and after the Norman conquest, speak of it as a "vice." But to-day we find tattooing practised not only for religious purposes, but for purposes of decoration and identification after death as well, and in such widely different places as Great Britain, Japan, Palestine, Central and South America, Burmah, Borneo, New Zealand, and over the whole of Oceania, whilst many of the natives of Africa and the wild red men of North America are still more or less decorated in this fashion, as their forefathers were for countless generations; and, in very ancient times, we find it also a common practice amongst the Germans, Gauls, and Romans. One of the most interesting and mysterious facts in connection with this subject is the way in which it spread from continent to continent in early days, and at a time when there could have been no possible means of communication between the various races of mankind.

But to come down to more modern times, we find England, America, Burmah, and Japan the centres of really artistic tattooing, and we give several illustrations of the various styles of work done there, with the instruments generally in

RIGHT SHOULDER MARK ON BORNEO WARRIOR.
From a Drawing by the Author.

LEFT SHOULDER MARK ON BORNEO WARRIOR.
From a Drawing by the Author.

use. Whilst in these countries the fair sex but rarely submit to the operation, in Borneo we find the women tattooed more or less heavily, according to the district, on the hands and arms, feet and ankles, and from the waist to the knees; but the men, and these nearly always warriors, carry only the quaint designs shown in the sketch, and high up, one on each shoulder, so that it is extremely rare to

FIJIAN TATTOOING INSTRUMENTS (VERY RARE—FROM THE COLLECTION OF W. CHAMBERLAIN, ESQ.).
From a Photograph.

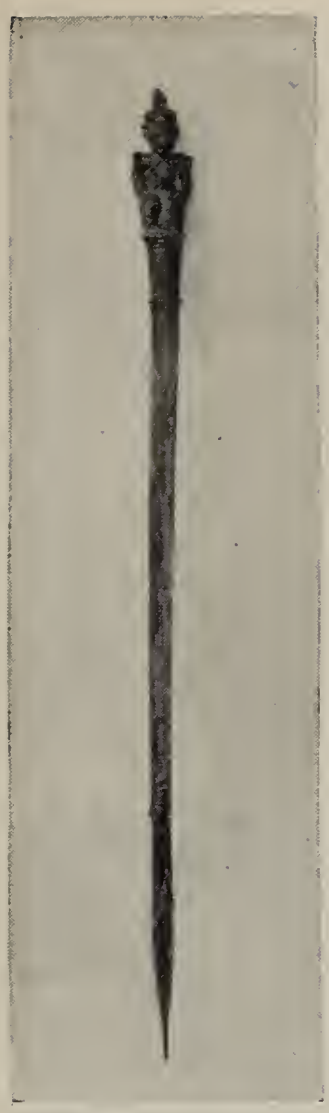
find anyone but an inhabitant of Borneo, or some European whom they have greatly respected, bearing these special marks. In the Queen Charlotte Islands the Haidas are universally tattooed, the design, in every case, being the totem, done in conventional style. Sometimes several families of different totems live together in the same large house, and in such a case the Haida chief will have all their totems tattooed on his person. In the Marquesas Islands (South Pacific) the men have the whole of the body covered with black punctures, whilst the women have very few of them. In Samoa and the islands immediately adjacent, the men alone are adorned in this manner, whilst at Fiji, on the other hand, only the women are tattooed. The Maoris of New Zealand tattoo the lips of the women a blue tinge, whilst the faces of the men are adorned with the strange design shown in our illustration. They use only a sharp shell, with which they cut deep lines in the skin; these are kept open for a time and coloured earth rubbed in, the result being a series of rough ridges wherever the shell has

FEEDING FUNNEL, NEW ZEALAND (SIDE VIEW).
From a Photograph.

ARANGHU, THE TATTOOER OF NEW ZEALAND.
From an Engraving.

touched; but as this most unpleasant operation was deeply mixed up with their religion, it was universally practised and submitted to, until the missionaries arrived upon the scene. How unpleasant this operation is may be inferred from the curious feeding funnels which are illustrated on this page. The funnels, carved with elaborate designs, are employed to feed newly-tattooed natives with liquid food for some days after the operation; during which time the jaws are too stiff and sore to masticate solid food. In the Hawaiian (Sandwich) Islands, widows used to have the name of their dead husband pricked into the tongue, but so far as the writer's experience goes, neither this, nor in fact any kind of tattooing is now

FEEDING FUNNELS FROM NEW ZEALAND (INTERIOR AND FRONT VIEW).
From a Photograph.



BURMESE TATTOOING INSTRUMENT (RARE).
From a Photograph.

practised in these islands, owing possibly to the influence of the missionaries, who, in all quarters of the globe, attack the custom with the greatest energy, especially where it is found to be in any way connected with the religion or superstitions of the natives.

During the reign of the last King in Burmah, a law was passed making it compulsory on every male over ten years of age to be tattooed from the waist to below the knees, and this in spite of the fact that very many boys and young men died under the operation, generally from the inflammation set up by the use of the barbarous weapon still used to-day. It consists of a brass rod measuring altogether about 15in. long, and at the top is a heavily-weighted iron god, whilst at the "business" end is a piece of hollow brass rod 5in. long and ground down to a somewhat sharp point. The Indian ink is placed inside this, through two slots, for they use but the one colour, and the artist, sitting on some portion of his victim's anatomy, steadies the hollow point of the weapon between his toes, and then with both hands proceeds to prod the point into the skin dot by dot, the result being shown in the illustration. This is an extremely unpleasant operation, as the writer can testify from his own experience, and when added to this it is borne in mind that the work is generally performed in public,

TATTOOED MAN (BURMAH).
From a Photo. by M. Biato, Mandalay. (By permission of Messrs. Spooner & Co.)

BURMESE WORK—SACRED DRAGON ON THE AUTHOR'S BODY.
From a Photo. by the Author.

SPIDER'S WEB ON AUTHOR'S CHEST—DONE IN BLUE-BLACK, RED, AND BROWN. BY HORI CHYO, OF YOKOHAMA.
From a Photo. by the Author.

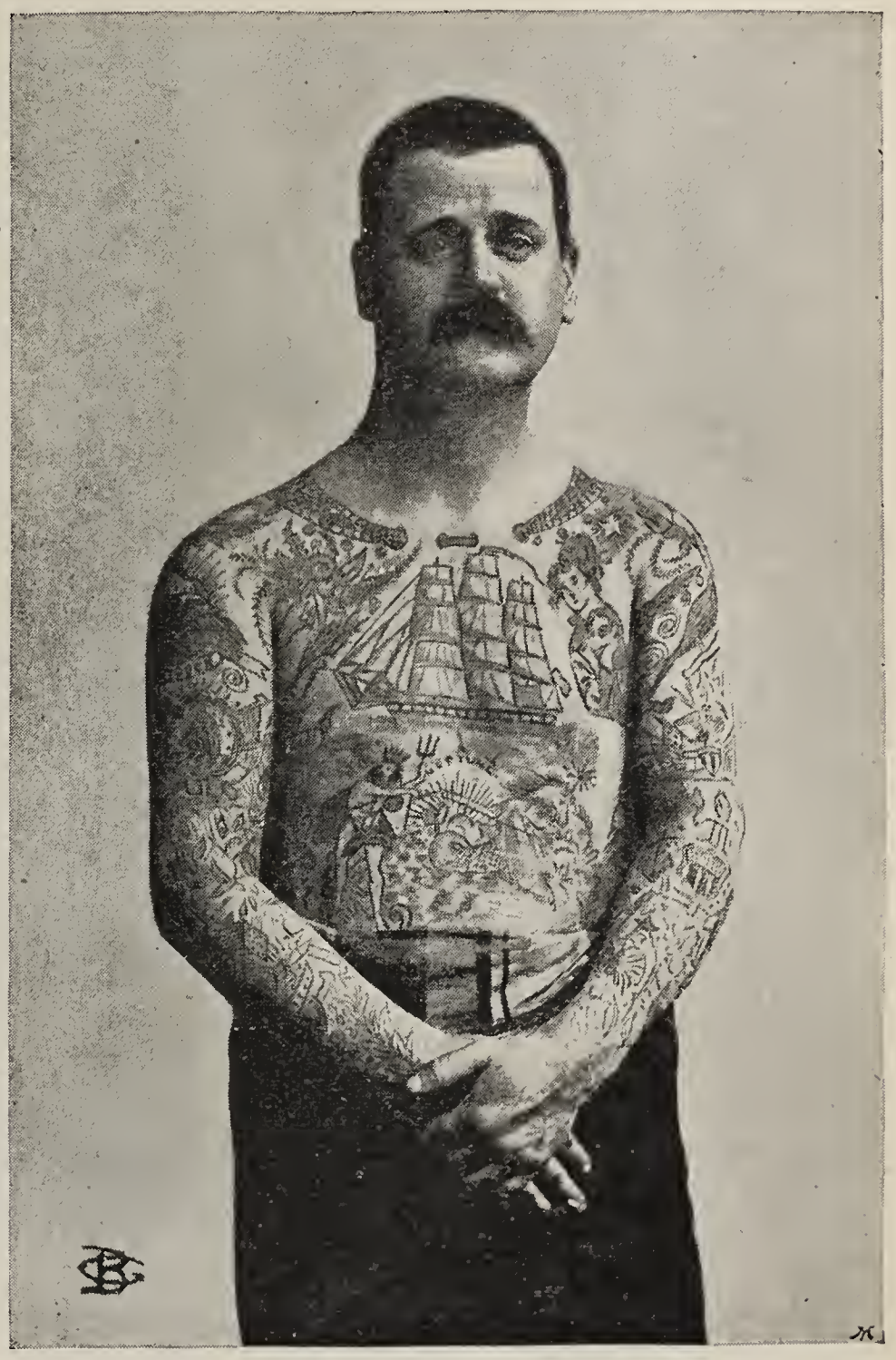
and with a crowd of laughing girls and boys anxiously waiting to hear the victim cry out, or use more or less violent language as the operator touches up some peculiarly tender spot, it will be seen that the tattooed in Burmah have to pass through a very disagreeable ordeal. Although since the occupation of that country by the British the practice has become almost obsolete, it is quite common to see men of five-and-twenty and upwards tattooed as shown in the photograph of a native taken by Mr. Biato, of Mandalay, and the artists still manage to earn a precarious livelihood by operating on travellers and soldiers who are stationed there.

The Japanese tattooers are celebrated all over the world, and in that country, at least, the work of the best men is recognised by their countrymen at a glance, and is looked upon with the awe and respect that we should show to a *chef d'œuvre* by Leighton or Tadema; and one is bound to admit that there is more or less of Art in the work done by Hori (*i.e.*, the tattooer) Chyo, of Yokohama, who had the honour of placing several designs on the late Duke of Clarence, and his brother, the Duke of York, and Hori Yasu, of Kioto, to whom Chyo was apprenticed, and whose whole body is covered with the rough designs and crude efforts of his pupil whilst under instruction. For these two men at least can turn out genuine pictures on the human skin with the proper lighting and shading, and all those cunning effects for which the painters of Japan are so justly celebrated, and which are only surpassed by the tattooing work of one man in England.

A visit to Chyo's charming bungalow on the Esplanade at Yokohama is one of those things that most travellers to that fascinating country perform almost as soon as they land, and after a hearty welcome in most excellent English, we sit down either to watch the operation or to have some memento of our visit placed on our bodies. Two or three smiling pupils walk about noiselessly, ready to supply the master with any sized

From a] A TATTOOED "JAP." *[Photograph.*

needle or different ink that he may require, and ever ready to bring fresh cigarettes or cooling drinks to the visitor, whilst on their bodies may be seen some of Chyo's finest work executed before he lost the sight of one eye, from constantly straining the eyes over some of the smallest and most delicate work ever done by the tattooing-needles—a life-sized lizard on the top of the forehead of one of the pupils being so painfully realistic that we quite believed that no fly would ever settle on his head, unless it had made up its mind that life was not worth living. Lying at full length on luxurious cushions on the floor, and whilst Chyo's needles were leaving their indelible marks on our bodies, we had time to examine a few of them, and found them to consist of neatly carved and brightly decorated ivory sticks, about the length and thickness of an ordinary pencil, whilst firmly lashed on the end were needles of various thicknesses, and ranging in number from one to half-a-dozen, the finer ones being used for outline work, whilst the heavier grades were used only for shading; but one and all are held and used at such a sloping angle as to give the smallest amount of pain possible, the sensation being more of a gentle scratching than anything else, and we were not surprised to hear from him that many European lady travellers often carry a tiny butterfly or stork on their shoulders to the end of their lives when once they have crossed Chyo's fatal threshold. Still, he is always provided with a miniature silver hypodermic syringe, and this he will use constantly, if requested to do so by owners of unusually tender skins, in the case of heavy shading or on any spot that he knows from experience is likely to cause sharp pain, and we could not help comparing his methods with those of the rough-and-ready Burmese tattooer.



SPECIMEN OF AMERICAN TATTOOING ON MR. WILLIAMS.
From a Photo. by the Author.

A curious story is told about Hori Chyo. It seems that some time ago he was summoned to the police-court and told that his trade was contrary to the law of Japan. To this he replied that he had never tattooed any Japanese, but that some years ago when the Russian Heir Apparent (at present Emperor) came to Japan he tattooed a dragon on the Prince's left arm. Since then, he had tattooed several foreign noblemen and millionaires. He added that tattooing is now known abroad as one of Japan's fine arts, and he claimed that, so long as he does not operate upon Japanese, he commits no violation of the law. The police, however, did not take this view, but ordered him to stop the business, and mulcted him in a small fine. This was reported in some of the papers at the time, and a Mr. Bandel, a millionaire of New York, who had come to Yokohama, offered to engage him for three years at an annual salary of £2,400 (silver). This, however, Hori Chyo declined, saying he would not accept less than £2,400 (gold). Mr. Bandel seems to have agreed to this, and is soon to take him to New York. It is said that Hori Chyo told one of his friends in jest that his getting such a high salary was entirely due to the kind efforts of the Yokohama police.

Hori Chyo's great discovery was the use of

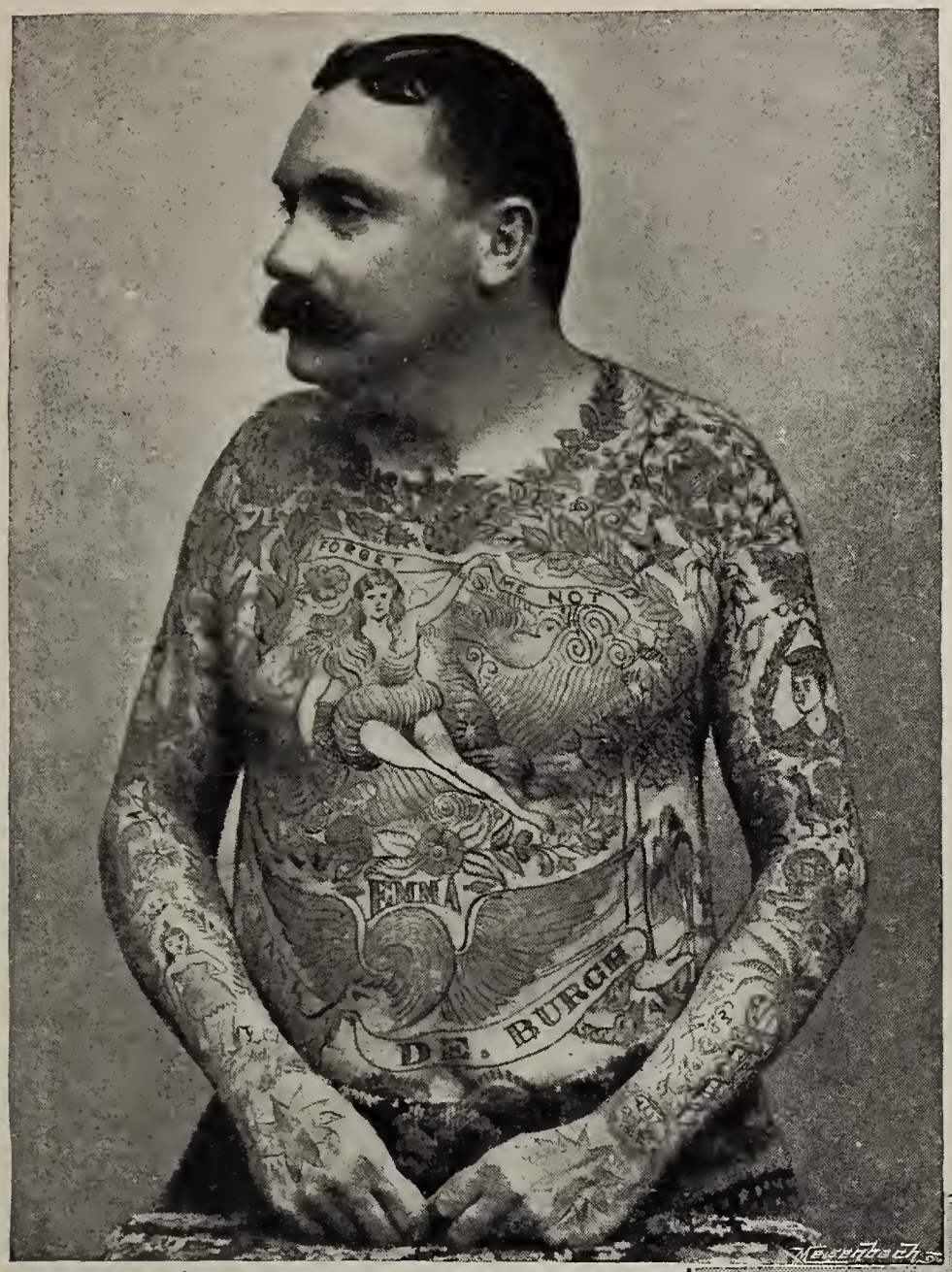
the third colour (brown) in addition to the regulation blue-black and vermilion, and with these three colours he has produced veritable masterpieces. A glance through his album of photographs, of the work actually performed on English and American patrons, is a revelation to anyone seeing it for the first time, two of the most remarkable being a huge dragon in three colours, covering an American doctor's back entirely; whilst on the other hand a life-sized fly was put on an Englishman's wrist so naturally that one would feel tempted to call his attention to the fact that the insect was getting a free lunch out of him, if we were not told that it was the work of the tattooing-needles.

As examples of American work we give the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Williams, who are said to be tattooed from top to toe. The price charged in New York for a costume of this kind varies from about eighty to one hundred and twenty pounds, the Brothers Riley producing most of the best work on the bodies of those who make a living by exhibiting themselves to the British public. It will at once be noticed that there is a distinct type or character in the American tattooing which is quite different from that produced in Burmah or Japan, and more closely resembles that borne by sailors who, for the purpose of identification in case of death by drowning, at one time pricked gunpowder into their arms or the backs of their hands, and then touching it with a lighted match, left a scar that nothing but actual excision could ever take out again. The only case in which this painful ordeal has been borne, so far as the writer's experience goes, was at the hospital at Singapore, when the scar left behind was infinitely worse than the original tattooed design of an anchor on the back of the hand. But of recent years this "gunpowder" tattooing has dropped out of fashion, and the three or four needles at the end of a piece of stick with Indian ink and a cochineal red are now used generally by sailors; and although this style of work is rather crude and rough in draughtsmanship, yet many pleasing designs, such as those shown by Mr. and Mrs. Williams, ships in full sail, anchors, stars, mottoes, and names, can be seen at times on the chests, arms, and legs of our gallant blue-jackets.

AMERICAN WORK, ON MRS. WILLIAMS.
From a Photo. by the Author.

One of the finest pieces of tattooing ever produced in America is now on the back of Emma De Burgh, who, with her husband, Frank De Burgh, has frequently appeared before English audiences. The piece of tattoo art which we refer to is a most effective reproduction of Leonardo da Vinci's "The Last Supper." One would little think it possible that a tattooer would be able truthfully to reproduce the variety of expression shown in the faces of Christ's Apostles, but it is the success with which this has been done that makes Mrs. De Burgh's back unique. Above the picture stands the "Golden Rule," in a neat scroll, and on the "table-cloth," in large letters, "Love one another." The Biblical idea, which was carried out upon Mrs. De Burgh, finds a mate on the back of her husband. The tattoo represents the ever memorable scene on Mount Calvary, the figure of Christ being an excellent reproduction of the original. The scroll, containing the words "Mount Calvary," extends from shoulder to shoulder, and the picture occupies the whole of the back. No one who does not examine the original can realize the minuteness of the work in this picture, and the length of time taken for its accomplishment.

A better idea of the skill with which almost every inch upon the human skin can be utilized by the tattooer with picturesque

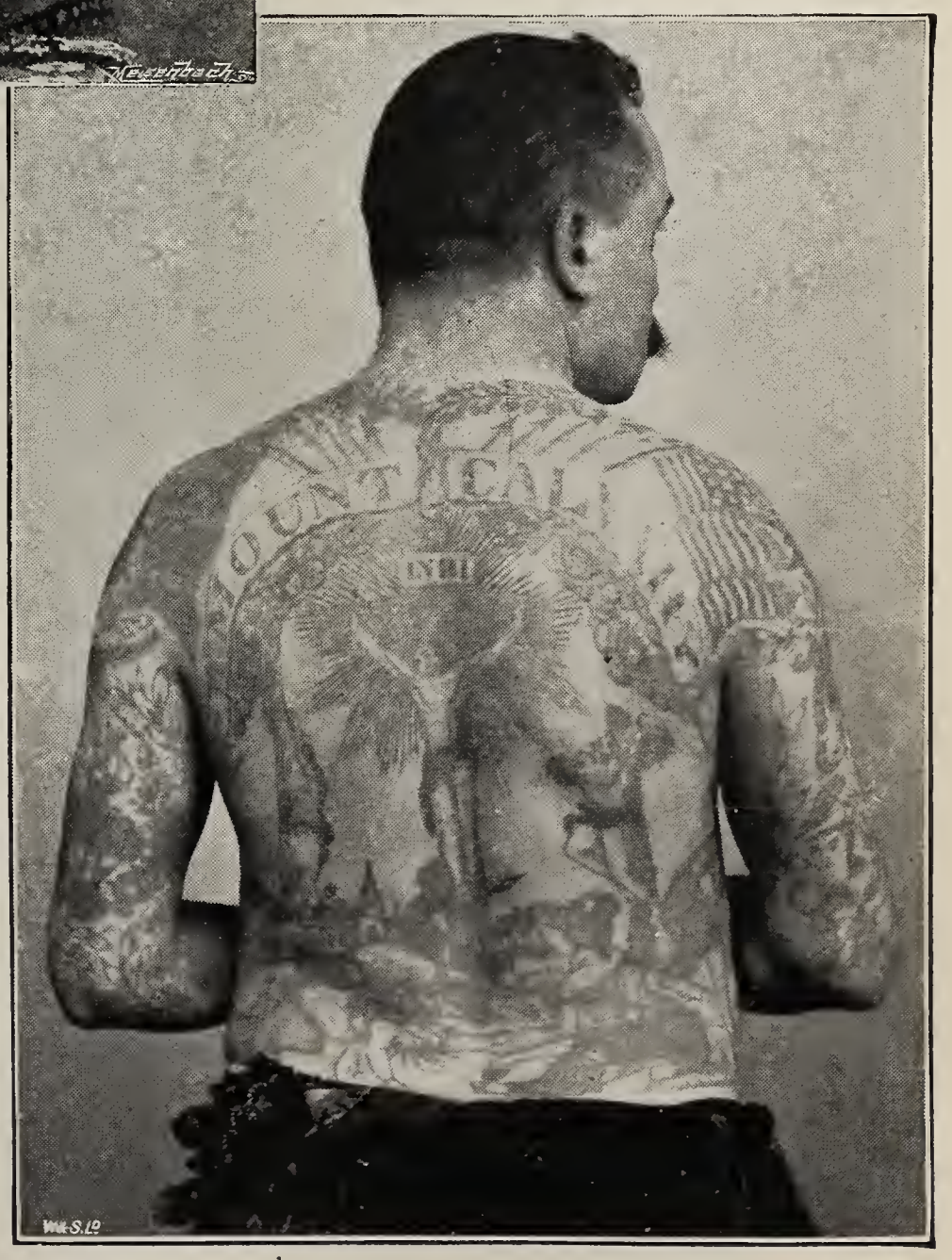


FRANK DE BURGH.
From a Photo. by Carl Müller, Berlin.

effect will be gained from Frank De Burgh's "front view." We also note that between these two public characters there is an indelible bond of affection. For, on Mr. De Burgh, we find the inscription, "Forget-Me-Not," in a graceful scroll, held aloft by the hand of a maiden fair. Beneath this figure is the name "Emma," and below this the full name of the head of the firm. On Mrs. De Burgh, the names of "Frank" and "Emma" are again prominent.

It may have been from photographs of the Williamses and the De Burghs, with their highly-decorated bodies, that the New York comic paper, *Puck*, got its idea some years ago of representing the Hon. James G. Blaine as the "Tattooed Man." Anyone who compares the photographs we reproduce with the *Puck* cartoons, will note the similarity. The "Tattooed Man" immediately sprang into popularity, and in a Presidential campaign that unfortunately descended into most degrading personalities, these cartoons did destructive work.

English soldiers do not appear to take to this practice readily, although many officers and men who have been quartered in Burmah bear the regimental crest or badge on their arms, roughly forced into the skin with the weapon already mentioned, and some few men in regiments which have never been to Burmah have not only had designs placed on their own bodies, but may sometimes be seen practising on others in their regiment. To this habit we owe the fact that in London at the present moment is produced the very finest tattooing the world has ever seen; for Mr. Sutherland Macdonald, whilst in the Royal Engineers, used often to watch the men working with their roughly made needles in the barrack-room, and having always had a taste for figure and landscape painting, he was at last induced to give his



FRANK DE BURGH'S BACK, SHOWING THE CRUCIFIXION IN TATTOO.
From a Photo. by Carl Müller, Berlin.

EMMA DE BURGH.
From a Photo. by Carl Müller, Berlin.

attention to tattooing, with the result that in a few years' time he has not only equalled the work done by the Japanese, but has even excelled them; for in addition to using Chyo's three colours, he has, after much patient investigation, discovered a permanent ultramarine blue and a very beautiful green, both perfectly harmless to the human skin, and he is now diligently practising on his own body for a yellow and a lavender. The two chief difficulties to be overcome are that many skins will not stand any known yellow, throwing it out very soon after it is worked in, or else, as it heals, it will turn to a very different and unpleasant colour; and this applies also to all of the lavenders at present known to science. But it is only a question of time and money with him, and before long he will be using no fewer than seven different colours; and, by mixing one or two of these, he will have nearly as many to choose from as the oil or water colour artist.

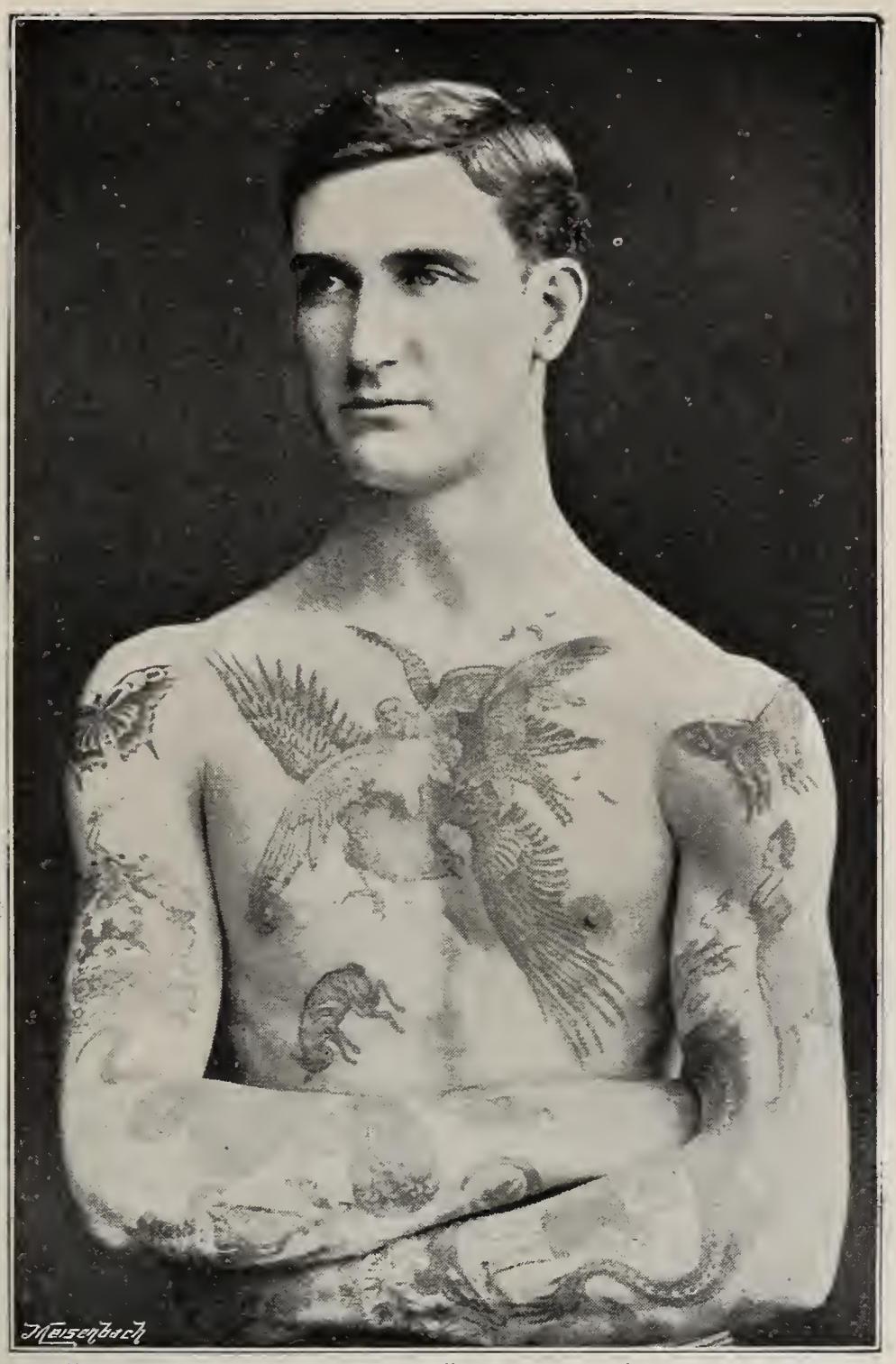
As if this were not sufficient, he has also invented and patented an electric machine into which he inserts either a single fine or large needle, as he may require one or the other, and with this instrument he can do outline work five or six times as quickly as that done with the ordinary needles in the hand of an expert, and the lines are far more regular and even, whilst pain is reduced to a minimum. For shading or heavy work he uses the Japanese needles, ivory handles and all, and to prevent any chance of carrying disease from one sitter to the other, he has the most perfect system of disinfecting that the most careful medical practitioner could wish for, as he fully realizes the mischief that may be caused by the use of needles which are not properly disinfected on one person after the other, as many have found out to their cost abroad.

As examples of his work, we give a dragon, coat of arms, snake round the neck, and his masterpiece, the fighting eagles; but it is impossible to reproduce these subjects by photography as well as we might wish, for most of the delicate shading is missing, and the coloured work is absolutely lost; but it

EMMA DE BURGH'S BACK, SHOWING THE LORD'S SUPPER, BY DA VINCI, IN TATTOO.
From a Photo. by Carl Müller, Berlin.

may be said without fear of contradiction that no one in the past, and no man living to-day, can compare with Macdonald in placing really artistic pictures on the human skin.

A visit to the little studio at "TheHammam," in Jermyn Street, is, in its way, quite as interesting as a visit to Chyo's bungalow, and whilst recognising such salient features in both as the luxurious cushions, resting here on a divan instead of on the floor, the familiar needles with their gaily decorated handles and the little hypodermic syringe, not to mention the ever-ready box of cigarettes and the accompanying cooling drinks, we find here the additional comforts of the electric light and a snug stove, both of them very necessary in the variable English climate. And quite as much time may be profitably spent in going through the portfolios of both, for whilst in those of Chyo's we find scarcely anything but the art of Japan, very beautiful and fascinating in its soft colouring and dainty effects, in Macdonald's albums we find drawings and paintings gathered from all quarters of the globe, and of all and every kind, quaint, humorous, and pathetic, but each one specially selected for the purpose of being reproduced by the tattooing-needles, and in more than one instance the copyright of some particularly striking picture has actually been purchased outright, so that no one but the wealthier patrons of the Jermyn Street studio shall have the use of them.



"A BATTLE ROYAL IN MID-AIR"—MACDONALD'S MASTERPIECE.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

Turning over the leaves, we notice, amongst other quaint designs at this moment adorning the bodies of some of our best-known society men, three five-pound notes, full size, on which, perhaps, the owner can "raise the wind," if at any time short of a cab-fare, by placing himself in temporary pawn; a fox hunt in full cry, horses and their scarlet-coated riders, with a very level pack of hounds careering down the owner's back in wild pursuit of a "little red rascal," racing for his life; whilst one more than plucky individual, who rumour says has an extremely

From a Photo. by] ELECTRIC AND JAPANESE NEEDLES, USED BY MR. MACDONALD. *[The Author.*

tender epidermis, not content with a handsome pair of dark blue socks with scarlet "clocks" on his feet, has lately been adorned with all manner of strange designs, from his neck down to the top of the socks, and this at quite a fabulous price, when we bear in mind the length of time it must have taken to carry out such a large order. Officers are constantly to be seen here having their regimental badge placed on their arms, whilst the number of crests and coats of arms in the albums testify how popular is this form of decoration.

SNAKE, TATTOOED IN GREEN AND BLACK, ROUND THE AUTHOR'S NECK, BY MR. MACDONALD.
From a Photo. by the Author.

FALCON, ON THE AUTHOR'S BACK, BY MR. MACDONALD.
From a Photo. by the Author.

Travellers in dangerous and remote districts often have a few words of Arabic, Burmese, or the language of whatever country they may intend to travel through, placed on their wrists as a sort of passport in cases of emergency and identification after death; whilst the ladies—but, no, we will draw the curtain down and spare them: suffice it to say that Royal Princes and Dukes, the members of our nobility and thousands of humbler folk, bear to-day on their bodies clever, humorous, and artistic designs the work of that master of the art of tattooing, Macdonald, of Jermyn Street, and we leave him with the thought uppermost in our minds what a pity it is that, unlike Chyo, he has no pupils and no one to take up the mantle, which some day must fall from his shoulders for ever.

DRAGON, TATTOOED IN BLACK, GREEN, AND RED, BY MR. MACDONALD.
From a Photo. by the Author.

The Sculptor of Florence.

By Charles J. Mansford.

I.

"YOU name a large sum for your task."

"Milady has no need to accept my terms," responded André Londini, the sculptor.

"But I desire to engage your services; I am rich, and my wishes are usually gratified to the full."

"I never bargain," said the sculptor; "it matters to me little whether my art is placed at your service or not."

"You are very independent," responded Lady Montaine, with a cold smile; "but you are famous, and no doubt much sought after."

Londini bowed: "I have much to do to-day, and wish to commence," he said, almost curtly.

Lady Montaine was indignant. She had come to the sculptor to honour him as a goddess would a human mortal. He viewed the matter differently, and seemed in no way anxious to accede to her request, for at first he had refused outright, and afterwards named a price for his work that surprised the richest woman of the season.

"I agree to your terms," she eventually responded; "when would be convenient for a first sitting?"

"At once, if you agree to remain; I can continue my other task this afternoon," replied Londini.

"Where shall I sit?" asked Lady Montaine.

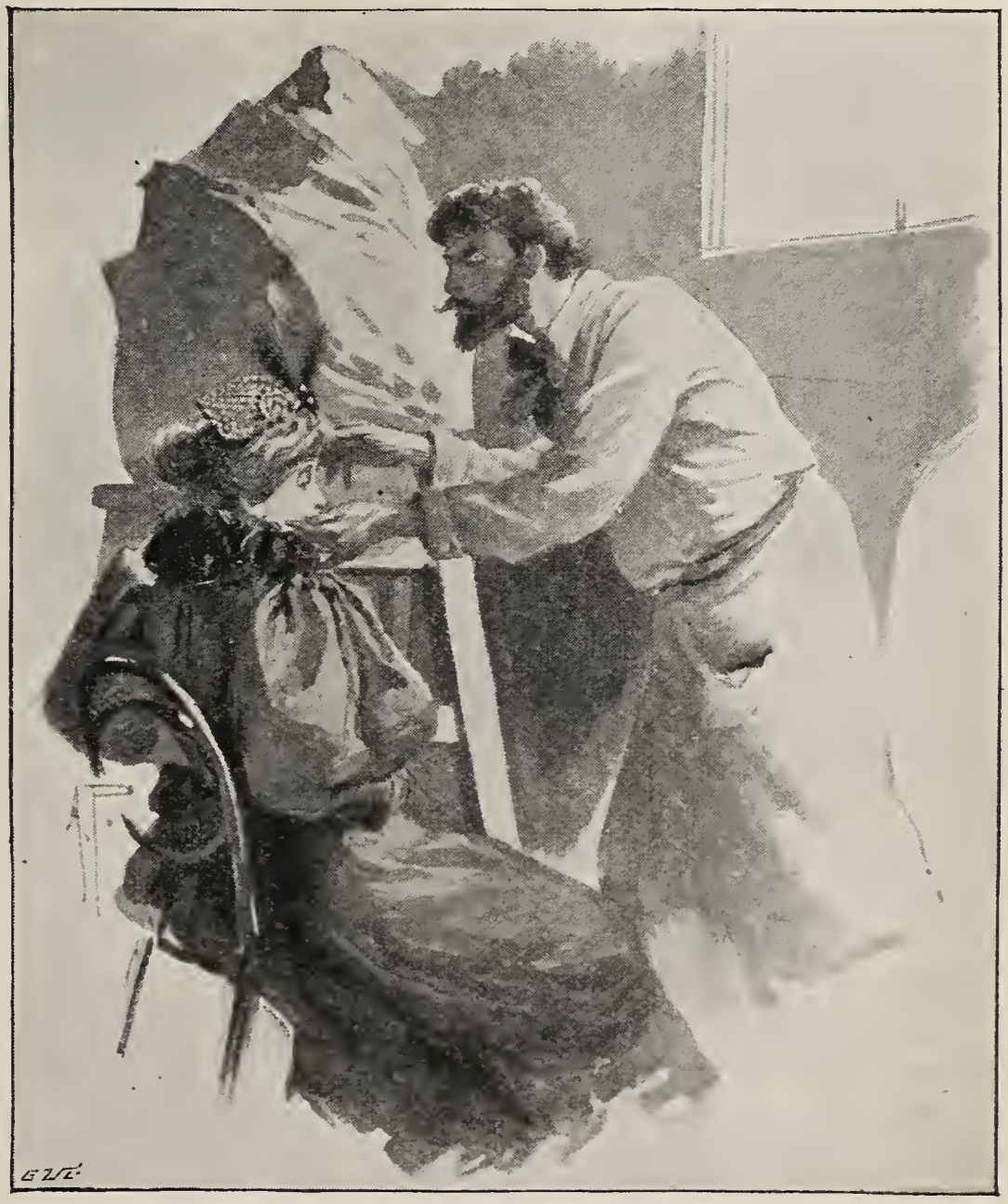
"Here, close to this block of marble," said Londini. The sculptor was indeed brusque, it seemed. He did not even look towards his visitor, but turned partly aside from her as he motioned to the chair, which was not, as is usual, placed in an elevated position.

"Do you think I make an effective model?" asked Lady Montaine, as she looked at the sculptor.

"I cannot say until I examine the contour of your features," answered Londini. Then to the surprise of his model the sculptor moved slowly towards her and passed his hands softly across her shoulders and then over her face.

"You are——" began Lady Montaine.

"Blind," said the sculptor; "yes, but my art is true and my conception of light and shade unerring. Fear not for the result of my labour. My fame was achieved after the world became to me a blank nothingness."



"HE PASSED HIS HANDS SOFTLY OVER HER FACE."

Lady Montaine was interested, and that was for her a new experience. Left an orphan at an early age, she possessed a woman's great gift, for she was indeed beautiful. Her rank, beauty, and fortune had attracted into her presence a throng of suitors

whose fattery had fed her vanity, until the finer nature of the imperious woman had been almost stifled. To patronize art had been one of her whims — it evinced good taste on her part, and served as a theme for her admirers to discourse upon. André Londini, passing his deft fingers across her haughty face and brow, read her character with the power which the blind alone possess fully, and his face plainly showed that the result was not satisfactory from an artist's point of view.

"Well," said Lady Montaine, as his hands fell impassively to his side as he finished examining her features, "what do you think of the task before you?"

"Your wishes shall be adhered to, and I will faithfully reproduce your features; but I am not a flatterer, and I cannot promise that you will be content to view my work with satisfaction when it is finished," said Londini.

A strange sculptor, indeed. What could be lacking that he should make such a response, when all the servile train that followed her saw only beauty where he found a defect? She blushed at the remark as she replied:—

"You are certainly frank, if not courteous; perhaps you will gratify my curiosity sufficiently to enlighten me as to why you are disappointed in my features, since most men consider me handsome."

"If you wish it," said Londini, "I will do so; the telling will do you no good whatever, for the world has spoilt one of its fairest daughters."

"Proceed, I pray you," said Lady Montaine; "I am never lectured—it is an unknown luxury left behind since the days of childhood."

"You are interested in what I say, milady," responded Londini, "only because your curiosity is aroused. If you could be taught to feel, then my fingers would be able to fashion a perfect face."

"You think I am indifferent to the common joys and woes of humanity. Can you describe the past as well as present qualities? It is something entirely new to me to have a true mirror placed before me," said Lady Montaine.

"A spoilt child, the idol of a crowd; a woman to whom love is an unknown realm, and one in which she may never wander," answered Londini, rather to himself than his model.

"You are right, and yet you are wrong," replied the sculptor's subject; "the future is unknown to each of us in this world: who knows what may lie before me?"

"I will not venture to say," responded Londini; "for me there is art, and I am content. One day you, too, may seek in some pursuit to forget the dark shadow which may fall across your life."

Lady Montaine, looking at the sculptor, saw that he was deeply moved. The eyes so useless were covered for a moment with the sculptor's hand, as though to shut out the view of a dreary lifetime. The face of the sculptor, in spite of its salient defect, was indeed worthy of observation. Of a pure Italian mould, it had the stamp of character that was strangely wanting in so many of Lady Montaine's circle; there was a proud carriage in the way that the sculptor bore his head that showed the man was no mere copyist of the human form, for he had the power to conceive and to execute studies in marble that had, as she was aware, won admiration for his work from the most noted connoisseurs of Europe. Sitting near the sculptor as he pursued his task, Lady Montaine felt that she had been fortunate in securing so much amusement out of what had been expected to be a tedious visit. No doubt he was right: they who surrounded her were too servile to speak the truth, but yet flattery was part of her life, and she thought that she could not live without it. The artist must be spoken of to her friends; she had found a treasure in Florence. Artists were usually so pleasant—what a pity that he was blind!

Londini, deeply interested in his art, had grown silent, and it was with a sigh of relief that the sitter heard his remark that the interview was ended; she must come again at mid-day to-morrow.

"I cannot accompany you to the studio door," said Londini, with an air of apology.

"There is no need whatever for that," replied Lady Montaine, and a moment afterwards she had disappeared.

"A woman of the world," muttered Londini to himself, "and utterly devoid of soul." Then feeling his way to a door on the right of his studio, he opened it and called, "Guilda, I am waiting for you."

There was a noise of little feet pattering down the staircase, then a girl of some seven years of age rushed at the artist with a merry laugh and clung to his hand. Londini raised the child and kissed her.

"Little sweetheart," said he, "you shall be famous; when I am dead the world shall say, 'Londini was an artist born, for he

chiselled Guilda, the shepherdess,'" and smiling he placed the child on the chair which his visitor had vacated, and, uncovering a block of marble near, continued to render the rough shape more like the model which it was ultimately to represent, pausing from time to time to touch the child's face and rippling hair that fell in profusion over her shoulders.

The child sat watching the progress of the work with glee, until a moment when Londini took her from the chair into his arms and kissed her fondly.

There was one ray of light left in the world for the sculptor, and it was the love of the little one he held fast to his breast.

II.

"It is a study from real life," said Londini, in reply to a question from Lady Montaine one day, as she stood gazing on the almost finished work representing Guilda.

"And who is the child?" asked Lady Montaine. "She is very beautiful, if the marble represents her correctly."

"That is a difficult question to answer," responded Londini, "since it involves my own history."

"I am eager to know why you chisel a childish form with such laborious patience, for it is evidently to be an artistic triumph," said Lady Montaine. "The world is so incongruous: you who are blind see the imperfections and beauties which others pass by."

Londini, proceeding with the shaping of the head of Lady Montaine in marble, was at first reticent with regard to the details sought; but becoming animated with the subject of little Guilda, he sketched in words the strange history of the child whose fate was so involved in his own that he began by describing his early career.

"Although I was born in Florence," began Londini, "my early life was spent in Russia, in the southern district of Kharkof. There, when my school days were over, I first devoted myself to art, and in my studio spent the long, dreary winter. I was busily employed one day with a model, when the studio door was violently thrown open, and a woman entered bearing a child in her arms. Her appearance was that of one in great distress of mind, the cause of which I was soon to learn. Her husband, it transpired, had, after a brief married life, been sent to the Siberian mines, and the woman had joined in some plot having for its object his release. The intrigue was discovered, and she had barely time to snatch up her child and escape from her room, which was in the same house where my studio was situated, before the officers entered it. Traversing a side staircase she reached my studio, and falling down before me, implored my protection for her and the child.

"SHE IMPLORED MY PROTECTION."

I had barely time to conceal them in the room which was adjoining to the one in which my labours were carried on, when the door of the studio was thrown open and the Russian officials entered.

"'You are a naturalized Russian, are you not?'

"'I am,' I replied, wondering why the question was put.

"'Then you are amenable to the laws of the country—be careful how you answer my interrogations.' Sitting down in a chair, the officer drew a pocket-book out, and began:—

"'How many persons reside here?'

"'I do not know,' I replied.

"'You are cautious, but the question must be answered.'

"'I cannot answer it,' I responded; 'I make no friends in Russia.'

"'Where is the woman who usually occupies the rooms above?' questioned the officer.

"'If you know her apartments, why not search them?' I replied.

"'You evade the question. Do you or do you not know her whereabouts?'

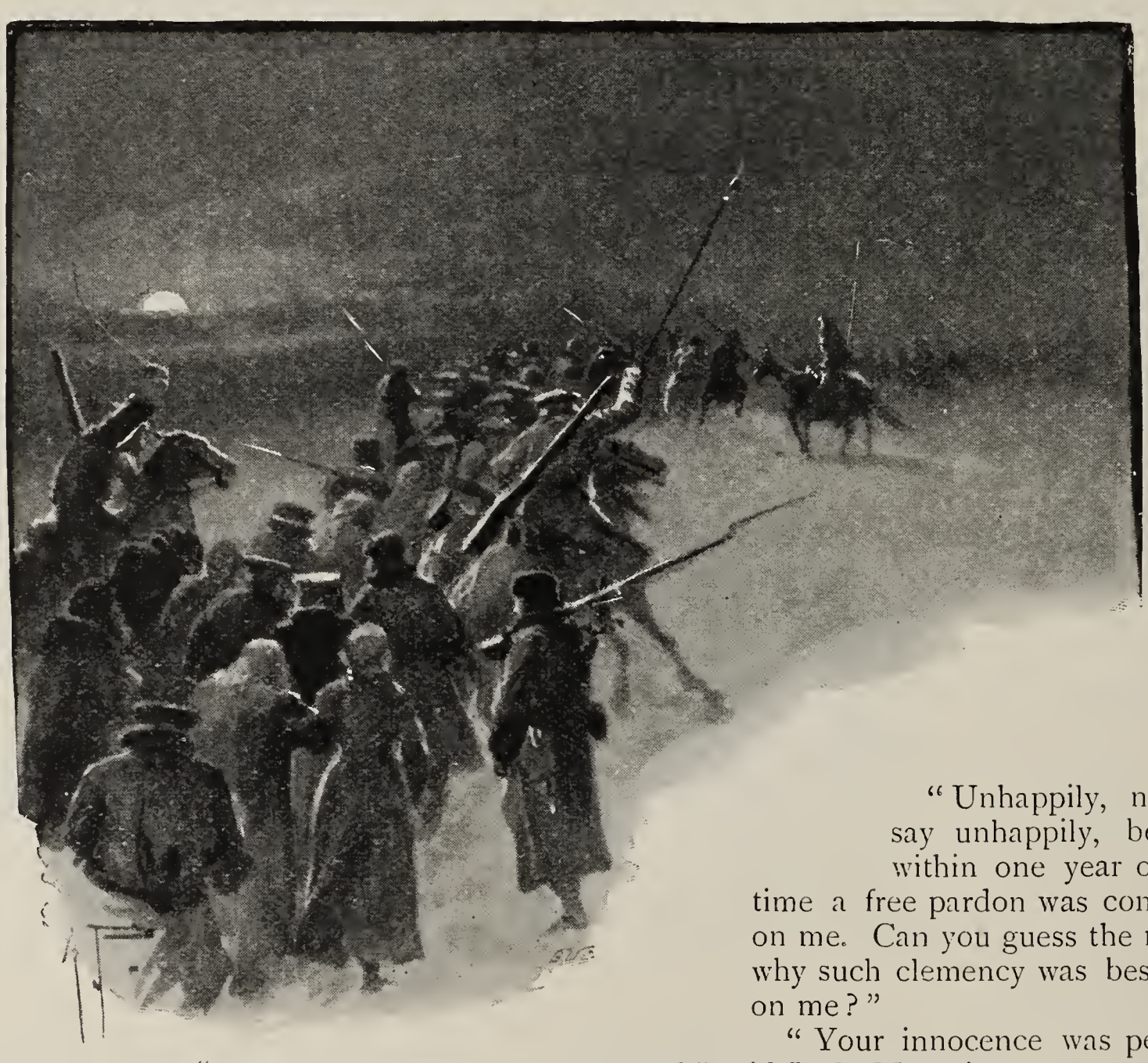
"'I do, but the information is no part of my affairs, and I refuse to answer,' I replied.

"'Take care. Siberia is cold, and the mines are before you if you refuse to give the answer. You are liable to be treated as an accomplice, as perhaps you are.'

"'That may be, but I have no other answer to give. I will not betray a woman.'

"'You are resolute?' questioned the officer.

"'Quite,' I responded. He looked towards the four officials who accompanied him, and in another moment I was making an ineffectual struggle for liberty. I need not proceed further—you will guess what happened, doubtless," said Londini.



"A DREARY JOURNEY."

"The mines?" questioned Lady Montaine.

"Yes, I was sentenced to pass a term of imprisonment there, and marched with the next batch of victims bound in that direction. It was a dreary journey. Hundreds and hundreds of miles in the winter. Over the steppes of Russia, through blinding snowstorms, we were hurried along, guarded by the soldiery, who met our entreaties for rest or shelter with taunts and blows."

"But you were not destined to stay in Siberia long?" interrogated the sculptor's model.

"Unhappily, no. I say unhappily, because within one year of that time a free pardon was conferred on me. Can you guess the reason why such clemency was bestowed on me?"

"Your innocence was perhaps proved," said Lady Montaine.

"The reason is before you," replied Londini, sadly.

"I understand," said Lady Montaine. "What a dreadful sequel," and she looked at the sculptor's sightless eyes.

"Coming back from the mines, I found that the woman was dead and the child alone. I, too, was desolate, and so little Guilda and I left the country which had been so full of misery to both, and, coming to Florence, I tried to forget my sorrow. It was a terrible affliction, but one gets used even to being blind. Guilda has been to me the

one hope of my life. For her I took up again my chisel, and, in spite of failures, found at last my labours rewarded, for the world has treated my productions with kindness, and with Guilda's love I am content, for who would marry a blind artist?" and Londini was silent as he devoted himself to the block of marble before him.

Lady Montaine, the last to be affected by sentiment usually, felt herself strangely moved. She looked at the sculptor, and the faces of her suitors seemed to fade into insignificance before it. A sculptor of Florence, indeed, he was far removed from the level of those who would patronize his labours. "What a pity he is blind!" she murmured again.

"May I see your shepherdess?" the lady asked, when Londini had intimated that the day's sitting was concluded.

"Certainly," replied Londini, and the child came at his bidding and stood before the twain.

"I am André's sweetheart," said the child; "my papa lives in a beautiful palace, where it is always sunshine. One day, when I am quite grown up, André has promised I shall see him. But it is a long way off, and papa is so busy he cannot come here, so I shall go to him. Mamma is dead, you know," and the child nestled her head in the lady's lap.

Londini looked with an air of apology at his visitor. "I could not tell her what Siberia was like—one day she may know all, but not yet, not yet," and his hand wandered lovingly over the golden hair of the little one.

Lady Montaine was silent. Londini, with the quickness that distinguishes the lightest sounds, heard one that startled him. Could the narration of his life's drama matter to her? What was it if the sculptor were blind or the child an orphan? Her world was too large for such trifles to concern her; and yet, as his hand rested on the child, he felt an irresistible impulse to know what effect the simple story had on the woman who knew not sorrow. His hand passed from the child to the lady's face, and he knew in that moment that she had learnt the lesson which her followers could not teach, for Lady Montaine's face was wet with falling tears.

She rose hurriedly and left the studio, the child following her to the door with a strange, wistful glance at the imperious beauty's face.

André Londini had good reason for his silence as he bent over the little shepherdess that represented Guilda. She was the one object that inspired him to produce his marvellous works; could anyone take her place? And the sculptor felt that he was indeed blind, for the garden of love was denied his sight save in the child, who clung to him as he left the studio with a strange, faltering step.

III.

"You cannot see the sculptor to-day," said Londini's attendant one day.

"Why?" questioned Lady Montaine, with a surprised air.

"Guilda has met with an accident, and he will not leave her," was the response.

"An accident! When?" asked Lady Montaine.

"This morning, and the child is dying," said the woman. "She was playing in the studio while Londini was at work on a model, and, unfortunately, she overturned a massive vase. She is so small that the weight crushed her little form, and Londini cannot see anyone to-day, for he will not leave her."

"Will you deliver a message to him?" asked Lady Montaine; and, taking out her card-case, she hastily scribbled upon the back of one of the pieces of pasteboard a brief request: "*May I see Guilda before she dies? Do not refuse me,*" and sent the message, waiting in the studio for the reply.

Londini was sitting by the child's bed when the card was read to him by the messenger. He was indeed stricken heavily, for the physician who had been hastily summoned held out no hopes for the child lying there. "Why should I let this woman enter the chamber of death?" he thought. He was unable to control his emotions, and she would learn what he tried to conceal. Yet it was a request that he could scarcely refuse. Turning to the messenger, he answered in the affirmative, and Lady Montaine softly mounted the stairs and entered the room. Looking at the sculptor, she saw the despair on his face as he held in his hands the childish grasp so soon to unclasp its hold. Stooping down, Lady Montaine touched the child's brow with her lips softly, then spoke to the sculptor.

"Is there no hope for her?" she asked, sadly.

"None," returned Londini, as he wiped the death-dew from the child's brow; "she is dying fast. My Guilda is leaving this world

of sorrows, and I am alone," and the sculptor vainly tried to hide his emotions as he turned his head aside.

"André," whispered the child, "I am going to papa. He lives in a beautiful palace, you said."

"Yes, Guilda," said Londini, as he bent over her; "can you see?"

"It s dark, so very dark, but I can see someone; are you still here, André? You must not let go my hand, or I shall miss the way."

"Guilda, my little sweetheart," said Londini, as he clasped the child's hands still tighter, "I am here by your side and hold your hand."

Guilda opened her eyes slowly and, turning them on the face of the blind sculptor, said: "I see my papa's palace, and mamma is there . . . . holding out her arms to me."—And André Londini stood by the bed on which lay the dead form of his one treasure which his eyes could never see.

Londini flung himself by the side of the still child, and his grief was uncontrolled. At last he rose, and turning to the woman beside him, he said:—

"Leave me, I pray you; the blind sculptor is without love or hope."

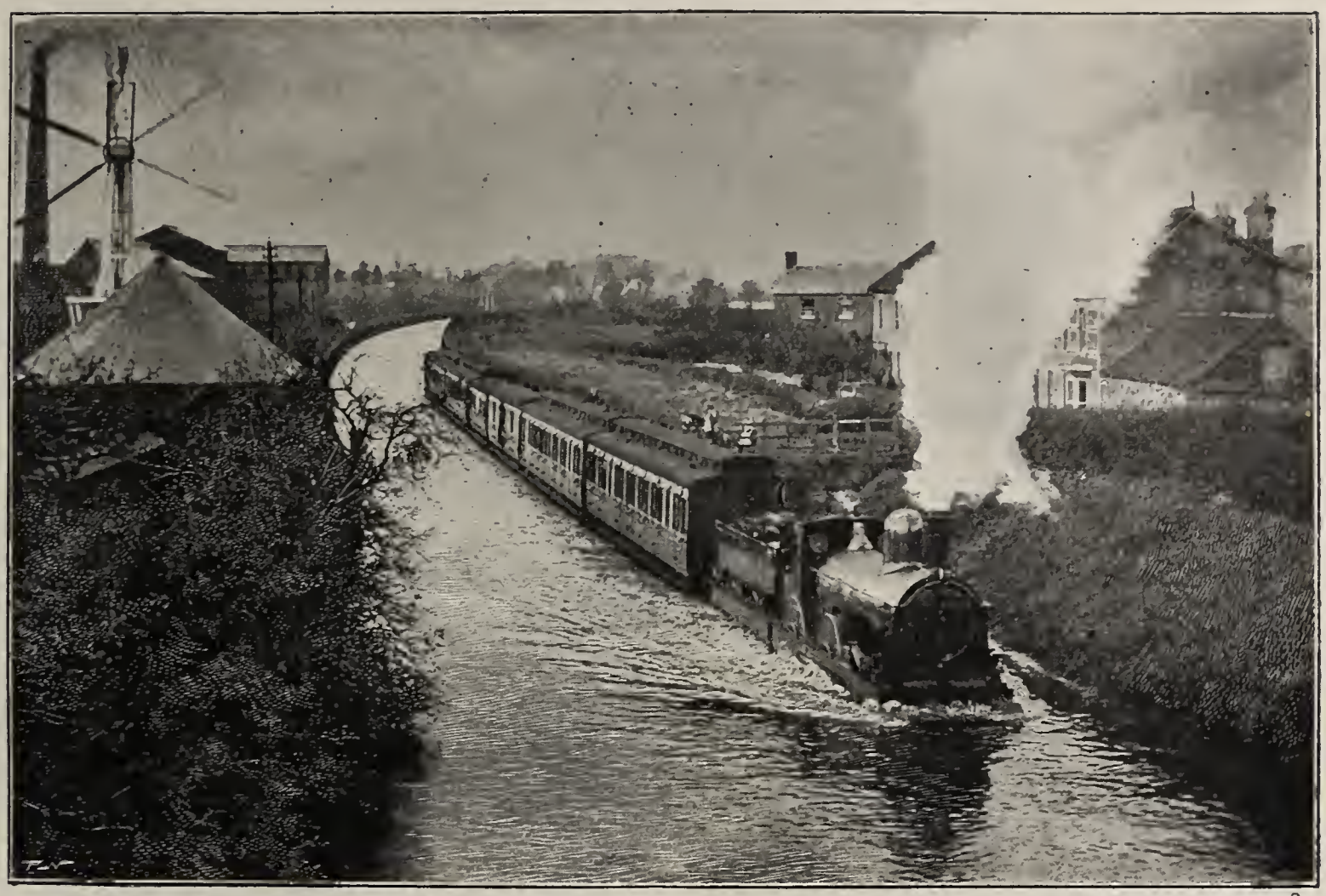
The world and its fleeting joys seemed indeed trifling to her whom Londini addressed. She approached the sculptor, her arms wandered over his shoulders and her tears fell upon his face. André drew her closer to him, for there, in the presence of death, he knew that one life would be left to cheer the darkness that shut out the day from his afflicted gaze.

Lady Montaine's friends were as surprised as they were grieved that she should devote her life to a blind man. Yet, when from time to time they heard from her, the choice which she had made seemed to have brought her happiness only; while he, whose guide she became, found in her love all that the heart of man can receive from the woman whose fate is linked with his.

"LONDINI FLUNG HIMSELF BY THE SIDE OF THE STILL CHILD."

Floods.

By Jeremy Broome.



1.—GREAT WESTERN LOCOMOTIVE RUNNING THROUGH THE FLOOD AT CREECH, NEAR TAUNTON, NOVEMBER 14, 1894.
From a Photo. by A. G. Petherick, Taunton.

IF Noah (who knew a thing or two about floods) could have seen this Great Western locomotive pushing and splashing its elephantine way through the floods at Creech, near Taunton, on November 14th, 1894, he would have been struck dumb with surprise. Yet there is nothing wonderful in it. Trains must reach their destination somehow, and if it happens that some unruly river, like a small boy outgrowing his clothes, swells with pride and rains, and overflows the road-bed of a great corporation, there is nothing to be done except to go through. As long as the road-bed is uninjured, and the water does not touch the boiler or the passengers' feet, the trip is easily accomplished.

But when a river rises from its bed and tears down through forests for several miles, sweeping everything before it, things are different. Our second photograph, the first of the four kindly lent to us by Mr. Harrison Hodgson, the general manager of the Costa Rica Railway Company, shows one remarkable result of these mountain torrents. The solid masonry of the line

2.—PART OF THE RAILWAY IN JAMAICA UNDERMINED BY FLOODS.
From a Photo. lent by the Costa Rica Railway Co.

in Jamaica was swept away by the onrushing water, leaving the rails and sleepers hanging in a graceful loop along the base of the hill. Nothing, perhaps, could better show the excellent construction of the line, but it is a costly way of illustrating good workmanship. In Costa Rica the same dangers are met with, and the accidents cause great expense. "Our embankments," writes Mr. George Earl Church, in an 1895 report to the directors of the Costa Rica Railway, "across the wide valley of the Matina River, act as a dam when it overflows, as it did at the end of last June. The river then rose from its bed and came tearing down through the forest for a width of several miles, sweeping our railway before it as if it were a plaything." Oftentimes the effect was picturesque, as when the floods, rushing by the low-roofed houses, dropped in glistening waterfalls over the jagged rocks (3).

4.—TRAIN AND BRIDGE DEMOLISHED BY FLOODS ON THE COSTA RICA RAILWAY.
From a Photograph.

The force of these Costa Rica floods is sometimes so great that whole trains are smashed into frågments. The train shown in (4) was proceeding slowly across an iron bridge, when the trestle was swept away in an instant, leaving the locomotive and cars in a broken heap at the bottom of the stream. It took many hours of hard work to clear away the *débris* created in almost the twinkling of an eye. Sometimes, in fact, it takes a fortnight to get a train through, for not only have new bridges to be built, but the whole line has to be strengthened in those parts torn and weakened by the floods. In many cases sections of the line have to be abandoned. The rivers change their beds, and this necessitates new bridges in new places. "In flood time," adds the report, "the pounding, smashing, and grating of the veritable bombardment of boulders can be heard for two miles." And when the flood has run its course, little can be seen in places except "the wreck of intransitable bridges, masonry, and railway track." Fortunately, however, these floods in Costa Rica occur rarely, and such a sight as is pictured in (5) is exceptional. A flood, in these days, must be of mighty power to shatter the works of modern engineers.

From a] 3.—A FLOOD IN COSTA RICA. [*Photograph.*

5.—REPAIRING DAMAGE BY FLOOD ON THE COSTA RICA RAILWAY.
From a Photograph.

An unusual quantity of water around Venice ought to excite no more remark than tons of coal about Newcastle, or tin in Cornwall. But when this water begins to flow into the cellars of the houses, and cover the public squares, there is no little conversational hubbub. Twice in the autumn of 1896 was the Queen City of the Adriatic invaded by the floods, and our photograph (6) shows the Piazza di San Marco, with the noted Campanile, or bell-tower of St. Mark's Church, on the right, carpeted with water. At night the effect was beautiful. The Doge's Palace, the massive Campanile, and the church itself were mirrored in the smooth water of the square, and "the level field of chequered stones," which Ruskin wrote about, became the pleasure ground of twinkling gondolas.

In November, 1894, Father Thames

From a] 6.—FLOOD IN ST. MARK'S SQUARE AT VENICE, 1896. *[Photograph.*

7.—OXFORD ROAD, ETON, DURING THE THAMES FLOODS OF NOVEMBER, 1894.
From a Photo. lent by G. J. Symons, Esq.

outdid himself, and his wayward actions were imitated by nearly every river in Great Britain. He rose four inches higher than he did in the noted Wellington flood of 1852, until nearly every house along his banks from Gravesend to Oxford felt the destructive strength of his mighty body. At Eton, the tradesmen had to deliver their goods in boats, the streets were lined with planks, as shown in (7), and the Eton boys got their holiday. The distress here was considerable, and the good Queen visited nearly every flooded part in the neighbourhood, carrying succour to the poor. Her cooks made soup for the hungry, and her money helped those whose income had been cut off by loss of work. At East Molesey, the river rose above the lock gates, and the road to the station (8) was filled with boats and men in bare legs. Boys had to ride on the roofs of the vans, fowls were to be seen in the living-rooms of the houses, and in one case, as was written at the time, "two pigs were included in the family circle," one of

8.—CREECH ROAD, EAST MOLESEY, ON NOVEMBER 17, 1894.
From a Photo. by H. W. Newton, East Molesey.

9.—DATCHET GREEN, DURING THE THAMES FLOODS OF NOVEMBER, 1894.
From a Photo. lent by G. J. Symons, Esq.

which jumped from a bedroom window, happily to be rescued from a watery grave.

During a Thames flood, some of the towns become Venices in miniature, with punts for gondolas. Datchet Green (9) made a pretty picture with its quaint abutting houses rising from the water. Here the flood was unusually deep, and traffic was almost entirely carried on by means of boats. At Hereford (10), where the Wye ambitiously lifted its head above the banks, the railway was submerged, and crowds of people were compelled to remain on the station platform until boats could take them off. People took their dinners and picnicked on the floods, as if it were summer-time, and the man on the street, metaphorically speaking, became his own boatman, and quickly developed muscle, of which Britain is ever proud.

In times of general flood, Cornwall suffers tremendously, and the photos. which we reproduce on the two following pages, show the great extent to which the bursting rivers play havoc with property. A large part of the damage is traceable to the flooded and deserted mines, which are to be found in all parts of the country. At St. Ives, not only were houses destroyed (11) and people made temporarily homeless, but the streets were

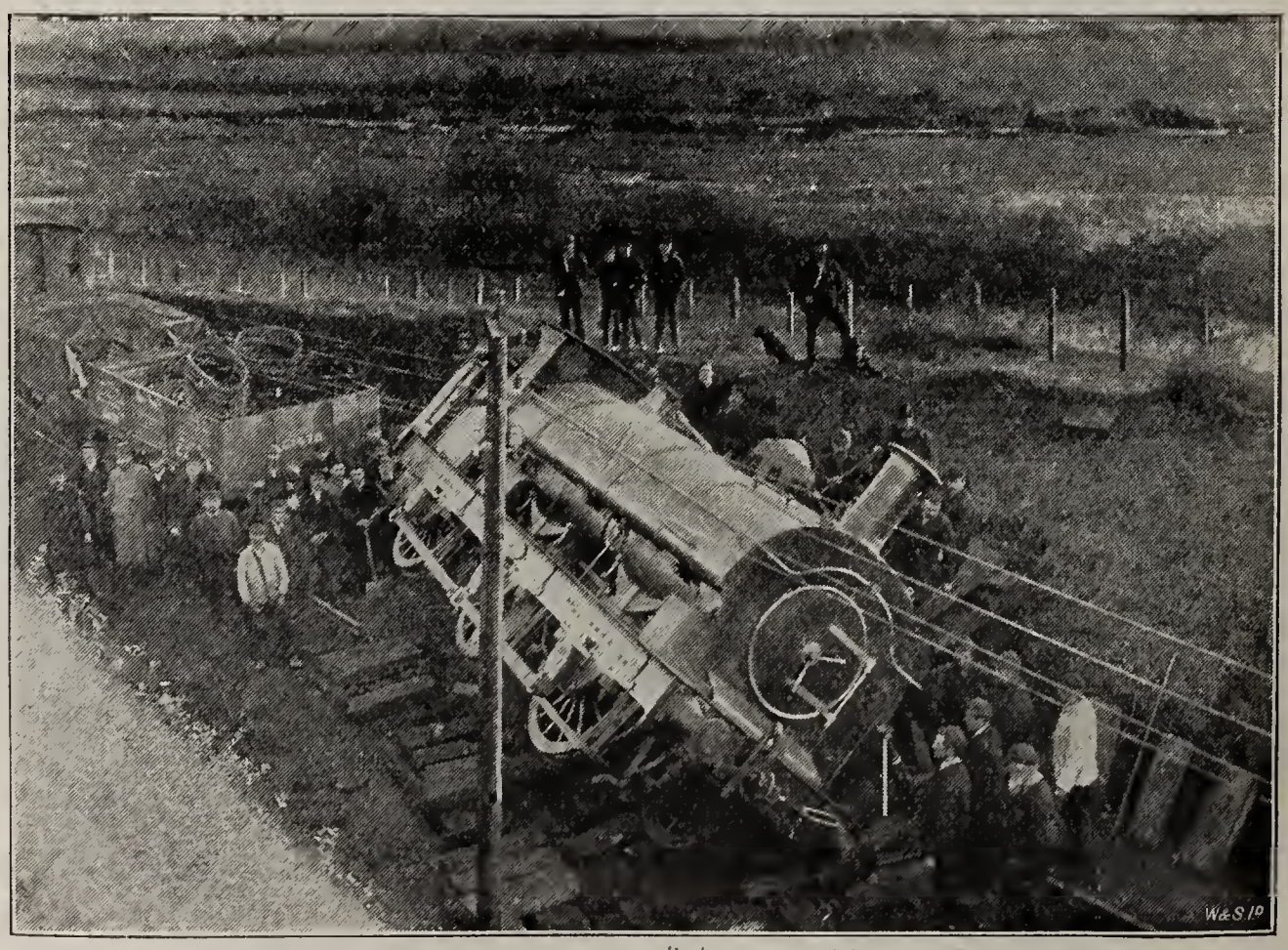
From a Photo. lent by] 10.—HEREFORD STATION, NOVEMBER, 1894. [*G. J. Symons, Esq.*

11.—HOUSE AT ST. IVES, DEMOLISHED BY FLOODS.
From a Photo. by J. C. Burrow, Camborne.

torn up, and gas-pipes and water-mains laid bare, at great expense to benevolent corporations in that district. In (11) and again in (14) we see these pipes in their unaccustomed nakedness, and several people who desired to be photographed. And here I may add that it is not every town that likes to have its damages by flood photographed and illustrated to the public. I had written to a West of England town for some excellent photographs of the '94 floods in that district, and received the following answer: "I beg to say that I should be glad to send you some flood views, but the idea was pretty general here at the time, that the publication of said views had been detrimental to the welfare of our city, and I was in bad odour in certain quarters in consequence." A righteous and brave city, forsooth, and full of wisdom!

But let us return to the Cornwall photographs, which are among the best of their kind ever taken, and can do pretty St. Ives little harm. Near Marazion a culvert burst, and upset a large locomotive, as shown in (12). Luckily, the locomotive was attached to a goods train, or great damage would have been done to life. At St. Ives furniture floated about the streets, and swimming cattle buffeted against the ruins of the houses. In one instance a house was completely washed down (13), and its place was taken by a rushing torrent, over which strong boards had to be placed for the use of the neighbouring householders.

These photographs show but a tithe of the damage which floods can do when once they set to work. It is when lives are lost by hundreds and



12.—LOCOMOTIVE OVERTHROWN BY FLOOD NEAR MARAZION, CORNWALL.
From a Photo. by J. C. Burrow, Camborne.

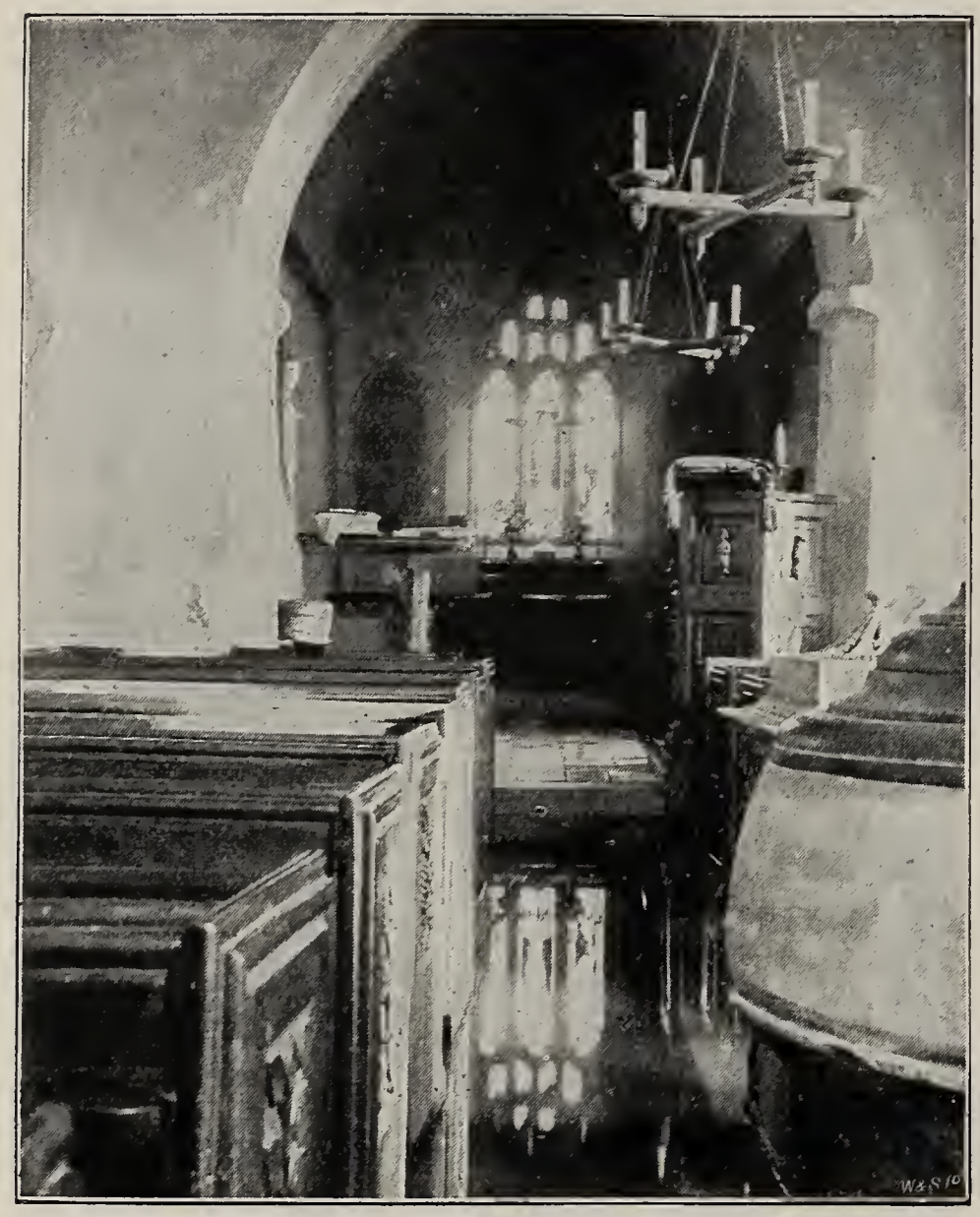
thousands, and whole cities are wrecked by what the newspapers call "incredible inundations" and "devastating deluges," that things come to their worst. From early times these deluges have taken place, and, indeed, nearly every race of men on the globe has a tradition of a great deluge, such as the Noachian Flood of the Christian peoples. In 1642, to go no further back, the great Hoang-Ho swallowed up 300,000 people at Kaifong, in China. Four years later, 110,000 Frieslanders were drowned in Holland; and in 1824, the Neva overflowed at St. Petersburg with the loss of 10,000 lives. A few years ago an enormous dam broke at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and a volume of water, three miles long, a mile wide, and a hundred feet deep, burst upon the surrounding country into the valley below, destroying everything in its course for eighteen miles, and killing over 5,000 people.

It may be interesting to note here that floods are of two kinds, caused by differences in the nature of the countries through which rivers flow. Rapidly flowing rivers, with a rapid fall, rise quickly after heavy rains, which cause a high but rapidly subsiding flood. On the other hand, rivers that flow gently rise slowly, and never reach the height of torrential rivers, as they are called. Their floods, however, fall slowly, and linger on the land. For this reason, among others, the long and lower floods are the more injurious.

14.—A STREET AT ST. IVES TORN UP BY FLOODS.
From a Photo. by J. C. Burrow, Camborne.

13.—HOUSE AT ST. IVES WASHED DOWN BY FLOODS.
From a Photo. by J. C. Burrow, Camborne.

River-floods, as people along the Thames know, are the product of rainfall. They rarely result from a great down-pour at one time, but from a series of moderate rainstorms, which



15.—FLOODED FLOOR IN MILSTON CHURCH, NEAR AMESBURY.
From a Photo. lent by G. J. Symons, Esq.

gradually fill the river channels. Consequently, when rain has been frequent, the floods are looked for, and, when necessity demands, provision is made against disastrous effects. Often, of course, the effect is beneficial. The Nile owes its supplies wholly to the copious rains of the countries wherein it rises, and during the flood a great portion of the Delta and of the Valley of Egypt is inundated. Yet the Egyptians could not do without their great river. It is the fertilizer of the country. The alluvium, or deposits of earth, sand, gravel, and decayed matter, with which it is charged, spreads over the land and makes it rich and fruitful. The Thames floods, too, may be useful as fertilizers, but their chief effect is to dampen people's cellars, drown cows, obstruct the business man on his way to the station, raise hopes, often rudely thwarted, in the breast of the average Eton boy, and put pennies in the pockets of men with punts.

Some floods are religiously inclined, and go to church. As witness thereof, mark the accompanying reproduction (15), showing the floor of Milston Church, near Amesbury, in Wilts. The reflection of the choir-window in the water is beautiful, and the effect produced by this reflection in conjunction with the pews and the stone floor near the altar is curiously shown upon turning the illustration upside down.

The recent floods in the Thames have again drawn attention to that fickle stream. They were not so extensive or disastrous as those of 1894, but were quite heavy enough to cause anxiety and a supply of new stories. A Maidenhead auctioneer, it is reported, held a sale of land, and wielded his hammer from the top of a tub in the midst of the floods. Purchasers punted to the sale, and money

16.—BAKER DELIVERING BREAD AT MAIDENHEAD, FEBRUARY 10, 1897.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

17.—PUNTING FOR BEER AT MAIDENHEAD, FEBRUARY 10, 1897.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

was so plentiful that all the land was sold, even though it rested at the bottom of the floods. At Windsor a jovial house-agent advertised a magnificent property as "including in summer a beautiful lake at the bottom of the garden, and in winter a beautiful garden at the bottom of the lake." At Clewer and Bray the poultry took to the trees, and at Eton, bacon and eggs were delivered through the bedroom windows by means of ladders. At Maidenhead the baker tossed his bread from the vehicle into the housemaid's arms, not being able to get out of his cart (16).

The scenes at Maidenhead were, in fact, typical flood-scenes. The long country lanes near the river were sheets of water, through which the tradesman's van and my lady's carriage swished along with water to the hubs. Many of the houses were deep in the water, and high fences here and there peeped above the surface. One of the public-houses was surrounded by the flood, but this did not in the least interfere with trade. The populace made use of the punts provided free (but probably not for this purpose) by the Corporation, and paddling up, jug in hand (17), received the beverage with outstretched hands. In another place men were to be seen walking along in rubber suits, with the water almost waist-high. Ladies were making calls in boats, and on Sunday the religious section of the population punted to the church door, and punted home again. The postman delivered his letters from a cart by means of a long stick (18), which he held at arm's length to the maid.

18.—POSTMAN DELIVERING LETTERS AT MAIDENHEAD, FEBRUARY 10, 1897.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

"*The Parisian.*"

FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUL D'ARGENAY. BY ALYS HALLARD.

IN the regiment he was certainly not a favourite with the officers; but he always managed to get along very well with his fellow-soldiers, for he was so lively and had such a fund of ready wit. He had scarcely had any education, as he was apprenticed at a very early age, but he had read a great deal, everything in fact that he had been able to get hold of: novels, newspapers, books of travel and adventure, all kinds and sorts of literature; and as he had an excellent memory he was certainly capital company.

Then, too, he could sing fairly well, he recited like a born actor, and he was always up to the most irresistible nonsense, so that he was the very life and soul of the regiment. He had been nicknamed by his fellow-soldiers, on account of his liveliness and wit, "the Parisian," and no one ever thought of calling him by any other name. As far as discipline was concerned he was a very second-rate sort of soldier, for nothing had ever been able to persuade him that he owed implicit and passive obedience to the officers, of no matter what rank they might be.

On the other hand, he kept his uniform and his arms in the most immaculate state of cleanliness, he was a first-class shot, and could march any distance. When it was announced in his regiment that volunteers were wanted for Tonquin, he enrolled himself without a moment's hesitation, for, as he said, he had always wanted to have a look round in other countries. On board the *Mytho*, the vessel which transported the troops, he very soon made himself quite at home.

In the first place, he managed to get himself employed down in the kitchen, and in a very short time was quite the favourite of the head cook.

Then, when he was off duty, he would install himself comfortably in the forecastle, and whilst smoking cigarettes—made with tobacco contributed by the sailors—he would entertain his audience by reciting monologues and by imitating the Parisian street-cries of the various hawkers.

He was wonderfully clever, too, at imitating people and animals, and he had baptized everything and everyone on board with the drollest of names of his own invention, so that even the officer leaning over the bridge during the watch would often roar with laughter at the absurd nonsense going on down below.

For six months "the Parisian" had been incorporated in one of the companies of a marching regiment, and there had been some hard fighting several times, but so far, as he himself said, "*he had kept his skin whole,*"

"HE WOULD ENTERTAIN HIS AUDIENCE."

and, what was more extraordinary, he had escaped all fevers and illness of every kind. He was just as lively as when in France, and many a time his gaiety had put new courage into some of the younger soldiers.

His superiors appreciated his bravery and *sang-froid* when under fire, and the happy way he had of making the best of all kinds of privations and fatigue.

"He's a fine soldier," remarked his lieutenant one day to the captain; but the latter, who had noticed his tendency to insubordination, answered:—

"Yes, a fine soldier during the campaign, but a bad one in the barracks. A headstrong fellow to deal with."

A little later on a detachment of the regiment was told off to occupy an isolated part of observation near the banks of the Song-Cau. For some time the country round had appeared quite calm and peaceful, and as the guards were on duty as sentinels, the soldiers had, for the time being, neither fatigue nor privations to endure.

"'TAKE YOUR PLACE,' SAID THE SERGEANT, ROUGHLY."

In order that their inaction should not have a demoralizing effect on the men, the officer in command saw fit to occupy them in various ways, such as digging trenches, collecting fagots, and all kinds of details connected with their temporary encampment. One afternoon, a section of the troop was engaged in clearing out the quarters, under the direction of Sergeant Butin.

"The Parisian" had never been able to reconcile himself to handling the pick-axe, and generally he passed his time in looking on whilst his comrades did the work, and as he always kept them entertained with his jokes and nonsense, neither the men nor the sub-officer in command had ever made any difficulty about this. As it happened, though, on the afternoon in question, Sergeant Butin was in a very bad humour, for he had that morning been called over the coals himself by his superior officer.

On seeing "the Parisian," therefore, seated on the ground making a cigarette, he called out to him roughly to take his place and work as the others were doing.

"Oh, they'll get through it without me," he urged.

"Take your place," said the sergeant, roughly.

"But, sergeant, I assure you my trade is in metal work, and I don't know how to go about turning the soil over."

The sergeant was furious, and, seizing the soldier by his arm, thundered out:—

"Enough of your foolery, and you can take a day's prison for a change."

With one bound "the Parisian" was on his feet and had shaken himself free from the sergeant. He was livid with indignation, and there was no sign of joking about him now. He stepped up close to the sub-officer and, looking him straight in the face, said simply, but in a hoarse voice:—

"Never lay your finger on me again, or—look out for yourself!"

The sergeant, exasperated, laid hold of him again, shouting:—

"To prison with you, and we'll see——"

He did not finish his sentence, for "the Parisian" raised his hand and dealt him a blow on his cheek, and whilst the sergeant stood there as though rooted to the spot, wild with rage and stuttering out threats of

vengeance, the soldier, without even throwing away his cigarette, moved away slowly towards his comrades, murmuring, in a low voice :—

"I knew it would come to that sooner or later."

"The Parisian" was imprisoned while waiting his trial by court-martial. The captain on hearing of what serious misdemeanour he had been guilty judged it necessary to make an example of him, and so he was sentenced to await in prison the day of his trial at Hanoï.

He made the best of his situation, and when he answered the questions which were put to him by the officer who had been appointed to make the preliminary inquiries about the affair, he appeared to be quite resigned to whatever fate might be awaiting him.

It happened to be the lieutenant in command of the section to which "the Parisian" belonged, and although he was sorry in his heart for the culprit, the officer knew that military discipline had to be maintained, particularly during a campaign.

One night, towards ten o'clock, firing was heard in the distance, and almost at the same moment the sentinels gave the alarm to the little troop. Then, all at once, a fierce, deafening volley of firing was heard, and fearful shouts and yelling seemed to come from all sides at once.

In a few seconds every man of the little company was on foot, and, with his gun placed in the gap of the bamboo palings, was firing recklessly on the enemy who had surrounded the fort. At the very first shot "the Parisian," knowing that under present circumstances no one would trouble about him, escaped from his prison, rushed for a gun and cartridges, and, mounting the slope, began to fire with all his energy.

His lieutenant, in passing by, recognised him, and said :—

"That's right, my good fellow. Get wounded, and I'll answer for your other affair."

"I'm sure to, lieutenant," answered the trooper, smiling bitterly, and then without troubling himself about the balls which fell around him thick and fast, "the Parisian" continued shooting. It was very evident that his one desire was to meet his death there rather than to be shot dead by his comrades by order of the court-martial.

After an hour's desperate firing, the assailants, numerous though they were, gave up their attempt to take the post, and beat a retreat in all directions. The captain, wishing to teach them a lesson, went out in pursuit of

"I'LL ANSWER FOR YOUR OTHER AFFAIR."

them with part of his troop, and following them up across the rice-fields caused them a considerable loss of men.

Then, on seeing that he was himself some 500 yards outside the fort, and fearing to have his retreat cut off, he gave the order to return. On arriving within their own fortifications, and after having the gate closed securely, he kept his men in their ranks.

"Sergeant Butin," he said, "call over the names."

The sergeant did not appear in answer to his chief's command, and a shudder of horror ran through the little troop. If he were still out on the plain! . . . . The enemy never had mercy, and prisoners and wounded would have to endure a long and cruel martyrdom before death released them. . . . The soldiers disbanded, and search was made everywhere within the camp, and then a little band of men went round outside the fortifications.

It was all in vain. Sergeant Butin had not returned with the others, and soldiers and officers all hoped that, at any rate, he had been killed outright, shot through the heart by a ball.

"Poor fellow!" they said to each other as they were moving towards their quarters for the night.

Just at this moment a loud shout was heard outside.

The sentinel raised his gun, and called out: "*Qui vive?*"

"Open the gate!" replied the voice of someone gasping for breath. "Quick—quick! It is Sergeant Butin!"

The soldiers rushed to the gate, and flung it wide open; and then, dark though the night was, they could distinguish the form of a man almost bent double, carrying on his back a soldier, on whose sleeves the gold lace glittered.

No sooner had he passed through the gate than he staggered and fell. The soldiers crowded round, and by the flickering light of a lantern they recognised "the Parisian." He was deadly pale and covered with blood; one hand was pressed tightly to his side, and with the other he still grasped the sergeant's arm.

"THEY COULD DISTINGUISH THE FORM OF A MAN."

"You!" exclaimed the captain, on recognising him. "Who let you out of your prison?"

"I let myself out, captain," answered "the Parisian," in a weak, broken voice. "I should have gone back when the shooting was over. I found the sergeant out there on the plain—he was wounded in the leg—and I wanted to get him back. I've managed it—but—I've got a bullet in my side. I don't think I shall go—to Hanoï—captain. It's better, though—than—having—twelve *French* bullets through my skin. There—good-bye—all of you——" and with these words he expired.

Curious Bibles.

MISPRINTS and the eccentricities of translators and artists have turned many editions of the Holy Bible into valuable and interesting curiosities. The first example reproduced shows us at a glance how the famous "Vinegar" Bible got its name. "The Parable of the Vinegar" appears, instead of the "Parable of the Vineyard," in the page-heading to Luke xx. This is an Oxford edition of the authorized version, published by J. Baskett in 1717. The book was produced in costly and gorgeous style, but was so carelessly printed that it came to be known as "a Basket-full of errors."

The parable of the vinegar. **S. L**

chief prieſts and the ſcribes came upon him, with the elders,

2 And ſpake unto him, ſaying, Tell us, By what authority doeſt thou theſe things? or who is he that gave thee this authority?

3 And he anſwered and ſaid unto them, I will alſo ask you one thing; and anſwer me.

THE "VINEGAR" BIBLE.

The "Servant" Bible comes next; it was published in 1640. Observe that the first verse of the third chapter of Genesis commences in this startling manner: "Now the *servant* was more subtill than any beast of the field," etc. Of course, it should be "serpent."

CHAP. III. 5.31.

1 The ſerpent deceiveth Eve. 6 Mans ſhrewfull fall. 9 God arraigneth them. 14 The ſerpent is curſed. 15 The promiſed ſeed. 16 The puniſhment of mankinde. 21 Their firſt clothing. 22 Their caſting out of Paradiſe.

NOw the ſervant was more ſubtill then any beaſt of the field which the LORD God had made, and he ſaid unto the woman, †Yea hath God ſaid, Ye ſhall not eat of every tree of the garden?

† Heb. Yea, becauſe, &c.

2. And the woman ſaid unto the ſerpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden:

3 But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midſt of the garden, God hath ſaid, Ye ſhall not eat of it, neither ſhall ye touch it, leſt ye die.

THE "SERVANT" BIBLE.

It is strange enough that such errors should creep into a work which receives more care in being set in type and going through the press than any other volume. But the greatest care, even when enhanced by the fear of punishment, has not been sufficient to prevent misprints which absolutely reverse the meaning of the most important texts.

The passage that gives the "More Sea" Bible its name is next reproduced. This is an instance of the omission of the negative (in Rev. xxi., 1). The "Judas" Bible contains a very strange typographical error—none other than the substitution of name of the betrayer for that of the Saviour: "Then commeth *Judas* with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto the disciples, 'Sit yee here, while I goe and pray yonder.'"

CHAP. XXI.

1 A new heaven and a new earth. 10 The heavenly Jeruſalem with a full deſcription thereof. 23 She needeth no ſun, the glory of God is her light. 24 The kings of the earth bring their riches unto her.

AND *I ſaw a new heaven, and a new earth: for the firſt heaven, and the firſt earth were paſſed away, and there was more ſea.

2 And I John ſaw the holy city, new Jeruſalem coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

3. And I heard a great voyce out of heaven,

THE "MORE SEA" BIBLE.

35 Peter ſaid vnto him, Though I ſhould die with thee, yet will I not denie thee. Likewiſe alſo ſaid all the diſciples.

36 ¶ *Then commeth Judas with them vnto a place called Gethſemane, and ſaith vnto the diſciples, Sit yee here, while I goe and pray yonder.

THE "JUDAS" BIBLE.

THE "PAGAN" BIBLE.

The "Wicked" Bible, published in 1631, was so called from the omission of the important little word "not" in the rendering of the Seventh Commandment; and that the hapless printer should have been fined by Archbishop Laud the sum of £300 is only as it should be, considering the grossness of the blunder. The money, we learn, was expended on "a fount of fair Greek type," which was to render almost impossible such enormities as the above.

Published in London in 1572, the "Pagan" Bible is a real curiosity, containing as it does, at St. John, 1st Epistle, chap. i., a wood-cut of Mount Olympus and the Gods—Leda and Swan; Daphne and Apollo. This extraordinary Bible also contains other scenes from the Metamorphoses. It is perfectly inconceivable how such utterly inappropriate illustrations should have been allowed a place in an edition of the Bible. It is well known, however, that two or three centuries ago the difficulties of reproducing pictures of any kind in books were so great, that one block was made to do duty, not only in several works of wholly diverse kind, but was even used over and over again in the same book.

Perhaps the rarest of all the curious Bibles is the famous "Bugge" Bible, an edition of Matthew's Bible, published in 1551. In this we read, at Psalms xci., 5, "So that thou shalt not nede to be afrayed for anye bugges by nyghte." Coverdale's and Taverner's Bibles have the same word, equivalent to the modern "bogie," whom the children dread. A perfect copy of the "Bugge" Bible recently fetched £60; whilst an admittedly imperfect copy realized £45 at Sotheby's auction rooms.

6 So the woman (seing that the tre was good for meat, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, & a tre to be desired to get knowledge) toke of the frute thereof, and did * eat, and gaue also to her housband with her, and he f did eat.

7 Then the eyes of them bothe were opened, & they g knewe that they were naked, and they sewed figtre leaues together, and made them selues "breeches.

8 ¶ Afterwarde they heard the voyce of

a.ii.

1.tim.2,14.

f Not so muche to please his wife, as moued by ambicion at her persuasion.

g They began to fele their miserie, but they soght not to God for remedie

THE "BREECHES" BIBLE.

v He shall couer the vnder hys winges, that thou mayste be safe vnder his fethers: his faythfullnesse and truethe shal be thy shylde and buckler.

So that thou shalt not nede to be afrayed for anye bugges by nyghte, nor for the arrow that flyeth by day.

B For the pestilence that crepeth in the darckenesse, nor for the sickenesse that destroyeth in the noone daye.

THE "BUGGE" BIBLE.

The well-known "Breeches" Bible next figures in this article. It was one of several editions produced by the Protestant exiles at Geneva, during the last year of Queen Mary's reign. In the "Breeches" Bible, Gen. iii., 7, reads: "And they sewed fig tre leaves together, and made them selves *breeches.*"

15 Also he ſaid, Bring the ‖ vaile that thou haſt vpon thee, and holde it. And when ſhe helde it, he meaſured ſixe meaſures of barley, and laide it on her: and he went into the citie.

16 And when ſhee came to her mother in law, ſhe ſaid, Who art thou, my daughter? and ſhe tolde her all that the man had done to her.

THE GREAT "HE" BIBLE.

Wycliffe, however, had used the word before, but Coverdale had rendered "apurns"—as he spells it.

The Great "He" Bible received its name from the passage next reproduced in facsimile, ". . . . He measured five measures of barley, and laide it on her: and *he* went into the citie," Ruth iii., 15. Of course, it should be "she," since Ruth is meant. This Bible was Barker's folio authorized version, published in 1611. The printer corrected his error in a second edition, which is known as the Great "She" Bible.

A Bible which is now extremely scarce, and which is increasing yearly in value, is the "Treacle" Bible, dated 1575. "There is no more balm at Gilead" (Jeremiah viii.) is a phrase we have all read or heard; but in this Bible it is rendered, "There is no more *treacle* at Galaad." When the horrified ecclesiastical authorities beheld these vagaries of printer and translator, they immediately suppressed the sale of the Bible containing the solecism, and gathered in, so far as was possible, all copies that had actually been circulated. These they carefully destroyed, and hence it is that the comparatively few copies that escaped have become so valuable in the eyes of collectors and curiosity-seekers.

Another ſimilitude put he forth vnto them ſayinge: The kyngedome of heauen is like vnto a man which ſowed good ſeed in his feild. But whyle men ſlept, there came his foo, and ſowed tares amonge the wheate, and went hys waye. And

THE "WOODEN-LEG" BIBLE.

Sorowe is come vpon me/and heuynes vexeth my hert: for lo/ the voyce of the crīege of my people is herde from a farre countre: Is not the Lorde in Syon? Is not the kyng in her? Wherfore then haue they greued me (ſaith the Lorde ſaye) wyth their ymages & foolyſh ſtraunge faſhyons? The harueſt ys gone/ the Sommer hath an ende/ and we are not helped. I am ſore vexed/ becauſe of the hurte of my people: I am heuy and aba ſhed/ for there is no more Tryacle at Galaad/ and there ys no Phyſycyen/ that can heale the hurte of my people.

THE "TREACLE" BIBLE.

We have next reproduced the illustration which gave the "Wooden-Leg" Bible its peculiar name. In this picture we see the Enemy of Man sowing tares among the wheat (according to the parable), but for some inexplicable reason, Satan is represented with a wooden leg! That he should have a tail is, of course, more or less in accordance with tradition.

The Total Eclipse of 1896.

By Sir Robert Ball.

FOR many a long day astronomers had looked forward with special interest to that total eclipse of the sun which was to happen in the autumn of 1896. This was the case, even though from some points of view it was not a particularly favourable phenomenon of the kind. The duration of totality—the only phase, be it observed, which is of much importance for the advancement of science—was, in this case, but a short one. At no spot on the earth could it last longer than two minutes and a half. This is a briefer interval than has not unfrequently been available in some other eclipses. Those moments, so precious to astronomers, have occasionally mounted up to a period more than double as long.

In estimating the value of an eclipse there are, however, other important points which have to be considered besides that of the length of time during which the moon wholly cuts off the direct sunlight. The localities to which a total eclipse best displays its beauties are often very difficult to reach, even if they be not entirely inaccessible. An eclipse can be of but little service to astronomers where the line along which its earthly shadow courses happens to lie across the broad ocean, through the middle of the Sahara, or amid the mighty solitudes of the Antarctic Continent. But if the track of the eclipse crosses accessible regions, an attempt to reach some of them will assuredly be made. The energy of astronomers is such, that they are not unwilling to make even a very long journey in pursuit of the shadow they want. They will go to Spain or to Egypt, to California or to Japan. Such a chance will attract them to the glorious tropics of Ceylon, or to the dreary latitudes of Kerguelen Land. But the great merit of this particular total eclipse lay in the fact that it offered good sites for observation much nearer home. Granting only the necessary weather conditions, it could be seen in Western Europe.

The eclipse track across continent and ocean formed a belt nearly one hundred miles wide. From its origin in the North Sea it entered Norway at Bodö, swept over the mountains and snowfields of the interior, and quitted Scandinavia again at Vadsöe on the eastern coast. There the eclipse shadow was calculated to take to the sea again, and after traversing a waste of Arctic waters, was to arrive at Nova Zembla, cross that dreary country, and speed for thousands of miles to the east. It thus appeared that the possible places of observation at our end of the line of shadow were reduced to three. There was Bodö on this side of Norway, there was Vadsöe on the other side, and there was the western coast of Nova Zembla. As far as the last-mentioned country is concerned, the question was soon settled. Nova Zembla is uninhabited, and the distance of this inhospitable region is so great, that it did not seem suitable for an expedition on a large scale. Sir G. Baden Powell had, however, the enterprise to make a voyage thither in his yacht *Otaria*, accompanied by Mr. E. J. Stone, the Radcliffe observer at Oxford, and Mr. Shackleton. I had also the honour of receiving an invitation to accompany this expedition. My arrangements were, however, already made to go to Vadsöe, in Norway, so that I was compelled to forego this very tempting opportunity of seeing a remote region I should much have liked to visit. It is gratifying to know that Sir G. Baden Powell's zeal in the cause of science was amply rewarded. The astronomers of his party had a splendid view of the great phenomenon, and secured most valuable photographs. As the world knows, Sir G. Baden Powell made his return trip further memorable by his opportune meeting with Nansen as that intrepid explorer was making his return to civilization.

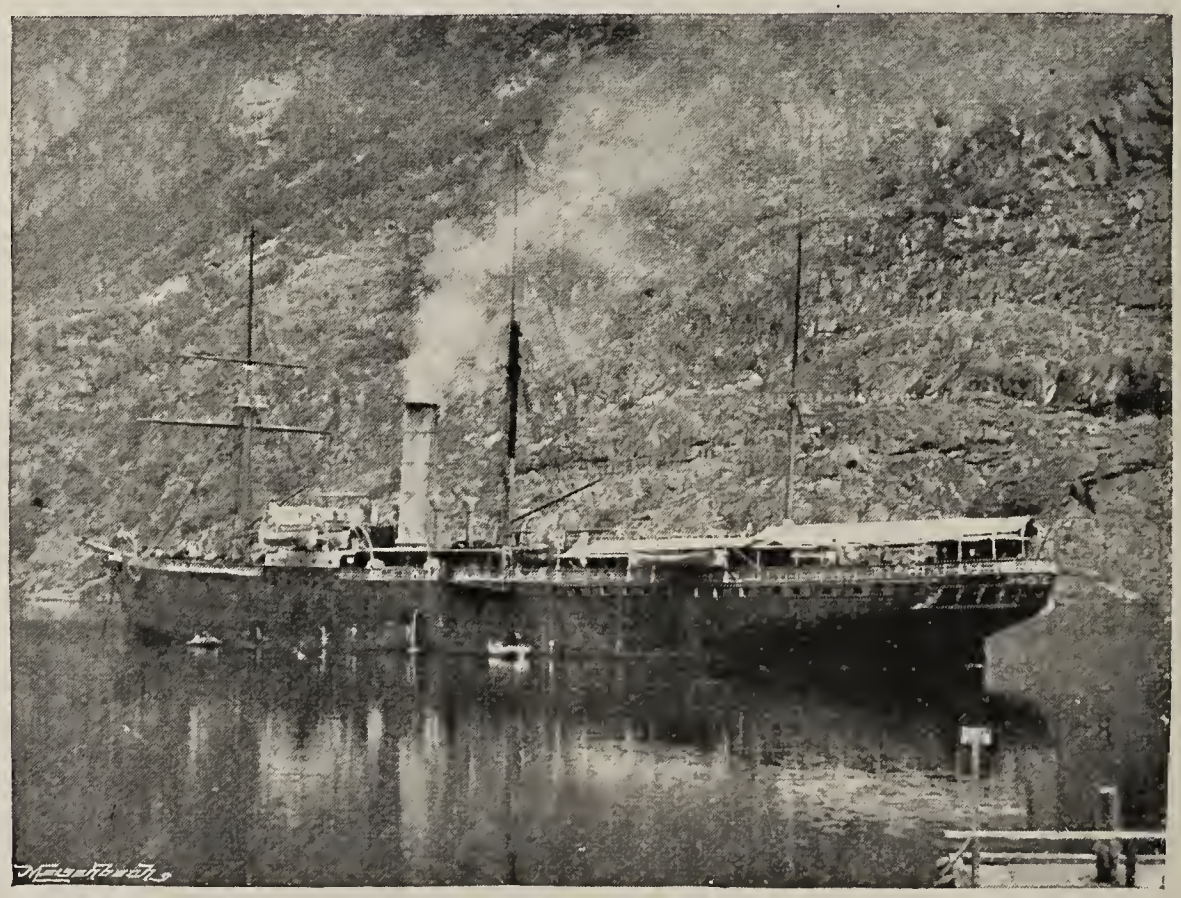
The astronomical conditions of the eclipse were not quite so favourable at either of the two Norway stations as they were at Nova Zembla. At Bodö, the sun had at the time of totality an altitude somewhat less than 8deg., and the totality did not last for more than one minute and thirty-one seconds. At Vadsöe the conditions were certainly better than at Bodö, for the altitude of the sun was about 15deg., and the duration of the darkness was one minute and forty-six seconds. At Nova Zembla, however, the altitude was still higher, namely, 22deg., while the duration

was almost exactly two minutes. It should, perhaps, be explained that the greater the altitude of the sun at the time of an eclipse the better is the prospect for observers. They have then more chance of escaping the clouds and mists which so often hang round the horizon. In this respect Bodö is not so advantageous as the other Norwegian site. Influenced by this consideration, Vadsöe was finally chosen as the station to be occupied by the Government observing party. As the weather actually turned out, our choice was certainly an unfortunate one. Had we only been content with going so far as Bodö, we should have fared well; as it was, we illustrated the unhappiness of going farther and faring worse.

Thus it happened that the Government Eclipse Expedition of August, 1896, decided to take up positions on the east coast of Norway. Of that expedition there were two branches, one under Dr. A. A. Common, President of the Royal Astronomical Society, and the other under Professor Norman Lockyer. It was with Dr. Common's party that I became associated as unofficial member. With the view of having a better chance of clear skies over some at least of the observers' heads, it seemed prudent to sub-divide the expedition; it was, therefore, arranged that the two branches of the Government party should proceed to stations which were separated by a considerable interval. Professor Lockyer took up his position on the south side of the Varanger Fjord, while Dr. Common was on the north, the distance between the two places being about thirteen miles.

A remarkable arrangement was made for the transport of Dr. Common's party to its site of observation. Messrs. Gaze, of tourist renown, made a proposal to convey the astronomers and their instruments to their destination, to keep the ship there for the necessary time, and to bring them back again. Their offer was accepted, and accordingly the enterprising firm, in preparation for this novel tourist trip, chartered the *Norse King*, a steamer of 3,000 tons, belonging to Messrs. Pirrie, of Newcastle. This capacious vessel afforded accommodation for about 160 passengers. Among those who engaged berths were a large number of members of the British Astronomical Association, accompanied by their President, Mr. Maunder, of Greenwich Observatory, and their ex-President, Dr. Downing, Superintendent of the "Nautical Almanac." The astronomers present also included Dr. Isaac Robers, F.R.S., Mr. N. Green, and other well-known observers; several artists were of the party, as well as many photographers. They were glad to avail themselves of the rare opportunity of visiting parts of Norway to which access is very unfrequent—not to mention the splendid phenomenon which was the primary object of the trip, and which all had hopes of witnessing.

With a full ship we left Tilbury on July 25th, and reached Stavanger after a moderately good crossing of that North Sea which often has such terrors for those who dread the waves. We called at one or two other places on our way up the coast to the North. Especially did we visit Bodö, looking with much interest on a town which not only lay within the Arctic circle, but which had been the subject of much discussion as a possible eclipse station. We found the inhabitants of Bodö fully alive to the distinction the heavenly bodies were about to confer on their town, for was it not the place where the mighty shadow was first to touch land, and thence to run its swift and silent course half-way round the earth? The Norwegians looked forward to the great



From a Photo. by] THE "NORSE KING." *[Miss Bacon.*

spectacle with much interest, and had made certain arrangements for its observation.

As the *Norse King* proceeded on her course towards the North Cape, the gradual lengthening of the day and the gradual banishment of the night was an experience of much interest to many of us. The desolate coast-line, broken by mountains of remarkable grandeur, the extraordinary cloud effects, the presence of great ice-sheets, from whence glaciers descended nearly to the sea level; the numerous eider ducks and other birds, with which we were unfamiliar at home, clearly showed how rapidly we were advancing through the Northern latitudes. We stopped a few hours to enjoy a delightful drive in the neighbourhood of Harstad, in the Lofoden Islands, where the verdure and beauty of the scenery were rather suggestive of Devonshire than of the Arctic regions. With this exception we made but little delay, and on we pushed to the North Cape. This we rounded without tarrying to go on shore, saluting as we passed a party who we saw on the summit of the cliff, where it would appear that a restaurant had been provided for the benefit of those who attain the most northerly point of Europe. We were a day or two late for the famous spectacle of the midnight sun. At the time we were in those latitudes the sun set in the sea, only to rise again immediately afterwards. Of course, we enjoyed the delightful novelty of continuous daylight for the whole twenty-four hours; and a precious boon this is to those who are responsible for the navigation of a great ship in these regions, where the course lies often through narrow and tortuous channels. Were it not for the incessant daylight, a great part of our voyage would have had to be taken through the open sea outside the islands. We found it delightful to loiter on the spacious decks by day or by night, hour after hour, in the most delicious weather, while, under skilful guidance, the vessel traversed the ever-winding sounds and fjords, disclosing at each turn some fresh beauty in the scene.

After the North Cape was passed, we took an easterly course, and on the night of Sunday, 2nd of August, at the end of a beautiful voyage, we reached Vadsöe, in the Varanger Fjord. It was midnight when the rattle of the chains, as the anchor was let go at the bow of the *Norse King*, showed that we had reached the station which was to be our abode for a week.

SIR ROBERT BALL ON THE DECK OF THE "NORSE KING."
From a Photo. by Miss Bacon.

Midnight though it was, some energetic members of the British Astronomical Association hailed a boat and rowed to the island, which forms the south boundary of the Vadsöe Harbour. A rapid survey was sufficient to show them that this place offered an excellent station for the numerous party of fifty or more observers who had brought instruments of the most varied kinds for the solution of almost every problem that a total eclipse can offer. It was decided that the transfer of their instruments from the ship to the shore should be commenced in the morning.

The first visitor to the *Norse King* was naturally the Custom House officer, who came on board almost as soon as the screw had ceased to turn. In excellent English he assured us that he was aware of the purpose for which we had come, and that he had received instructions to place no impediment whatever in our way. He at once accepted our assurance that the scores of boxes and cases we were about to

land were not cunningly devised vehicles for flooding Finmarken with contraband goods. He told us we should have no trouble from his department, and he kept his word. Indeed, we may say that from first to last these authorities rendered us every convenience and facility. The Norwegian Customs safeguarded their own interests by keeping an officer of theirs as a passenger on our ship during her sojourn in Norwegian waters. We knew nothing of his presence, except that he was always ready for a little social chat, or to help us with information of other kindly service. We parted from our Customs officer, as we left the Norwegian coast, on the best of terms.

Early on Monday morning, Dr. Common and I called on Governor Prebenson, who resides at Vadsöe, as being the most central position in the extensive territory of Finmarken, over which his rule extends. He at once offered us every facility: he pointed out the moor which ascends northwards from the little town, and gave us liberty to choose on it whatever site we liked. On this, as on subsequent occasions, he and his family showed us gracious hospitality, the recollection of which we shall cherish as among the most pleasant incidents of our trip to the Arctic regions. It was naturally very interesting for us to hear how daily life was conducted under conditions so very different from those which prevail in our latitudes. A summer of continuous daylight we saw and experienced, and so we asked about winter. What, for example, was Christmas Day like at Vadsöe? Our hosts explained that if the weather was good on Christmas Day, it would be possible for one sitting at the window to read a book by daylight for about twenty minutes at noon, but that reading without artificial light would be impossible at any other period of the twenty-four hours. I may remark that, in reply to a similar question at Bodö, the residents had assured us with some pride that in their excellent climate only one day had been experienced within the last five years when artificial light was absolutely necessary at noon. The denizens of foggy London may, in some moments of unusual depression, be induced to envy the climate of Arctic Bodö.

From a] MR. MAUNDER (PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASTRONOMICAL ASSOCIATION) AND MRS. MAUNDER. *[Photograph.*

From a Photo. by] DR. COMMON AT HIS OBSERVATORY. *[Major Macmahon.*

Any attempt at condolence with the inhabitants of these regions on the supposed unhappiness of an Arctic winter would seem quite misplaced. They have joys that we cannot experience. The children as well as their parents have many happy hours on

those marvellous snow-shoes the "ski," the capabilities of which were taught us by Nansen's voyage across Greenland. Each lady and each gentleman has also her or his private reindeer sleigh, and thirty miles is not by any means an unusual day's journey by this delightful mode of locomotion. One of the admitted drawbacks to winter in Arctic Norway is the tediousness of a journey by sea from one part of the country to another. In that season navigation is so much obstructed by the barely intermitted darkness, that a journey of eighteen days is necessary when the Governor of Finmarken travels from his official residence at Vadsöe to the seat of Government at Christiania.

In the course of our walk to survey the wide expanse of country from which the choice of an observing station might be made, Dr. Common and I visited the camp where our old friend, Dr. Copeland, the Royal Astronomer of Scotland, had already taken up his position. There we found that a mighty tube, 40ft. long, was being reared

From a Photo. by] DR. COPELAND'S 40FT. TELESCOPE AT VADSÖE. *[Mr. Allen, Keswick.*

to the heavens. There was no occasion to mount this like the ordinary equatorial telescope, which can be directed round to any part of the sky. It was, of course, only proposed to use it during the 106 seconds while the total eclipse lasted. It was therefore sufficient to point the telescope and fix it permanently, directed towards the exact place which the sun would occupy during those critical seconds. The necessary motion was given to the plate instead of to the tube. With this tremendous instrument Dr. Copeland proposed to take correspondingly great photographs on square plates which were 18in. on each side. In such pictures the eclipsed sun would lie behind the black spot 4in. in diameter, at the centre of the plate which represented the moon. This would give ample room all round for the faint outlying parts of the corona.

It would appear that among the winter diversions of Vadsöe is the sport of tobogganing, and the wooden erection which forms the commencement of the slide is a conspicuous object on the moor. It was immediately to the east of this structure, a little more than a mile distant from the pier, that Dr. Common decided to plant the observatory of the Government eclipse party. A few hours of energetic work sufficed to transport the various boxes of instruments to the camp, and then the work of erection was at once commenced. There were many hands to help, and there was much to be done. The bushes had to be cleared away, the ground had to be fenced in, stones had to be collected for the foundations, and the wooden huts had to be reared. The cases had then to be opened. Great instruments of much delicacy had to be lifted out, put together, and adjusted, and a photographic room had to be prepared. Provision had to be made for protecting the instruments from rain, but the traditional honesty and good behaviour of the Norwegians rendered it a little more than a matter of form to observe any other precautions. Although there was plenty of assistance, yet the whole period of six days was not found a moment too long for bringing to completion all the necessary arrangements. This will be admitted when we learn that, on this occasion, Dr. Common for the first time employed in eclipse work the new and beautiful instrument known as the Coelostat, by which the effect of the apparent movement of the heavens is neutralized in a very ingenious manner.

The party of the British Astronomical

From a Photo. by] THE CAMP OF THE BRITISH ASTRONOMICAL ASSOCIATION AT VADSÖE. *[Mr. London, Woodbridge.*

Association encamped on the island had been equally busy, and a visit to their camp presented a remarkable scene. The numerous observing parties had so organized themselves as to be able to utilize to the utmost the fleeting eclipse moments. The precious 106 seconds were carefully subdivided for the distinct operations by the different observers. An electric wire ran round the several observing stations by which the lapse of the seconds was to be so signalled that each observation should be made at the intended moment. The experience thus obtained will be most useful to the members of the Astronomical Association in their expedition to India to observe the great eclipse next January.

One afternoon I crossed with Dr. Downing and the Bishop of Brechin to the other side of the fjord, in response to a very hospitable invitation given by Captain King Hall, R.N., commanding H.M.S. *Volage*, of the Training Squadron. It was on board this ship that Professor Lockyer was sojourning while his preparations for the great event were being made on an adjacent island. Never before was so singular an organization called into existence for the observation of a celestial phenomenon. The experienced eclipse observer had carefully selected from among the ship's company those who showed sufficient aptitude for the various branches of observation that he desired to carry out. For instance, it is much to be wished that drawings of the corona should be made by those who have the faculty for accurate sketching. In this case it was not proposed to use telescopes or any other optical aid. To excel in this particular feat of draughtsmanship some special gifts would, however, be clearly necessary. An unfamiliar object of some complexity has to be sketched in a period but little longer than a minute and a half. Professor Lockyer selected the men who were to form his drawing staff in the following very effective manner. Having provided those who were to be tested with drawing materials, he showed a picture of the corona on a screen with the help of a limelight lantern. The candidates were then allowed 106 seconds for the sketch. From those who made the best attempt, he formed a drawing corps of about twenty, any one of whom might be relied on to give a fair picture of the corona as it appeared to the unaided eye.

It was only to be expected that the work to be undertaken by Professor Lockyer should contain as a special feature the photographic representation of the solar surroundings, by the prismatic camera with which he had already obtained such beautiful results in previous eclipses. With the help of Dr. W. Lockyer and Mr. Fowler, as expert astronomers, and with the aid of many members of the ship's company, he had arranged that a large number of photographs of varying lengths of exposure should be obtained. One of the "eclipse drills," in which Mr. Fowler exposed fifty plates within a period of 106 seconds, was specially interesting; one marine stood by to hand the frames containing the plates to the observer, while another received them. A bluejacket made

the exposures, acting under the direction of one of the officers, who was charged with the important duty of timekeeper. But this was only one of several different lines of observation. Professor Lockyer's staff was sub-divided into many different parties, and of those serving on H.M.S. *Volage*, more than seventy, including Captain King Hall himself, were told off for particular duties on the eclipse morning.

As the last day of preparation drew to a close all had been got into readiness, and brightly coloured costumes, were wending their way to the moor at the back of Vadsöe, from the many little eminences on which an excellent view of the eclipse might be expected. A number of bluejackets from the British men-of-war had been placed at the disposal of Dr. Common. They were told off to guard the margin of our camp. Around the fence which bounded it the Arctic inhabitants collected in clusters, watching with breathless interest the unusual preparations of the astronomers. But, though

From a] PROFESSOR LOCKYER AND OFFICERS OF THE "VOLAGE." *[Photograph.*

everything depended on what the weather might be like on the early Sunday morning of August 9th, 1896. I do not think anyone had much sleep the previous night. Several other ships were arriving, until the little port of Vadsöe was crowded as it had never been crowded before. There was the *Kong Harald* with a large party, among whom was Professor Rambaut, the Royal Astronomer of Ireland. Other ships bore to the same point many other astronomers, including Professor A. S. Herschel and Mr. A. Berry, of King's College, Cambridge. About 2 a.m. I went ashore with some other members of Dr. Common's party. We found the town of Vadsöe, noted under ordinary circumstances only as an emporium of dried fish and cod-liver oil, was on this occasion in a state of scientific excitement. The population, including the Fins and the Lapps, clad in their quaint and the splendid Coelostat and other elaborate appliances in Dr. Common's camp were all being got ready in accordance with the pre-arranged plan, and though the photographic slides were duly charged with their plates, yet the sky looked so unpromising, that we had but little expectation of success.

I was personally engaged in observing, or more often trying to observe, with a small equatorial telescope. It is a beautiful instrument, which has been presented to the Cambridge Observatory by Professor Adams, my illustrious predecessor in the Lowndean Chair. But on this occasion its excellent qualities were of but little avail, the heavens were so greatly overcast. The introductory phenomenon of first contact could not be seen, the sun was behind a cloud at the moment when the moon made its invasion of the brilliant surface. From where I was

From a Photo. by] DURING THE ECLIPSE. *[Mr. Nicholson, Lewis.*

stationed the sky soon afterwards brightened a little, and the orb of day came forth brilliantly, showing that the phenomenon had commenced and that the moon had by that time effected a distinct encroachment upon the bright margin of the luminary. Nearly an hour had yet to elapse before the supreme moment of totality was reached. Our hopes and fears alternated during this interval. I must say, however, that at no time was the sky good enough to offer to us much expectation of being able to make any really satisfactory observations of the corona. But, still, we did think that we might be fortunate enough to see something of this wonderful object.

These hopes were not to be realized. During the great phase of totality a dense curtain of clouds hid the sun and moon from our view. Of the eclipse in the heavens nothing could be seen. All that could be done was to note its effects upon the earth. Such effects were so grand and so impressive, that those who beheld them felt amply repaid for having travelled all the way to Vadsöe.

Just as the last thin crescent of sun was on the point of disappearing, the great shadow of the moon was observed sweeping down from the distant mountains, plunging the fjord into solemn darkness, and then, as the shadow advanced with the speed of a cannon-ball, we found ourselves overwhelmed with the only night we had experienced during that Arctic summer. An impressive silence brooded over the many spectators during those 106 seconds, at the close of which the restoration of daylight took place with a suddenness almost startling. The total eclipse of 9th August, 1896, was at an end.

From a Photo. by] "ALL WE SAW OF THE ECLIPSE." *[Mr. Lunt, Ealing.*

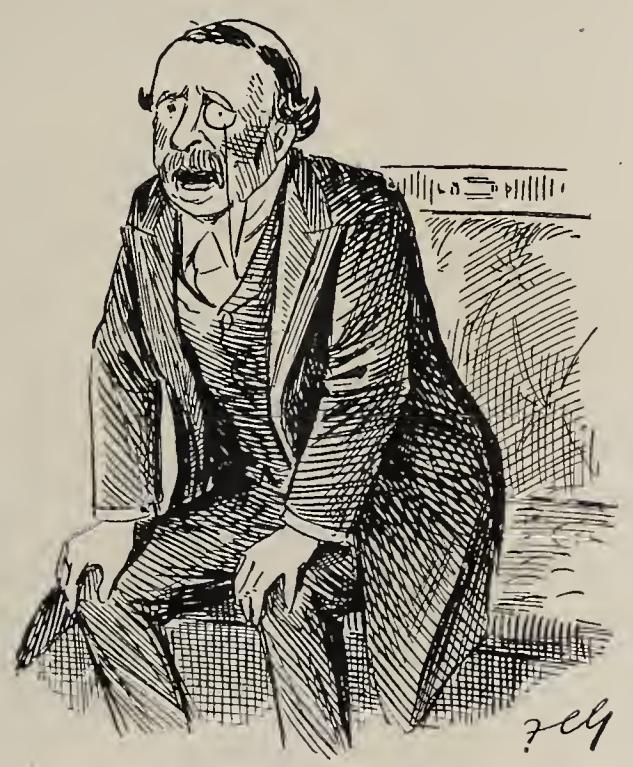
From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXXV.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

MR. GLADSTONE'S LAST YEARS IN THE COMMONS.

THOSE familiar with Mr. Gladstone's position in the House of Commons during the last five years of his long life there, find it difficult to realize a state of things that earlier existed. The period named was pretty equally divided between the Opposition side and the Treasury Bench. In either case, with one memorable exception—when, amid the tumult of the scene that accompanied the closing of Committee on the Home Rule Bill, Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, shortly after knighted, sat on the Front Opposition Bench with hands on his knees bellowing contumely at the veteran statesman—he was treated in both camps with reverent respect. Possibly members felt that the end was not far off, that a career as memorable for its length as for greater achievements must soon close. Perhaps Mr. Gladstone was himself mellowed by advancing years and the deference paid to him. However it be, his appearance at the table, so far from being, as was once the case, the occasion for jeers and angry interruptions, was the signal for the gathering of a great congregation, drinking in with delight the flow of stately eloquence.



"BELLOWING CONTUMELY."

OTHER TIMES, OTHER MANNERS.

Possibly in these sunnier circumstances Mr. Gladstone's mind may have reverted to earlier times when he suffered from quite other manners. There was one night in the springtime of the Session of 1878, when, as Lord Salisbury, speaking in the Lords in January of this year, candidly admitted, Lord Beaconsfield and his Ministry were engaged in "putting their money on the wrong horse." (It was, of course, the money of the British taxpayer. But precision is often fatal to epigram.) The Jingo fever was at its height. Mr. Gladstone was carrying round the Fiery Cross, rousing popular enthusiasm that, in due time, swept the Conservative Government out of Downing Street. In the House of Commons, passion raged with rare turbulence.

On the particular night referred to, Mr. Gladstone was returning to his seat, having voted against the Government on a side issue. Some of the gentlemen of England, perceiving his approach through the glass door of the "Aye" lobby, began to howl. The noise brought others to the spot, and there arose, echoing round the wondering and, at the moment, empty House of Commons, a yell of execration. Mr. Gladstone, startled at the sudden outburst, looked up, and saw a crowd of faces pressed against the glass door, mouths open, eyes gleaming with uncontrollable hate. He walked close up and steadfastly regarded the yelling mob. Then, without a word, he turned and pursued his way into the House.

"HE STEADFASTLY REGARDED THE YELLING MOB."

THE MOB OUT OF DOORS.

This temper displayed in the High Court of Parliament was the reflex of the passion that filled the music-halls and similar places of public resort outside. A few days later a crowd assembled before Mr. Gladstone's private house and, or ever the police could be mustered, had smashed his windows.

Amongst his voluminous correspondence Mr. Gladstone probably preserves a roughly written scrawl inclosing a post-office order for £3 10s., that being the sum at which, according to the newspapers, the damage to his house-front was assessed. The writer said he was a working man; that he, his wife and family were so ashamed at reading how the great statesman's windows had been broken by a mob calling themselves British working men, that they had scraped together money to repair the damage, and inclosed it herewith.

A POINT OF ORDER.

When, after the General Election of 1880, Mr. Gladstone returned to power, master of a mighty majority, the personal animosity displayed towards him in Conservative circles was, if possible, increased. It found many channels during the long course of the Bradlaugh controversy. Overworked, sometimes broken down in health, irritated with the constant dribbling of personal animosity calculated to wear away any stone, Mr. Gladstone, by occasional outbreaks of temper, gave the enemy fresh cause to blaspheme.

There was a well-remembered scene when the Land Bill of 1881 was in Committee. The House had been cleared for a division. The bell clanged through all the corridors. Members who had not been present to listen to the arguments made up for the remissness by crowding in to vote. Suddenly, to the astonishment of everyone, to the consternation of Dr. Playfair—under that style Chairman of Committees at the time—the Prime Minister was discovered standing at the table commencing a speech. In the circumstances of the moment, that is a breach of order upon which it would seem impossible for the newest member to stumble. That the Leader of the House, a Parliamentarian of fifty years' standing, should thus fly in the face of the Standing Orders at first took away the breath of the Opposition. When regained, they used it to indulge in an angry roar, drowning the opening sentences of the Premier's remarks.

Nevertheless, he stood at the table, waiting till the tumult should subside. It is one of the quaint rules of debate in the Commons that when the House has been cleared for a division a member desiring to raise any point of order may speak, but he must needs do it seated with his hat on. Dr. Playfair rising to enforce this rule, Mr. Gladstone's Parliamentary instinct automatically asserted itself and he resumed his seat.

"Put on your hat!" shouted the Premier's friends.

Over Mr. Gladstone's sternly set angry face there flashed for a moment an amused smile. He gently shook his head. He knew, what the House had forgotten, that he never brought his hat on to the Treasury Bench. At this critical moment it was hung on a peg in his room behind the Speaker's Chair. When this difficulty dawned upon his colleagues hats were proffered from various sides. The nearest at hand was that of Sir Farrer Herschell, then Solicitor-General. Mr. Gladstone took it, and tried to put it on. But it was one of his unlucky days. A new and fearsome difficulty presented itself. The hat was not nearly large enough. As the scene grew in tumult and time was precious, the Premier, dexterously balancing the hat on the crown of his head, said what he had to say, and, like the parson whose pulpit habits excited the admiration of the Northern Farmer, "coomed awää."

"DEXTEROUSLY BALANCING THE HAT."

FORGIVING AND FORGETTING.

Perhaps Mr. Gladstone, in the better times that dawned at the close of his Parliamentary life, never thought of these things. He had a great gift of forgetting personal affront, which stood him in good stead in the changing aspects of his political life. In this very Parliament of 1880-5, when Coercion Bills were passed, all-night sittings were as common as Wednesday afternoons, and Irish members were suspended in batches, the Premier was personally the object of that savage vituperation which, after the epoch of Committee Room No. 15, the Irish members turned upon each other.

"A vain old gentleman," Mr. Biggar once

called him across the floor of the House of Commons. That was a mild adjuration compared with some of the personal abuse directed at him. In the Home Rule Parliament, I have several times heard Mr. Gladstone courteously allude to an Irish member still with us as "my hon. friend." He never dropped the phrase, accompanied with friendly look and courteous gesture, but there flashed on my mind the memory of this same member standing below the gangway, shaking his clenched fist at the author of the Irish Land Bill, roaring at him in that vocal form Mr. O'Connell was once permitted to call "beastly bellowing."

"WITH COURTEOUS GESTURE."

Mr. Bright, subjected to the same experience, threw up his long-time advocacy of the Irish Nationalist cause, and became one of its most powerful enemies. Mr. Gladstone never, in any individual case, betrayed the slightest evidence of recollection of what had been. He had not only forgiven, but had apparently overcome the even greater difficulty of forgetting.

THE ETON BUST.

Now that Mr. Gladstone has withdrawn from the scene he so long graced, the last echo of the old personal resentment has died away. This state of things found pretty testimony in the movement which marked the opening of the Session for placing a bust of him in the Upper School at Eton. Etonians of all shades of politics are found both in the Lords and Commons. Lord Rosebery, representing the Peers, Mr. Arthur Balfour, the former Eton boy who leads the Commons, joined hands in carrying into effect the happy thought.

Twenty years ago—fifteen years ago—no member of Parliament with reputation for ordinary sanity would have conceived such an idea. Had he got over that initial difficulty and promulgated his scheme, he would have been promptly hustled on one side. This Session subscriptions poured in, old Eton boys, Liberals, Conservatives, whatever they be, each, all, proud of the boy whose name is entered in the school-books of Eton, in the month of September, 1821.

AN ETON DINNER.

To Mr. Seale-Hayne, another Etonian, first occurred the idea of gathering together a school of old Eton boys to do honour to Mr. Gladstone. Six years ago this very month, on the 22nd of April, 1891, the member for the Ashburton division of Devon entertained old Etonians at his town house in Upper Belgrave Street. It was a notable gathering. With a single exception all the old Eton boys present were members of one or other House of Parliament. The exception was Mr. Frank Burnand, who, as Editor of *Punch*, may be said to represent the universe.

In addition to the guest of the evening, then Leader of the Opposition, full of fire and zeal for the Home Rule Bill, was Lord Kimberley, who has this Session resumed his leadership of the House of Lords, and Lord Coleridge, then Lord Chief Justice, now gone to another place. Of commoners there were Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, Mr. Beaufoy, Mr. Leveson-Gower, Mr. Foljambe, Sir Arthur Hayter, Mr. Charles Parker, Mr. Harry Lawson, Mr. Milnes-Gaskell, and Mr. Bernard Coleridge. All these, members of the House of Commons at that time, have since retired from the Parliamentary scene. Mr. Stuart Rendel has become a peer; Sir Hussey Vivian, after a brief

"SOME OLD ETON BOYS."

sojourn in the House of Lords, died; Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen is now Lord Brabourne. Lord Kensington, also translated to the peers, died the other day. Sir R. Welby, of the Treasury, declining the title Lord Cut-emdown suggested on his being raised to the peerage, sits in the House of Peers as Lord Welby. Lord Monkswell is still happily to the fore.

Of the sixteen members of the House of Commons who then sat round Mr. Seale-Hayne's hospitable board only four retain seats in the present House—Earl Compton, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Mr. Labouchere, and the host himself. Even he has suffered change, having in the meanwhile, as a member of Mr. Gladstone's 1892 Ministry, had the opportunity of learning what is expected from the Paymaster-General.

"A GRAND OLD ETON BOY."

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN.

The gaps on the two front benches of the House of Commons grow wider year by year. Familiar faces seen there through many Parliaments look forth no more. Sometimes, as in the case of Lord Hartington, Lord James of Hereford, Lord Tweedmouth, and a score of other old House of Commons men, it is the House of Lords that draws to itself the life-blood of the Commons, and never shows surprise when it finds how dully it beats in the new veins. Occasionally the impulse to withdrawal from the arena comes from a sense of overpowering weariness after long strife. The scholar reasserts himself over the politician, and the lingering for the library becomes irresistible. Commonest of all, it is Death that with the abhorrëd shears cuts the thin-spun thread.

Happily, in the case of Sir George Trevelyan, his withdrawal from the scene in which he has for thirty years been an attractive and, for the greater part of the time, a prominent figure, is due chiefly to renewed hunger after literary work. In common with his contemporaries, he is not so young as he was. Beyond most of them he has toiled in the public service. He is good for years of work to come, and has earned a right to choose the field in which he shall chant his Angelus. The House of Commons—a large numerical section of which has not always been just, not to say generous, in its bearing towards the brilliant scholar-politician — is now united in its protestation that the loss, irreparable in its way, is all its own. For his own peace of mind and pleasure Sir George Trevelyan has undeniably taken a wise decision in closing his Parliamentary career. The admission is made the more ungrudgingly since the world looks forward to share his pleasure in the results of his fresh literary labours.

A CIVIL LORD WITH A CONSCIENCE.

"SIR HENRY JAMES GOING UP TO THE LORDS."

His score of accomplished work, legislative and administrative, far exceeds the average. There is, nevertheless, a feeling among his friends and admirers that he did not, in his final achievement of Parliamentary position, justify the hopes his start excited. That may be said with fuller freedom since the reasons for it are all to Sir George's credit. The simple truth is he was too highly strung, too sensitive, too chivalrously honest, for the rough and tumble work of the House of Commons. This is the explanation of the occasional apparent indecision which excited the venomous criticism of meaner men.

Early in his Ministerial career, when it seemed he had all the world before him where to choose, he, for conscience sake, took a step that seemed to wreck his voyage. When, in 1868, Mr. Gladstone came in on the wave of a great majority, his

shrewd eye discovered the capacity of the competition Wallah, and he made him Civil Lord of the Admiralty. Two years later, Mr. Forster's Education Bill embodying the principle of payment of State money in support of denominational schools, Mr. Trevelyan resigned. Of course he personally, or in any practical Ministerial relation, had no responsibility in the matter. He might have stuck to his ship in the Admiralty yard and let Mr. Forster adopt the compromise forced upon him by political exigencies. It is quite conceivable that, respecting his views, Mr. Gladstone would not have insisted upon his vote in the pending division.

To Mr. Trevelyan niceties of this kind were naughtinesses. As a student of Parliamentary history, and with a knowledge of men, he must have felt that the most disastrous thing a junior Minister can do is to resign on a question of Cabinet policy. Not only is such a course inconvenient to his leaders; it undesignedly smites them with reproof. It is made to appear that what First Lords and Secretaries of State can stomach is too strong meat for the tender moral constitution of a Civil Lord of the Admiralty. There is nothing a veteran Premier dislikes more than a Junior Lord or an Under-Secretary with a tendency to resign for conscience's sake.

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

Sir George Trevelyan had another more memorable and finally fatal attack of the same disease at the epoch of Home Rule. He never recovered from the tossing about he then experienced. First he wouldn't have Home Rule, and abandoned place and power rather than support his old leader and revered friend. That was a hard thing to do. But, as we have seen, it was not a new thing. Harder still, bitterest pill of political life, Sir George, being convinced, upon reflection and fuller consideration, that Mr. Gladstone was right on the Home Rule question and he wrong, unhesitatingly avowed his error and went back to the fold.

That is in politics the unpardonable sin. A man may be forgiven for crossing over the way, leaving his early friends and ranging himself in the camp of the adversary. But before he goes back again, under whatever pressure of honest conviction, a man would do well to consider the advantages of the alternative course of tying a millstone round his neck and dropping into the sea.

THE TERROR IN DUBLIN.

Sir George Trevelyan's courage has through all his life been equal to his convictions. This quality was shown in another way, when on the morrow of the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish in Phœnix Park he accepted the proffered post of danger. Lord-Lieutenants and their Chief Secretaries who to-day live in Phœnix Park at ease know little of the daily and hourly existence of their predecessors in office fifteen years ago. Something it is true has since been realized upon disclosure of the systematic sneaking after Mr. Forster with murderous intent. Through the term of their office Lord Spencer and Sir George Trevelyan never drove through the streets without an armed escort, whilst protecting policemen followed them like shadows, not only in Dublin but in London.

From the window of his bedroom at the Viceregal Lodge, Lord Spencer, looking across the Park, could see the spot where Lord Frederick Cavendish was done to death. He had, indeed, been an actual witness of the murder on the fateful Saturday, regarding it with mild interest under the impression that it was some boys larking.

A WELCOME HOME.

A gruesome story is told in the Chief Secretary's lodge, pleasantly set amongst the woods, fronted by the gracious beauty of the Wicklow hills. Ten days after the new Chief Secretary had taken up his residence at the lodge, Lady Trevelyan looking round the drawing-room with housewifely care observed something lying under the sofa. Calling a servant to have it removed, it turned out to be the blood-stained, dust-begrimed, knife-pierced coat of poor Frederick Cavendish.

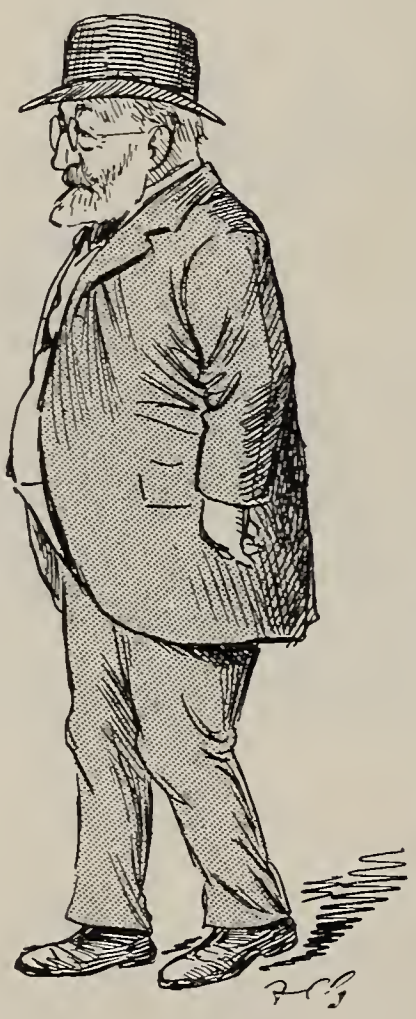
After the murder he was carried home. The coat, taken off and thrust under the sofa, escaped the notice of the diligent Irish housemaids. A ghastly home-coming this for a new tenant!

GREY-HAIRED.

It was bad enough for Sir George to face the physical dangers and insuperable difficulties of his position in Ireland. But his place on the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons was scarcely less worrying. It is a favourite episode with old romancists how a night of terror whitens a man's hair. In May, 1882, when Sir George Trevelyan became Chief Secretary for Ireland, no thread of silver shone in his abundant hair. When, two years and a half later, he had lived through the time of terror, he was a grey-haired man.

He never complained of the storm and stress, but inevitably it must have told upon his strength.

It is worry that saps the strength. Sir George Trevelyan, who, though a little tired, came out of the stand-up fight in Ireland with a brave heart and unshaken resolution, never got over the snapping of old ties, the breaking up of ancient friendships, that, as it happened, befell him alternately in two political camps.



MR. JOSEPH ARCH.

MR. ARCH, M.P.

As every student of Parliamentary history knows, it is primarily and largely due to Sir George Trevelyan's far-sighted pluck that the agricultural labourer and the small county householder to-day have their Parliamentary vote. His introduction of the Household Franchise (Counties) Bill in the early days of the Parliament of 1874 was notable for two things beyond the favourable impression made upon the House by the young member's brilliant speech. Mr. Burt, who has since won his way to the closest esteem of the most critical assembly in the world, took occasion to deliver his maiden speech.

The other event shows how far we have travelled on the Liberal highway during the last quarter of a century. Mr. Forster, supporting the Bill, referred to Mr. Arch, then in the forefront of his crusade, as "that eminent man." The Squirearchy filled the House with roars of derisive laughter. That was nothing to the storm of angry indignation that burst forth when burly Mr. Forster went on to express a wish, "in the interests alike of Parliament and the country, that Mr. Arch had a seat in this House." If he had suggested Beelzebub as member for Birmingham, the outcry could not have been greater.

To-day, Mr. Arch represents a division of his county, to which he has been thrice elected in as many Parliaments. He has been, at Sandringham, the honoured guest of his colleague, on a Royal Commission, the Prince of Wales. Since the present Session opened, good Conservatives have freely joined in a subscription set on foot to soothe the arch-agitator's closing years with the anodyne of an annuity.

"IN PRISON OFTEN."

The altered status of the Irish member in these degenerate days is shown in the marked reduction of the proportion who have been in prison. Ten years ago an Irish member rarely addressed the House of Commons without incidentally referring to a time "when I was in gaol." As sure as this remark was dropped by one member, other of his colleagues seized the opportunity of reminding their constituents, and readers of the Nationalist newspapers, how they, too, had won this mark of distinction, a sort of Victoria Cross in Irish political warfare in Coercion days.

Mr. W. O'Brien earned and long enjoyed exceptional distinction in connection with his historic trousers. So uniform was the level of merit in this regard among his compatriots that it was necessary for a man emulous of exceptional fame to do something quite out of the way in a familiarly trodden pathway to glory.

MR. DAVITT.

Amongst Irish members sitting in the Parliament of to-day Mr. Davitt holds the second place in the roll of prison-martyrs. Mr. Dillon and his contemporaries in prison life had quite amateurish experience compared with the rigour of penal servitude through which Mr. Davitt passed in the solitude of his cell, brooding over and hatching the Land League scheme. Proud of his servitude, Mr. Davitt is not at all unready to discourse upon it. Early this Session, in debate on Sir Matthew White Ridley's release of the dynamitards, he told again how he was made a beast of burden; how, with a rope slung over his armless shoulder, he dragged about the stony causeways of Dartmoor a truck containing soil or rubbish.

Surely one of the most notable scenes the House of Commons presents—an ex-convict telling, without bitterness, of the indignities he suffered for what he held to be his

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT.

country's good, and a crowded House listening attentive, not quite free from sense of shame.

"BRITHER TO THE CORP."

In the matters of having stood in the dock on charge of conspiracy against the Crown, and having sat in a prison cell awaiting further developments, the senior member for Cork City takes the cake. It is James Francis Xavier O'Brien's distinction, unique among living citizens of this Empire, that, having been convicted of *crimen læsæ majestatis*, he was, in accordance with the statute of the good old days of Edward III., ordered to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. I never heard Mr. O'Brien, one of the most modest as he is, perhaps the mildest-mannered man in the House, allude to this incident in his early life. But it is rather a favourite topic with his colleagues, who, in some subtle sense, feel reflected upon them the glory that surrounds their colleague.

There is a well-authenticated story of a funeral in Glasgow, attended by a person, unknown to the undertaker, who assumed certain airs of importance that appeared beyond his anonymous condition. The undertaker, having long mutely suffered his apparent obtrusiveness, stopped him as he was about to enter the first mourning carriage, and asked him who he was.

"Man," he said, indignation flashing in his eyes, "I'm brither to the corp."

In respect of the many-initialled member for Cork City, the other Irish members are, politically, brothers to what almost became a corp, and are inclined to assert themselves accordingly.

As for Mr. O'Brien, he is in personal appearance the very last man a casual observer would associate with a tragic episode. It is true that a curiously long neck and a trick of bending his head forward might, to the morbidly imaginative mind, suggest reminiscences of preparing for meeting his doom. But that is an idle fancy. Mr. J. F. X. O'Brien is one of the most respected members of the Irish Party, with a rare gift of silence. It is a charming trait in his character that, on being released from the penal servitude to which his capital sentence was commuted, he, instead of going about the country posing as a martyr, set up in business in Dublin in the wine and tea trade.

THE FOUR QUARTERS OF MR. J. F. X. O'BRIEN.

THE TEN LITTLE FAIRIES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGES MITCHELL.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

VAINLY I try to recall from my recollections of yesterday, still vividly remembered, and from those of the long passed, grown tenderly dim in the mists of intervening time, from whom I learned the powerfully moral story I am here going to repeat to children great and small, to men and their companions : I cannot determine from whom it was I learned it.

Did I first read it in some old book laden with the dust of ages ? Was it told to me by my mother, by my nurse, one evening when I would not go to sleep—or one night when, sleeping soundly, a fairy came and sang it to me in my slumber ? I cannot tell. I cannot remember. I have forgotten all the details, of which there only remains with me the subtle perfume—too fine and evanescent for me to seize it in its passage through my mind. But I retain—perfectly retain—the moral, which is the daughter of all things healthy and strong.

The things which I am going to recount happened in a charming country — one of those bright lands which we see only in delightful dreams, where the men are all good and the women all as amiable as they are beautiful.

In that happy country there lived a great nobleman who, left a widower early in life, had an only daughter whom he loved more than anything in the whole world.

Rosebelle was seventeen years old—a pure marvel of grace and beauty ; gay as a joyous heart, good as a happy one. For ten leagues round she was known to be the most beautiful and best. She was simple and gentle, and her exquisite ingenuousness caused her everywhere—in the mansion and the cottage—to be beloved.

Her father, fearful lest the least of the distresses of our poor existence should overtake her, watched over her with jealous care, so that no harm should come to her ; while

she passed her days in calmly thinking of the time before her, sure that it would not be other than delightful.

When she was eighteen, her father consented to her being betrothed to the son of a Prince—to Greatheart, a handsome youth, who had been carefully reared, and detested the false excitements and factitious pleasures of cities, loving enthusiastically the fresh charms of Nature—of the common mother who claims us all, the Earth.

Rosebelle loved her *fiancé*—married and adored him.

With him she went to live in the admirable calm of the country—in the midst of great trees that gave back the plaint of winds, by a river with its ever-flowing song, winding under willowy banks, and overshadowed by tall poplars.

She lived in a very old, old castle, where the sires of her husband had been born—a great castle reached by roads hewn out of the solid rock ; a great castle with immense, cold halls ; where echo answered echo mysteriously ; where the night-owl drearily replied to the early thrush's song to the rising sun, and the other awakened birds singing and chirping on the borders of the deep woods, where the sun enters timidly--almost with the hesitation of a trespasser.

When the time for parting came, her father had said to her, through his tears :—

"You are going from me—your happiness claims that I should let you go : go, therefore, but take all care of yourself for love of me, who have only you in the world to love."

To his son-in-law he said :—

"Watch over her—I intrust her to you. Surround her with a thousand safeguards ; screen her from the least chance of harm or pain. Remember that even in stooping to pluck a flower she may fall and wound herself—that in gathering a fruit she may tear her hand. See that all is done for her that can be done—keep her for me ever beautiful."

Absorbed in her love for her husband, Rosebelle realized the sweet dreams of her young girlhood. Then she dreamed—languorously—Heaven knows what ! The delightful future which she had seen in the visions of the past was still present with her, however.

Her husband, tender and good, wished that she should do nothing but live and love. He had surrounded her with numerous servants, all ready to obey the least of her desires, the slightest of her fancies, to comprehend the most trivial of her wants. She had nothing to do but to let time glide slowly by her.

At length she wearied—languished mysteriously.

Her father, to whom she communicated this strange experience, was astounded. He reminded her of all the sources of happiness which ought to have existed in her case. He took her in his arms and said all he could think of in laudation of the husband who so greatly loved her ; gave her innumerable reasons why her happiness ought to have been unparalleled ; offered money—more money—wishful to give all the felicities in the world.

She wished for nothing of all that ; it only tired, enervated her.

He besought her to be happy ; she replied :—

"I wish I could be so, for your sake and for that of my husband, whom I love so dearly."

And she struggled against the strange evil which so weighed upon her, against the deadly *ennui* that was sapping her young life. But the mysterious ill which tormented her soul grew and grew until it became overwhelming.

Greatheart speedily detected her distress, and sought to discover its cause, but ineffectually ; and from alarm he passed into despair.

Now, when he returned from the plain, the fields, or the camp, when he embraced her he pressed against his bosom a bosom cold and filled with sadness and tears—a bosom so cold that it might have been thought to contain a block of ice in place of a heart—and he redoubled his tenderness towards her. Seeing how much he was suffering on her account, she vowed for him a boundless love.

Courageous, energetic even, she tried to shake off the languor which possessed her—endeavouring to intoxicate her soul and drown her self-consciousness in the love of her adored husband ; but all her efforts were made in vain ; she became more and more oppressed with weariness, and the crowd of servants about her, all eager to realize her wishes, were utterly unable to mitigate her condition by anything they could do.

At last, she fell into a state of the deepest melancholy. The rose-tints faded from her cheeks, her beauty paled like that of a languishing flower ; the light in her eyes grew each day more dim. She was very ill.

The most learned doctors in the healing art were called to her—brought, regardless of cost, from the most distant countries—only

to confess their complete inability; excusing themselves by affirming that there was no remedy for an indefinable ailment — an ailment impalpable, incomprehensible.

Then, one day, an old, white-haired shepherd, with a long, snowy beard, who had learned to understand men from having always lived alone with his sheep and thinking, thinking, while he led them to their pasture—an old philosopher—came to Greatheart, of whom he was one of the vassals, and said to him:—

"I know where there lives, close by here, an old grand-dame, with one foot in the grave, she is so old. People call her a sorceress; but never mind that; she, and she alone, can cure our lady, our mistress, whom you love so well."

Knowing not what to do in his suffering, Greatheart believed what the old shepherd told him.

He took Rosebelle far away from the castle along the bank of the river, to a spot where the path ran between high rocks, leading to a deep and profoundly dark cavity, within which they found the old, old woman of whom the shepherd had spoken, crouching by the side of a scanty fire of pine-branches, warming herself in their fitful light, in the midst of owls and ravens, cats and rats with phosphorescent eyes, showing green in the obscurity when lit by the intermittent sparkle of the crackling branches on the hearth.

"Ho, there! sorceress!" cried the young Prince. "Cure my wife, and I will give you the half of all I possess!"

"SHE VOWED FOR HIM A BOUNDLESS LOVE."

The very old woman looked for a long time at Rosebelle out of her little, bright eyes, meeting those of the young Princess, and holding her, as if by a spell. For awhile longer she remained silent, as if in contemplation; then, suddenly, she rose to her feet, raised her long arms towards the herbs suspended from the rocky roof of her dwelling-place, spread out her fleshless fingers and cried:—

"I see! I see! I understand it all! Yes, my lord, I will cure your wife—your adored one; and presently in your arms, on your heart, shall sleep a heart beating with great joy for love of you!"

As they both sprang nearer to her, the better to hear her wonderful words, the old woman retreated, saying:—

"Yes, I will cure her; but, to aid me in the task, I need the assistance of ten little fairies—ten friends who have ever been dear to me, ever faithful to me, and who, by an unfortunate chance, have not visited me to-day. To-morrow I shall be sure to have them with me, my tiny comrades; so come back to me to-morrow, my dear, when I will detain them until you arrive, and will take measures for enabling them to cure you."

The sun, next day, had hardly risen, hardly caressed the earth with its earliest beam, when Rosebelle re-entered the old sorceress's murky dwelling-place.

Over the still crackling fire of pine-branches she extended her white hands by direction of the old woman, who raised her arms and

"THE SORCERESS."

uttered some curious words, accompanied by some strange gestures.

Then, from a small cavity in the rocky wall she appeared to draw forth an invisible something, which she carefully conveyed to the shelter of her bare bosom. And when she had repeated these actions ten times, she cried :—

"I have them !—I have them all !—all warm in my bosom—my faithful little fairies ! Oh !—do not attempt to see them, or they will at once fly away. They desire to serve you—to cure you. Here they are !"

And laughing, dancing, and singing, the old, old woman tapped with the crooked thumb of her right hand the young Princess's ten extended fingers, while the quaint song she sang was gaily given back by the echo of the rocky vault above her. This was the song she sang, holding the Princess's delicate fingers caressingly in her left hand :—

Ten good little fairies hie,
To these ten good fingers nigh :
Each of you reside in one
Until your kindly task is done,
Until by certain signs you're sure
That you have made a perfect cure.
Potent fairies, from this hour
Exercise your utmost pow'r ;
Drive away the evil spell
Cast on one who'll love you well !

Then, still laughing heartily, she pressed Rosebelle's fingers tightly, and went on :—

"They are all here, the wonderful little doctors ! Guard them preciously ; do not weary them ; keep them by you, and, to do all that, never give them a moment's rest so long as the sun shines in the sky. Keep on moving them—actively, rapidly—so long as you are awake. Now go, and come back to me when you are quite cured, returning me my trusty little fairies."

With her hands filled with this precious load, Rosebelle hurried home, and told Greatheart of her dear hope of a renewal of life.

Of an evening, thenceforth for a long time, she would even refrain from eating, so as to leave herself more time to exercise her unresting fingers, in which the ten little fairies were tenderly housed. As soon as the sun had sunk beneath the earth she went to sleep, and as soon as daylight returned, she at once rose and began once again to move her fairy-laden fingers.

During many, many days, she continued to move her fingers in every way she could devise ; but at length, growing tired of this useless play, she went back to her old friend the sorceress.

"Nobody ever taught you to use your fingers usefully ?" replied the old woman. "Go on moving them, still moving them, but in some employment that interests you. Don't let my fairies go to sleep—that is all they desire in their imprisonment."

On returning home, Rosebelle drew her

long-neglected harp from its case and played on it. Then, to occupy her fingers more usefully, she had needles brought to her and employed them in dainty sewing.

But, growing weary of the dull monotony of these labours, she sought more varied employment for her fingers—gathered flowers in the garden and arranged them in charming bouquets; plucked fruit from the trees in the orchard; attended to the sick and ailing; consoled the poor—exercising her fingers constantly by slipping gold pieces into their grateful hands.

One by one, she sent away her crowd of obsequious servants, who had now nothing left for them to do but to go to sleep at their posts.

She would not allow anybody to do anything for her which she could do for herself, but threw her whole soul and being into the things God intended to be done by them.

Every day, and all the while the sun shone in the sky, she found active employment for her beautiful fingers. And the roses came back to her cheeks and health to all her being, and songs and laughter to her lips—and she could, once again, give to her beloved one a heart filled with ineffable tenderness.

Perfectly cured, she went to the sorceress and gave her back her wonderful little fairy doctors.

"Ah, my child!" said the old dame, "they are very proud of having saved you. Give them to me, for I have every day great need of them—can never have too much of them. Indeed, if I had enough of them to serve all the idlers in the world, I should want as many as there are stars in the heavens at night. But I will keep those I have for the service of those who are pining from *ennui*—and there are enough of *them*, goodness knows!"

Curiosities.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

GLASS FINGER-RINGS FROM WEST AFRICA.

This is a little collection of finger-rings made by the natives of West Africa from old European glass bottles of various colours. Empty bottles, thrown away by travellers, are eagerly picked up by these savages, who treasure them as great prizes, and ingeniously chip and file portions of them into various ornaments. These rings are from Nupé, and were probably made in the town of Bida, so lately occupied by the Niger Company's punitive force. There are fifty-eight on the string, the colours being blue, red, yellow, green, and white, with pointed bezels.

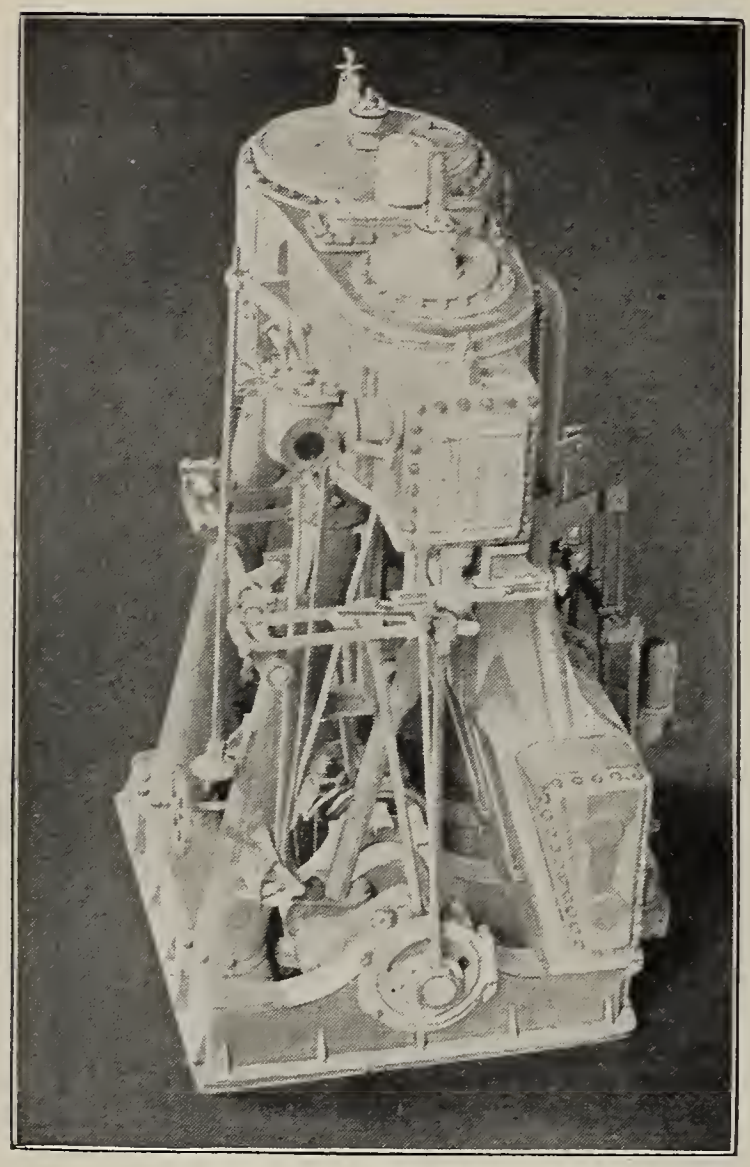
CUP GIVEN TO THE PEASANTRY ON THE CZAR'S CORONATION.

Everyone will remember the awful disaster that took place on the Khodinsky Plains, near Moscow, during the festivities incident upon the coronation of the Czar. Besides the cup or mug, some sweetmeat and sausage were also distributed. It was whilst pressing forward to obtain these souvenirs that thousands of the poor people were crushed to death. The cup bears the Imperial Crown and initials. This specimen belongs to Mr. J. Edge Partington.

From a Photo. by T. Milnthorp, Market Place, Romsey.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S AMBULANCE CARRIAGE.

This most interesting relic of the deplorable, but yet glorious, days of the Crimean War has remained for more than forty years at Miss Nightingale's old home at Embley, near Romsey, in Hampshire. It will probably find a resting-place at Netley Hospital. It is 5ft. long and 2ft. wide, built of osier or wicker on a wooden springless frame. It is thought that the ambulance must have belonged to the Russians before it came to aid Miss Nightingale in her heroic work among the suffering soldiery. The photo. was sent in by Mr. E. Sillence, of Church Street, Romsey.



A MARVELLOUS WOODEN MODEL.

Made in his spare time by a young engineer, Mr. Chas. H. Price, of "Ferncliffe," Kenilworth Road, Southsea, on board a big liner running to Australia. The model is a miniature representation of the compound engines of a steamship, and is unique in its way, being made entirely of wood (chiefly old deal boxes), cut out and put together with no other tools than a small penknife and a bradawl. The model is only nine or ten inches high. A handle at the end of the crank-shaft sets the engine in motion, the pistons rising and falling with the steady beat familiar to ocean voyagers.

EXTRAORDINARY FREAK OF NATURE.

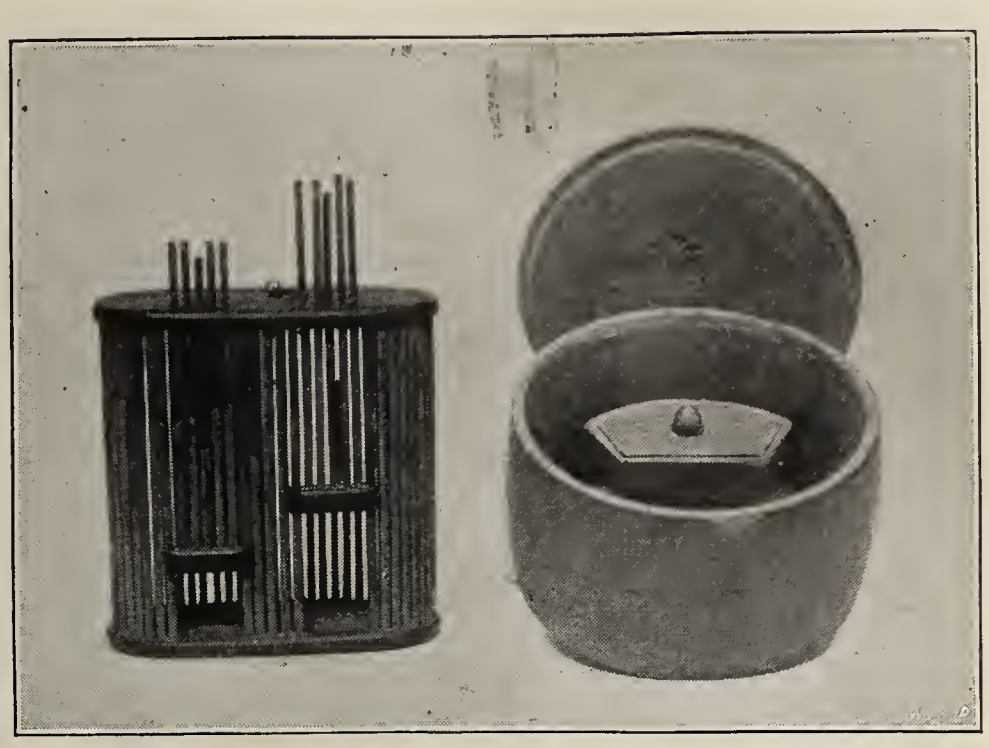
This is an exact reproduction from a photo. of a plank of poplar cut in the mountains of Western Virginia, up the great Sandy River. Absolutely untouched copies of the photo. were issued by Messrs.

Streit and Schmit, upholsterers, of Cincinnati, in whose factory the board was originally found in October, 1894. The representation of a human face in the markings of the wood is really most wonderful.

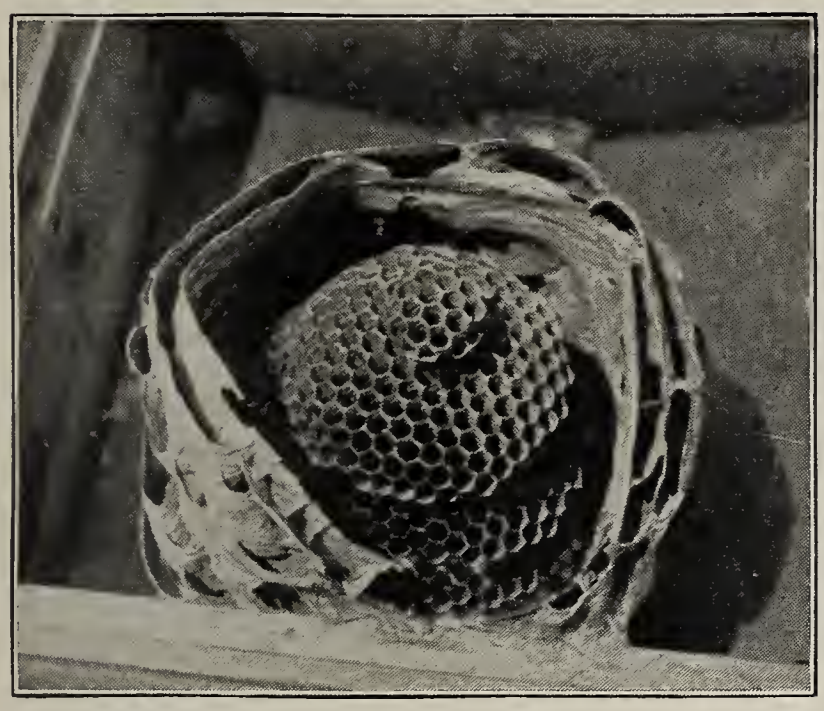
A RAILWAY ENGINE THAT BURST IN THE STREET.

This extraordinary accident occurred on the Lima and Chorillos Railway, Peru, in April, 1896. The engine left Chorillos with seven or eight well-filled cars, arriving at Baranco station ten minutes later. Here a crowd of passengers were waiting. On starting again, the boiler exploded with a terrific report, pieces of the wreckage being hurled half a mile away; the shock was felt three miles off. Only two or three people were hurt, but walls and windows suffered. There was not enough water in the boiler.

CAGE AND ARENA OF FIGHTING CRICKETS.



The Chinese are great gamblers and sportsmen; cricket-fighting is among the sports. The insects are caught on the hills by night, and placed singly in earthenware pots, with a little mould and water. Those that chirp the loudest are considered the gamest fighters, and these, after a few victories, fetch big prices. Whilst "training" the crickets are fed on honey and boiled chestnuts and rice. The insects are matched according to size, weight, and colour. The stakes on the result of the battle are sometimes very large. The vanquished insect is buried in a silver coffin for luck. Besides the stakes, the conqueror's owner gets presents—silk, roast pig, and the like. Fatee, near Canton, is a great place for these contests.



A HORNETS' NEST.

Here are two photos. of a hornets' nest taken by Mr. F. D. Jones, of Ashwell, Herts, and sent in by Mr. C. H. Bates, M.A., of the same place. The photos. show the interior and exterior respectively. In May, 1896, Mr. J. Thorne, of Ashwell, noticed a queen hornet near his beehives. He searched and found—a hornets' nest, beneath the case of the hive. At the time it was only as big as a watch, and in ten days out came three hornets. Thereafter the nest and the population (of hornets) increased together until the former became a barracks of a commodious and artistically beautiful kind. Indeed, this nest has been pronounced by an expert to be the finest in the country. *Crede experto!* May our practical knowledge of hornets' nests remain small! These nests consist of horizontal layers of woody fibre, held together by a central vertical support; the under side of each layer being composed of cells in which eggs and nourishment are deposited.

CURIOUS APPARATUS FOR CLOSING A GATE.

We are indebted for the use of this photo. to Dr. Hugh Robert Mill, the courteous and learned librarian of the Royal Geographical Society. The photo. was taken in Tromsö by the observant doctor during a holiday trip in Norway. It shows a curiously elaborate yet cumbersome device used for keeping a farmer's gate shut. When the gate is opened the horizontal pole acts as a spring, for a reason that one glance at the photo. will render obvious.

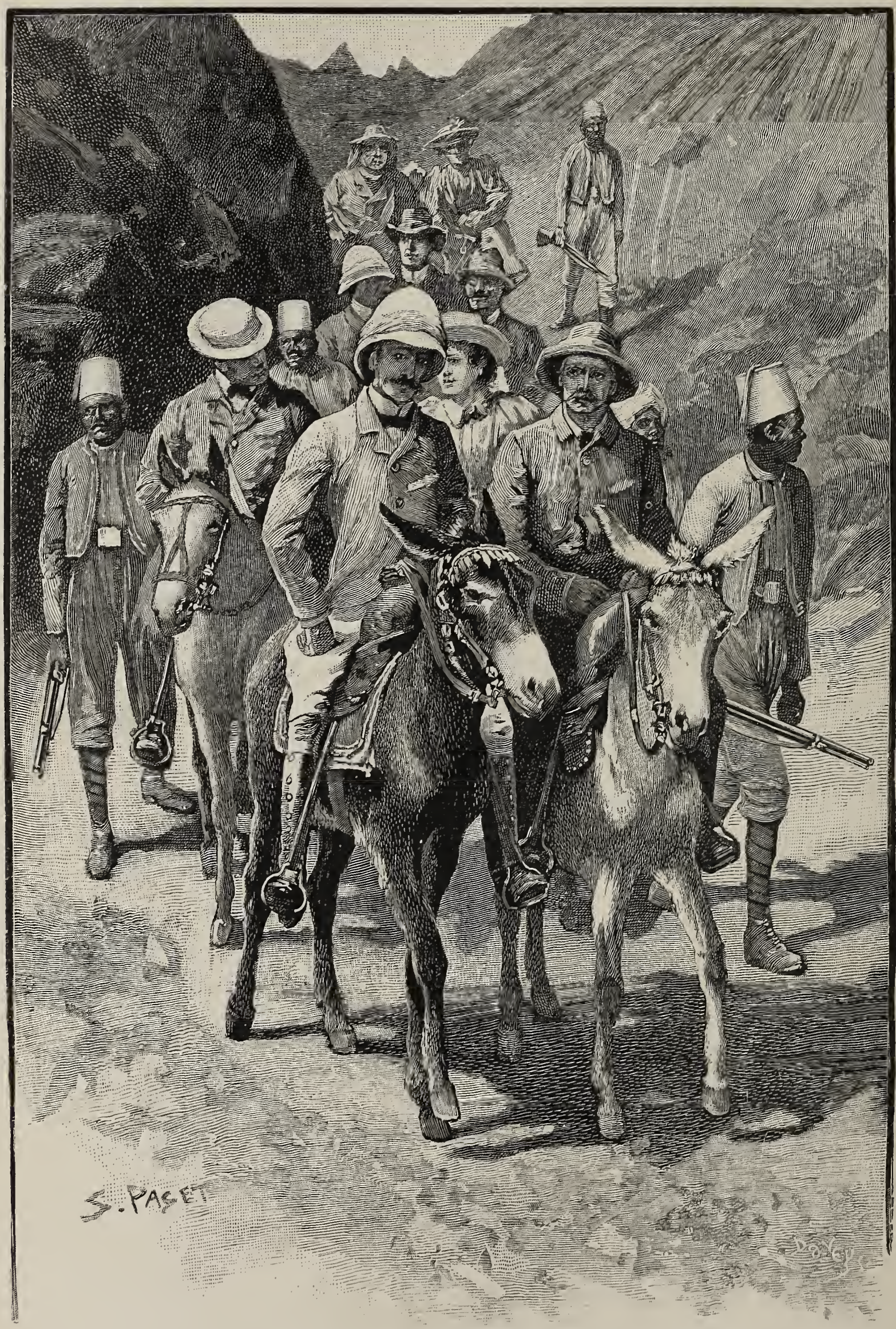
This postal card is intended (by the writer) to be mailed around the Globe in 100 days that is to say in such order as mentioned at foot All the parties to whom it has been addressed will greatly oblige by cancelling the old address and putting the next one in place of it, at the same time stating date of arrival in the blank left for this purpose Any postages will be willingly repaid and any of the parties desiring will receive a full copy after return of this card It is herewith submitted to the courtesy of those through whose hands it passes. May it travel safely & soon return.

Fred Spalding Jun.r Tindal Square Chelmsford Essex England July 28th 1884

		RECVD
2	Manager. Chartered Mercantile Bank. Batavia Java	6. 9. 84
3	Manager. Hongkong & Shanghai Banking Co. Yokohama Japan	25. 9. 84
4	Manager Bank California San Francisco	13. 10. 84
5	Manager Bank Montreal Ottawa Canada	21. 10. 84
6	Fred Spalding Jun. Chelmsford. Essex England	2. 11. 84

A POST-CARD THAT WENT ROUND THE WORLD.

Both sides of the post-card are here reproduced. One cannot but admire the ingenious system by which Mr. Fred Spalding, jun., insured the success of his interesting experiment. The whole system is set forth in the directions on the back of the card, and the post-marks are an interesting study.



"A SILENCE FELL UPON THE LITTLE COMPANY."

(*See page* 495.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xiii. MAY, 1897. No. 77.

The Tragedy of the Korosko.

By A. Conan Doyle.

CHAPTER I.

THE public may wonder why they have never heard in the Press of the fate of the passengers of the *Korosko*. Suffice it that there were very valid reasons, both personal and political, for holding it back. The facts were well enough known to a good number of people at the time, and some version of them appeared, but was generally discredited. They have now been thrown into narrative form, the incidents having been collated from the sworn statements of Colonel Cochrane Cochrane, of the Army and Navy Club, and from Miss Adams, of Boston, Mass. These have been supplemented by the evidence of Captain Archer, of the Egyptian Camel Corps, as given before the secret Government inquiry at Cairo. Mr. James Stephens has refused to put his version of the matter into writing, but as these proofs have been submitted to him, and no correction has been made, it may be supposed that he has not succeeded in detecting any grave misstatement of fact.

The *Korosko*, a turtle-bottomed, round-bowed stern-wheeler, with a 30in. draught, started upon the 13th of February from Shellal, at the head of the first cataract, bound for Wady Halfa. I have a passenger card for the trip, which I here reproduce.

"S.W. Korosko," February 13th.

PASSENGERS.

Colonel Cochrane Cochrane.....	London.
Mr. Cecil Brown	London.
John H. Headingly	Boston, U.S.A.
Miss Adams	Boston, U.S.A.
Miss S. Adams	Worcester, Mass., U.S.A.
Mons. Fardet	Paris.
Mr. and Mrs. Belmont.....	Dublin.
James Stephens.....	Manchester.
Rev. John Stuart	Birmingham.
Mrs. Shlesinger, nurse and child...	Florence.

This was the party as it started from Shellal with the intention of travelling through the two hundred miles of Nubian Nile which lie between the first and the second cataract.

It is a singular country, this Nubia. Varying in breadth from a few miles to a few yards, it extends in a thin, green, palm-fringed strip upon either side of the broad, coffee-coloured river. Beyond it there stretches on the Libyan bank a savage and illimitable desert, extending to the whole breadth of Africa. On the other side an equally desolate wilderness is bounded only by the distant Red Sea. Between these two huge and barren expanses Nubia writhes like a green sand-worm along the course of the river. Here and there it disappears altogether, and the Nile runs between black and sun-cracked hills, with the orange drift-sand lying like glaciers in their valleys. Everywhere one sees traces of vanished races and submerged civilizations. Grotesque graves dot the hills or stand up against the sky-line: pyramidal graves, tumulus graves, rock graves—everywhere graves. And, occasionally, as the boat rounds a rocky point, one sees a deserted city up above—houses, walls, battlements—with the sun shining through the empty window squares. Sometimes you learn that it has been Roman, sometimes Egyptian, sometimes all record of its name or origin has been absolutely lost. There they stand, these grim and silent cities, and up on the hills you can see the graves of their people, like the port-holes of a man-of-war. It is through this weird, dead country that the tourists smoke and gossip and flirt as they pass up to the Egyptian frontier.

The *Korosko* with her passengers formed a merry party, for most of them had travelled up together from Cairo to Assouan, and even Anglo-Saxon ice thaws rapidly upon the Nile. They were fortunate in being without the single disagreeable person who in these small boats is sufficient to mar the enjoyment of the whole party. On a vessel which is little more than a large steam launch, the bore, the cynic, or the grumbler holds the company at his mercy. But the *Korosko* was free from anything of the kind. Colonel Cochrane Cochrane was one of those officers whom the British Government, acting upon a large system of averages, declares at a certain age to be incapable of further service, and who

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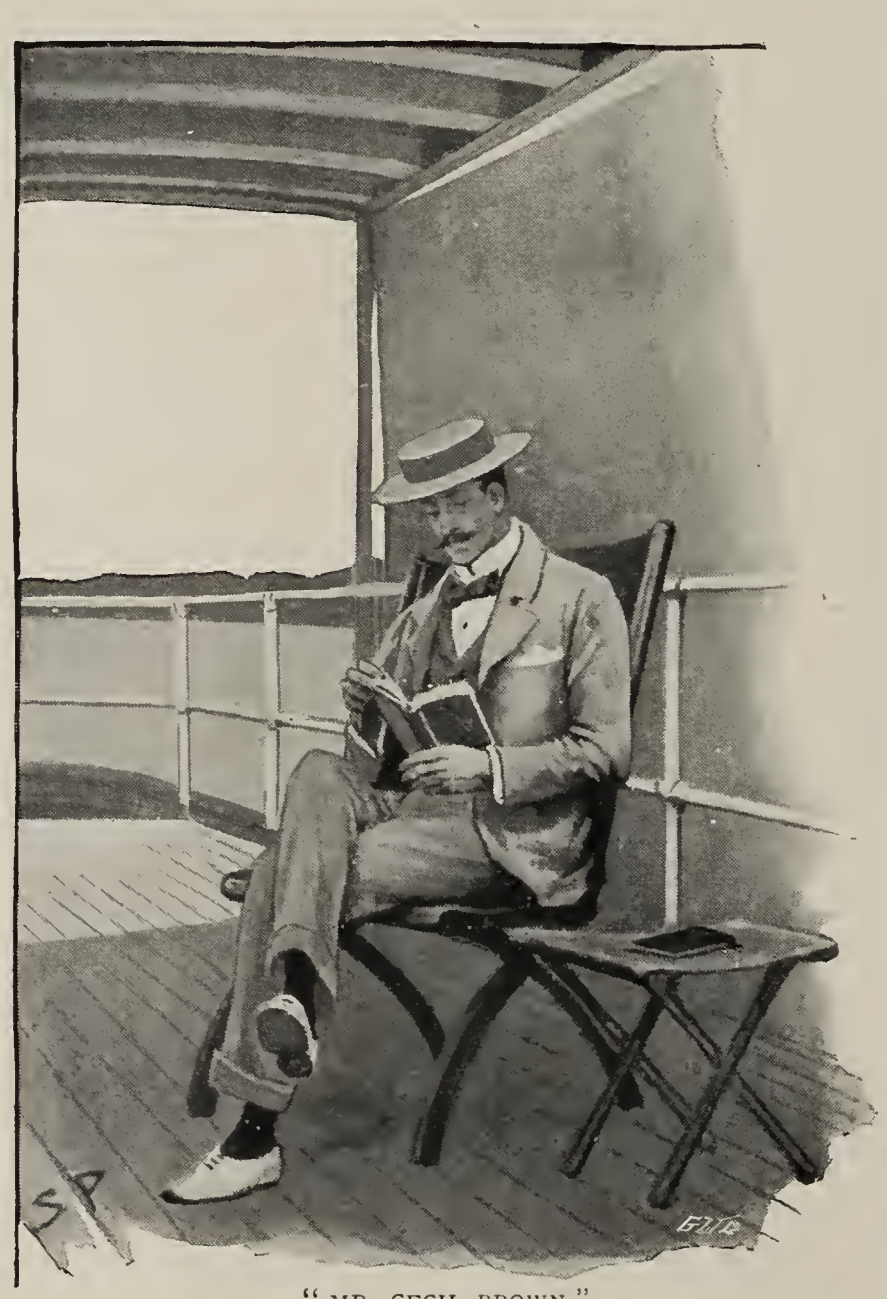
demonstrate the worth of such a system by spending their declining years in exploring Morocco, or shooting lions in Somaliland. He was a dark, straight, aquiline man, with a courteously deferential manner, but a steady, questioning eye; very neat in his dress and precise in his habits, a gentleman to the tips of his trim finger-nails. He wore a grizzled military moustache, but his hair was singularly black for a man of his years. Mr. Cecil Brown—to take the names in the chance order in which they appear upon the passenger list—was a young diplomatist from a Continental Embassy, a man slightly tainted with the Oxford manner, and erring upon the side of unnatural and inhuman refinement, but full of interesting talk and cultured thought. He had a sad, handsome face, a small wax-tipped moustache, a low voice and a listless manner, which was relieved by a charming habit of suddenly lighting up into a rapid smile and gleam when anything caught his fancy. He chose Walter Pater for his travelling author, and sat all day, reserved but affable, under the awning, with his novel and his sketch-book upon a camp-stool beside him.



"MR. CECIL BROWN."

The Americans formed a group by themselves. John H. Headingly was a New Englander, a graduate of Harvard, who was completing his education by a tour round the world. He stood for the best type of young American—quick, observant, serious, eager for knowledge and free from prejudice, with a fine ballast of unsectarian but earnest religious feeling. He had less of the appearance and more of the reality of culture than the young Oxford diplomatist, for he had keener emotions though less exact knowledge. Miss Adams and Miss Sadie Adams were aunt and niece, the former a little, energetic, hard-featured Bostonian old maid, with a huge surplus of unused love behind her stern and swarthy features. She had never been from home before, and she was now busy upon the self-imposed task of bringing the East up to the standard of Massachusetts. She had hardly landed in Egypt before she realized that the country needed putting to rights, and since the conviction struck her she had been very fully occupied. The saddle-galled donkeys, the starved pariah dogs, the flies round the eyes of the babies, the naked children, the importunate begging, the ragged, untidy women, they were all challenges to her conscience, and she plunged in bravely at her work of reformation. As she could not speak a word of the language, however, and was unable to make any of the delinquents understand what it was that she wanted, her passage up the Nile left the immemorial East very much as she had found it, but afforded a good deal of sympathetic amusement to her fellow-travellers. No one enjoyed her efforts more than her niece, Sadie, who was the most popular person upon the boat. She was very young—fresh from Smith College—and she still possessed many both of the virtues and of the faults of a child. She had the frankness, the trusting confidence, the innocent straightforwardness, the high spirits, and also the loquacity and the want of reverence. But even her faults caused amusement, and if she had preserved many of the characteristics of a clever child, she was none the less a tall and handsome woman, who looked older than her years on account of that low curve of the hair over the ears, and that fulness of bodice and skirt which Mr. Gibson has either initiated or imitated. The whisk of those skirts and the incisive voice and pleasant, catching laugh were familiar and welcome sounds on board of the *Korosko*.

The other passengers may be dismissed more briefly. Some were interesting, some neutral, and all amiable. Monsieur Fardet was a good-natured but argumentative Frenchman, who held the most decided views as to the deep machinations of Great Britain and the illegality of her position in Egypt. Mr. Belmont was an iron-grey, sturdy Irishman, famous as an astonishingly good long-range rifle-shot, who had carried off nearly every prize which Wimbledon or Bisley had to offer. His wife was a very charming and refined woman, full of the pleasant playfulness of her country. Mrs. Shlesinger was a middle-aged widow, quiet and soothing, with her thoughts all taken up by her six-year-old child. The Reverend John Stuart was a Nonconformist minister from Birmingham—either a Presbyterian or a Congregationalist—a man of immense stoutness, slow and torpid in his ways, but blessed with a considerable fund of homely humour, which made him, I am told, a very favourite preacher. Finally, there was Mr. James Stephens, a Manchester solicitor (junior partner of Hickson, Ward, and Stephens), who was travelling to shake off the effects of an attack of influenza. Stephens was a man who, in the course of thirty years, had worked himself up from cleaning the firm's windows to managing its business. For most of that long time he had been absolutely immersed in dry, technical work, living with the one idea of satisfying old clients and attracting new ones, until his mind and soul had become as formal and precise as the laws which he expounded. A fine and sensitive nature was in danger of being as warped as a busy city man's is liable to become. His work had become an engrained habit, and, being a bachelor, he had hardly an interest in life to draw him away from it. But at last there came this kindly illness, and Nature hustled James Stephens out of his groove, and sent him into the broad world far away from roaring Manchester and his shelves full of calf-skin authorities. At first he resented it deeply. Everything seemed trivial to him compared to his work. But gradually his eyes were opened, and he began dimly to see that it was his work which was trivial when compared to this wonderful, varied, inexplicable world of which he was so ignorant. All sorts of new interests took possession of him; and the middle-aged lawyer developed an after-glow of that youth which had been wasted among his books. His character was too formed to admit of his being anything but dry and precise in his ways, and a trifle pedantic in his mode of speech; but he read and thought and observed, scoring his "Baedeker" with underlinings and annotations as he had once done his "Prideaux's Commentaries." He had travelled up from Cairo with the party, and had contracted a friendship with Miss Adams and her niece. The young American girl, with her chatter, her audacity, and her constant flow of high spirits, amused and interested him, and she in turn felt a mixture of respect and of pity for his knowledge and his limitations. So they became good friends, and people smiled to see his clouded face and her sunny one bending over the same guide-book.

"MONSIEUR FARDET."

The little *Korosko* puffed and spluttered her way up the river, kicking up the white water behind her, and making more noise and fuss than an Atlantic liner. On deck, under the thick awning, sat her little family of passengers, and every few hours she eased down and sidled up to the bank to allow them to visit one more of that innumerable succession of temples. The remains, however, grow more modern as one ascends from Cairo, and travellers who have sated themselves with the contemplation of the very oldest buildings which the hands of man have constructed become impatient of temples which are hardly older than the Christian Era. Ruins which would be gazed upon with wonder and veneration in any

other country are hardly noticed in Egypt. The tourists viewed with languid interest the half-Greek art of the Nubian bas-reliefs; they climbed the hill of Korosko to see the sun rise over the savage Eastern desert; they were moved to wonder by the great shrine of Abou-Simbel, where some old race has hollowed out a mountain as if it were a cheese; and, finally, upon the fourth day of their travels they arrived at Wady Halfa some few hours after they were due, on account of a small mishap in the engine-room. The next morning was to be devoted to an expedition to the famous rock of Abousir, from which a great view may be obtained of the second cataract. At eight-thirty, as the passengers sat on deck after dinner, Mansoor, the dragoman, came forward, according to the nightly custom, to announce the programme.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, plunging boldly into the rapid but broken stream of his English, "to-morrow you will remember not to forget to rise when the gong strikes you for to compress the journey before twelve o'clock. Having arrived at the place where the donkeys expect us, we shall ride five miles over the desert and so reach the celebrated pulpit rock of Abousir. The pulpit rock is supposed to have been called so because it is a rock like a pulpit. Having passed the summit, you will perceive the full extremity of the second cataract, embracing wild natural beauties of the most dreadful variety. Here all very famous people carve their names—and so you will carve your names also." Mansoor waited expectantly for a titter, and bowed to it when it arrived. "You will then return to Wady Halfa and there remain two hours to suspect the Camel Corps, including the grooming of the beasts, and the bazaar before returning, so I wish you a very happy good-night."

There was a gleam of his white teeth in the lamplight, and then his long, dark petticoats, his short English cover-coat, and his red tarboosh vanished successively down the ladder. The low buzz of conversation which had been suspended by his coming broke out anew.

"AND SO YOU WILL CARVE YOUR NAMES ALSO."

"I'm relying on you, Mr. Stephens, to tell me all about Abousir," said Miss Sadie Adams. "I do like to know what I am looking at right there at the time, and not six hours afterwards in my state-room."

"I never hope to keep up with it," said her aunt. "When I am safe back in Commonwealth Avenue I'll have time to read about it all, and then I expect I shall begin to enthuse. But it's just too good of you, Mr. Stephens, to try and keep us informed."

"I thought that you might wish precise information, and so I prepared a small digest of the matter," said Stephens, handing a slip of paper to Miss Sadie. She looked at it in the light of the deck lamp, and broke into her low, hearty laugh.

"*Re* Abousir," she read; "now, what *do* you mean by '*re*,' Mr. Stephens? You put '*re* Rameses the Second' on the last paper you gave me."

"It is a habit I have acquired, Miss Sadie," said Stephens; "it is the custom

in the legal profession when they make a memo——"

"Make what, Mr. Stephens?"

"A memo——a memorandum, you know. We put *re* so-and-so to show what it is about."

"I suppose it's a good short way," said Miss Sadie, "but it feels queer somehow when applied to scenery or to dead Egyptian kings. '*Re* Cheops'—doesn't that strike you as funny?"

"No, I can't say that it does," said Stephens.

"I wonder if it is true that the English have less humour than the Americans, or whether it's just another kind of humour," said the girl. "I used to think they had less, and yet, when you come to think of it, Dickens and Thackeray and Barrie, and so many other of the humorists we admire most, are Britishers. Besides, I never in all my days heard people laugh so hard as in that London theatre. There was a man behind us, and every time he laughed auntie thought a door had opened, he made such a draught. But you have some funny expressions, Mr. Stephens!"

"What else strikes you as funny, Miss Sadie?"

"Well, when you sent me the temple ticket and the little map, you began your letter, 'Inclosed, please find,' and then at the bottom, in brackets, you had '2 enclo.'"

"That is the usual form in business."

"Yes, in business," said Sadie, demurely, and there was a silence.

"There's one thing I wish," remarked Miss Adams, in the hard, metallic voice with which she disguised her softness of heart, "and that is, that I could see the Legislature of this country and lay a few cold-drawn facts in front of them. I'd make a platform of my own, Mr. Stephens, and run a party on my ticket. A Bill for the compulsory use of eyewash would be one of my planks, and another would be for the abolition of those Yashmak veil things which turn a woman into a bale of goods with a pair of eyes looking out of it."

"I never could think why they wore them," said Sadie; "until one day I saw one with her veil lifted. Then I knew."

"They make me tired, those women," cried Miss Adams, wrathfully. "One might as well try to preach duty and decency to a line of bolsters. Why, good land, it was only yesterday at Abou-Simbel, Mr. Stephens, I was passing one of their houses—if you can call a mud-pie like that a house—and I saw two of the children at the door with the usual crust of flies round their eyes, and great holes in their poor little blue gowns! Off I got, and I washed them well with my handkerchief, and sewed up the rents—for in this country I would as soon think of going ashore without my needle-case as without my white umbrella, Mr. Stephens. Then as I warmed on the job I got into the room—such a room!—and I got the folks out of it, and I fairly did the chores as if I had been the hired help. I've seen no more of that temple of Abou-Simbel than if I had never left Boston; but, my sakes, I saw more dust and mess than you would think they could crowd into a house the size of a Newport bathing-hut. From the time I pinned up my skirt until I came out, the colour of that smoke-stack, wasn't more than an hour, or maybe an hour and a half, but I had that house as clean and fresh as a new pine-wood box. I had a *New York Herald* with me, and I lined their shelf with paper for them. Well, Mr. Stephens, when I had done washing my hands outside, I came past the door again, and there were those two children sitting with their eyes full of flies, and all just the same as ever, except that each had a little paper cap made out of the *New York Herald* upon his head. But, say, Sadie, it's going on to ten o'clock, and to-morrow an early excursion."

"It's just too beautiful, this purple sky and the great silver stars," said Sadie. "Look at the silent desert and the black shadows of the hills. It's grand, but it's terrible, too; and then when you think that we really *are* on the very end of civilization, and nothing but savagery and bloodshed down there where the Southern Cross is twinkling so prettily, why, it's like standing on the beautiful edge of a live volcano. Good-night, Mr. Stephens! Good-night, all!" The two ladies passed down to their cabins.

Monsieur Fardet was chatting, in a subdued voice, with Headingly, the young Harvard graduate.

"Dervishes, Mister Headingly," said he, speaking excellent English, but separating his syllables as a Frenchman will. "There are no Dervishes. They do not exist."

"Why, I thought the woods were full of them," said the American.

Monsieur Fardet glanced across to where the red core of Colonel Cochrane's cigar was glowing through the darkness.

"You are an American, and you do not like the English," he whispered. "It is perfectly comprehended upon the Continent

that the Americans are opposed to the English."

"Well," said Headingly, with his slow, deliberate manner, "I won't say that we have not our tiffs, and there are some of our people—mostly of Irish stock—who are always mad with England, but the most of us have a kindly thought for the mother country. You see, they may be aggravating folk, but after all they are our *own* folk, and we can't wipe that off the slate."

"*Eh bien!*" said the Frenchman. "At least I can say to you what I could not without offence say to these others. And I repeat that there *are* no Dervishes. They were an invention of Lord Cromer in the year 1885."

"You don't say!" cried Headingly.

"It is well known in Paris, and has been exposed in *La Patrie* and other of our so well-informed papers."

"But this is colossal," said Headingly. "Do you mean to tell me, Monsieur Fardet, that the siege of Khartoum and the death of Gordon and the rest of it was just one great bluff?"

"I will not deny that there was an emeute, but it was local, you understand, and now long forgotten. Since then there has been profound peace in the Soudan."

"But I have heard of raids, Monsieur Fardet, and I've read of battles, too, when the Arabs tried to invade Egypt. It was only two days ago that we passed Toski, where the dragoman said there had been a fight. Is that all bluff also?"

"Pah, my friend, you do not know the English. You look at them as you see them with their pipes and their contented faces, and you say, 'Now, these are good, simple folk who will never hurt anyone.' But all the time they are thinking and watching and planning. 'Here is Egypt weak,' they cry. '*Allons!*' and down they swoop like a gull upon a crust. 'You have no right there,' says the world. 'Come out of it!' But England has already begun to tidy everything, just like the good Miss Adams when she forces her way into the house of an Arab. 'Come out,' says the world. 'Certainly,' says England; 'just wait one little minute until I have made everything nice and proper.' So the world waits for a year or so, and then it says once again, 'Come out.' 'Just wait a little,' says England; 'there is trouble at Khartoum, and when I have set that all right I shall be very glad to come out.' So they wait until it is all over, and then again they say, 'Come out.' 'How can I come out,' says England, 'when there are still raids and battles going on? If we were to leave, Egypt would be run over.' 'But there are no raids,' says the world. 'Oh, are there not?' says England, and then within a week sure enough the papers are full of some new raid of Dervishes. We are not all blind, Mister Headingly. A few Bedouins, a little backsheesh, some blank cartridges, and, behold—a raid!"

"Well, well," said the American. "But what does she get out of it?"

"She gets the country, monsieur."

"I see. You mean, for example, that there is a favourable tariff for British goods?"

"No, monsieur; it is the same for all."

"Well, then, she gives the contracts to Britishers?"

"Precisely, monsieur."

"For example, the railway that they are building right through the country, that would be a valuable contract for the British?"

Monsieur Fardet was an honest man if an imaginative one.

"It is a French company, monsieur, which holds the railway contract," said he.

The American was puzzled.

"They don't seem to get much for their trouble," said he. "Still, of course, Egypt has to pay and keep all those red-coats in Cairo."

"Egypt, monsieur! No, they are paid by England."

"Well, I suppose they know their own business best, but they seem to me to take a great deal of trouble, and to get mighty little in exchange. Going, Monsieur Fardet? Well, good-night!"

The young American hesitated for a little, debating in his mind whether he should not go down and post up the daily record of his impressions which he kept for his home-staying sister. But the cigars of Colonel Cochrane and of Cecil Brown were still twinkling in the far corner of the deck, and he was acquisitive in the search of information. He did not quite know how to lead up to the matter, but the Colonel very soon did it for him.

"Come on, Headingly," said he, pushing a camp-stool in his direction. "I see Fardet has been pouring politics into your ear."

"I can always recognise the confidential stoop of his shoulders when he discusses *la haute politique*," said the dandy diplomatist. "But what a sacrilege upon a night like this! What a nocturne in blue and silver might be suggested by that moon rising above the desert. There is a movement in one of

"'COME ON HEADINGLY,' SAID HE."

Mendelssohn's songs which seems to embody it all—a sense of vastness, of repetition, the cry of the wind over an interminable expanse. The subtler emotions which cannot be translated into words are still to be hinted at by chords and harmonies."

"It seems wilder and more savage than ever to-night," remarked the American. "It gives me the same feeling of pitiless force that the Atlantic does upon a cold, dark, winter day. Perhaps it is the knowledge that we are right there on the very edge of any kind of civilization. How far do you suppose that we are from any Dervishes, Colonel Cochrane?"

"Well, on the Arabian side," said the Colonel, "we have the Egyptian fortified camp of Sarras about forty miles to the south of us. Beyond that are sixty miles of very wild country before you would come to the Dervish post at Akasheh. On this other side, however, there is nothing between us and them."

"Abousir is on this side, is it not?"

"Yes. That is why the excursion to the Abousir Rock has been forbidden for the last year. But things are quieter now."

"What is to prevent them from coming down on that side?"

"Absolutely nothing," said Cecil Brown, in his listless voice.

"Nothing, except their fears. They might find it hard to get back if their camels were spent and the Halfa garrison got on their track."

"It isn't safe to reckon upon a Dervish's fears," remarked Brown. "They are not amenable to the same motives as other people. Many of them are anxious to meet death, and all of them are absolute, uncompromising believers in destiny. They exist as a *reductio ad absurdum* of all bigotry — a proof of how surely it leads towards blank barbarism."

"You think these people are a real menace to Egypt?" asked the American. "There seems from what I have heard to be some difference of opinion about it."

"I am not a rich man," Colonel Cochrane answered, after a little pause, "but I am prepared to lay all I am worth that within three years of the British officers being withdrawn, the Dervishes would be upon the Mediterranean. Where would the civilization of Egypt be, where would the hundreds of millions which have been invested in this country, where the monuments which all nations look upon as most precious memorials of the past?"

"Come, now, Colonel," cried Headingly, "surely you don't mean that they would shift the pyramids?"

"Wouldn't they? There is no iconoclast in the world like an extreme Mohammedan. Last time they over-ran this country they burned the Alexandrian library. You know that all representations of the human features are against the letter of the Koran. What do these fellows care for the sentiment of Europe? Down would go the Sphinx, the Colossi, the Statues of Abou-Simbel—as the saints went down in England before Cromwell's troopers."

"Well, now," said Headingly. "Suppose I grant you that the Dervishes could overrun Egypt, and suppose also that you English are holding them out, what I'm never done asking is, what reason have you for spending all these millions of dollars and the lives of so many of your men? What do you get out of it, more than France gets or Germany, or any other country, that runs no risk and never lays out a cent?"

"There are a good many Englishmen

who are asking themselves that question," remarked Cecil Brown. "It's my opinion that we have been the policemen of the world long enough. We get hard knocks and no thanks, and why should we do it? Let Europe do its own dirty work."

"Well," said Colonel Cochrane, crossing his legs and leaning forward with the decision of a man who has definite opinions. "I don't at all agree with you, Brown, and I think that to advocate such a course is to take a very limited view of our national duties. I think that behind national interests and diplomacy and all that there lies a great guiding force—a Providence, in fact—which is for ever getting the best out of each nation and using it for the good of the whole. When a nation ceases to respond, it is time that she went into hospital for a few centuries, like Spain or Greece—the virtue has gone out of her."

Headingly nodded approvingly.

"Each has its own mission. Germany is predominant in abstract thought; France in literature, art, and grace. But we and you—for the English-speakers are all in the same boat, however much the *New York Sun* may scream over it—we and you have among our best men a higher conception of moral sense and public duty than is to be found in any other people. Now, these are the two qualities which are needed for directing a weaker people. You can't help them by abstract thought or by graceful art, but only by that moral sense which will hold the scales of Justice even, and keep itself free from every taint of corruption. That is how we rule India. We came there by a kind of natural law, like air rushing into a vacuum. All over the world, against our direct interests and our deliberate intentions, we are drawn into the same thing. And it will happen to you also. The pressure of destiny will force you to administer the whole of America from Mexico to the Horn."

Headingly whistled.

"Our Jingoes would be pleased to hear you, Colonel Cochrane," said he. "They'd vote you into our Senate and make you one of the Committee on Foreign Relations."

"The world is small, and it grows smaller every day. It's a single organic body, and one spot of gangrene is enough to vitiate the whole. There's no room upon it for dishonest, defaulting, tyrannical, irresponsible Governments. But there are many races which appear to be so incapable of improvement that we can never hope to get a good Government out of them. What is to be done, then? The former device of Providence in such a case was extermination by some more virile stock. Now we have a more merciful substitution of rulers, or even of mere advice from a more advanced race. That is the case with the Central Asian Khanates and with the protected States of India. If the work has to be done, and if we are the best fitted for the work, then I think that it would be a crime to shirk it."

"But who is to decide whether it is a fitting case for your interference?" objected the American. "A predatory country could grab every other land in the world upon such a pretext."

"Events—inexorable, inevitable events—will decide it. In 1881 there was nothing in this world further from the minds of our people than any interference with Egypt. And yet 1882 left us in possession of the country. There was never any choice in the chain of events. A massacre in the streets of Alexandria, and the mounting of guns to drive out our fleet—which was there, you understand, in fulfilment of solemn treaty obligations—led to the bombardment. The bombardment led to a landing to save the city from destruction. The landing caused an extension of operations—and here we are, with the country upon our hands. When we tried to get out of it, up came this wild Dervish movement, and we had to sit tighter than ever. We never wanted the task; but, now that it has come, we must put it through in a workmanlike manner. We've brought justice into the country, and purity of administration, and protection for the poor man. It has made more advance in the last twelve years than since the Moslem invasion in the seventh century. Except the pay of a couple of hundred men, who spend their money in the country, England has neither directly nor indirectly made a shilling out of it, and I don't believe you will find in history a more successful and more disinterested bit of work."

Headingly puffed thoughtfully at his cigarette.

"There is a house near ours, down on the Back Bay at Boston, which just ruins the whole prospect," said he. "It has old chairs littered about the stoop, and the shingles are loose, and the garden runs wild; but I don't know that the neighbours are exactly justified in rushing in, and stamping around, and running the thing on their own lines."

"Not if it was on fire?" asked the Colonel.

Headingly laughed, and rose from his camp-stool.

"Well, it doesn't come within the provisions of the Monroe Doctrine, Colonel," said he. "I'm beginning to think that modern Egypt is every bit as interesting as ancient, and that Rameses the Second wasn't the last live man in the country."

The two Englishmen rose and yawned.

"Yes, it's a whimsical freak of fortune which has sent men from a little island in the Atlantic to administer the land of the Pharaohs," remarked Cecil Brown. "But here is the shore party come back."

Down below they could hear the mellow Irish accents of Mrs. Belmont and the deep voice of her husband, the iron-grey rifle-shot. Mr. Stuart, the fat clergyman, was thrashing out a question of piastres with a noisy donkey-boy, and the others were joining in with chaff and advice. Then the hubbub died away, the party from above came down ladder, there were "good-nights," the shutting of doors, and the little steamer lay silent, dark, and motionless in the shadow of the high Halfa bank. And beyond this one point of civilization and of comfort there lay the limitless, savage, unchangeable desert, straw-coloured and dream-like in the moonlight, mottled over with the black shadows of the hills.

CHAPTER II.

THE bluff bows of the stern-wheeler had squelched into the soft brown mud, and the current had swept the boat alongside the bank. The long gangway had been thrown across, and the six soldiers of the Soudanese escort had filed along it, their light-blue gold-trimmed zouave uniforms showing up bravely in the clear morning light. Above them, on the top of the bank, was ranged the line of donkeys, and the air was full of the clamour of the boys.

"THE SOUDANESE ESCORT FILED ALONG."

Colonel Cochrane and Mr. Belmont stood together in the bows, each wearing the broad white puggareed hat of the tourist. Miss Adams and her niece leaned against the rail beside them.

"Sorry your wife isn't coming, Belmont," said the Colonel.

"I think she had a touch of the sun yesterday. Her head aches very badly."

His voice was strong and thick like his figure.

"I would stay to keep her company, Mr. Belmont," said the little American old maid. "But I learn that Mrs. Shlesinger finds the ride too long for her, and has some letters which she must mail to-day, so Mrs. Belmont will not be lonely."

"You're very good, Miss Adams. We shall be back, you know, by two o'clock."

"Now, ladies and gentlemen!" cried Mansoor, the dragoman, moving forward with something of the priest in his flowing garments and smooth, clean-shaven face. "We must start early that we may return before the meridial heat of the weather." He ran his dark eyes over the little group of his tourists with a paternal expression. "You take your green glasses, Miss Adams, for glare very great out in the desert. Ah, Mr. Stuart, I set aside very fine donkey for you. Never mind to take your monument ticket to-day. Now, ladies and gentlemen, if *you* please!"

Like a grotesque frieze the party moved one by one along the plank gangway and up the brown crumbling bank. Mr. Stephens led them, a thin, dry, serious figure, under an immense straw hat. His red "Baedeker" gleamed under his arm, and in one hand

he held a little paper of notes, as if it were a brief. He took Miss Sadie by one arm and her aunt by the other as they toiled up the bank, and the young girl's laughter rang frank and clear in the morning air as "Baedeker" came fluttering down at their feet. Mr. Belmont and Colonel Cochrane followed, the brims of their sun-hats touching as they discussed the relative advantages of the Mauser, the Lebel, and the Lee-Metford. Behind them walked Cecil Brown, listless, cynical, self-contained. The fat clergyman puffed slowly up the bank, with many gasping witticisms at his own defects. "I'm one of those men who carry everything before him," said he, glancing ruefully at his own rotundity. Last of all came Headingly, slight and tall, with the student stoop about his shoulders, and Fardet, the good-natured, fussy, argumentative Parisian.

"You see, we have an escort to-day," he whispered to his companion.

"So I observed."

"Pah!" cried the Frenchman, throwing out his arms in derision; "as well have an escort from Paris to Versailles. This is all part of the play, Monsieur Headingly. It deceives no one, but it is part of the play. *Pourquoi ces drôles de militaires, dragoman, hein?*"

It was the dragoman's *rôle* to be all things to all men, so he looked round to make sure that the English were mounted and out of earshot.

"*C'est* ridicule, monsieur!" said he, shrugging his fat shoulders. "*Mais que voulez-vous? C'est l'ordre officiel Egyptien.*"

"*Egyptien! Pah, Anglais, Anglais — toujours Anglais!*" cried the angry Frenchman.

The frieze now was more grotesque than ever, but had changed suddenly to an equestrian one, sharply outlined against the deep blue Egyptian sky. Those who have never ridden before have to ride in Egypt, and when the donkeys break into a canter, and the Nile Irregulars are at full charge, such a scene of flying veils, clutching hands, huddled swaying figures, and anxious faces is nowhere to be seen. Belmont, his square figure balanced upon a small white donkey, was waving his hat to his wife, who had come out upon the quarterdeck of the *Korosko*. Cochrane sat very erect with a stiff military seat, and beside him rode the young Oxford man, looking about him with drooping eyelids as if he thought the desert hardly respectable, and had grave doubts about the Universe. Behind them the whole party was strung along the bank in varying stages of jolting and discomfort, a brown-faced, noisy donkey-boy running after each donkey. Looking back, they could see the little lead-coloured stern-wheeler, with the gleam of Mrs. Belmont's handkerchief from the deck. Beyond ran the broad, brown river, winding down in long curves to where, five miles off, the square, white blockhouses upon the black, ragged hills marked the outskirts of Wady Halfa.

"Isn't it just too lovely for anything?" cried Sadie, joyously. "I've got a donkey that runs on casters, and the saddle is just elegant. Did you ever see anything so cunning as these beads and things round his neck? You must make a memo. *re* donkey, Mr. Stephens. Isn't that correct legal English?"

"'ISN'T IT JUST TOO LOVELY FOR ANYTHING?' CRIED SADIE."

Stephens looked at the pretty, animated, boyish face looking up at him from under the coquettish straw hat, and he wished that he

had the courage to tell her in her own language that she was just too sweet for anything. But he feared above all things lest he should offend her, and so put an end to their present pleasant intimacy. So his compliment dwindled into a smile.

"I wish, Mr. Stephens, you would strike my donkey-boy with your whip if he hits the donkey again," cried Miss Adams, jogging up on a high, raw-boned beast. "Hi, dragoman, Mansoor, you tell this boy that I won't have the animals ill-used, and that he ought to be ashamed of himself. Yes, you little rascal, you ought! Do you think, Mr. Stephens, that if I were to knit that black soldier a pair of woollen stockings he would be allowed to wear them? The poor creature has bandages round his legs."

"Those are his putties, Miss Adams," said Colonel Cochrane, looking back at her. "We have found in India that they are the best support to the leg in marching. They are very much better than any stocking."

"Well, I never! They remind me mostly of a sick horse. But it's elegant to have the soldiers with us, though Monsieur Fardet tells me there's nothing for us to be scared about."

"That is only my opinion, Miss Adams," said the Frenchman, hastily. "It may be that Colonel Cochrane thinks otherwise."

"At least we will all agree," said the Colonel, coldly, "that they have the effect of making the scene very much more picturesque."

The desert upon their right lay in long curves of sand, like the dunes which might have fringed some forgotten primeval sea. Topping them they could see the black, craggy summits of the curious volcanic hills which rise upon the Libyan side. On the crest of the sand-hills they would catch a glimpse every now and then of a tall, sky-blue soldier, walking swiftly, his rifle at the trail. For a moment the lank, warlike figure would be sharply silhouetted against the sky. Then he would dip into a hollow and disappear, while some hundred yards off another would show for an instant and vanish.

"Where ever are they raised?" asked Sadie, watching the moving figures. "They look to me just about the same tint as the hotel boys in New York."

"I thought some question might arise about them," said Mr. Stephens, who was never so happy as when he could anticipate some wish of the pretty American. "I made one or two references this morning in the ship's library. Here it is—*re*—that's to say, about black soldiers. I have it on my notes that they are from the 10th Soudanese battalion of the Egyptian army. They are recruited from the Dinkas and the Shilluks—two negroid tribes living to the south of the Dervish country, near the Equator."

"How can they come through the Dervishes, then?" asked Headingly, sharply.

"I dare say there is no such very great difficulty over that," said Monsieur Fardet, with a wink at the American.

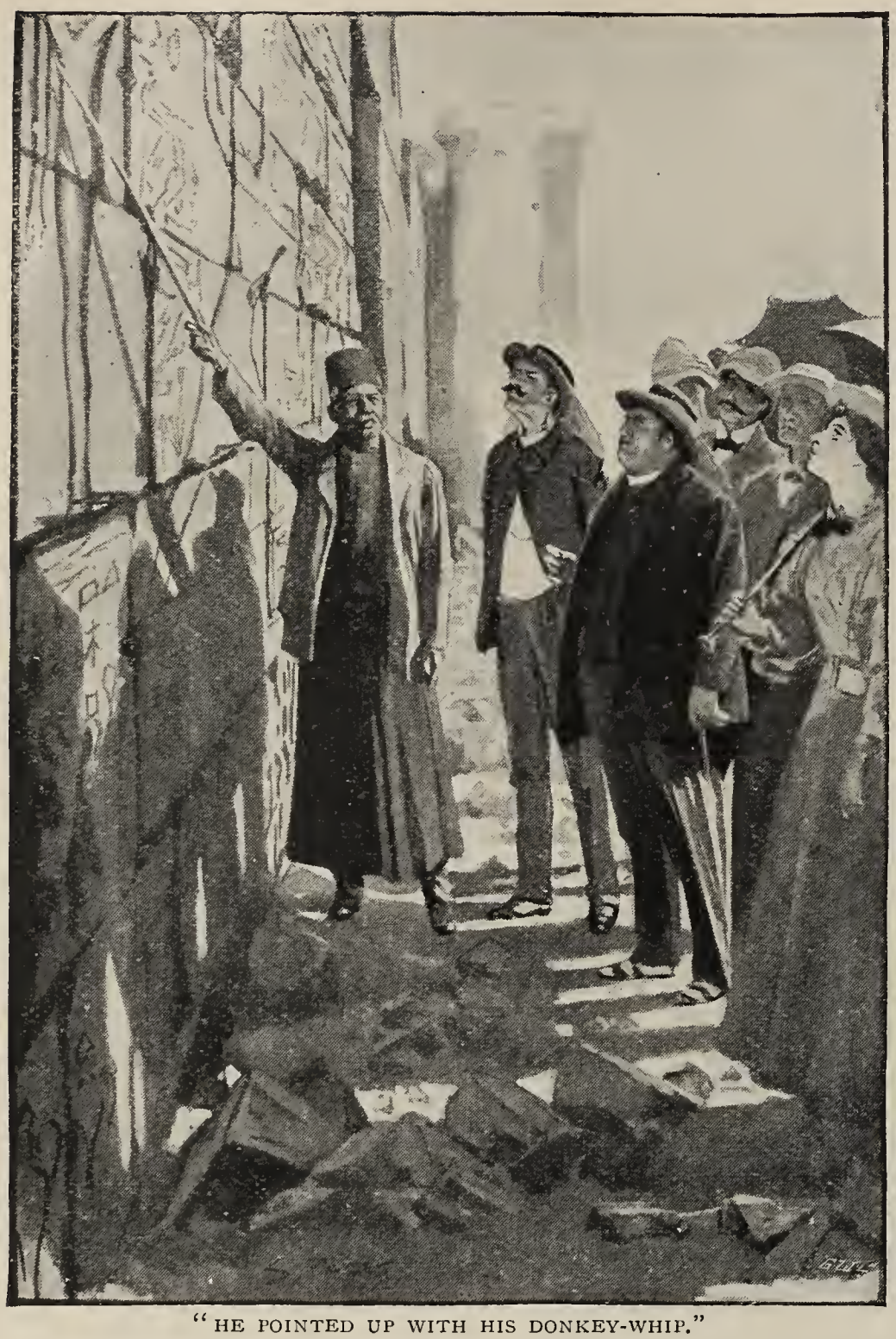
"Well, so long as they are not wanted, they look right elegant in those blue jackets," Miss Adams observed. "But if there was any trouble, I guess we would wish they were less ornamental and a bit whiter."

"I am not so sure of that, Miss Adams," said the Colonel. "I have seen these fellows in the field, and I assure you that I have the utmost confidence in their steadiness."

"Well, I'll take your word without trying," said Miss Adams, and everyone laughed.

So far their road had lain along the side of the river, which was swirling down deep and strong from the cataracts above. Here and there the rush of the current was broken by a black shining boulder over which the foam was spouting. Higher up they could see the white gleam of the rapids, and the banks grew into rugged cliffs, which were capped by a peculiar, out-standing, semicircular rock. It did not require the dragoman's aid to tell the party that this was the famous landmark to which they were bound. A long, level stretch lay before them, and the donkeys took it at a canter. At the further side were scattered rocks, black upon orange; and, in the midst of them, rose some broken shafts of pillars and a length of engraved wall, looking in its greyness and its solidity more like some work of Nature than of man. The fat, sleek dragoman had dismounted, and stood waiting in his petticoats and his cover-coat for the stragglers to gather round him

"This temple, ladies and gentlemen," he cried, with the air of an auctioneer who is about to sell it to the highest bidder, "very fine example from the eighteenth dynasty. Here is the cartouche of Thotmes the Third," he pointed up with his donkey-whip at the rude, but deep, hieroglyphics upon the wall above him. "He live sixteen hundred years before Christ, and this is made to remember his victorious exhibition into Mesopotamia. Here we have his history from the time that he was with his mother, until he return with captives tied to his chariot. In this you see



"HE POINTED UP WITH HIS DONKEY-WHIP."

him crowned with Lower Egypt, and with Upper Egypt offering up sacrifice to the God Ammon-ra. Here he bring his captives before him, and he cut off each his right hand. In this corner you see little pile—all right hands."

"My sakes, I shouldn't have liked to be here in those days," said Miss Adams.

"Why, there's nothing altered," remarked Cecil Brown. "The East is still the East. I've no doubt that within a hundred miles of where you stand——"

"Shut up!" whispered the Colonel, and the party shuffled on down the line of the wall with their faces up and their big hats thrown backwards. The sun behind them struck the old, grey masonry with a brassy glare, and carried on to it the strange black shadows of the tourists, mixing them up with the grim, high-nosed, square-shouldered warriors, and the grotesque, rigid deities who lined it. The broad shadow of the Reverend John Stuart, of Birmingham, smudged out both the heathen King and the god whom he worshipped.

"What's this?" he was asking in his wheezy voice, pointing up with his yellow Assouan cane.

"That is a hippopotamus," said the dragoman; and the tourists all tittered, for there was just a suspicion of Mr. Stuart himself in the carving.

"But it isn't bigger than a little pig," he protested. "You see that the King is putting his spear through it with ease."

"They make it small to show that it was a very small thing to the King," said the dragoman. "So you see that all the King's prisoners do not exceed his knee—which is not because he was so much taller, but so much more powerful. The same way, these small women whom you see here and there are just his trivial little wives."

"Well, now!" cried Miss Adams, indignantly. "If they had sculped that King's soul it would have needed a lens to see it. Fancy his allowing his wives to be put in like that."

"If he did it now, Miss Adams," said the Frenchman, "he would have more fighting than ever in Mesopotamia. But time brings revenge. Perhaps the day will soon come when we have the picture of the big, strong wife and the trivial little husband —*hein?*"

Cecil Brown and Headingly had dropped behind, for the glib comments of the dragoman, and the empty, light-hearted chatter of the tourists jarred upon their sense of solemnity. They stood in silence watching the grotesque procession, with its sun-hats and green veils, as it passed in the vivid sunshine down the front of the old grey wall. Above them two crested hoopoes were fluttering and calling amid the ruins of the pylon.

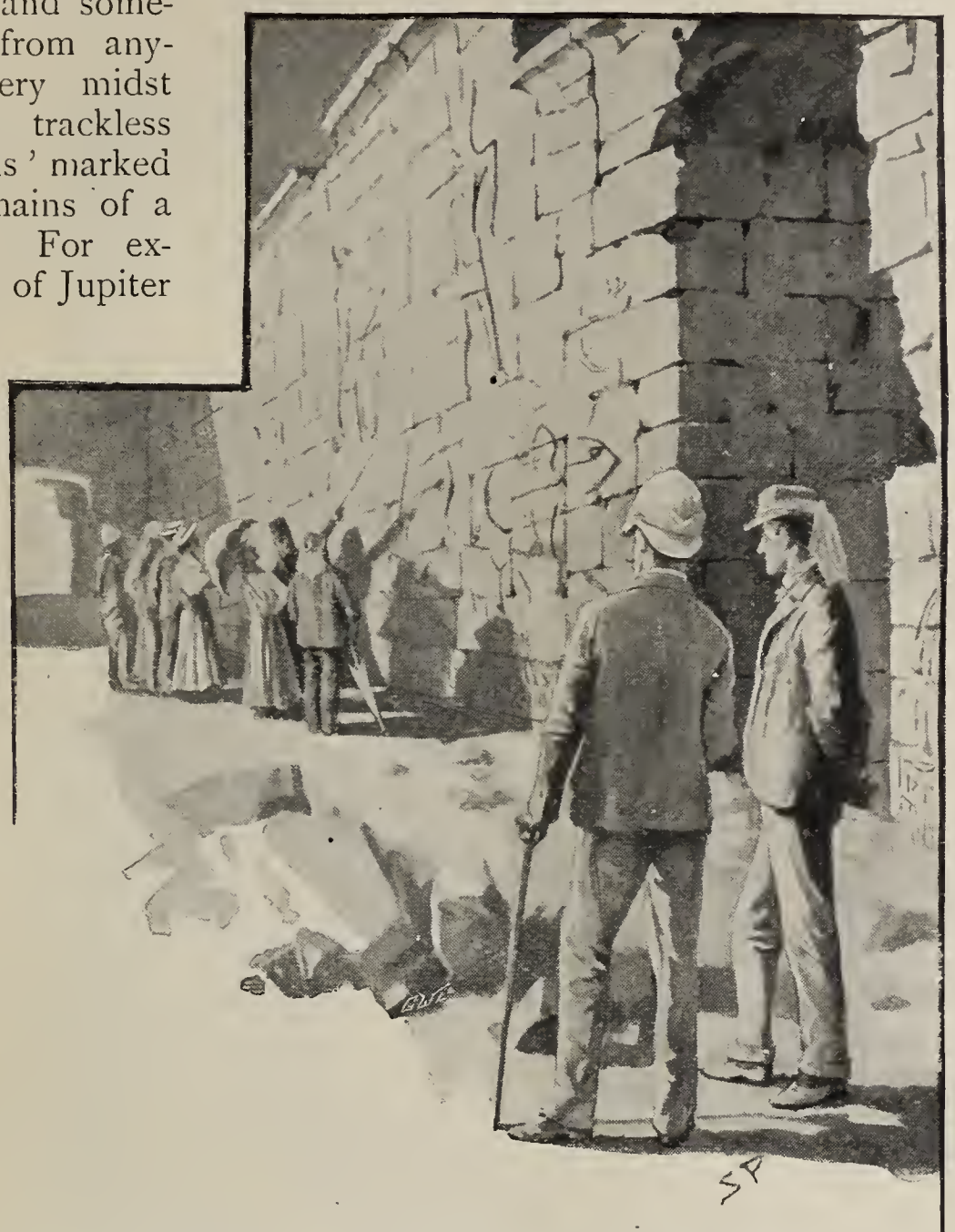
"Isn't it a sacrilege?" said the Oxford man, at last.

"Well, now, I'm glad you feel that about it, because it's how it always strikes me," Headingly answered, with feeling. "I'm not quite clear in my own mind how these things should be approached—if they are to be approached at all—but I am sure this is not

the way. On the whole, I prefer the ruins that I have not seen to those which I have."

The young diplomatist looked up with his peculiarly bright smile, which faded away too soon into his languid, *blasé* mask.

"I've got a map," said the American, "and sometimes far away from anything in the very midst of the waterless, trackless desert, I see 'ruins' marked upon it—or 'remains of a temple,' perhaps. For example, the temple of Jupiter Ammon, which was one of the most considerable shrines in the world, was hundreds of miles from anywhere. Those are the ruins, solitary, unseen, unchanging through the centuries, which appeal to one's imagination. But when I present a check at the door, and go in as if it were Barnum's show, all the subtle feeling of romance goes right out of it."



"'ISN'T IT A SACRILEGE?' SAID THE OXFORD MAN."

"Absolutely!" said Cecil Brown, looking over the desert with his dark, intolerant eyes. "If one could come wandering here alone—stumble upon it by chance, as it were—and find oneself in absolute solitude in the dim light of the temple, with these grotesque figures all round, it would be perfectly overwhelming. A man would be prostrated with wonder and awe. But when Belmont is puffing his bull-dog pipe, and Stuart is wheezing, and Miss Sadie Adams is laughing——"

"And that jay of a dragoman speaking his piece," said Headingly; "I want to stand and think all the time, and I never seem to get the chance. I was ripe for manslaughter when I stood before the Great Pyramid, and couldn't get a quiet moment because they would boost me on to the top. I took a kick at one man which would have sent *him* to the top in one jump if I had hit meat. But fancy travelling all the way from America to see the pyramid, and then finding nothing better to do than to kick an Arab in front of it!"

The Oxford man laughed.

"They are starting again," said he, and the two hastened forwards to take their places at the tail of the absurd procession.

Their route ran now among large, scattered boulders, and between black, shingly hills. A narrow winding path curved in and out amongst the rocks. Behind them their view was cut off by similar hills, black and fantastic, like the slag-heaps at the shaft of a mine. A silence fell upon the little company, and even Sadie's bright face reflected the harshness of Nature. The escort had closed in now, and marched beside them, their boots scrunching among the loose black rubble. Colonel Cochrane and Belmont were still riding together in the van.

"Do you know, Belmont," said the Colonel, in a low voice, "you may think me a fool, but I don't like this one little bit."

Belmont gave a short laugh.

"It seemed all right in the saloon of the *Korosko*, but now that we are here we *do* seem rather up in the air," said he.

"I don't mind taking my chances when I am on the war-path," the Colonel continued. "That's all straightforward and in the way of business. But when you have women with you, and a helpless crowd like this, it becomes really dreadful. Of course, the chances are

a hundred to one that we have no trouble; but if we should have—well, it won't bear thinking about. The wonderful thing is their unconsciousness that there is any danger whatever."

"Well, I like the English tailor-made dresses well enough for walking, Mr. Stephens," said Miss Sadie from behind them. "But for an afternoon dress, I think the French have more style than the English. Your milliners have a more severe cut, and they don't do the cunning little ribbons and bows and things in the same way."

The Colonel smiled at Belmont.

"*She* is quite serene in her mind, at any rate," said he. "Of course, I wouldn't say what I think to anyone but you, and I daresay it will all prove to be quite unfounded."

"Well, I could imagine parties of Dervishes on the prowl," said Belmont. "But what I cannot imagine is that they should just happen to come to the pulpit rock on the very morning when we are due there."

"Considering that our movements have been freely advertised, and that everyone knows a week beforehand what our programme is and where we are to be found, it does not strike me as being such a wonderful coincidence."

"It is a very remote chance," said Belmont, stoutly, but he was glad in his heart that his wife was safe and snug on board the steamer.

And now they were clear of the rocks again, with a fine stretch of firm yellow sand extending to the very base of the conical hill which lay before them. "Ay-ah! Ay-ah!" cried the boys, and whack came their sticks upon the flanks of the donkeys, which broke into a gallop, and away they all streamed over the plain. It was not until they had come to the end of the path which curves up the hill that the dragoman called a halt.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, we are arrived for the so famous pulpit rock of Abousir. From the summit you will presently enjoy a panorama of remarkable fertility. But first you will observe that over the rocky side of the hill are everywhere cut the names of great men who have passed it in their travels, and some of these names are older than the time of Christ."

"Got Moses?" asked Miss Adams

"Auntie, I'm surprised at you!" cried Sadie.

"Moses's name very likely there, and the same with Horodatus," said the dragoman, gravely. "Both have been long worn away. But there on the brown rock you will see Belzoni. And up higher is Gordon. There is hardly a name famous in the Soudan which you will not find, if you like. And now with your permission we shall walk up the path, and you will see the river and the desert from the summit of the top."

A minute or two of climbing brought them out upon the semicircular platform which crowns the rock. Below them on the far side was a perpendicular black cliff, a hundred and fifty feet high, with the swirling, foam-streaked river roaring past its base. The swish of the water and the low roar as it surged over the mid-stream boulders boomed through the hot, stagnant air. Far up and far down they could see the course of the river, a quarter of a mile in breadth, and running very deep and strong, with sleek black eddies and occasional spoutings of foam. On the other side was a frightful wilderness of black, scattered rocks, which were the *débris* carried down by the river at high flood. In no direction were there any signs of human beings or their dwellings.

"On the far side," said the dragoman, "is the military line which conducts Wady Halfa to Sarras. Sarras lies to the south, under that black hill. Those two blue mountains which you see very far away are in Dongola, more than a hundred miles from Sarras. The railway there is forty miles long, and has been much annoyed by the Dervishes, who are very glad to turn the rails into spears. The telegraph wires are also much appreciated thereby. Now, if you will kindly turn round, I will explain, also, what we see upon the other side."

It was a view which, when once seen, must always haunt the mind. Such an expanse of savage and unrelieved desert might be part of some cold and burned-out planet rather than of this fertile and bountiful earth. Away and away it stretched to die into a soft, violet haze in the extremest distance. In the foreground the sand was of a bright golden yellow, which was quite dazzling in the sunshine. Here and there in a scattered cordon stood the six trusty negro soldiers leaning motionless upon their rifles, and each throwing a shadow which looked as solid as himself. But beyond this golden plain lay a low line of those black slag-heaps, with yellow sand-valleys winding between them. These in their turn were topped by higher and more fantastic hills, and these by others, peeping over each other's shoulders until they blended

with that distant violet haze. None of these hills were of any height—a few hundred feet at the most—but their savage, saw-toothed crests and their steep scarps of sun-baked stone gave them a fierce character of their own.

"The Libyan desert," said the dragoman, with a proud wave of his hand. "The greatest desert in the world. Suppose you travel right west from here, the first houses you would come to would be in America. That make you homesick, Miss Adams, I believe?"

But the American old maid had her attention drawn away by the conduct of Sadie, who had caught her arm by one hand and was pointing over the desert with the other.

"Well, now, if that isn't too picturesque for anything!" she cried, with a flush of excitement upon her pretty face. "Do look, Mr. Stephens! That's just the one only thing we wanted to make it just perfectly grand. See the men upon the camels coming out from between those hills!"

"THEY ALL LOOKED AT THE LONG STRING OF RED-TURBANED RIDERS."

They all looked at the long string of red-turbaned riders who were winding out of the ravine. Colonel Cochrane had lit a match, and he stood with it in one hand and the unlit cigarette in the other until the flame licked round his fingers. Belmont whistled. The dragoman stood staring with his mouth half-open, and a curious slaty tint in his full, red lips. The others looked from one to the other with an uneasy sense that there was something wrong. It was the Colonel who broke the silence.

"By George, Belmont, I believe the hundred to one chance has come off!" said he.

(To be continued.)

Explosions.

By Framley Steelcroft.

SOMEHOW, one sits down to write an article on this subject with a distinct sense of exhilaration—even recklessness. And this after an interview at the Home Office with Sir Vivian Majendie, K.C.B., and his able and courteous assistant, Captain Thomson. It must be the influence of the subject; there is about explosions a certain irresponsibility—wild, whirling, magnificent—which makes one revel in the telling of their Titanic strokes. Explosions of gunpowder we know, and explosions of wrath, of dynamite (and many other "ites"); gas, too, and fireworks; steam, and the rest. But think of an explosion of flour! Think of the very staff of life rising up, as it were, and distributing vast mills in fragments over a great city! The photo. reproduced on this page shows the tremendous havoc wrought by an explosion of flour-dust at the Tradeston Flour and Grain Mills, Glasgow.

This explosion took place on July 9th, 1872, and resulted in the loss of *fifteen lives*. The great buildings—mill, stores, bakehouse, granaries, etc.—stood in seven blocks, and were totally destroyed by the explosion and the subsequent fire. At ten minutes past four o'clock, when work was going forward as usual, a terrific explosion was heard proceeding from the mill. The roof of this huge building was blown upwards, and the east and west gables outwards. Adjoining roofs and windows were completely shattered, and two massive gates blown to pieces in the woolstore opposite. Alongside the last-named building stood a number of cabs, and one of these was literally pulverized, though the horse escaped.

Among the extraordinary fatalities on this occasion was the death of Jane Mulholland, a servant girl at the Bute Hotel close by. Jane was hanging out some clothes on the green behind the hotel, when the west gable fell upon and buried her. At first the explosion was attributed to the bursting of a boiler, and then to gas. Nobody thought of flour.

And yet I learn that it is highly dangerous to take a naked light into a flour mill, where the air is filled with highly inflammable particles. Equal precautions are necessary in the case of dust from coal, sugar, and charcoal. Explosions of flour are by no means rare. In 1878 came the tremendous explosion at Washburn Corn Mills, Minneapolis, which killed eighteen men, and did damage computed at £200,000. On the 5th of April, 1886, a flour explosion occurred at the Leith Flour Mills. Six persons were killed, one being a scavenger who was sweeping the street outside.

From a Photo. by] GREAT EXPLOSION OF FLOUR AT GLASGOW *[T. Annan, Glasgow.*

From a] THE REGENT'S PARK EXPLOSION—RUINS OF THE BRIDGE. *[Photograph.*

The famous Regent's Park explosion is the next to be dealt with here. It occurred on board a canal-boat belonging to the Grand Junction Canal Co., in the Regent's Canal, Regent's Park, on October 2nd, 1874.

This memorable explosion took place at the Macclesfield Bridge over the Regent's Canal. At about 2 a.m. on the 2nd of October, five canal-boats left the City Road Basin in tow of the steamboat *Ready*. One of the boats had five tons of powder on board, another twenty-four casks. Benzoline, petroleum, and naphtha completed the appalling cargo. When the flotilla had traversed some 3½ miles of the canal, a blue flame was seen to shoot up from the middle boat (the *Tilbury*). Some excitement followed among the men, but suddenly came the awful explosion itself, which utterly destroyed the bridge (its ruins are seen in the photo.) and devastated the entire neighbourhood, including the harmless, necessary Zoo.

Laxity is not the word to describe the state of things that obtained in those days. The steerer of the *Tilbury*, a few moments before the explosion, complained of being almost blown out of the hatches by "a sudden burst of flame." He didn't trouble about it, however, nor did he give a thought to the five tons of powder which was presently to blow him and his two mates to atoms. "Go ahead," said he airily to the master of the tug.

Sir Vivian Majendie says in his report: "An experienced Thames powder lighterman recently told me that he once saw 12½ tons of gunpowder stowed on board an outward-bound ship, *on the top of a cargo of lucifer matches*, without any intervening planks or merchandise."

The damage done to the Zoological Gardens was rather interesting. No building entirely escaped injury, the reptile-house being completely destroyed. The parrot-house had a tremendous shaking, and fragments of the hapless boat *Tilbury* were picked up between the elephant-house and the superintendent's house. The animals were fearfully excited for days after the explosion, and had to be systematically visited and calmed. Many birds escaped through the broken roof of the western aviary; and the superintendent soon began to receive letters from people living in the country around London saying that strange, beautiful birds had been haunting their gardens and grounds.

On the 14th of May, 1878, occurred a disastrous explosion of toy-caps, or "amorces," as they are technically called. The scene of this explosion was No. 22, Rue Béranger, Paris, which house was occupied by a M. Matthieu, manager of the toy-cap business of M. Blanchon. This was a serious affair, illustrating in a remarkable manner the danger of an excessive accumulation of explosives which singly, or in small quantities, are perfectly harmless.

The following photograph was forwarded to the Foreign Office by the French Government, who appointed six experts to inquire into the explosion. The building itself, as one may see, was entirely destroyed, and the effects extended to the adjoining house (No. 20). Astonishing to relate, fourteen persons were killed, and sixteen more

From a] EXPLOSION OF TOY-CAPS IN PARIS. *[Photograph.*

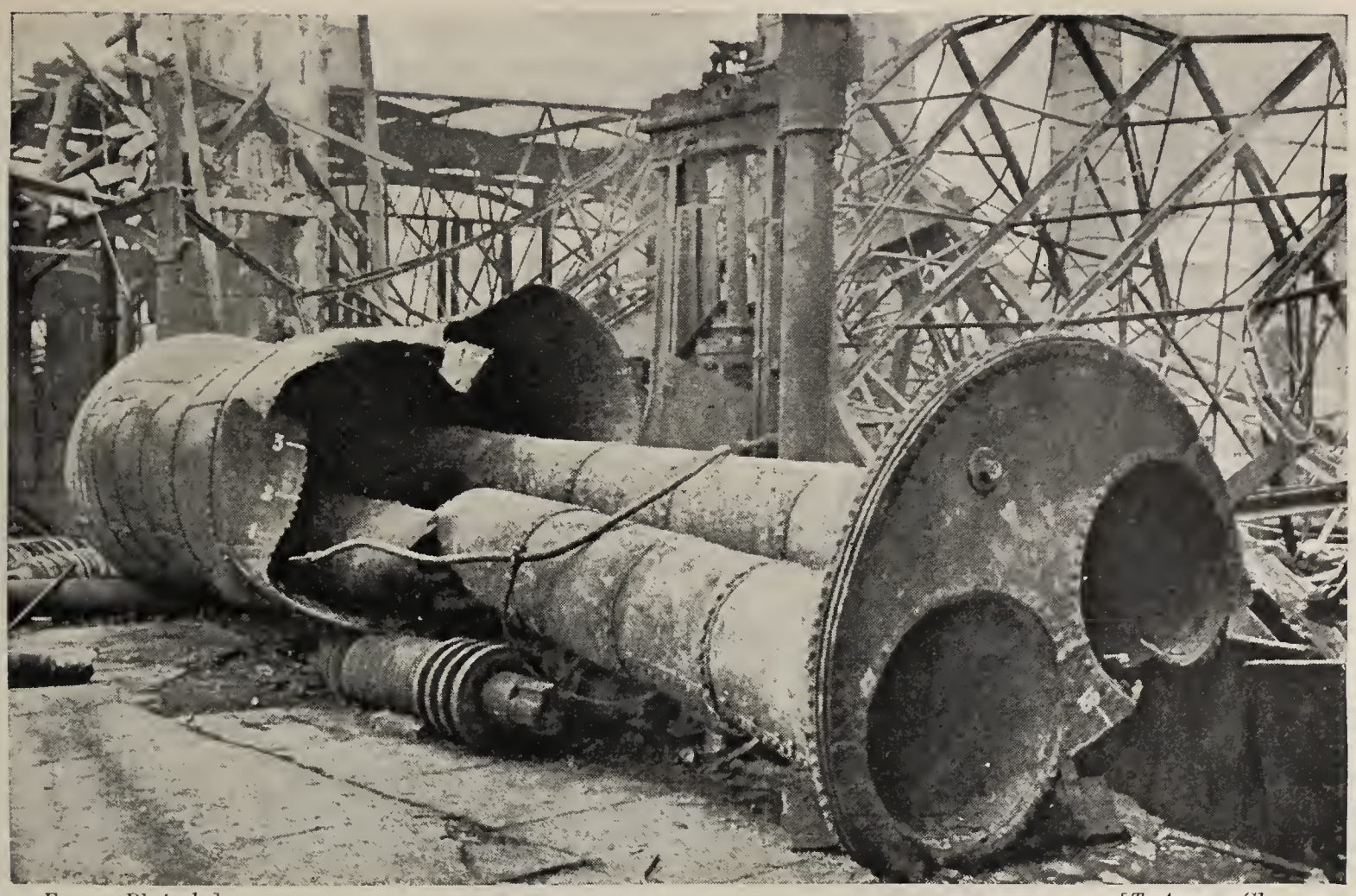
or less seriously injured. There were two distinct explosions—one in M. Matthieu's shop, and the other in an outhouse at the back.

So dreadful were the effects, that the authorities suspected that some far more deadly explosive must have been secretly manufactured and stored—picrate of potash, perhaps, or dynamite. "Toy-caps, such as children play with, would never have done all this," said the police, as they carried the dead and injured from the ruins. Hence the inquiry and the six experts. But it was conclusively proved that it was the caps that did it, and nothing else. You see, there were 20,772,000 of them in stock, or a potential explosive force equal to 1,620lb. of gunpowder. For sixteen years had M. Blanchon carried on the manufacture, storage, and transport of these things without a single accident.

The cause of the explosion was more than a little obscure. The committee of experts commenced a series of interesting experiments. They set fire to 288,000 caps by means of a litre of petroleum, but they merely crackled for thirty-five minutes. Then a gunpowder cartridge was exploded in a packing-case full of the mysterious scraps of pink paper, but all to no purpose. Then percussion or detonation was tried, and that "touched the spot!" A well was dug; blocks of oak embedded in stones and mortar were placed at the bottom, and on this floor no end of grosses of boxes of caps were deposited. The well was then shut down and earth heaped on top. A hole was left, however, and through this a weight was dropped. That did it. A tremendous explosion followed; the planks and earth were hurled here and there, and branches of trees in the vicinity torn off. From this it was inferred that something must have fallen on the caps and thus acted like the hammer of a toy pistol.

Of all the dangerous and extraordinary explosions imaginable, that of war-rockets is the most erratic. The next photo. shows a building at Mr. John Macdonald's War Rocket Factory, near Gravesend, after an explosion which occurred on September 13th, 1878. The foreman and one of his men were engaged in pressing a twelve-pounder rocket. The pressure on the charge was all but complete when the rocket exploded with great violence, splitting the cast-iron mould, which was 2in. thick, and projecting the halves with great force against opposite corners of the building. The end

From a Photo. by] WAR-ROCKET EXPLOSION. *[F. C. Gould, Gravesend.*



From a Photo. by] BOILER EXPLOSION AT GLASGOW. *[T. Annan, Glasgow.*

wall was more than half down and the roof nearly destroyed. The two workmen had miraculous escapes. This explosion was probably due to undue friction, favoured by the presence of gritty matter.

Next we have a view of an upright boiler which exploded at the Glasgow Iron Works on March 5th, 1880. The photo. was given to Sir Vivian Majendie by the Procurator Fiscal; it conveys an excellent idea of the tremendous havoc wrought by a big boiler bursting or exploding in a confined space. Boiler explosions, however, do not come under the notice of the Home Office. They are investigated by the Board of Trade.

Many extraordinary incidents are, of course, recorded in connection with big explosions. On one occasion a man was blown right across a river, and this human projectile actually laid low a good-sized tree, against which he was hurled horizontally. The exploding buildings at a certain powder mill literally played shuttlecock with another poor fellow. One explosion blew him high into the air over a second building, which at a certain moment likewise exploded, and sent him still further along.

The devastation caused by the great gas explosion at the Victoria Station, Norwich, was so

From a Photo. by] GAS EXPLOSION, VICTORIA STATION, NORWICH. *[W. L. Shrubsole, Norwich.*

extensive, that gas was the last thing thought of. "It must be dynamite," said everybody; and at that time (January 26th, 1886) people had dynamite on the brain. Our photo. shows the interior of the goods office under which the explosion occurred. This part of the station was utterly wrecked. It was proved that there was an escape of gas under the floor of the goods office. This leak was probably caused by a carpenter, who had that morning been engaged on some alterations.

The curiosities of explosions would fill volumes. Dr. Barber, assistant to Professor Marsh at the Peabody Museum, New Haven, Conn., was knocked insensible by the explosion of an ostrich egg, and narrowly escaped with his life. The egg was 18in. in circumference, and weighed 4lb.; it had been sent from Cape Town. With a file the doctor proceeded to open the egg (which was one of several), so as to preserve the embryo. Suddenly there was a loud hiss and an explosion, which shook the whole building.

An extraordinary explosion took place, on June 22nd, 1887, at Messrs. Roberts, Dale and Co.'s chemical works, Cornbrook Road, Manchester. In the first place chemical works, as such, do not fall within the scope of Sir Vivian Majendie's interesting work. However, the Mayor of Manchester wired to the Home Office, and that Department took the matter up. First came an outbreak of fire at the works. This originated near the picric acid drying-stove. Then came a slight explosion, which created mild wonder. Some thought it was the report of a cannon in the Pomona Gardens hard by — part of the Jubilee rejoicings, in fact. The second explosion left no room for doubt; the interval between the two was about a minute. The great explosion was tremendous and destructive. The photo. reproduced shows its site.

"The works themselves," says Sir Vivian Majendie, "were practically annihilated. Roofs and fabric were blown in all directions; the machinery and apparatus were distorted and destroyed; the air was filled with dense clouds of smoke, and dust, and acrid vapours, to say nothing of masses of projected *débris*. Much of this dust and *débris* was on fire, and thus carried fire to other buildings, such as the Pomona Palace, Mr. Reilly's extensive factory, and the Agricultural Hall in the Pomona Gardens. The roofs of these buildings were set on fire in more than fifty places." Fragments of iron standards and piping, slate, stone, bricks, etc., bombarded the neighbourhood in fearsome fashion. The force of the explosion was felt within a radius of two miles, and the sound was distinctly heard at Warrington, twenty miles away.

EXPLOSION AT MESSRS. ROBERTS, DALE AND CO.'S CHEMICAL WORKS, MANCHESTER.
From a Photo. by Molyneux, Manchester.

An explosion of blasting gelatine took place at Aden in May, 1888. This explosion is interesting as being a case of spontaneous ignition. It did great

damage locally. Some 9in. projectiles, stored at the neighbouring guns, were hurled three-quarters of a mile away. Two 9in. guns were dismounted and their carriages shattered. Seven natives were more or less seriously hurt.

The photo. here reproduced is a curious one. It shows the monstrous "plume" of smoke that towered over the city of Antwerp on September 6th, 1889, on which day occurred one of the greatest explosions of modern times. The factory in which the explosion took place was established by a M. Ferdinand Corvilain for the purpose of breaking up obsolete metallic cartridges. Close at hand were a guano store, some extensive petroleum works, containing thousands of barrels of oil, and a group of dwelling-houses, forming a small hamlet. Altogether, about as unsuitable a site for the storage of explosives as could well be imagined.

THE GREAT "PLUME" OF SMOKE FROM THE ANTWERP EXPLOSION.
From a Photograph.

The Municipal Council had a sort of a fuddled idea of the unfitness of things, and they remonstrated feebly with M. Corvilain. At length, however, that gentleman was allowed to go on with his work, on condition that his stock should never contain more than 660lb. of powder!

Within one month of these wobbly negotiations came the terrific explosion. The report was plainly heard at Flushing, thirty miles away, and a column, or enormous "plume," of white smoke immediately ascended from the site of the factory. The wind being light at the time, this "plume" remained suspended in the air for some moments, while an enterprising photographer exposed a couple of plates.

Millions of loaded cartridges were projected into the air, and fell like a shower of hail over an immense area ("fifteen to the square foot"). Windows were shattered and houses damaged to the extent of half a million francs; whilst on the site itself, nothing but a crater remained, two-thirds of an acre in extent, full of hot, smoking *débris*. Volumes of thick, black smoke soon displaced the great "plume"; the vast petroleum stores were on fire. These burned for thirty hours, and 55,750 barrels of oil were destroyed. Corpses and human fragments were dug out of the ruins daily after the disaster. The number of killed was given as ninety-five, and the injured 150. Among these latter were children who picked up and handled the cartridges that lay thickly in the streets of the city. M. Corvilain had not kept to his storage limit of 660lb. Six tons of powder it was that devastated Antwerp. The cause of the explosion will never be known accurately, for every soul in the factory was killed. The shed which contained the bullet-melting furnace *adjoined the powder-sifting house.* It is satisfactory to learn, therefore, that Corvilain got 4½ years' imprisonment and his manager 1½ years'; in addition to which they were fined 12,000 francs.

On January 17th, 1894, a mysterious explosion occurred on board the Messageries Maritimes steamer *Équateur*, as that vessel was coming up the Gironde from Pauillac. Towards two o'clock, as the officials entered the safe-room, in which postal parcels of value were deposited, a formidable explosion occurred, which shook the whole vessel from stem to stern. The safe-room was shattered, as well as the adjacent cook's galley and the steward's cabin. The bulkheads of the galley and the thick cast-iron plates of the lower deck were broken and bent, and all that portion of the between decks was left fully exposed.

Two sailors were killed on the spot. A third had his face cut to pieces, and was removed in a dying condition. A high

MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSION ON BOARD THE "EQUATEUR."
From a Photo. by Charles, Bordeaux.

explosive had evidently been at work. The explosion seems to have occurred just as one of the sailors—who was killed—was lifting a package containing ostrich feathers; and a quantity of fine plumes were strewn over the wrecked ship. It was suspected that this explosion was part of a plot to rob the treasure chamber of the vessel.

Next is seen a column of water and mud 1,000ft. high caused by the explosion of 3,500lb. of gelignite. Here is the story of this explosion: Some shipments of gelignite from England to Melbourne were found on arrival to be in a dangerous condition, so Mr. C. Napier Hake, H.M. Inspector of Explosives in Victoria, prepared to destroy the whole consignment. He shipped the condemned explosive in a lighter to a shallow part of Port Philip Bay, about ten miles from Melbourne. Here the 50lb. cases were opened, and the 5lb. packets thrown overboard in a heap, in quantities varying from 3,500lb. to 10,000lb.; the water at this spot was 12ft. deep. The explosive was fired by electricity from a steam-launch moored about 300yds. away. "The vast column of water," says the report, "glistening in the bright sunshine, made an extraordinary and beautiful spectacle."

The Johannesburg explosion of February 19th, 1896, is one of the biggest on record. It appears that about fifty-five *tons* of blasting gelatine and ninety cases of detonators—virtually a train-load—exploded on a siding of the Netherlands South African Railway, about 300yds. to the west of Johannesburg Railway Station. A series of photographs of extraordinary interest was secured. The first of these shows the vast column of smoke from the explosion itself—a fortuitous photo., recalling the smartness and presence of mind of the Antwerp photographer. This photo. was taken at a distance of four miles.

This stupendous accident

EXPLOSION OF 3,500LB. OF GELIGNITE BENEATH THE SEA.
From a Photograph.

THE GREAT JOHANNESBURG EXPLOSION (SNAPSHOT TAKEN AT A DISTANCE OF FOUR MILES).
From a Photo. by Gannon, Johannesburg.

appears to have been due (as usual, the precise cause is lost in obscurity) to a train, which was being shunted, running into the trucks containing the explosive. This was the fault of a pointsman. A great pit or crater was torn in the tough red clay, and this is seen in the second photo. The crowd are searching for bodies and ghastly fragments generally. This crater was 300ft. long, 65ft. wide, and 30ft. deep.

One would need the pen of a Zola to describe that awful *debâcle*. "The ground was strewn with Kaffirs' skulls," wrote one eye-witness. The huge pit was a ghastly sepulchre, filled with pitiful, sickening scraps of humanity, black and white (twenty sacks were filled with these fragments). Dismembered mules and horses; fragments of waggons and railway trucks, and miscellaneous *débris* lay on every side. The damage was computed roughly at a million sterling. Pieces of the engine were hurled a mile away. Crowds of people wandered among the ruins of their houses—mere heaps of splinters, furniture, and iron. The exact number of dead will never be known, but more than fifty bodies were found. Many died in the improvised hospitals. There were numerous interesting incidents. The dynamite company had a magazine

JOHANNESBURG EXPLOSION—SEARCHING FOR BODIES IN THE GREAT CRATER.
From a Photo. by Nicholls, Johannesburg.

JOHANNESBURG EXPLOSION—SHOWING THE RAILWAY TRACK AT THE EDGE OF THE CRATER.
From a Photo. by Davies Bros., Johannesburg.

near the town that contained 400 tons of dynamite. Into this magazine came a red-hot bolt from the explosion, but the missile providentially fell into a pail of water. A baby six months old was dug out alive from a pile of wreckage. A Kaffir also was brought out alive after having been buried for five days. The railway lines were torn up and twisted as though they had been tin. Over the edge of the yawning pit the rails curled up twenty or thirty feet, presenting an extraordinary spectacle, such as may be seen in the photograph reproduced here.

Fortunately, Johannesburg is a city of millionaires. Within a few hours no less than £40,000 had been collected for the relief of sufferers, and this sum speedily grew into £100,000. A kind of asylum or hospital for relief was at once opened, and here 600 homeless people were given food, shelter, and clothing.

Lastly, we see the coat and hat worn by Sir Frederick Abel, the eminent chemist, on the occasion of a premature explosion of one ton of gun-cotton during some experiments at Lydd. Sir Frederick had a perfectly marvellous escape. He was only thirty yards from the building containing the gun-cotton when the explosion occurred, and he was thrown down very violently on the shingle, and much shaken and bruised. The hole noticeable in the coat just beneath the collar was caused by a stone projected by the explosion, which made a very ugly wound. Sir F. Abel was laid by for a week or two; but we understand that, except for a slight deafness, he has suffered no permanent injury.

SIR FREDERICK ABEL'S COAT AND HAT AFTER AN EXPLOSION.
From a Photograph.

We have to acknowledge our great indebtedness to the ever-courteous War Office authorities for the loan of this very interesting photograph.

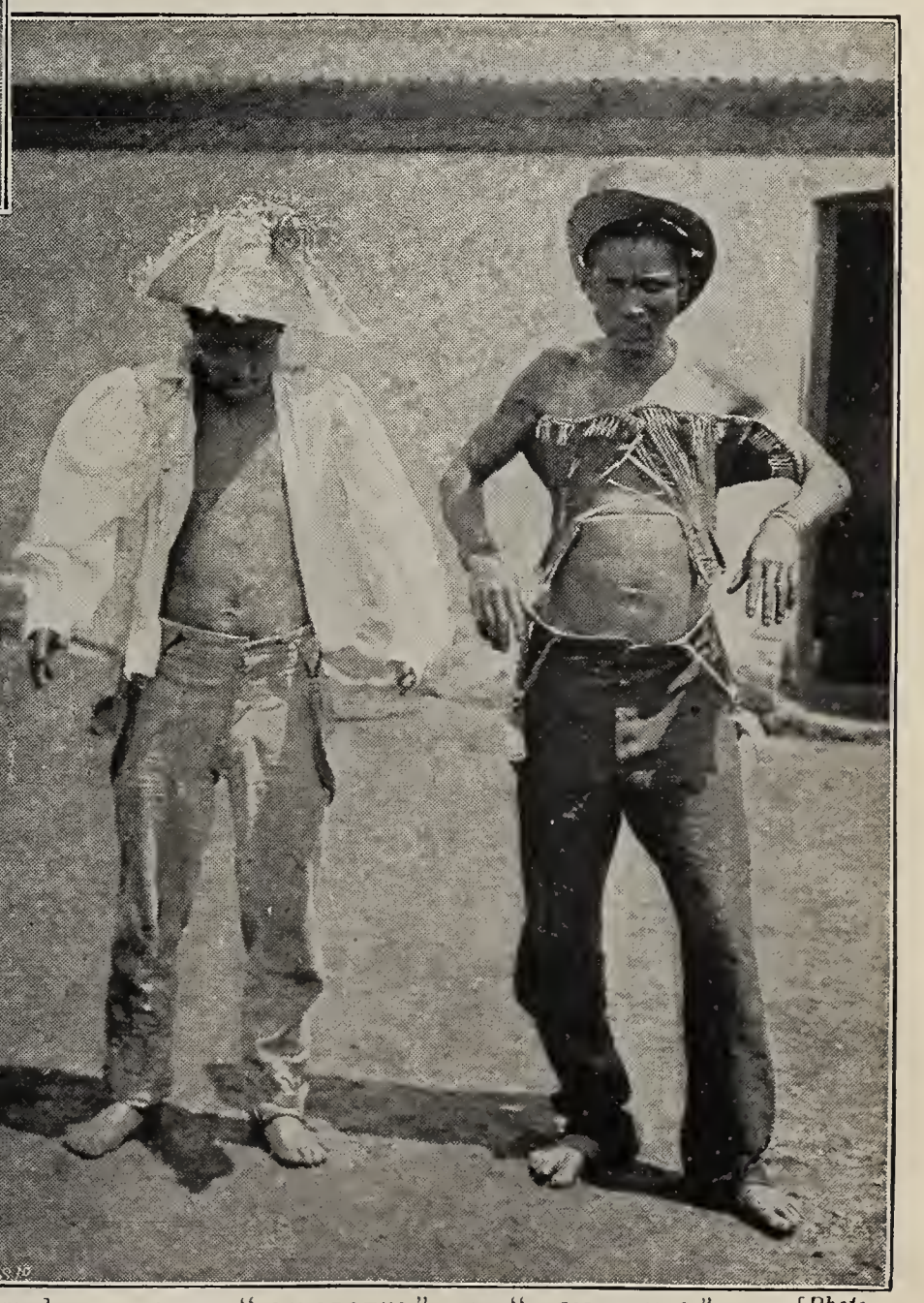
Dusky Dandies.

THE average African native regards the white man with unbounded admiration and respect, and his great aim is to imitate him in all things. Add to this the savage's innate love of gaudy finery, and the logical outcome is the wild extravagance of costume exemplified herein. Time was, indeed, when a ship-load of "old clo'" handled by astute traders could be bartered for vast wealth in the shape of precious stones and metals, ivory, feathers, gums, and the like. Brand-new shoddy has dealt this interesting "trade" a severe blow, but in a lesser degree it still survives.

From a] NO. 1.—"NAPOLEON." *[Photo.*

We are greatly indebted for the loan of the amusing photographs reproduced in this article to Freeman Cohen's Consolidated, Limited, a wealthy and powerful corporation owning enormous interests in the Transvaal. The "dusky dandies" that figure herein are Kaffirs employed by the above-named company in the Rand Collieries (the Durban, Roodepoort, Deep, and Geldenhuis Mines, etc.), about ten miles from Johannesburg. The first dandy (No. 1) is looked up to on the Rand as leader of the Kaffir *ton*. His name is Napoleon. He wears a sort of cocked hat, gay with trimmings, and a lady's blouse with the back turned to the front. Round his neck is a bow of scarlet ribbon, and a white satin bow, matching the body of the blouse, reposes on his bare, sinewy stomach. The exquisite likewise carries a simple flower in either hand, but his ingenuity will doubtless soon enable him to find a buttonhole for his posy somewhere about the "leg-of-mutton" sleeve.

Ladies' clothing is peculiarly acceptable to these Kaffirs on account of the bright colours. I should mention, however, that these are not everyday garments. Virtually the only "garment" a Kaffir works in is his own dusky skin. But, supposing Herodotus and Pisistratus — they love big names, these fellows—comrades working together, make up their minds to take a holiday, and go down to the East Rand to see their old friends, Sixpenceha'penny and Julius Cæsar. Well, *then* they dress for the occasion. The second photograph (No. 2) shows the holiday-



From a] NO. 2.—"HERODOTUS" AND "PISISTRATUS." *[Photo.*

From a] NO. 3.—"A DANDY OF DISTINCTION." *[Photo.*

makers exactly as they were intercepted by the photographer. Pisistratus wears an ancient white hat, a battered pair of corsets, and a pair of abominably dirty trousers. But notice his air. That is exactly how he would stroll past the compounds, swaggering, jingling his bracelets, and displaying his rings. Now, Herodotus looks a modest little fellow. He has a three-cornered hat, a white muslin jacket, old trousers, and brand-new kid gloves. These savages hate to feel themselves "harnessed" in any way, hence the neglect of the braces attached to the trousers. These blacks come to the mines from all the neighbouring states—Zululand, Natal, Mashonaland, Basutoland, and the rest. They walk all the way, and arrive at the Rand half-starved and half-dead with fatigue. They find work immediately, however, at about ten shillings a week and their food to commence with. This last is not dainty, consisting chiefly of mealies and bullocks' heads.

The Kaffirs only remain at work until they have made enough money to buy a few cattle, which they exchange later on for a wife; then they trek homeward, carrying *inter alia* an indescribable medley of old clothes—a silk hat or two, perhaps; a collar and tie; a dress-coat; and a pair of hob-nail boots. These last are never worn on the feet, but always carried in the hands, being ornaments pure and simple. Occasionally they are worn round the neck by way of variety.

No. 3 shows us a Kaffir dandy who has aspired to some distinction. He has a tie and collar on him, also an Inverness cape overcoat. He is possibly a policeman off duty, or some official of standing. Mr. H. Freeman Cohen, whose South African interests employ hundreds of Kaffirs, tells me that the men are paid £3 a month, and live in compounds under fairly close supervision. Any black found in Johannesburg after nine o'clock at night, without a pass from his white "boss," is locked up and fined heavily. The men are, as a rule, merry, good-tempered fellows, fond of music and dancing; their instruments are primitive, the principal ones being the common tin whistle, mouth-organ, concertina, jew's harp, and *tin kettle*. This latter is banged—simply banged, the deficiency in "music" being counterbalanced by the general uproar.

Formerly the Kaffirs were allowed to purchase liquor at the mine canteens, but a recent law swept these away altogether. When drunk, the Kaffirs fight horribly among themselves; and even at this day they succeed in smuggling a sufficient quantity of Cape "smoke" and Transvaal brandy to make them really dangerous at times. So general is the imitation of the white man, that the very children love to don European attire, however incongruous or ill-fitting. Look at the youngster shown in No. 4. He is wearing a hat, great-coat, and boots, all miles too big for him; he has probably stolen them from

From a] NO. 4.—"A PERFECT FIT." *[Photo.*

one of the mines, but his father will doubtless relieve him of the garments with equal promptitude.

Provident Kaffirs, who fear they may be drawn into some orgie, purchase a miscellaneous lot of goods as fast as they get a few shillings together. Thus, on entering a Rand store, one may see rows of sacks labelled with such strange names as "Lortomnoddy," "Stuffamealie," "Antechamber," and "Ear-to-ear." These sacks are stuffed with all kinds of what we would consider utter rubbish, and are kept for their owners by the store-keeper until the former is ready to trek homeward. There are in the precious bundles ladies' evening dresses of stained and faded crimson satin; Wellington boots without soles; towzled ostrich plumes; scarlet hunting coats; handkerchiefs of flaming hues (for neck-wear); old bonnets containing gay artificial flowers; Band of Hope banners; coloured whisky labels (to be stuck on the forehead); yards of coloured tissue; gaudy "ornaments-for-your-firestove" (worn in pairs sandwich-fashion as a kind of vestment); old cocked and plumed hats, once worn by generals and admirals; gold-braided tunics; and thousands of other things, strange and gay.

NO. 5.—"TASTEFUL."
From a Photo.

These primitive children of Nature spend very freely what money they earn; they are perpetually coming and going to the mines, according to the state of their finances. Finery they *must* have; and great is the ingenuity displayed in its acquisition and use. Contact with the white man causes many of the Kaffirs to realize suddenly (like our First Parents) that they are naked; and some of them actually make a primitive working tunic out of an old coal-sack. But, of course, the greatest fun lies in the fact that the blacks can never understand how the various European garments they acquire should be worn. Or, if they know this, they like to try various effects for themselves. Look at this fellow (No. 5). He has made himself a top-hat out of an old brim and some newspaper. He also wears a collar, wrong way round; a tasteful square of lace, also, and one cuff, the latter being on his right wrist. He thinks himself no end of a swell, I can assure you.

My informants have many droll stories to tell of the Kaffir dandies they have met. "One gigantic fellow wore a dirty dress-shirt, and over that a very short military tunic; that was all, and you may imagine the effect. I saw another Kaffir in a pair of corduroy breeches, and a lady's evening bodice cut V-shape! They valet each other, too, one dressing another's hair, curling it, and working in bits of wood, feathers, and straws." And of course Mr. H. Freeman Cohen has had ample opportunity of studying the Kaffir labourer. The Rand Collieries employ hundreds of these blacks, and are provided with machinery capable of turning out 1,500 tons of coal per day. The coal is used in the gold mines belonging to Freeman Cohen's Consolidated, Limited, and also in the many other mines of the Rand.

The fact that a Kaffir will buy boots and never wear them shows to what lengths he will go in his imitation of the white man; but I learn further that if, on leaving the mines with a "fortune," a Kaffir is able to buy a horse, he will not ride it home, but will lead it or walk by its side for hundreds of miles, fearful of using it up.

We see yet another dandy in No. 6. This gentleman is wearing a pair of knickerbockers made out of two paper hats, whilst he wears on his head an antiquated shako, surmounted by a soiled linen collar. A pair of stockings are slung over his right shoulder. Of course, this sort of thing will be familiar to travellers and missionaries. Up the Congo, in the Soudan, on the West Coast, and in Central Africa it is the same—odd European garments making their way into the possession of stately savages who don't know how to wear

NO. 6.—"THE THREE HAT TRICK."
From a Photo.

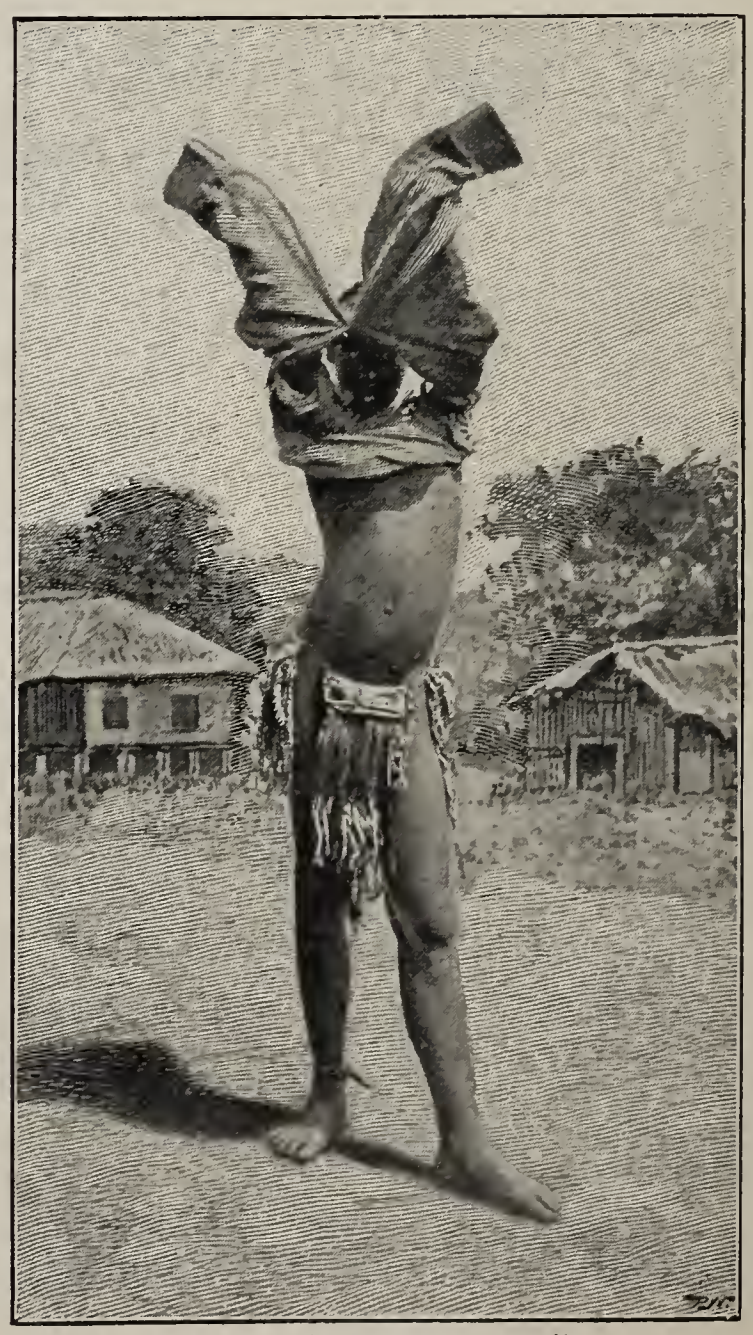
them properly, but who, nevertheless, contrive to impress their fellow-savages.

The various garments penetrate in some way to the most remote regions. Many a bright-hued skirt and bonnet, or coat and silk hat, which ultimately adorned the person of some dusky warrior, has experienced wondrous vicissitudes in its travels—has perhaps witnessed murder and cannibalism. But fancy eating a man and then wearing his clothes!

Even the comparatively educated natives in domestic service in South Africa are passionately fond of European dress. When these take their walks abroad, they are probably clad in their master's cast-off clothes, which they wear with a supremely dignified air, looking down with contempt on their more fantastically clad and less fortunate brethren.

No one who has not seen these dusky dudes can form an idea of the strange uses to which they put garments of various kinds. Trousers have been seen worn as neck-ties; fur boas as head-dresses; baskets, slit-up boots, sunshades, and muffs as head-gear; chatelaines as earrings and bracelets; coats as trousers and *vice-versâ;* silk hats as leggings; gaiters as mittens; collars as garters; and ladies' underclothing as loin-cloths. The Kaffir seen in No. 7 has been snap-shotted in the very act of thrusting his arms into the legs of a pair of riding-breeches. Now, it must not be supposed that this "coloured gentleman" is absolutely ignorant of the way in which these breeches are ordinarily worn. Most likely he knows this perfectly well, but, nevertheless, when a pair comes into *his* possession, his peculiar ideas assert themselves, and he tries an elegant little experiment of his own. If his fellow-dandies approve the thing, why, then it is passed off as the "latest novelty." Thus No. 7 may be said to show us the Kaffir Worth in the very act of designing new and effective costumes. These fellows let their fancy run riot when they acquire a miscellaneous European wardrobe.

What in the world could be funnier than to see a dusky giant of stately and serious mien strutting about with absolutely nothing on his body but a dress-waistcoat and a collapsible opera-hat? And yet a Kaffir rigged up in that way not only thinks himself a leader



NO. 7.—"THE WRONG END."
From a Photo.

From a] NO. 8.—"FLOWING ROBES." *[Photo.*

of fashion and a regular "howler," but hundreds—nay, thousands—of his fellows think so, too, and probably pay him the same adulation which an acknowledged leader of society receives in more civilized circles.

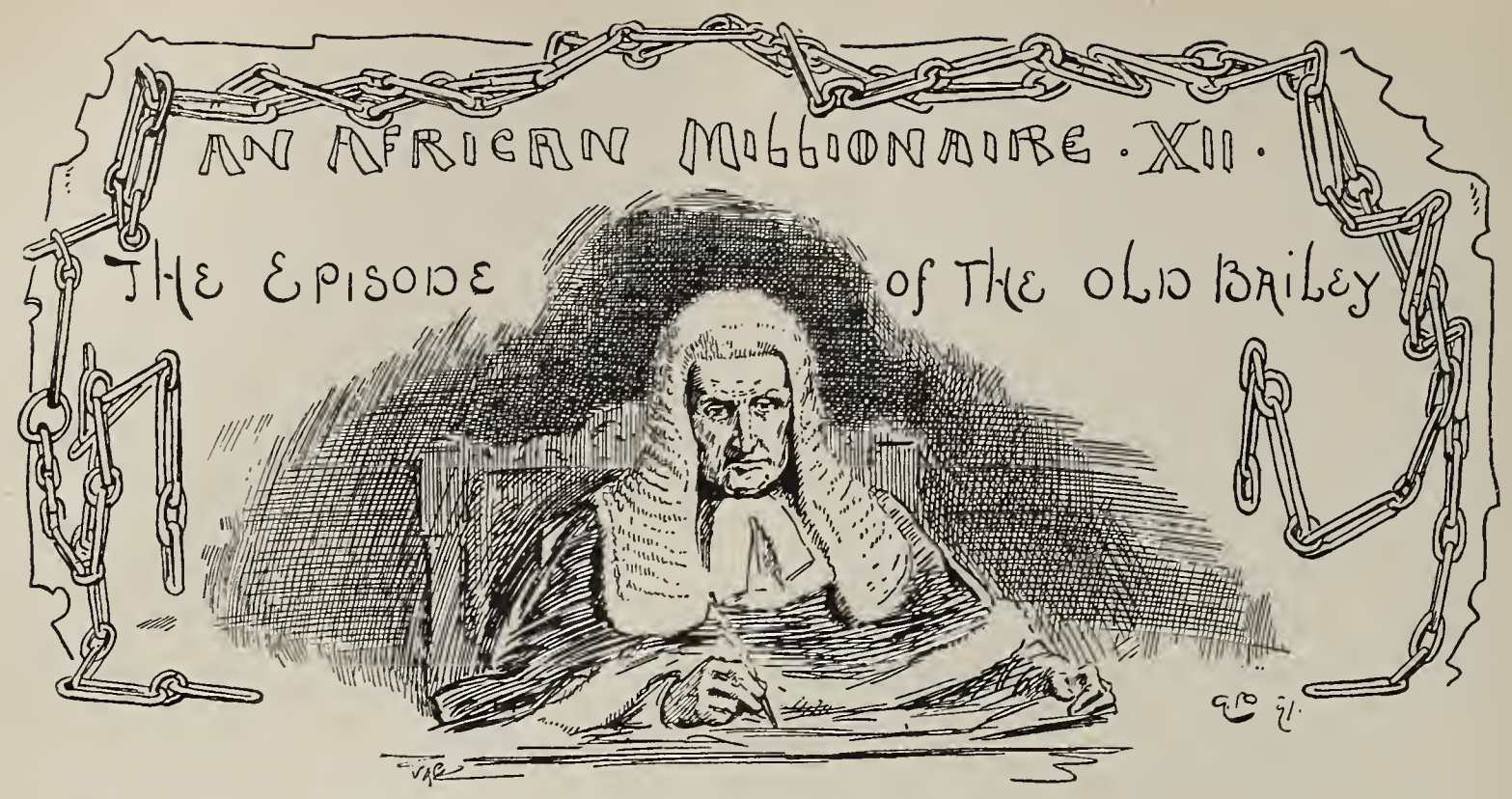
NO. 9.—"THE NEWEST THING IN MANTLES."
From a Photo.

No. 8 depicts a little Kaffir boy who has begged, borrowed, or stolen an enormous coat. He will probably throw the trailing ends over his arm (as the pages do with the *débutantes'* trains on Drawing Room days) and then go for a stroll through the streets of the town, to drive other boys wild with envy. Perhaps the most peculiar characteristic of the Kaffirs, after their love of tawdry finery and a lazy life, is the curious way they walk when strolling forth in batches. Europeans would, of course, walk abreast, but the Kaffirs walk in Indian file. This may be mere force of habit, due to travelling through forest and bush.

The gentleman seen in No. 9 has acquired a brown velvet mantle, a bearskin tippet, and a military sun helmet. The photographer has evidently taken him just as he was robing to make an afternoon call. Anyone who has ever thrown a lot of coloured ribbons into a large cage of monkeys will realize the whole thing.

When the Kaffirs have no money to buy themselves fine clothes they become very dejected. There is nothing like the possession of a bright, original costume to put them in a good humour. Look at the grand, hilarious fellow shown in No. 10. A girl's hat, very much aslant, lends a certain reckless *diablerie* to his merry countenance; and an old pair of stays make him a sort of shoulder-cape, with what the ladies would call "a high Medici collar." A lady's night-dress, worn toga-fashion, and a pair of boots which are obviously uncomfortable, complete this startling toilet of a Kaffir dandy.

NO 10.—"IRRESISTIBLE!"
From a Photo.



By Grant Allen.

WHEN we reached Bow Street, we were relieved to find that our prisoner, after all, had *not* evaded us. It was a false alarm. He was there with the policeman, and he kindly allowed us to make the first formal charge against him.

Of course, on Charles's sworn declaration and my own, the man was at once remanded, bail being refused, owing both to the serious nature of the charge and the slippery character of the prisoner's antecedents. We went back to Mayfair—Charles, well satisfied that the man he dreaded was under lock and key; myself, not too well pleased to think that the man I dreaded was no longer at large, and that the trifling little episode of the 10 per cent. commission stood so near discovery.

Next day the police came round in force, and had a long consultation with Charles and myself. They strongly urged that two other persons at least should be included in the charge—Césarine and the little woman whom we had variously known as Madame Picardet, White Heather, Mrs. David Granton, and Mrs. Elihu Quackenboss. If these accomplices were arrested, they said, we could include conspiracy as one count in the indictment, which gave us an extra chance of conviction. Now they had got Colonel Clay, in fact, they naturally desired to keep him, and also to include with him as many as possible of his pals and confederates.

Here, however, a difficulty arose. Charles called me aside with a grave face into the library. "Seymour," he said, fixing me, "this is a serious business. I will not lightly swear away any woman's character. Colonel Clay himself—or, rather, Paul Finglemore—is an abandoned rogue, whom I do not desire to screen in any degree. But poor little Madame Picardet—she may be his lawful wife, and she may have acted implicitly under his orders. Besides, I don't know whether I could swear to her identity. Here's the photograph the police bring of the woman they believe to be Colonel Clay's chief female accomplice. Now, I ask you, does it in the least degree resemble that clever, and amusing, and charming little creature, who has so often deceived us?"

In spite of Charles's gibes, I flatter myself I do really understand the whole duty of a secretary. It was clear from his voice he did not *wish* me to recognise her; which, as it happened, I did not. "Certainly, it doesn't resemble her, Charles," I answered, with conviction in my voice. "I should never have known her." But I did not add that I should no more have known Colonel Clay himself in his character of Paul Finglemore, or of Césarine's young man, as *that* remark lay clearly outside my secretarial functions.

Still, it flitted across my mind at the time that the Seer had made some casual remarks at Nice about a letter in Charles's pocket, presumably from Madame Picardet; and I reflected further that Madame Picardet in turn might possibly hold certain answers of Charles's, couched in such terms as he might reasonably desire to conceal from Amelia. Indeed, I must allow that under whatever

disguise White Heather appeared to us, Charles was always that disguise's devoted slave from the first moment he met it. It occurred to me, therefore, that the clever little woman—call her what you will—might be the holder of more than one indiscreet communication.

"Under these circumstances," Charles went on, in his austerest voice, "I cannot consent to be a party to the arrest of White Heather. I—I decline to identify her. In point of fact"—he grew more emphatic as he went on—"I don't think there is an atom of evidence of any sort against her. Not," he continued, after a pause, "that I wish in any degree to screen the guilty. Césarine, now—Césarine we have liked and trusted. She has betrayed our trust. She has sold us to this fellow. I have no doubt at all that she gave him the diamonds from Amelia's *rivière;* that she took us by arrangement to meet him at Schloss Lebenstein; that she opened and sent to him my letter to Lord Craig-Ellachie. Therefore, I say, we *ought* to arrest Césarine. But not White Heather—not Jessie; not that pretty Mrs. Quackenboss. Let the guilty suffer; why strike at the innocent—or, at worst, the misguided?"

"I WANT YOU TO HELP ME IN A MOST PAINFUL DIFFICULTY."

"Charles," I exclaimed, with warmth, "your sentiments do you honour. You are a man of feeling. And White Heather, I allow, is pretty enough and clever enough to be forgiven anything. You may rely upon my discretion. I will swear through thick and thin that I do not recognise this woman as Madame Picardet."

Charles clasped my hand in silence. "Seymour," he said, after a pause, with marked emotion, "I felt sure I could rely upon your—er—honour and integrity. I have been rough upon you sometimes. But I ask your forgiveness. I see you understand the whole duties of your position."

We went out again, better friends than we had been for months. I hoped, indeed, this pleasant little incident might help to neutralize the possible ill-effects of the 10 per cent. disclosure, should Finglemore take it into his head to betray me to my employer. As we emerged into the drawing-room, Amelia beckoned me aside towards her boudoir for a moment.

"Seymour," she said to me, in a distinctly frightened tone, "I have treated you harshly at times, I know, and I am very sorry for it. But I want you to help me in a most painful difficulty. The police are quite right as to the charge of conspiracy; that designing little minx, White Heather, or Mrs. David Granton, or whatever else we're to call her, ought certainly to be prosecuted — and sent to prison, too—and have her absurd head of hair cut short and combed straight for her. But—and you will help me here, I'm sure, dear Seymour — I *cannot* allow them to arrest my Césarine. I don't pretend to say Césarine isn't guilty; the girl has behaved most ungratefully to me. She has robbed me right and left, and deceived me without compunction. Still—I put it to you as a married man—*can* any woman afford to go into the witness-box, to be cross-examined and teased by her own maid, or by a brute of a barrister on her maid's information? I assure you, Seymour, the thing's not to be dreamt of. There are details of a lady's life—known only to her maid—which *cannot* be made public. Explain as much of this as you think well to Charles, and *make* him understand that *if* he insists upon arrest-

ing Césarine, I shall go into the box—and swear my head off to prevent any one of the gang from being convicted. I have told Césarine as much; I have promised to help her: I have explained that I am her friend, and that if *she'll* stand by *me*, *I'll* stand by *her*, and by this hateful young man of hers."

I saw in a moment how things went. Neither Charles nor Amelia could face cross-examination on the subject of one of Colonel Clay's accomplices. No doubt, in Amelia's case, it was merely a question of rouge and hair-dye: but what woman would not sooner confess to a forgery or a murder, than to those toilet secrets?

I returned to Charles, therefore, and spent half an hour in composing, as well as I might, these little domestic difficulties. In the end, it was arranged that if Charles did his best to protect Césarine from arrest, Amelia would consent to do her best in return on behalf of Madame Picardet.

We had next the police to tackle—a more difficult business. Still, even *they* were reasonable. They had caught Colonel Clay, they believed, but their chance of convicting him depended entirely upon Charles's identification, with mine to back it. The more they urged the necessity of arresting the female confederates, however, the more stoutly did Charles declare that for his part he could by no means make sure of Colonel Clay himself, while he utterly declined to give evidence of any sort against either of the women. It was a difficult case, he said, and he felt far from confident even about the man. If *his* decision faltered, and he failed to identify, the case was closed; no jury could convict with nothing to convict upon.

At last the police gave way. No other course was open to them. They had made an important capture; but they saw that everything depended upon securing their witnesses, and the witnesses, if interfered with, were likely to swear to absolutely nothing.

Indeed, as it turned out, before the preliminary investigation at Bow Street was completed (with the usual remands), Charles had been thrown into such a state of agitation that he wished he had never caught the Colonel at all.

"I wonder, Sey," he said to me, "why I didn't offer the rascal two thousand a year to go right off to Australia, and be rid of him for ever! It would have been cheaper for my reputation than keeping him about in courts of law in England. The worst of it is, when once the best of men gets into a witness-box, there's no saying with what shreds and tatters of a character he may at last come out of it!"

"In *your* case, Charles," I answered, dutifully, "there can be no such doubt; except, perhaps, as regards the Craig-Ellachie Consolidated."

Then came the endless bother of "getting up the case" with the police and the lawyers. Charles would have retired from it altogether by that time, but, most unfortunately, he was bound over to prosecute. "You couldn't take a lump sum to let me off?" he said, jokingly, to the inspector. But I knew in my heart it was one of the "true words spoken in jest" that the proverb tells of.

Of course, we could see now the whole building-up of the great intrigue. It had been worked out as carefully as the Tichborne swindle. Young Finglemore, as the brother of Charles's broker, knew from the outset all about his affairs; and, after a gentle course of preliminary roguery, he laid his plans deep for a campaign against my brother-in-law. Everything had been deliberately designed beforehand. A place had been found for Césarine as Amelia's maid—of course, by means of forged testimonials. Through her aid the swindler had succeeded in learning still more of the family ways and habits, and had acquired a knowledge of certain facts which he proceeded forthwith to use against us. His first attack, as the Seer, had been cleverly designed so as to give us the idea that we were a mere casual prey; and it did not escape Charles's notice now that the detail of getting Madame Picardet to inquire at the Crédit Marseillais about his bank had been solemnly gone through on purpose to blind us to the obvious truth that Colonel Clay was already in full possession of all such facts about us. It was by Césarine's aid, again, that he became possessed of Amelia's diamonds, that he received the letter addressed to Lord Craig-Ellachie, and that he managed to dupe us over the Schloss Lebenstein business. Nevertheless, all these things Charles determined to conceal in court; he did not give the police a single fact that would turn against either Césarine or Madame Picardet.

As for Césarine, of course, she left the house immediately after the arrest of the Colonel, and we heard of her no more till the day of the trial.

When that great day came, I never saw a more striking sight than the Old Bailey

presented. It was crammed to overflowing. Charles arrived early, accompanied by his solicitor. He was so white and troubled that he looked much more like prisoner than prosecutor. Outside the court, a pretty little woman stood, pale and anxious. A respectful crowd stared at her silently. "Who is that?" Charles asked. Though we could both of us guess, rather than see, it was White Heather.

"That's the prisoner's wife," the inspector on duty replied. "She's waiting to see him enter. I'm sorry for her, poor thing. She's a perfect lady."

"So she seems," Charles answered, scarcely daring to face her.

At that moment she turned. Her eyes fell upon his. Charles paused for a second and looked faltering. There was in those eyes just the faintest gleam of pleading recognition, but not a trace of the old saucy, defiant vivacity. Charles framed his lips to words, but without uttering a sound. Unless I greatly mistake, the words he framed on his lips were these: "I will do my best for him."

"A PRETTY LITTLE WOMAN STOOD, PALE AND ANXIOUS."

We pushed our way in, assisted by the police. Inside the court we saw a lady seated, in a quiet black dress, with a becoming bonnet. A moment passed before I knew—it was Césarine. "Who is—that person?" Charles asked once more of the nearest inspector, desiring to see in what way he would describe her.

And once more the answer came, "That's the prisoner's wife, sir."

Charles started back, surprised. "But—I was told—a lady outside was Mrs. Paul Finglemore," he broke in, much puzzled.

"Very likely," the inspector replied, unmoved. "We have plenty that way. *When* a gentleman has as many aliases as Colonel Clay, you can hardly expect him to be over particular about having only *one* wife between them, can you?"

"Ah, I see," Charles muttered, in a shocked voice. "Bigamy!"

The inspector looked stony. "Well, not exactly bigamy," he replied, with a pout of the lip.

Mr. Justice Rhadamanth tried the case. "I'm sorry it's him, Sey," my brother-in-law whispered in my ear. (He said *him*, not *he*, because, whatever else Charles is, he is *not* a pedant; the English language as it is spoken by most educated men is quite good enough for his purpose.) "I only wish it had been Sir Edward Easy. Easy's a man of the world, and a man of society; he would feel for a person in *my* position. He wouldn't allow these beasts of lawyers to badger and pester me. He would back his order. But Rhadamanth is one of your modern sort of judges, who make a merit of being what they call 'conscientious,' and won't hush up anything. I admit I'm afraid of him. I shall be glad when it's over."

"Oh, *you'll* pull through all right," I said, in my capacity of secretary. But I didn't think it.

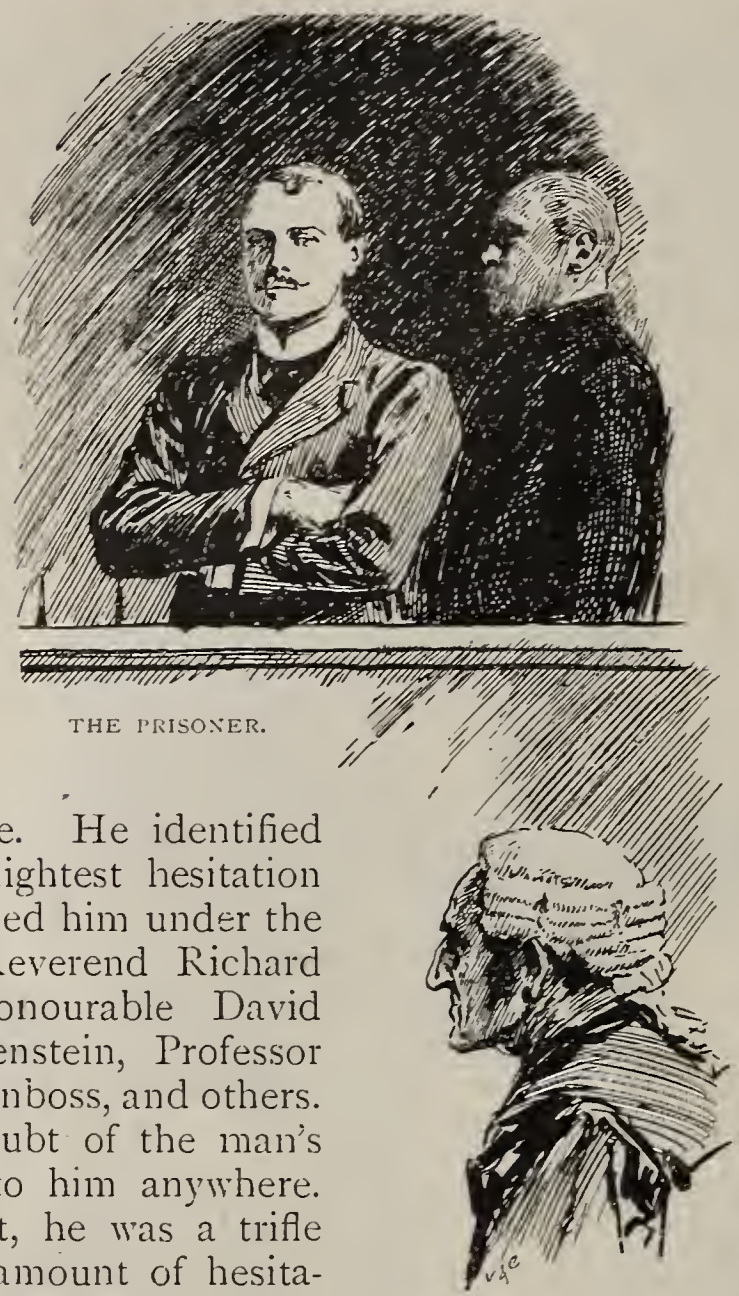
The judge took his seat. The prisoner was brought in. Every eye seemed bent upon him. He was neatly and plainly dressed, and, rogue though he was, I must honestly confess he looked at least a gentleman. His manner was defiant, not abject like Charles's. He knew he was at bay, and he turned like a man to face his accusers.

We had two or three counts on the charge, and after some formal business Sir Charles Vandrift was put into the box to bear witness against Finglemore.

Prisoner was unrepresented. Counsel had been offered him, but he refused their aid.

The judge even advised him to accept their help; but Colonel Clay, as we all called him mentally still, declined to avail himself of the judge's suggestion.

"I am a barrister myself, my lord," he said—"called some nine years ago. I can conduct my own defence, I venture to think, better than any of these my learned brethren."



THE PRISONER.

Charles went through his examination-in-chief quite swimmingly. He answered with promptitude. He identified the prisoner without the slightest hesitation as the man who had swindled him under the various disguises of the Reverend Richard Peploe Brabazon, the Honourable David Granton, Count von Lebenstein, Professor Schleiermacher, Dr. Quackenboss, and others. He had not the slightest doubt of the man's identity. He could swear to him anywhere. I thought, for my own part, he was a trifle too cock-sure. A certain amount of hesitation would have been better policy. As to the various swindles, he detailed them in full, his evidence to be supplemented by that of bank officials and other subordinates. In short, he left Finglemore not a leg to stand upon.

When it came to the cross-examination, however, matters began to assume quite a different complexion. The prisoner set out by questioning Sir Charles's identifications. Was he sure of his man? He handed Charles a photograph. "Is that the person who represented himself as the Reverend Richard Peploe Brabazon?" he asked, persuasively.

Charles admitted it without a moment's delay.

Just at that moment, a little parson, whom I had not noticed till then, rose up, unobtrusively, near the middle of the court, where he was seated beside Césarine.

"Look at that gentleman!" the prisoner said, waving one hand, and pouncing upon him.

Charles turned and looked at the person indicated. His face grew still whiter. It was—to all outer appearance—the Reverend Richard Brabazon *in propriâ personâ*.

Of course I saw the trick. This was the real parson upon whose outer man Colonel Clay had modelled his little curate. But the jury was shaken. And so was Charles for a moment.

"Let the jurors see the photograph," the judge said, authoritatively. It was passed round the jury-box, and the judge also examined it. We could see at once, by their faces and attitudes, they all recognised it as the portrait of the clergyman before them—not of the prisoner in the dock, who stood there smiling blandly at Charles's discomfiture.

The clergyman sat down. At the same moment the prisoner produced a second photograph.

"Now, can you tell me who *that* is?" he asked Charles, in the regular brow-beating Old Bailey voice.

With somewhat more hesitation, Charles answered, after a pause: "That is yourself, as you appeared in London when you came in the disguise of the Graf von Lebenstein."

This was a crucial point, for the Lebenstein fraud was the one count on which our lawyers relied to prove their case most fully within the jurisdiction.

Even while Charles spoke, a gentleman, whom I had noticed before, sitting beside White Heather, with a handkerchief to his face, rose as abruptly as the parson. Colonel Clay indicated him with a graceful movement of his hand. "And *this* gentleman?" he asked, calmly.

Charles was fairly staggered. It was the obvious original of the false Von Lebenstein.

The photograph went round the box once more. The jury smiled, incredulously. Charles had given himself away. His overweening confidence and certainty had ruined him.

Then Colonel Clay, leaning forward, and looking quite engaging, began a new line of cross-examination. "We have seen, Sir Charles," he said, "that we cannot implicitly trust your identifications. Now let us see how far we can trust your other evidence. First, then, about those diamonds. You

tried to buy them, did you not, from a person who represented himself as the Reverend Richard Brabazon, because you believed he thought they were paste; and if you could, you would have given him £10 or so for them. *Do* you think that was honest?"

"I object to this line of cross-examination," our leading counsel interposed. "It does not bear on the prosecutor's evidence. It is purely recriminatory."

Colonel Clay was all bland deference. "I wish, my lord," he said, turning round, "to show that the prosecutor is a person unworthy of credence in any way. I desire to proceed upon the well-known legal maxim of *falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus*. I believe I am permitted to shake the witness's credit?"

"The prisoner is entirely within his rights," Rhadamanth answered, looking severely at Charles. "And I was wrong in suggesting that he needed the advice or assistance of counsel."

Charles wriggled visibly. Colonel Clay perked up. Bit by bit, with dexterous questions, Charles was made to acknowledge that he wanted to buy diamonds at the price of paste, knowing them to be real; and, a millionaire himself, would gladly have diddled a poor curate out of a couple of thousand.

"UNWILLINGLY, SHAMEFACEDLY, CHARLES WAS COMPELLED TO CONFESS."

"I was entitled to take advantage of my special knowledge," Charles murmured, feebly.

"Oh, certainly," the prisoner answered. "But, while professing friendship and affection for a clergyman and his wife, in straitened circumstances, you were prepared, it seems, to take three thousand pounds' worth of goods off their hands for ten pounds, if you could have got them at that price. Is not that so?"

Charles was compelled to admit it.

The prisoner went on to the David Granton incident. "When you offered to amalgamate with Lord Craig-Ellachie," he asked, "had you or had you not heard that a gold-bearing reef ran straight from your concession into Lord Craig-Ellachie's, and that his portion of the reef was by far the larger and more important?"

Charles wriggled again, and our counsel interposed; but Rhadamanth was adamant. Charles had to allow it.

And so, too, with the incident of the Slump in Golcondas. Unwillingly, shamefacedly, by torturing steps, Charles was compelled to confess that he had sold out Golcondas—he, the chairman of the company, after repeated declarations to shareholders and others that he would do no such thing—because he thought Professor Schleiermacher had made diamonds worthless. He had endeavoured to save himself by ruining his company. Charles tried to brazen it out with remarks to the effect that business was business. "And fraud is fraud," Rhadamanth added, in his pungent way.

"A man must protect himself," Charles burst out.

"At the expense of those who have put their trust in his honour and integrity," the judge commented, coldly.

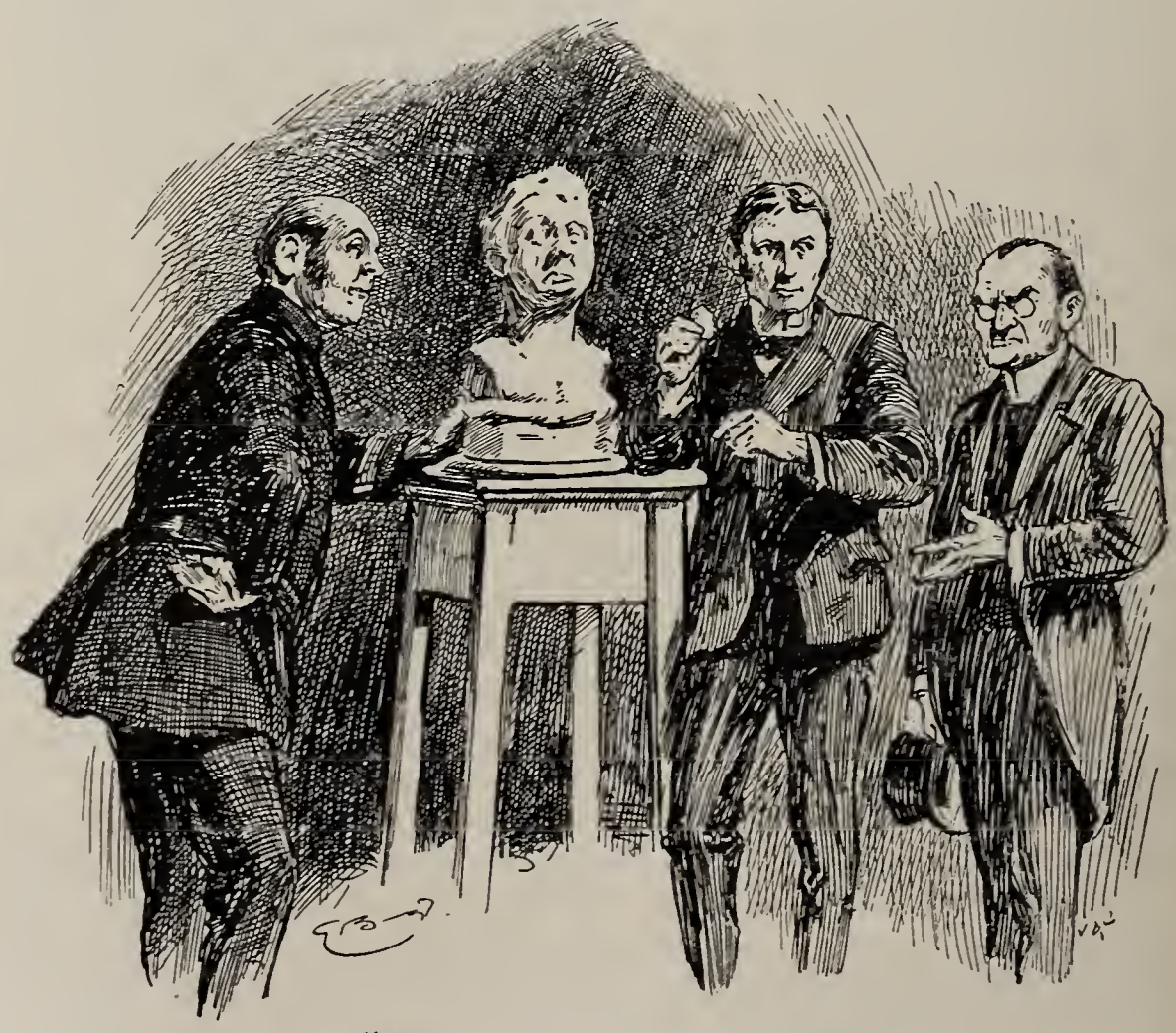
After four mortal hours of it, all to the same effect, my respected brother-in-law left the witness-box at last, wiping his brow, and biting his lip, with the very air of a culprit. His character had received a most serious blow. While he stood in the witness-box all the world had felt it was *he* who was the accused and Colonel Clay who was the prosecutor. He was convicted on his own evidence of having tried to induce the supposed David Granton to sell his father's interests into an enemy's hands; and of every other shady trick into which his well-known business acuteness had unfortunately hurried him during the course of his adventures. I had but one consolation in my brother-in-law's misfortunes—and that was the thought that a due sense of his own shortcomings might possibly make him more lenient in the end to the trivial misdemeanours of a poor beggar of a secretary!

I was the next in the box. I do not desire to enlarge upon my own achievements. I will draw a decent veil, indeed, over the painful scene that ensued when I finished my evidence. I can only say I was more cautious than Charles in my recognition of the photographs; but I found myself particularly worried and harried over other parts of my cross-examination. Especially was I shaken about that misguided step I took in the matter of the cheque for the Lebenstein commission—a cheque which Colonel Clay handed to me with the utmost politeness, requesting to know whether or not it bore my signature. I caught Charles's eye at the end of the episode, and I venture to say the expression it wore was one of relief that I too had tripped over a trifling question of 10 per cent. on the purchase money of the castle.

Altogether, I must admit, if it had not been for the police evidence, we would have failed to make a case against our man at all. But the police, I confess, had got up their part of the prosecution admirably. Now that they knew Colonel Clay to be really Paul Finglemore, they showed with great cleverness how Paul Finglemore's disappearances and reappearances in London exactly tallied with Colonel Clay's appearances and disappearances elsewhere, under the guise of the little curate, the Seer, David Granton, and the rest of them. Furthermore, they showed experimentally how the prisoner at the bar might have got himself up in the various characters; and, by means of a wax bust, modelled by Dr. Beddersley from observations at Bow Street, and aided by additions in the gutta-percha composition after Dolly Lingfield's photographs, they succeeded in proving that the face as it stood could be readily transformed into the faces of Medhurst and David Granton. Altogether, their cleverness and trained acumen made up on the whole for Charles's over-certainty, and they succeeded in putting a strong case of their own before the jury against Paul Finglemore.

The trial occupied three days. After the first of the three, my respected brother-in-law preferred, as he said, not to prejudice the case against the prisoner by appearing in court again. He did not even allude to the little matter of the 10 per cent. commission further than to say at dinner that evening that all men were bound to protect their own interests—as secretaries or as principals. This I took for forgiveness; and I continued diligently to attend the trial, and watch the case in my employer's interest.

The defence was ingenious, even if somewhat halting. It consisted simply of an attempt to prove throughout that Charles and I had made our prisoner the victim of a mistaken identity. Finglemore put into the box the ingenuous original of the little curate—the Reverend Septimus Porkington, as it turned out, a friend of his family; and he showed that it was the Reverend Septimus himself who had sat to a photographer in Baker Street for the portrait which Charles too hastily identified as that of Colonel Clay in his personification of Mr. Richard Brabazon. He further elicited the fact that the portrait of the Count von Lebenstein was really taken from Dr. Julius Keppel, a Tyrolese music-master, residing at Balham, whom he put into the box, and who was well known, as it chanced, to the foreman of the jury. Gradually he made it clear to us that no portraits existed of Colonel Clay at all, except Dolly Lingfield's—so it dawned upon me by degrees that even Dr. Beddersley could only have been misled if we had



"MODELLED BY DR. BEDDERSLEY"

succeeded in finding for him the alleged photographs of Colonel Clay as the count and the curate, which had been shown us by Medhurst. Altogether, the prisoner based his defence upon the fact that no more than two witnesses directly identified him; while one of those two had positively sworn that he recognised as the prisoner's two portraits which turned out, by independent evidence, to be taken from other people!

The judge summed up in a caustic way which was pleasant to neither party. He asked the jury to dismiss from their minds entirely the impression created by what he frankly described as "Sir Charles Vandrift's obvious dishonesty." They must not allow the fact that he was a millionaire—and a particularly shady one—to prejudice their feelings in favour of the prisoner. Even the richest—and vilest—of men must be protected. Besides, this was a public question. If a rogue cheated a rogue, he must still be punished. If a murderer stabbed or shot a murderer, he must still be hung for it. Society must see that the worst of thieves were not preyed upon by others. Therefore, the proved facts that Sir Charles Vandrift, with all his millions, had meanly tried to cheat the prisoner, or some other poor person, out of valuable diamonds—had basely tried to juggle Lord Craig-Ellachie's mines into his own hands—had vilely tried to bribe a son to betray his father—had directly tried, by underhand means, to save his own money, at the risk of destroying the wealth of others who trusted to his probity—these proved facts must not blind them to the truth that the prisoner at the bar (if he were really Colonel Clay) was an abandoned swindler. To that point alone they must confine their attention; and *if* they were convinced that the prisoner was shown to be the self-same man who appeared on various occasions as David Granton, as Von Lebenstein, as Medhurst, as Schleiermacher, they must find him guilty.

As to that point, also, the judge commented on the obvious strength of the police case, and the fact that the prisoner had not attempted in any one out of so many instances to prove an *alibi*. Surely, if he were *not* Colonel Clay, the jury should ask themselves, must it not have been simple and easy for him to do so? Finally, the judge summed up all the elements of doubt in the identification—and all the elements of probability; and left it to the jury to draw their own conclusions.

They retired at the end to consider their verdict. While they were absent, every eye in court was fixed on the prisoner. But Paul Finglemore himself looked steadily towards the further end of the hall, where two pale-faced women sat together, with handkerchiefs in their hands, and eyes red with weeping.

Only then, as he stood there, awaiting the verdict, with a fixed white face, prepared for everything, did I begin to realize with what courage and pluck that one lone man had sustained so long an unequal contest against wealth, authority, and all the Governments of Europe, aided but by his own skill, and two feeble women! Only then did I feel he had played his reckless game through all those years with *this* ever before him! I found it hard to picture.

The jury filed slowly back. There was

"THE JURY FILED SLOWLY BACK."

dead silence in court as the clerk put the question, "Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

"We find him guilty."

"On all the counts?"

"On all the counts of the indictment."

The women at the back burst into tears, unanimously.

Mr. Justice Rhadamanth addressed the prisoner. "Have you anything to urge," he asked, in a very stern tone, "in mitigation of whatever sentence the Court may see fit to pass upon you?"

"Nothing," the prisoner answered, just faltering slightly. "I have brought it upon myself—but—I have protected the lives of those nearest and dearest to me. I have fought hard for my own hand. I admit my crime, and will face my punishment. I only regret that, since we were both of us rogues—myself and the prosecutor—the lesser rogue should have stood here in the dock, and the greater in the witness-box. Our country takes care to decorate each according to his deserts—to him, the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George; to me, the Broad Arrow!"

The judge gazed at him severely. "Paul Finglemore," he said, passing sentence in his sardonic way, "you have chosen to dedicate to the service of fraud, abilities and attainments which, if turned from the outset into a legitimate channel, would no doubt have sufficed to secure you without excessive effort a subsistence one degree above starvation—possibly even, with good luck, a sordid and squalid competence. You have preferred to embark them on a lawless life of vice and crime—and I will not deny that you seem to have had a good run for your money. Society, however, whose mouthpiece I am, cannot allow you any longer to mock it with impunity. You have broken its laws openly, and you have been found out." He assumed the tone of bland condescension which always heralds his severest moments. "I sentence you to Fourteen Years' Penal Servitude."

The prisoner bowed, without losing his apparent composure. But his eyes strayed away again to the far end of the hall, where the two weeping women, with a sudden sharp cry, fell at once in a faint on one another's shoulders, and were with difficulty removed from court by the ushers.

As we left the room, I heard but one comment all round, thus voiced by a schoolboy: "I'd a jolly sight rather it had been old Vandrift. This Clay chap's too clever by half to waste on a prison!"

But he went there, none the less—in that "cool sequestered vale of life" to recover equilibrium. Though I myself half regretted it.

I will add but one more little parting episode.

When all was over, Charles rushed off to Cannes, to get away from the impertinent stare of London. Amelia and Isabel and I went with him. We were driving one afternoon on the hills beyond the town, among the myrtle and lentisk scrub, when we noticed in front of us a nice victoria, containing two ladies in very deep mourning. We followed it, unintentionally, as far as Le Grand Pin—that big pine tree that looks across the bay towards Antibes. There, the ladies descended, and sat down on a knoll, gazing out disconsolately towards the sea and the islands. It was evident they were suffering very deep grief. Their faces were pale and their eyes bloodshot. "Poor things!" Amelia said. Then her tone altered suddenly.

"Why, good gracious," she cried, "if it isn't Césarine!"

So it was—with White Heather!

Charles got down and drew near them. "I beg your pardon," he said, raising his hat, and addressing Madame Picardet: "I believe I have had the pleasure of meeting you. And since I have doubtless paid in the end for your victoria, *may* I venture to inquire for whom you are in mourning?"

White Heather drew back, sobbing; but Césarine turned to him, fiery red, with the mien of a lady. "For *him!*" she answered; "for Paul! for our king, whom *you* have imprisoned! As long as *he* remains there, we have both of us decided to wear nothing but mourning."

Charles raised his hat again, and drew back without one word. He waved his hand to Amelia and walked home with me to Cannes. He seemed deeply dejected.

"A penny for your thoughts!" I exclaimed, at last, in a jocular tone, trying feebly to rouse him.

He turned to me, and sighed. "I was wondering," he answered, "if *I* had gone to prison, would Amelia and Isabel have done as much for me?"

For myself, I did *not* wonder. I knew pretty well. For Charles, you will admit, though the bigger rogue of the two, is scarcely the kind of rogue to inspire a woman with profound affection.

Side-Shows.

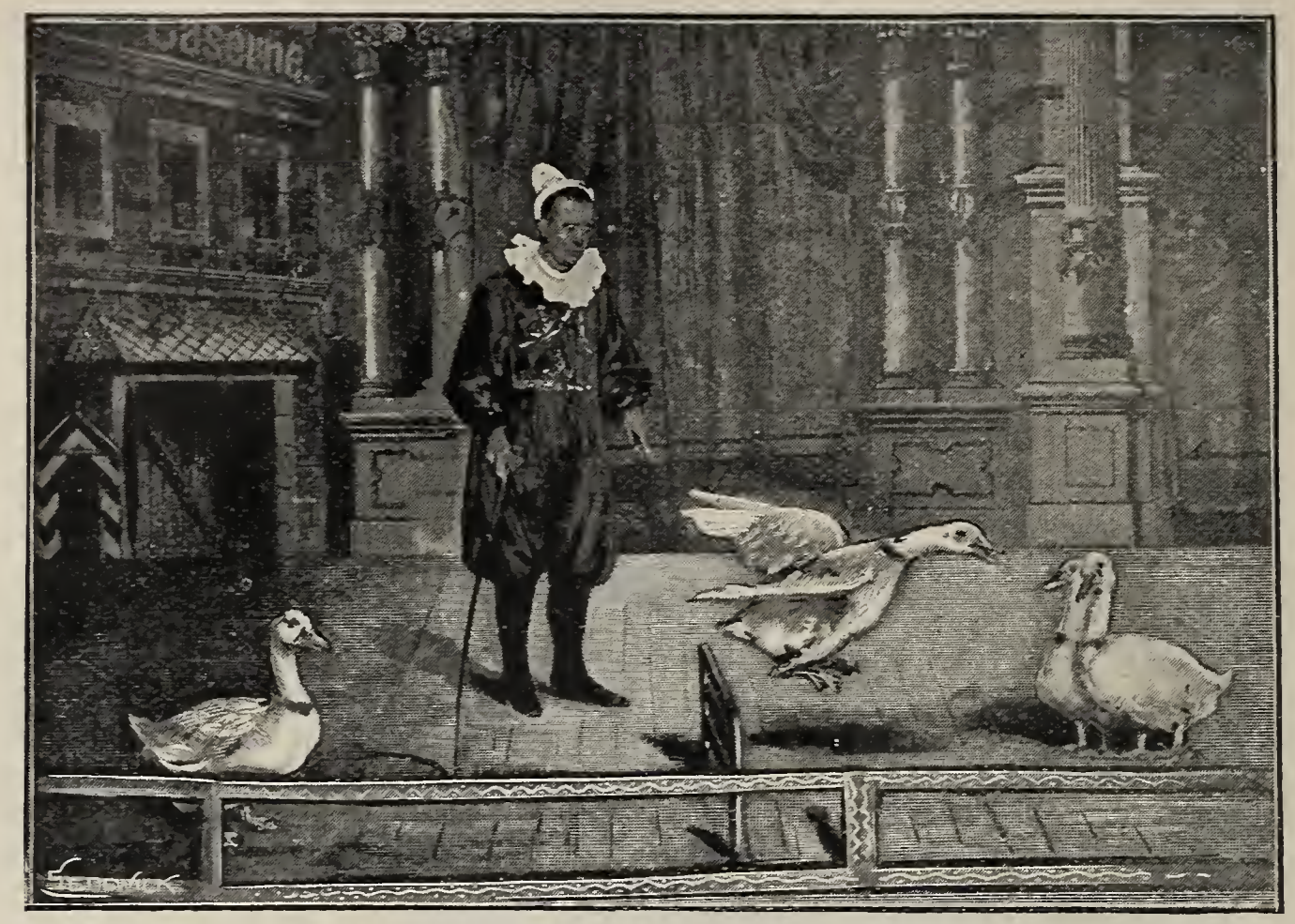
III.

By William G. FitzGerald.

MR. CHAUNCEY MORLAN and Miss Annie Bell were married at Huber's Museum, New York City, on the 30th of November, 1892. The event was a masterstroke of showmanship. The museum was crowded to its doors, and hundreds were unable to procure admission. The wedding was one of the events of the season. The colossal couple held daily receptions for six weeks at Huber's Museum, which was packed day and night. Costly and handsome presents poured in from admirers in the audience and elsewhere. Don't misunderstand me when I say that the pair were engaged in every city in the States. Unlike most newly-married people, their honeymoon trip brought them a large fortune. You see, Mr. and Mrs. Morlan are the heaviest couple alive, their combined weight being eighty-two stone. After a prolonged tour, it was the intention of the bridegroom to retire to his fine estate in Indiana. That, by the way, is what most freaks do, when they have amassed a fortune. Millie Christine, the Two-headed Nightingale, after a lengthy public career at 500 dollars a week, retired to her (or should it be their?) big plantation in North Carolina. Few freaks really like the business, and take the very first opportunity of dropping back into private life. The supply must be kept up, however, and there are men travelling in outlandish parts who yearn after inconceivable monstrosities, human and animal, as if their lives depended on the finding of them.

MR. CHAUNCEY MORLAN AND HIS BRIDE—COMBINED WEIGHT 1,148LB.
From a Photo. by Wendt, New York City.

Chauncey Morlan was born at Indianapolis in 1872; he weighed 10lb. at birth, and was a sickly, ordinary child until he was three years old. Then he began to "put on flesh," as the saying goes; and that at such a rate that at the age of seven he weighed over 140lb. Three years later the child's life became a burden to him in the literal as well as metaphorical sense; he then weighed 20st. 10lb. His present height is 5ft. 10in. It was whilst travelling with Adam Forepaugh's circus that Mr. Morlan met the lady who is now his wife. She was then known as Miss Annie Bell, the Ohio giantess, having been born at Columbus in 1873. She stands 6ft. 2in. in height, and weighs exactly 40st. In 1886, I gather, the Fat Women's Convention (an interesting body corporate) was simultaneously held in Chicago, Milwaukee, Memphis, and New Orleans; and at each place Miss Bell carried off the first prize—an elegant gold medal.



From a] M. CHARLES JIGG AND HIS PERFORMING GEESE. *[Photograph.*

M. Charles Jigg and his performing geese are next seen, photographed on the stage of the Empire Theatre. M. Jigg—whose patronymic plainly predestined him to a career of public entertainment—hails from the goose-farming districts of Hungary. Here, he tells me, one may see flocks of 15,000 geese in a single field, and all controlled by one little lad.

Young Jigg ran away from home and became a variety artist in Vienna. Returning years afterwards, with the showman's instinct developed within him, he realized in a moment the vast potentialities of the goose as a stage performer. He thereupon resolved to put four of the proverbially stupid birds through the drill of a German recruit. It was a stupendous, heart-breaking labour, but M. Jigg accomplished it in nineteen months. On the very first night of a public performance, however, one of the birds refused to move, and at length deposited an egg on the stage. The Viennese were frantic with delight, thinking it part of the show.

The bird on the left is the corporal, August Müller, and this officer has charge of three recruits—Maier, Kohn, and Lehmann. The birds march, jump, and go through certain other evolutions with a precision which, though not perhaps quite up to the Hohenzollern standard, is yet very creditable—for geese. August Müller is comically dignified and does everything differently from his subordinates. For instance, instead of jumping *over* the little gate, the worthy corporal waddles *under* it with such fuss as befits his rank. The entire regiment is finally "ordered abroad," and all ranks leave the stage in a miniature coach drawn by a goat and driven by a monkey.

The next photo. was taken at the famous establishment of Mr. Cross, the great wild beast importer of Liverpool, who has already landed in this country some 400 elephants. Two of Mr. Cross's men are seen training some rock-pythons for a snake-charmer. For the amusement of visitors to Mr. Cross's wonderful place, thirty or forty snakes are sometimes heaped on to the person of one man. These rock-pythons range in length from 7ft. or 8ft. up to 15ft., and in price from £2 to £20 each.

Snake-charmers can't keep their snakes

TRAINING PYTHONS FOR A SNAKE-CHARMER.
From a Photo. by Richard Brown, Liverpool.

DORA—THE MIDGET.
From a Photo. by W. Hudson, Bordesley.

long in this country, owing to the climate. It is a mistake to suppose that the reptiles are not dangerous. They bite often and seriously, though not venomously. At the same time it sometimes happens that, through want of water, the snake's mouth becomes dry and a canker forms therein. A bite given under such conditions is almost sure to result in blood-poisoning. Mr. Cross himself was once bitten severely in the hand by one of these rock-pythons. He shook off the reptile so violently that all its teeth were left in his hand, where some of them remained for six months.

The lady seen in the next photograph is the quaintest, comicalest little person in the world. With that unerring judgment and sense of fitness which women ever display, this midget (she is not more than 23in. high) elected to be known to the admiring multitude by the sweet, pretty name of "Dora." As mere matters of hard, rude fact, "Dora" was really "Bridget"—and middle-aged and Irish at that; but these things detracted not from her admirable rendering of all that was appealing in diminutive womanhood. As is usually the case, Dora was shown side by side with a giant, a Captain Hugh Murphy (obviously a compatriot), who was nearly 8ft. in height, and had travelled for years with Barnum's Circus.

The little lady is, however, here placed contiguous to Frances Sinclair, the Yorkshire Giantess. This lady measures over 6ft. round the shoulders, 30in. round the arm, 5ft. round the waist, and she weighs 39¾ stone. "See her," says the hand-bill, rapturously, "seated in the GREATEST CHAIR EVER MADE, which was presented to her by the Mayor of High Wycombe." When a baby twelve months old, Miss Sinclair's clothes would have fitted any ordinary child of four or five; therefore they had to be made to measure. At two years she weighed 4st. 11lb. The lady is now thirty-three years of age, and speaks in the Yorkshire dialect. "Her character," says the biography before me, with painful superfluousness, "will bear the strictest investigation. Her whole appearance" (it concludes, magnanimously) "is of the most agreeable description; and she is deserving of *a large measure of public support.*" The italics are mine.

It is not often that one comes across a scientist who is also what one might term a practical humorist. Yet such a man was Hermann Ploucquet, preserver of Natural History objects at the Royal Museum of

FRANCES SINCLAIR—THE YORKSHIRE GIANTESS.
From a Photo. by W. Stringer, Liverpool.

COMIC STUFFED ANIMALS—HEDGEHOGS SKATING.
From a Photograph.

Stuttgart, Wurtemberg. Herr Ploucquet conceived the highly original idea of setting up a large number of small animals — such as foxes, weasels, martens, hares, kittens, etc. —so as to resemble comic pictures. Some of the groups, indeed, were concrete copies of Kaulbach's illustrations for Goethe's poem of "Reynard the Fox."

The grouping, dressing, and expression of the various animals are beyond all praise. The entire collection was packed and forwarded to this country under the professor's own personal superintendence, and will probably be on show at the Crystal Palace at the forthcoming Victorian Era Exhibition.

The first photo. shows several joyous hedgehogs skating on a miniature lake; notice the light fantastic step of the little animal in the middle. Tiny skates are fitted to many rigid little feet. In the second photo. a group of very young and irresponsible kittens are serenading an angry porker; and the third illustration figures in the catalogue as "The Village Dentist." The operator, a pine marten, wears an ex-

KITTENS SERENADING A PIG.
From a Photograph.

From a] "THE VILLAGE DENTIST." *[Photograph.*

THE "HUMAN CLAW-HAMMER"—EXTRACTING A SCREW WITH HIS TEETH.
From a Photo. by Howie, Detroit, Mich.

pression of fiendish glee, which is quite marvellous when we consider that this is merely a stuffed animal.

"These groups of animals," says Herr Ploucquet himself, "are chiefly imitations of the attitudes, habits, and occupations of rational creatures." Among these truly comic groups are: three statesmen (foxes, appropriately enough, and of preternaturally serious aspect); a frog ball; a snail post (carried by a dormouse); a prisoner before the magistrate (a hare and a hog); an Irish wake (six cats and a polecat—the latter as the deceased); a club raid in Soho (six hares and a fox); and a lady out walking with her husband and her servant (a cat, a red howling monkey, and a baboon.)

Ex America semper aliquod novi! William Le Roy, "The Nail King" and "Human Claw-Hammer," was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A., on October 3rd, 1873. He is a powerful man, about 5ft. 10in. in height. For many years he has been known to the theatrical and circus world in the United States as the "Nail King"; and the enormous strength of his jaws and teeth has puzzled thousands of physicians. This man is able to push a nail, which he holds between his teeth, through a board 1in. thick. He also extracts with his teeth large spikes driven through a 2in. plank. Le Roy can even nail together, with his teeth, two boards, each ¾in. thick. He performs all these feats in various positions, and he closes his remarkable exhibition by screwing a 2in. wooden screw into a hardwood plank, and then extracting it with his enormously strong teeth. To perform this crowning feat, the "Human Claw-Hammer" bends his body backwards, as seen in the photo. In order to prove that there is no humbug in the performance, and that extraordinary strength is required, not only in the jaws and teeth, but also in the neck—Mr. Le Roy replaces the screw in the hardwood plank, holds up a pair of large pincers, and offers any man in the audience 100 dollars (£20) who is able to pull the screw out of the plank with the pincers.

This photo. shows Fred Howe, the fat man, and George Moore, the living

MOORE AND HOWE—THE COMICAL BOXERS.
From a Photo. by Howie, Detroit, Mich.

skeleton; they are the most comical boxers in the world. Fred Howe's father was a carpenter at Alleghany City, Penn., and Fred started to learn the same trade, but soon became too fat. At the age of eighteen he joined the Forepaugh Circus as a "fat boy," and there met his present sparring partner.

George Moore was born in Helena, Montana, where his father had a little dry goods shop. Until he was twenty-one years of age George worked in his father's shop. But his greatest desire was to see the world. When the first big circus came to Helena, the manager offered him an engagement to exhibit himself as the "living skeleton," and he closed with the offer at once. When he met Fred Howe, they soon became great friends. The doctors advised both to take as much exercise as possible — the one to gain flesh, and the other to get rid of it. These smart Yankee lads then resolved to combine duty with pleasure, so they went in for boxing. For a long time they practised privately. One day, however, the manager was told of the fun by some of his "freaks," who had been allowed to see a "set-to" between the two gladiators. The manager then arranged a round or two, and the moment he saw Howe and Moore face each other, he offered them a long engagement at an increased salary, if only they would do their boxing before the public. To-day these funny fellows are not only expert boxers, but also perfect comedians in their "art." Their boxing is uproariously funny.

"GAY JEWEL"—THE HEAVIEST MAN ALIVE.
From a Photo. by Eisenmann, New York City.

Moore is 6ft. 3in. in height, and weighs but 97lb., whilst Howe is only 4ft. 2in. high, and weighs exactly 422lb.

The heaviest man alive is here shown; he weighs 53st. 6lb., and stands 6ft. 4in. in height. His real name is not known, but he is called "Gay Jewel" on account of his perennial hilarity. "Gay Jewel," better known to the museum and side-show people of America as "Jumbo" (the name given him at the convention of fat people in New York City, February, 1889, for being the heaviest person on record), was born in Mason City, Iowa, on the 8th of June, 1863. His parents have a large farm in Iowa, and keep the county post-office. His father and mother are both people of ordinary size, and until he was eighteen years old, the "Jewel" himself was no larger or heavier than any lad of that age. From that time onwards, however, he gained flesh very rapidly. He married when about twenty-four years of age. His wife—a lovely brunette — is the daughter of a wealthy farmer in Iowa, and she weighs but 96lb. "Jumbo" is not only known as the heaviest, but also as the jolliest man on earth. His greatest pleasure is to play his violin, and to sing comic songs, of which he knows a great number. When a really good joke is cracked, this great man laughs until the tears run down his cheeks and the earth shakes. I may mention that it takes 38yds. of cloth to make "Gay Jewel" a suit of clothes; and 1¾lb. of yarn go to make him a pair of socks.

The comical photograph next reproduced shows Jo-Jo, the "Dog-Faced Gentleman," looking over the top of a blanket. Jo-Jo is 5ft. in height, and his face and body are completely covered with silky canine hair of light-brown hue, from 3in. to 8in. long. His head, viewed in this way, is exactly like that of a hairy spaniel.

This extraordinary individual is now twenty-six years of age. When quite a child

JO-JO—THE DOG-FACED MAN—STANDING BEHIND A BLANKET.
From a Photo. by Swords Bros., York, Pa.

he was discovered, with his father—who is likewise covered with hair—in the forest of Kostroma, Central Russia. Jo-Jo was brought to England in 1884, by Mr. Chas. Reynolds, the well-known entertainment provider, of Liverpool. The same gentleman introduced into this country the Sacred Mascottes of Burmah—mother and son—who for many years resided at King Theebaw's Court at Mandalay. These Mascottes were hairy people, very like Jo-Jo in appearance.

"Before the overthrow of the King," writes Mr. Reynolds, "Barnum actually offered 3½ lakhs of rupees for possession of these two hairy beings—who, by the way, were shipped as luck-bringers. Theebaw, being superstitious, refused the offer, declaring that if he parted with them, the downfall of his throne would soon follow. What Barnum was unable to accomplish, however, was eventually brought about by the British troops."

Next is seen a Polar bear being trained for the side-show business by one of Carl Hagenbeck's men in Hamburg. "Polar bears," writes Herr Hagenbeck, "are imported in the late autumn, when they are six or seven months old. On arrival they are very wild, but grow quieter after a few days in our big cage. In three or four days, the keeper, wearing a skin suit for protection, enters the cage with no more formidable weapon than a good cane. The man is instantly attacked, but the bears retreat at the first stroke from the cane, and then a piece of meat, sugar, or carrot is thrown to them. New-comers always fight with the half-trained animals, particularly at feeding-time." In about four weeks, these Polar bears become sufficiently trained to walk on their hind legs at the word of command, and take a piece of sugar from their trainer's hand. Herr Hagenbeck tells me he now possesses a group of eight enormous Polar bears, which he has had since the autumn of 1895. These are as tame as a flock of sheep, the keeper and his wife doing almost anything with them. Young Polar bears in an untamed state only fetch £30 or £35, but a trained animal two or three years old and in fine condition will readily sell for £100.

From a] TRAINING A POLAR BEAR AT HAGENBECK'S. *[Photograph.*

Charles Baldwin, the "Weeping Wonder," next appears. This "artiste" is a character-comedian of really great ability. In the photo. he is seen in the *rôle* of a seaside landlady whose rascally boarder has gone off without paying her. Notice the dowdy bonnet, the alternate teeth blackened out, the thin hair, the ancient knitted shawl, and, above all, the expression and the tear! To see and hear the "Weeping Wonder" give vent to his "emotions" is a most screamingly funny experience. And when his audience roar with merriment, his plaint grows louder and more hysterically extravagant, culminating in a far-reaching screech of impotent wrath. This same Baldwin is a man of wonderfully varied ability. Everybody will remember him as a daring parachutist; and he has also been a stage-manager, caricaturist, actor, dancer, and vocalist.

BALDWIN—THE "WEEPING WONDER."
From a Photo. by F. Pannell, Fareham.

Lastly, we have a photo. of Tony, the "Silver Dollar Dog," considered the most wonderful animal in the world. He is not a trained dog, but one born with a peculiar gift which would be useful to a bank cashier. His original owner was a jeweller of Cheyenne, Wyoming, who kept him as a watch-dog. Various silver articles began to disappear, however, and the jeweller discharged several assistants. Still silver things continued to vanish; never gold ornaments or precious stones, only silver.

TONY—THE "SILVER DOLLAR DOG."
From a Photograph.

One day the puzzled jeweller was alone in his shop. He felt tired, and lay down to rest with a newspaper partly over his head. He heard a noise and saw Tony entering the shop from the back. The dog leaped upon a show-case, smelt several articles, and finally ran off with a solid silver napkin-ring. Tony was followed, and in a corner of the stable his amazed owner found a pretty extensive hoard of stolen silver. Thereafter the dog was tested in various ways, and one day, to everybody's surprise, he refused to pick up a dollar that had been thrown across the yard. *It was counterfeit!*

It is a fact that this wonderful dog will not touch any but genuine silver articles; and he has actually detected spurious silver coins that were passed as genuine by bank cashiers.

When Tony took to public exhibition, his owner offered 5,000 dollars to anyone who could deceive the dog with money or articles not of genuine silver. Test objects were allowed to be wrapped in paper or cloth, or even mixed together, real and counterfeit. Tony would not even take the trouble to unwrap the bogus stuff; and anyone doubting the genuineness of the performance was allowed freely to test the dog for himself. Tony has made a fortune for his owner, who is now living in retirement in Denver, Colorado.

The Weight of the Earth.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.*

(Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society.)

ON Boxing Day, 1896, an old gentleman who was paying a visit to me read out the paragraph from the *Standard* which is facsimiled in No. 1. He and I were alike bewildered as to the meaning of the black marks, "fifty-four thousand six hundred and eighty-one trillion tons." For black marks on paper these are, and nothing else—there is absolutely no meaning conveyed by these words to any person who reads them. The mind simply cannot realize in the faintest degree what they mean.

"Give that paper to me, please"; and I added, "There's an article in that paragraph." My friend handed me the newspaper and remarked, half sarcastically, "I hope you will make something of it—I can't."

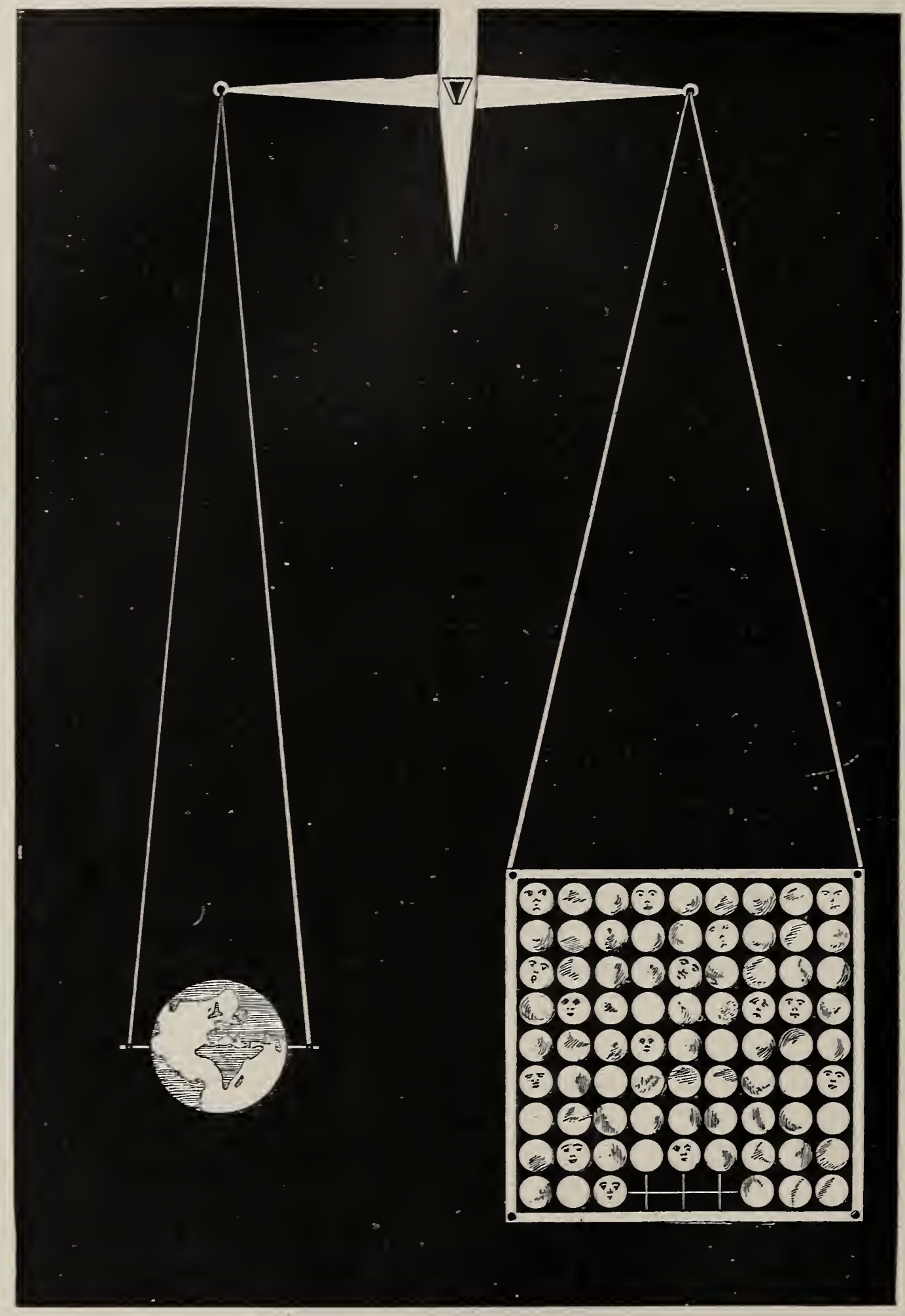
> Our Berlin Correspondent states that the important investigations regarding the mean density and weight of the earth, which have been carried out by Professor RICHARZ and Dr. KRIGAR MENZEL in the past twelve years, have shown that the density of the earth is such that the whole globe weighs fifty-four thousand six hundred and eighty-one trillion tons.

No. 1.—A cutting from the *Standard* of 26th December, 1896.

So, in due course, I set to work to extract this article from the paragraph. First, I took the precaution to test the accuracy of the statement it contains. A letter to a friend at the Royal Astronomical Society, another to Mr. George F. Chambers, F.R.A.S., the author of the excellent and popular "Handbook of Descriptive and Practical Astronomy," etc.; and, third, an independent calculation of my own, resulted in the sure conclusion that the two Berlin savants must have been wrong in their calculations extending over "the past twelve years," or that the newspaper account of their results is not correct. I do not go into detail as to why this conclusion must result; it is only necessary to say that I finally decided to take as the Weight of the Earth the well-established figures 6,069,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons, printed on page 652 of Mr. Chambers's book just mentioned. The adoption of the much larger number, fifty-four thousand six hundred and eighty-one trillion tons [54,681,000,000,000,000,000,000], given by the new "discovery" of Professor Richarz and Dr. Krigar Menzel, would mean, among other ludicrous happenings, that we should all have to be Sandows, for each of us, to support his own weight, would have to use his existing muscular power to an extent equal to carrying nine men instead of one's-self only. On the other hand, if we read this curious paragraph in the *Standard* by *French* notation instead of English, we find the Weight of the Earth to be only the small number, 54,681,000,000,000,000 tons; and on this basis each of us could carry on his back an army of nearly 111,000 men without more exertion than that now used for carrying one's-self. Both of these readings involve us in the ridiculous; and so, apart from all other reasons, we must throw over Messrs. Richarz and Krigar Menzel's investigations and stick to those of our own astronomers. Before we have finished, we shall find that we have all our work cut out even to tackle the smaller weight that we shall use as our starting-point.

Thus, we start with the fact that the planet Earth weighs 6,069,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons. This statement has no more meaning for us than the one quoted from the newspaper, and we are going to try to find out what this weight really is. It is something big, of course, and as I hate "figures" as much or more than most people do, I suggest that we mix a little imagination with our mathematics, and so use pictures to help us instead of figures. The mixing of imagination and mathematics is no new thing, for, as some of us know, there is no higher development of the faculty of imagination than that which is to be found in the processes of that branch of science which is covered by the higher mathematics. The popular idea that mathematics are dry is confined to those who only deal in "figures," without seeing their vast

* Copyright by John Holt Schooling, 1897.



No. 2.—The Weight of the Earth is equal to the weight of 78 Moons (nearly).

background of imaginative capabilities, and which has led to most of the grandest discoveries of science—notably in astronomy. The imagination of the great mathematicians of the world has infinitely surpassed that of the greatest artists.

As a first step towards realizing the meaning we are now seeking, we will weigh the Earth against the Moon. This little experiment in practical astronomy tells us that the Earth weighs as much as 78 Moons (nearly), see No. 2. The beam of this balance is very strong, and is more than 28,000 miles in length; each of the ropes which support the Earth is nearly 57,000 miles long, and the "pin" which is seen to pass through the Earth is the largest known, for it measures nearly 12,000 miles. The 78 Moons at the right of No. 2 are each a shade smaller than the true size, this in order to allow for the weight of the steel frame (a sort of abacus arrangement) upon which these Moons are strung. Each side of this steel frame measures more than 20,000

miles in length, and it is made of square steel strips that are 720 miles thick. The very much smaller round rods that serve to fix the 78 Moons in the outside part of this frame are each 115 miles in diameter, although they are scarcely visible; so that, on the whole, the experiment seen in No. 2 is one of the largest on record.

I give the calculation for No. 2, so that anyone may check it who cares to do so:—

Tons.
Weight of Earth = 6069 plus 18 o's. Weight of Earth divided by Weight of Moon. = 77·8.
Weight of Moon = 78 plus 18 o's.

Both these weights may be found on p. 652 of Chambers's "Handbook."

But this experiment does not help us much—it just serves to give us a clear idea as regards the respective weights of the Earth and the Moon, and to bring to our minds the fact that, heavy as the Moon is, our "lodging" is 78 times as heavy. Moreover, we have only a sight-acquaintance with Madame Moon, so let us now use as a weight-measuring gauge the weight of something that is more familiar to us than the Moon is. We will measure the weight of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and will see how *that* compares with the Weight of the Earth.

This experiment in weighing does not need a balance. We know the size of the surface of the United Kingdom, and the size of the surface of the Earth ("over all," water included). Also, we know the weight of the Earth. From these three pieces of knowledge we can easily calculate that the weight of the United Kingdom, from its surface all the way down to the centre of the Earth (say, 3,963 miles), is (approximately) 3,733,000,000,000,000,000 tons, and this is the weight of the piece of the planet Earth, shown in No. 3.

Here is the calculation:—

No. 3.—The weight of the United Kingdom from its surface, "all the way down" to the centre of the Earth [nearly 4,000 miles], is a weight that we will now apply to the Weight of the Earth.

Surface of the United Kingdom = 121,371 square miles.
Surface of the planet Earth = 197,309,000 square miles.
Weight of the " " = 6,069,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons.
and Weight of United Kingdom,

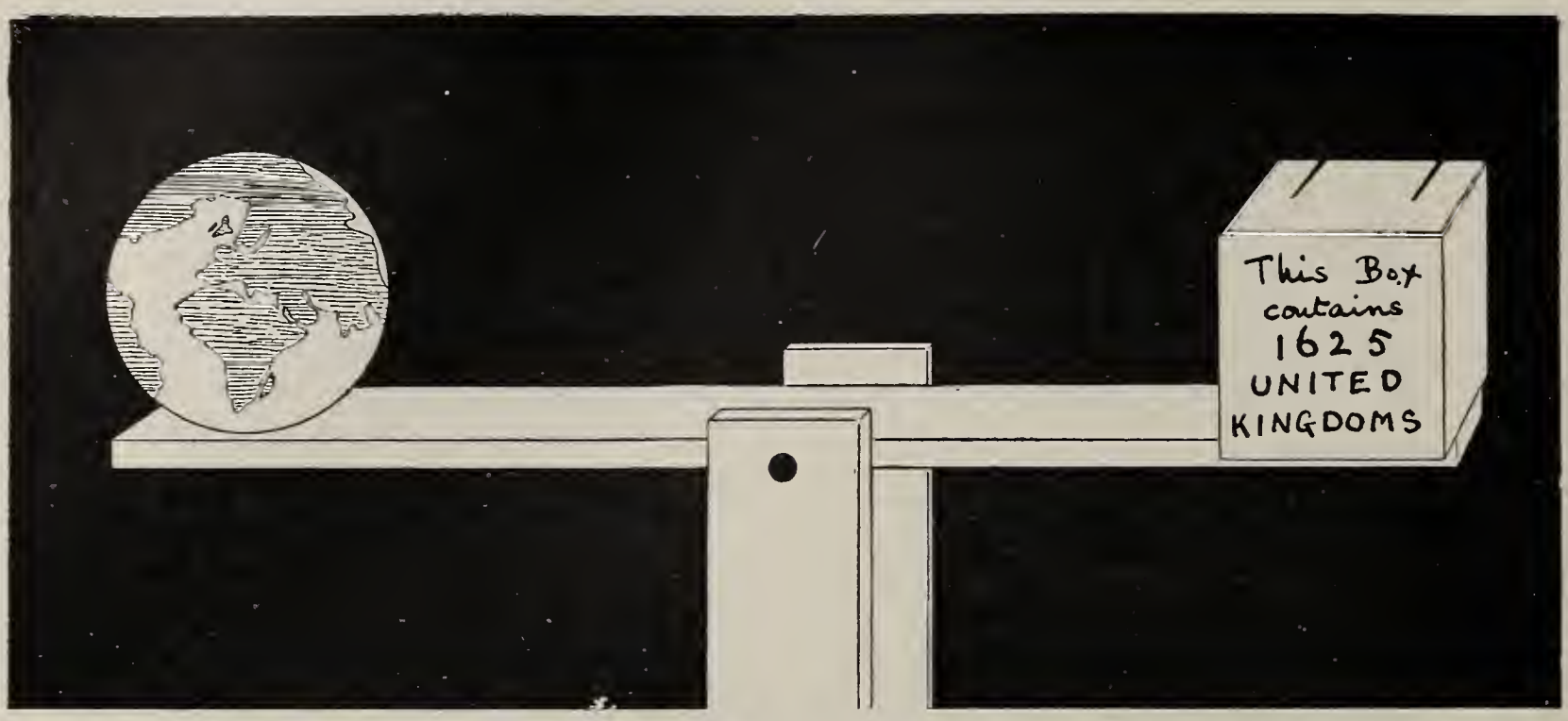
$$\frac{121{,}371 \times 6{,}069{,}000{,}000{,}000{,}000{,}000{,}000}{197{,}309{,}000} = 3{,}733{,}000{,}000{,}000{,}000{,}000 \text{ tons.}$$

The picture of the United Kingdom shown in No. 3 includes, as mentioned, all that lies under the surface of our country right down to the centre of the Earth. I take it that we have a just right to add this underground property, which is nearly 4,000 miles in depth, to the existing possessions of the British Empire. This large "annexation," of course, diminishes in area as it goes deeper into the Earth, until at the end of the 3,963 miles of depth, the United Kingdom finishes in a tiny point of liquid matter, or of molten matter, or of whatever is at the centre of this planet. At that wonderful point in the centre of the Earth meet the extremes of the territories of all Nations of the World, and from that point, diverging and growing in area as they near the surface of the Earth, spring all the different countries of mankind, which, when at the surface they break out into human beings, somehow or other contrive to make a terrible fuss over their little affairs when their men are *on* the surface.

The See-Saw pictured in No. 4 shows to us the Weight of the Earth balanced against the weight of 1,625 United Kingdoms. As a matter of fact, the Earth weighs rather more than 1,625 United Kingdoms, but the slight excess on the Earth's side of this great plank has been set off against the weight of the box which contains the 1,625 United Kingdoms. Here is the calculation for the benefit of sceptical readers only:—

The Weight of the Earth is
6,069,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons.
The Weight of the United Kingdom is
3,733,000,000,000,000,000 tons.
And dividing the larger figure by the smaller we get as a result 1,625·7, *i.e.*, the Earth is more than 1,625 times as heavy as the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, shown in No. 3.

The See-Saw shown in No. 4 is a very large one. Its plank is about 38,000 miles



No. 4.—The Weight of the Earth is rather more than equal to the weight of 1,625 United Kingdoms, each one of these United Kingdoms going all the way down to the centre of the Earth, as shown in No. 3.

in length and nearly 800 miles thick. Even the rod which supports the plank in the middle is a bar of steel about 800 miles in diameter, and the two side supports in which the rod rests are more than 4,000 miles wide; and as to their length—well, they just go right down into space until they can find something big enough to bear them and the weight they are supporting. As a see-saw, this is not easily matched, although I daresay some of our American cousins could find one to beat it. However, I am open to back this see-saw, for size, against the biggest thing that the United States can show.

We have come a little nearer to the meaning of that awful row of figures, 6,069,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons, which stands for the Weight of the Earth. We *can* now form a vague idea as to the weight of the United Kingdom, and we can take in the meaning of the figures 1,625; and these two ideas combined, vague as they may be (or as one of them may be), now take the place of the original meaningless weight with which we started, and they do suggest to our minds something of its awful meaning.

Working on the same lines as Nos. 3 and 4, but extending our survey to other parts of the world than the United Kingdom, we find that the Weight of the Earth is equal to 52½ Europes, or to 11½ Asias, or to 13⅓ Americas (North and South combined), or to 17½ Africas—all of these continents going "all the way down" to the centre of the Earth, as illustrated in No. 3. These comparisons also help us a little on the road to a complete understanding of what the Weight of the Earth really is.

But we will now try a different method altogether. We will cease our experiments in balancing and weighing the Moon and the Continents of the World against the Weight of the Earth, and we will try what can be done by way of *counting* the enormous weight we are talking about.

No. 5 shows to us a picture of the vast amphitheatre in Rome called the Coliseum, or Colosseum, which was commenced to be built by the Emperor Vespasian in A.D. 79, and which was finished by the Emperor Titus in A.D. 80—so they say. This big circus could hold 87,000 persons, and the main attraction was wholesale butchery, varied by details of an ingenious and murderous nature. The place is haunted to this day by the ghosts of its audience of 87,000 persons (at the least, we will assume that it is so haunted), who, by way of penance for the delight they once had in witnessing butchery, are condemned by us to do nothing but sit in their seats and count out the Weight of the Earth at the rate of 100 tons per minute for each ghost. One can count 100 in a minute easily enough for the first minute or so, but when one gets up into even the hundreds, "nine-ninety-one," "nine-ninety-two," nine-ninety-three," etc., etc., to count 100 in one minute is very smart work, especially if one has to count in *Roman* notation, as, of course, these 87,000 Roman ghosts must—for they don't know any other notation. We will assume that these 87,000 Roman ghosts started on the job of counting the Weight of the Earth in A.D. 80, at, as I say, the rate of 100 tons per minute for each ghost, and that they have sat in the seats shown in No. 5, doing nothing but count, right up to the

present year, 1897. During these 1,817 years of counting by the 87,000 ghosts a fairly large number has resulted as the total of the work of all of them—say, in round numbers, 8,314,000,000,000,000 tons have been counted out of the Weight of the Earth. But this number achieved by the 87,000 exhausted and perspiring ghosts—for even a ghost would perspire in circumstances such as these—is so paltry when compared with the number of tons we set them to work at that the whole of their work has made no appreciable effect upon the Weight of the Earth, which, after deducting the paltry total counted by the 87,000 Roman ghosts during 1,817 years of incessant hard labour, still requires a row of 22 figures to express it, and it is merely altered to 6,068,991,686,000,000,000,000 — an alteration from the original figures of 6,069,000,000,000,000,000,000, which is so slight as to be scarcely worth noticing. These ghosts are clearly of no use to us, for, in round numbers, they have done only $\frac{1}{730000}$th part of their task, and from this moment we release them from their dreadful task. Ghosts—avaunt!

Here is the calculation for the counting ghosts:—

	Logarithms.
100 tons a minute	= 2·0000000
87,000 ghosts	= 4·9395193
60 minutes in 1 hour	= 1·7781513
24 hours in 1 day.....	= 1·3802112
365·25 days in 1 year	= 2·5625902
A.D. 1897 minus A.D. 80 = 1817 years	= 3·2593549
	15·9198269 = Tons counted.

= 8,314,324,000,000,000

And Weight of the Earth, 6,069,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons divided by 8,314,324,000,000,000 tons = 729,945, *i.e.*, only $\frac{1}{729945}$th part of their task has been achieved by the ghosts.

We will enlist the whole population of the world, 1,500 millions of persons, to count the Weight of the Earth, and will see to what extent they can aid us, and each person shall count 100 tons a minute. What is the result? It is that all this vast horde of black, white, and drab mankind would have to do nothing but count for the immense period of (very nearly) 77,000 years in order to complete their task. The world is said to be 4,004 years old B.C., by Bible History, so that this counting would have to continue for thirteen times the age of the world, dating its age from the Creation to A.D. 1897, and be carried on all the while by the vast multitude of 1,500 millions of persons. Clearly this won't do, for if everyone were counting, no other work could be done.

Let us go to the Stars for help. Mr. Lick, dead, left a large sum of money with

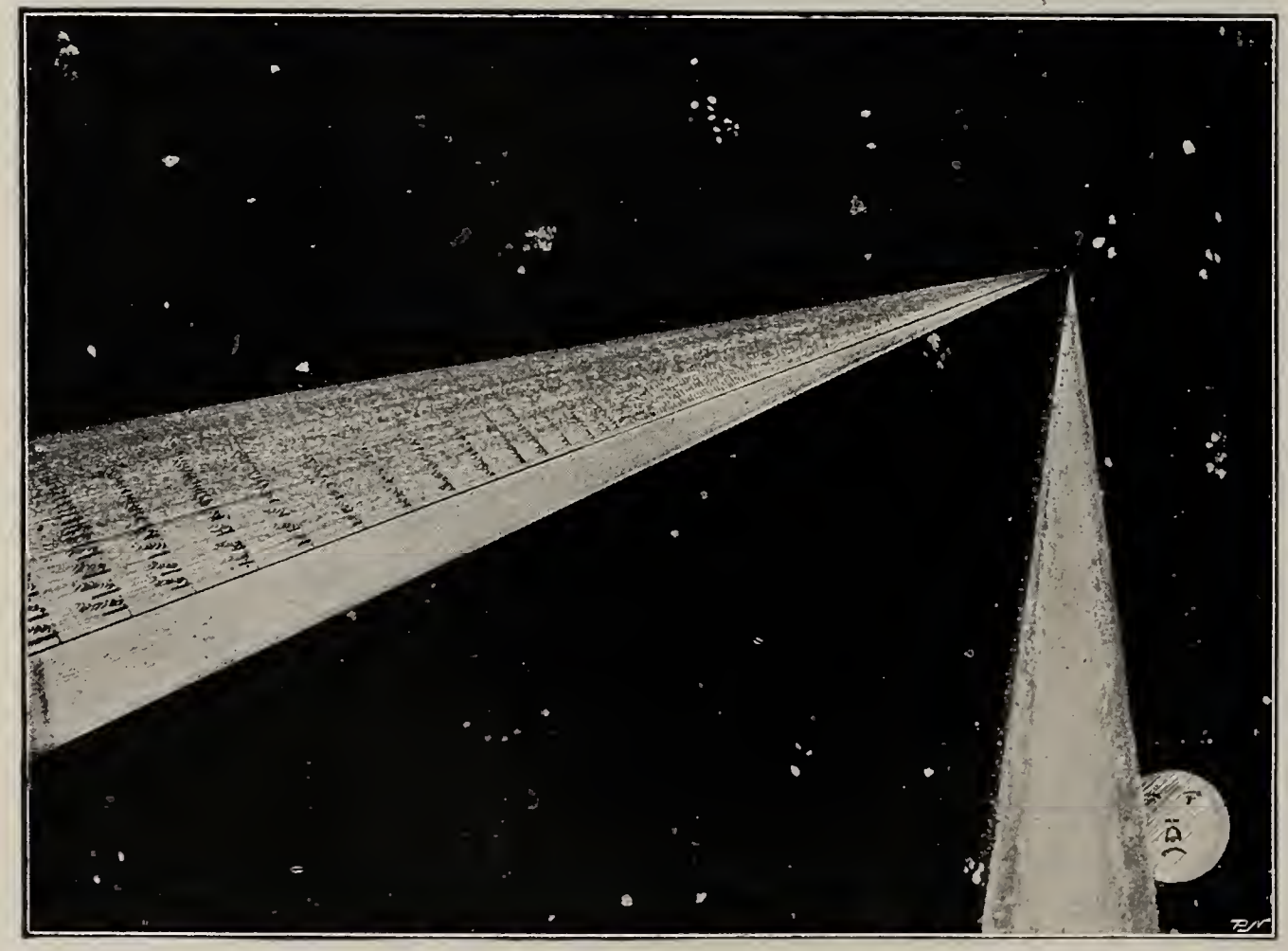
No. 5.—The Emperor Vespasian's Amphitheatre at Rome, called the Coliseum, in which have sat for more than 1,800 years, the ghosts of its vast audience of 87,000 persons, counting, counting, counting, the Weight of the Earth from A.D. 80 to A.D. 1897, *without making any appreciable effect upon the number that expresses the Weight of the Earth.* [*See text for details as to the rate at which these 87,000 Roman ghosts have been counting since A.D. 80.*]

which to build and maintain a splendid astronomical observatory. The famous Lick Telescope bears his name, and through the eye-piece of this wonderful spy-glass can be seen about 100 million of stars. This number is, of course, nothing when compared with the stars that remain in the background of the heavens, but still it is a large number. We will people these stars, if you please, and each of them shall have a population equal to the present population of the Earth (1,500 millions). All these populations of all these Stars shall set to work at the task of counting the Weight of the Earth at the usual rate of 100 tons a minute for each star-person. "Now we sha'n't be long." The result is that we do achieve our end, and we find that the star-people get through their task in the good time of under *seven hours!* So we have at last succeeded in getting the Weight of the Earth counted in a time that admits of ready comprehension.

But counting is one thing, and getting rid of the Weight of the Earth is another. For this job we must call in to our aid steam and iron—and plenty of both. Thus :—

No. 6 shows to us the end (200,000 miles, or so) of a mighty road in space, one end of which—the end we cannot see—rests, quite firmly, on a huge pile of the promises that have been made at all the Parliamentary Elections of this country by the candidates for votes. From the other end of this road —the end we can see—the Earth is being pitched into space at the following rate :—

On this road are placed one million parallel lines of railroad, and along these tracks run rows of gigantic trains, each row consisting of one million trains abreast. Each train is made up of 10,000 waggons, and each of these enormous waggons contains a weight of Earth equal to the weight of H.M.S. *Majestic* (a battleship of 15,000 tons weight). Once an hour a row of one million of these earth-loaded trains arrives at the edge of the road seen at the right of the picture in No. 6, and then discharges its mighty load. (The trains go back "underground.") If this carrying job had been started when Noah was 232 years old (Noah was born B.C. 2950, he was 600 at the episode of the Ark, and he died at age 950), and if these trains had worked without cessation into the year 1897, they would have pitched over the edge of this road a weight equal to the Weight of the Earth. Thus, the stupendous mass of earth seen to be falling into space at the right of the picture must keep on falling for rather more than 4,615 years in order to exhaust the Weight of the Earth.



No. 6.—The end [about 200,000 miles] of a mighty Road in Space, from whose edge, at the right of the picture, constantly-arriving and gigantic railway trains continually discharge their loads of earth, from the time of Noah to A.D. 1897.

[By the way, I am not giving all the calculations. Sceptical readers can easily check my statements, and the calculations

which have been given will serve to show the degree of precision, beyond which it is not necessary to go in these purely illustrative calculations.]

The position of the earth that falls from the end of the road in No. 6 is so arranged that if we could see far enough we should see that it falls into the Sun, to which it makes about as much difference as a drop of rain makes upon the continent of Europe. I mention this to show that we are not "making a mess" with the Universe in general. We are merely dusting away the utterly insignificant part of the Universe that we call the planet Earth. A large-sized celestial housemaid could flick us and our planet away with one turn of her wrist, and not know that she had done any work. But I suppose that would not trouble her—although, by the way, it might trouble *us*.

No. 7.—Part of an awful Bridge in Space, from whose edge 2,000 quick-firing guns of enormous size thunder projectiles made of Earth, for nearly one thousand years, at the rate of one thousand projectiles per second from each gun. Each of these projectiles weighs 100,000 tons, *i.e.*, ten times the tonnage of a great Atlantic liner. [The time of firing extends from the time of Athelstano the Saxon to Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in A.D. 1897.]

We cannot wait for the completion of the 4,615 years of "dust-carting" illustrated by No. 6. We must get some agent to do the work who is quicker than these railway trains. Quick-firing guns are useful and speedy things, and No. 7 shows some quick-firing guns at work on the job of getting rid of the Weight of the Earth. This is part of an awful Bridge in Space on whose edge, at the right, are placed 2,000 of these guns, each of which discharges one thousand projectiles per second. The projectiles are made of Earth, and each of them weighs 100,000 tons, *i.e.*, each projectile is ten times the weight of the tonnage of a great Atlantic liner—such as the *Paris*. At the end of a continuous discharge for nearly 1,000 years these guns would have fired away the Earth. More precisely, the discharge would last from the time of Athelstan, the wise and able Anglo-Saxon King, to the Diamond Jubilee of Victoria, the wise and able English Queen—nearly 962 years in all.

If we could see a long way beyond the right of No. 7, we should see that all these enormous projectiles have been fired into the Sun—who merely sneezes when some of them tickle his nostrils. He's a tremendous big fellow, that Sun, and there's one thing we like about him—he is not easily "upset."

For example, look at No. 8—which illustrates the quickest and final way of getting rid of the Weight of the Earth. We all know, of course, that the spinning of the Earth—its rotation on its own axis—and the inter-mutual exchange of attraction between

all the Planets and the Sun, go a long way to keep things "as they are"—in the heavens. Gravitation is pulling all the Planets in many directions, and the mighty Sun is pulling the lot like the very — ahem! Sometimes we capture a bit of somebody else, as, for example, when aërolites (celestial bodies in miniature) fall on the surface of the Earth and are put in glass cases in the Geological Museum, at Nos. 28 to 32, Jermyn Street, London. Some time, perhaps, somebody else will capture *us*, and then we shall be put in a glass case in a museum in Blank Street, Some Town, Mars, or elsewhere. But these are merely petty things, for there, waiting for all the Planets, Earth included, lies the giant Sun, whose attractive force is so great that some day possibly—so astronomers tell us—we shall get within his power and go "flop" into the Sun. It would not be "flop" for him, for he would scarcely feel the impact, but it might be a very decided flop for some of us, for we should feel somewhat shaken. But, take it as a whole, I don't know that we can invent a better or a more comfortable way of getting rid of the Weight of the Earth than by anticipating the future by some few millions or billions of years, and by going forward to the day when the Earth begins to fall into the Sun, whose gravity we will assume to be free to act on us, unimpaired by any counter attraction. Smack down then we go, and after a fall that lasts for only 65 days (nearly) we end up by taking a good comfortable warm place in the mass of the Sun, who will not even know we have arrived. There may be a spark or two when the Earth strikes the Sun, and if so will the astronomers on Mars or elsewhere kindly make a note of it? — THE STRAND MAGAZINE goes everywhere, so presumably it goes to the planet Mars. The head-line of the Mars *Times* may read: "Shocking Accident to the Planet Earth. Total Disappearance into the Sun. Another Planet wanted. Apply, with testimonials, to Universe, care of *Times* Office, Mars." And the Marsian news-boys will yell: "Orrid Murder of ther Plannit Erth! Gobbled by ther Sun!! Shockin Slorter!!!"

No. 8.—The Final and Quickest Disposal of the Weight of the Earth, by letting the Earth fall into the Sun—a fall that would occupy only 65 days (nearly). [The Earth and the Sun are here shown at their respective sizes, see Chambers's "Handbook," pp. 64 and 80.]

In a Treasure-Ship.

By Owen Hall.

I.

WE had been cruising for four months in the waters of the Eastern Archipelago, and for nearly a week we had been among the Ladrones, a group of islands with perhaps as bad a reputation as any even in that part of the world. The group is a considerable one. We had already visited two trading stations belonging to the owners of our brig, and on that evening we found ourselves drifting rather than sailing between two romantic-looking islands, whose peaks, rising sharp and sudden, separated by deep and narrow valleys, choked with masses of tropical vegetation, sufficiently proclaimed their volcanic origin.

Tom Madison and I were seated idly on the bulwark, our eyes wandering lazily—we had just finished a good supper—from the purple tints of the shore past which we were drifting, to the still more wonderful colours of the sea and sky, now bathed in the light of the almost level sun. I had been asking Tom, who was an old hand in these waters, having acted as supercargo for the owners for years, how this particular group of islands had gained so bad a reputation as to be named "The Robbers" hereabouts, where all natives seemed to be thieves.

"Thieves," said Tom; "well, I don't know that for that matter they deserve it either better or worse than their neighbours. It's only a question of opportunity, I take it, with any of them, as it is with a good many other people who don't hail from the Ladrones."

"But surely there must have been some reason," I said, "why they got the name from the Spaniards, or whoever it was that gave it them?"

"Oh, yes, of course; though very likely it originated in a mistake, and it's just as likely as not they may have been the victims of a slight misunderstanding By-the-bye, the whole thing took place close by here, if I'm not mistaken."

"Tell us the yarn, Tom," I said; "it's the very time and place for a good tough old yarn such as nobody could tell much better than these old Spanish navigators."

"Well, it's not much of a yarn, after all. It was somewhere about 1578 that it happened, I believe. One of these so-called treasure-ships put in close by here at Illolo Bay on its way across the Pacific, and she never got any farther. Only a single boat's crew are said to have escaped, and they said the great galleon was taken and destroyed for the sake of robbery, but, of course, we have only their word for that, and it's more than likely the native account of the business might have been different, if there had been any special reporters in those days to interview the chief actors in the tragedy. All that is known for certain is that the treasure-ship was burnt and sunk,

"THE TREASURE-SHIP WAS BURNT AND SUNK."

and that ever since then the islands have gone by the name of 'The Robbers' as a kind of set-off for the loss of the galleon."

"Whereabouts was it, Tom?" I asked, my imagination fired by the idea of the sunken treasure-ship.

"Well, the story goes that it was just inside the bay round the next point; but, of course, nobody can tell for certain at this time of day."

It was with a strange feeling of excitement that I watched the deep bay of Illolo slowly open to our view, splendid in all the glories of a tropical sunset. Few places could be more beautiful in themselves, and when seen in the magic of that gorgeous light, it was a scene to drive a great artist to despair. At another time I might have been content to admire, but not now. The story, vague, and merely suggested as it had been, had awakened a hundred memories of tales of sunken treasure-ships and their fortunate recoverers, and as we turned slowly into the bay, my eyes were eagerly fixed on the glassy waters, now gleaming with a thousand tints reflected from the sky overhead.

We drifted round the point and into the bay, our sails hardly lifting to the scarcely perceptible evening breeze, and our course marked only by the faintest ripple on the glassy water. Neither of us spoke, and my eyes were fixed on the water in the effort to penetrate the secrets which that transparent liquid, glowing with the colours of the dying day, had kept so safely and so long. As I leaned over and gazed fixedly downwards into the depths below, I felt my eyes grow more and more accustomed to the new medium, till I seemed to see almost as clearly through the crystal water as I could through the upper air. It was more than twenty fathoms deep, and yet I could see the bottom plainly. Great branching corals spread their boughs of crimson and blue, of green and white—a rich ocean shrubbery, of form and colour more splendid than any garden of earth. Beneath the branches the silver sands glittered and sparkled with a thousand shells, and fish of dazzling gold and deepest tinted blue swam in and out, and nibbled the tender shoots of the coral that seemed to stir softly with the movement of the tide.

Suddenly as I gazed in breathless admiration a shadow seemed to rise in the very midst of Nature's flower garden—was it a rock? It too was incrusted with corals that grew out of it at every angle, while long-haired medusæ spread their long tendrils to each motion of the water; yet as I looked it somehow seemed to take a shape that was familiar though strange—the shape of a vessel. I started up.

"The galleon, Tom!" I exclaimed. "The sunken treasure-ship!"

"Nonsense, man, you've got a strong imagination," said Tom, "that's what's the matter with you."

I pointed downwards over the side. "Look!" I said.

Tom leaned over the bulwark and looked down. I glanced upwards at the sails. They hung motionless against the masts. I looked around. There was not a ripple on the water: we were becalmed. Tom stared for a minute or two into the glassy depths without speaking; then he looked up.

"Well," he said, "it's queer, certainly, and I'm not sure but you may be right. But if you are, it's one of the strangest coincidences I ever came across. I've been here a dozen times, and I never heard of anybody that had seen it."

"Get them to anchor, Tom," I said, breathlessly.

"What for?" he asked.

"Why, don't you see what a chance it is? It's a treasure-ship." Tom looked at me for a moment doubtfully.

"Well," he said, "it's as good a place as any, I suppose, and we can talk it over afterwards."

He went aft and spoke to the skipper, who glanced round him and nodded, and in less than five minutes more the rattle of the chain announced that we had dropped anchor within a very few yards of the spot where I had seen the strange shadow of what looked like a Spanish ship of three hundred years ago.

That night Tom and I discussed the treasure-ship. At first he was disposed to laugh at my idea of examining her, but, gradually, I think my enthusiasm affected him a little. After all, it was a small matter to make the trial. We had several suits of diving-dresses on board, and as we were to lie here for a couple of days, there was no real difficulty about the matter. I was wild to make the experiment in person, and as Tom's principal objection seemed to be the risk of being laughed at by the captain and crew, we hit upon the idea of making it appear to be only my personal curiosity to explore the wonders of the coral beds we had seen from the deck.

At breakfast we broached the subject to the captain and mate, and I was surprised to

find that the former, at any rate, received the proposal with uneasiness.

"The fact is," he said, at last, "I don't half like these diving experiments, in these waters anyhow, for ye never know what'll happen. So far as I've seen, they've a way of turning out badly. You'd hardly believe how many seem to get lost at the game. You take my advice, sir, and see all ye can from the deck, then ye'll know where ye are, which ye don't, not when ye get hitched up amongst these thundering corals below."

The skipper, if not an educated man, had years of experience, and I couldn't help feeling that we should have been wise to listen to his advice; but then, of course, he knew nothing of the real object Tom and I had in view, and that was surely worth running some small risk for. As it was, both Tom and I argued the matter with him for some time, until at last he gave way, as he had no very definite reason to urge against our making the trial. Even then, however, he didn't like it, for he said at the very last: "Oh, well, sir, if ye must try it, I suppose ye must. Take your own way, only I hope Mr. Madison will bear me out with the owners that it wasn't by none of my advice ye went, in case any harm comes of it."

After breakfast we set to work to prepare for the expedition. By that time, however, the brig was surrounded by canoes, and the decks invaded by as many natives as could persuade the guard of seamen on any pretext to allow them on board. The time was clearly unpropitious for our purpose, and we reluctantly postponed it for a few hours. I paced the deck in a fever of impatience all the morning, wholly unable in my excitement to find the amusement which I ordinarily did in the manners and customs of our visitors, and only anxious to get rid of them that I might begin my adventure in peace. After a twelve o'clock dinner a boat's crew was ordered out to take the skipper ashore to the nearest village, and he was quickly followed by all but one or two of the canoes. Now was the opportunity for which we had been waiting so impatiently, and in a very few minutes all was ready, and I stood at the gangway arrayed in the ungainly diving-suit and ready to make the descent.

"Here," said Tom, as he cast a final and critical glance over my equipment, "you had better take this with you. It may be a shade troublesome, but I fancy you'll find it none too easy to get about through the coral when you're once among it." He handed me a small but sharp and serviceable-looking tomahawk as he spoke. "Besides," he added, in a lower tone, "if it should by any chance turn out to be the galleon, it'll take you all your time to get aboard, I fancy, and you'll be glad of this."

"THE DECKS WERE INVADED BY NATIVES."

"All right," I said, as I grasped the handle rather clumsily in my heavily gauntleted hand; "now I think I'm about ready for a start."

The sailors, who, having nothing else to do, had taken a lively interest in our proceedings, had let down a rope ladder over the side, which hung some feet into the water and swayed gently in the tideway. I scrambled over the bulwark and began to descend slowly, hampered as I was by the stiff leather dress and the weights attached to my legs to insure my speedy descent feet foremost. I

had reached the water, and even descended as far as the ladder went under water, when I looked up once more overhead before making the plunge. Tom's face, looking over the bulwark, was just above me, and he called out: "Good luck! Mind you pull the cord hard three times running if anything goes wrong, or you want us to haul you up."

I waved the tomahawk by way of farewell, drew my feet clear of the ladder, and let go. I had experienced the sensation before, but not often enough to render it familiar, and I confess it was with a strange feeling of novelty and sense of mysterious expectancy that I found myself sinking through the softly transparent water, till suddenly my feet felt the ground once more, and I stood amongst the coral beds at the bottom of Illolo Bay.

II.

For a moment or two I felt myself sway giddily in the strange new atmosphere of moving water in which I found myself, then I recovered my equilibrium and looked around me. To say that the scene was a novel one is to say but little—it was that, indeed, but it was far more than that. Looking through the glasses that protected my eyes and only very slightly dimmed my vision, at the scene which surrounded me, I felt as a man might feel who suddenly found himself transported to a new planet—beautiful, indeed, and mysterious, but above all strange and unfamiliar.

I stood upon a firm bed of coral sand that was strewed with a thousand shells. The sand was of a soft, creamy white colour, and the shells were tinted scarlet, pink, and blue of a hundred shades as various as their shapes. On every side I was surrounded by an ocean shrubbery of coral plants that rose from a foot to four or five feet, springing from the silvery soil, and stretching their delicate branches that glowed crimson and scarlet, purple and blue, pink and green, in the soft, clear light.

I looked round me, puzzled and bewildered. Surely no earthly garden was ever so wonderful as this. In none that I had ever seen were the forms so various or the colours so vivid. It is true the bright effects of the sunlight were missing; no birds were perched on these glowing branches, and no insects dashed or floated through the air. Yet here and there golden fishes darted like gleams of sunshine through the coloured boughs, while others, of dazzling blue and emerald green, hung motionless like insects poised for flight, or nibbled gently at the soft twigs of the coralline shrubs. Looking from above, I had thought these shrubs grew close together in a tangled mass of colouring; but on a nearer inspection I found I had been wrong. The coral plants grew well apart, and paths and alleys opened through them in every direction. The question was not how to obtain a path, but which of the many paths to take. There was no want of light by which to see all things clearly, although the blazing tropical sunshine was tempered here to a soft, clear light, with tints like that of opal, that fell on sand and shells and coral with a beauty which was all its own.

But there was no time to lose; strange and wonderful as the scene was, it was only for a moment that it had the power to divert my thoughts from the real purpose that had brought me there. The galleon. Where amid all this strange wealth of Nature's handiwork should I find the remnant of man's vanished handiwork, so long given up for lost? Which of all these paths should I take to reach the object I had seen so dimly from above? I cast my eyes upward, and through the soft grey-blue of the water above me I saw, framed in a halo of whiter light, the outline of the brig, hovering like some huge bird overhead. She headed now as she had done the evening before when first she swung to her anchor, and with the recollection came the knowledge of the course on which we had been drifting. I looked up again and marked the direction in which she headed. Turning my face in the same direction, I went in search of the galleon.

Just when I was beginning to despair of success, there certainly was a shadow on the horizon. I turned my face towards it and followed the shadow. I had not been mistaken. Each step I made it grew more distinct; each instant it looked more solid and substantial. I had found something, but now the question was whether after all it would prove to be no more than a rock. Of course, it was most likely, and I tried to persuade myself, as step by step I got closer, that I expected and could expect nothing else. The undersea horizon is but a short one, and I could not have had very many yards to go before I reached the spot.

"A rock! Only a rock, after all," I said to myself, a cold chill of disappointment stealing over me as I did so. I stood still and looked at it hopelessly. It rose to perhaps three times my own height from the sand, a shapeless block of discoloured stone. The coral shrubs grew close to the place where it jutted out of its bed; here and there

"I SAW THE OUTLINE OF THE BRIG."

they seemed to be rooted in little ledges and inequalities of its surface, and grew out of these of every colour and at every angle. Nor were they alone. In every hollow and on every inequality it was crusted with shells; spongy substances expanded their cells; medusæ hung out their long streamers of flowing hair to wave slowly in the currents. A rock?—yes, surely, only a rock!

And yet, I thought of what I had seen when I looked over the bulwark of the brig the evening before, and insensibly hope revived. This was the same—undoubtedly the same. I had seen these coral plants that jutted out at every angle before; I had seen these long-haired medusæ glittering in the tide; I had even seen that high rock that leaned away from me now, and in spite of its roughness was, after all, so uniform in shape. And from above the shape had been that of a ship—a strange, uncouth-looking ship, indeed, but a ship in spite of all. The longer I looked at it the stronger the impression grew—it was the same, and it was a ship. Yet how was I to settle the question? I looked up at it, and it looked hopeless: I struck it with the tomahawk, and the edge grated harshly on shells, only on shells. Then an idea struck me—there might be something on the other side.

There was some difficulty in getting round, for the coral grew more thickly here than elsewhere, but I gradually found a way to reach the other side. The idea had been a good one, as I saw at once. The rock, if it was only a rock, was lower at this side; the vessel, if it were indeed a vessel, lay with a heavy list towards the side which I had reached. The growth of coral, indeed, was thicker here than ever, so much so, that it was only by the free use of the tomahawk that at last I was able to get close to it. When I did so, however, the hardest part of my task was done. The perpendicular part of the rock was hardly more than breast high here, and above it the slope, but for one or two lumps in the middle, and a higher part at each end, seemed pretty even and not very steep. With a beating heart I prepared to climb.

With the aid of the branches of coral I contrived to struggle on to the slope. It had been no easy matter, imprisoned as I was in the stiff leathern casing that hampered each joint and swelled every limb to an elephantine size, but at last I had done it, and the moment it was done I knew that my search had been successful. There could be no longer any doubt about it when seen from above—it was a vessel, or at least it had been one, on the deck of which I stood. I could trace the outline clearly now; I could distinguish the high stern, and the form of the lofty forecastle,

that jutted out like beetling cliffs of rock. I could even make out what must have been the jagged stump of a mast, though now incrusted deeply with shells and overgrown with coral; and, most convincing token of all, that which from below had looked like a solid rock, showed only from above a hollow shell. Natural decay, or it might have been fire, had destroyed part of the deck, and before me there yawned a gap through which I could catch a glimpse of shapeless heaps below that might once have been cargo, overgrown with seaweeds and crusted with a myriad shells.

It was the galleon after all, and the discovery was my own! I examined the place with critical eyes. The hold had probably never been very deep, and now it looks I threw into the dim shadows where the deck still covered the hold—there was a shrinking from the attempt to explore these darker depths which almost overcame my determination to obtain some tangible evidence of the treasure. It was only for a few seconds after all, and then I shook off the impression and prepared to make the attempt. The gap in the deck was only a few feet wide, and it didn't extend all the way across the deck, so that I could see but a very small part of the hold from where I was. The part still covered by the deck was hardly visible at all from above, but I did not doubt that, when once I was there, I should find that light enough found its way in to guide me in any search I might have to make. I cast one last careful look around

"I CREPT CAUTIOUSLY ALONG."

was largely filled up by the heaps on which I had feasted my eyes. I crept cautiously along the sloping deck to the opening. I knelt and peered eagerly into the darker depths of the hold.

There was no real difficulty about the descent. In any case it would, of course, have been easy enough to get down, and I now saw that the sloping side of the galleon as she lay over would insure an easy way of getting out of the hold on my return. I saw this almost at a glance, but somehow I still had an uneasy feeling of curiosity which, strange to say, rather made me hesitate than hasten my descent. There was a trembling eagerness about the long, anxious me; I saw that the tubing from my helmet and the cord that was fastened about my waist were free; I lowered myself over the ragged edge of the deck, and in another moment I stood in the hold of the Spanish treasure-ship.

III.

It had been deeper than it looked, or at least I felt as if it were so. When I reached the bottom the deck which I had left was quite out of reach, and seemed, indeed, to be feet above my head. I had alighted on one of the shapeless-looking heaps I had noticed from above, and I was surprised to find that in spite of its covering of shells and seaweed, it felt nearly level to the touch. I looked

around, and I was conscious of a strange new feeling of oppression. For the first time since I left the brig I felt a shrinking sensation that was almost like fear. It may have been the sudden change from the broad freedom of the ocean bottom, bewildering as that had been, to the narrow limits of the place in which I found myself; it may even have been merely the effect of the dimmer light in which I stood, and the darker shadows that surrounded me on every side; but whatever the cause, the effect was something worse than unpleasant. I looked around, and as I looked I shuddered.

It was only by an effort that I recovered myself, and considered what my next step should be. The question was, where I should be most likely to find what I was looking for. There had been no effort required when at a distance to picture untold heaps of treasure lying ready to my hands, but it was different now that I was face to face with realities. I might, indeed, be standing upon a heap of gold or silver, but somehow, now that I found myself in contact with it, the reality of the whole thing seemed hard to grasp. I stooped and struck several blows with the tomahawk upon the heap on which I was standing. Whatever the heap was composed of, it resisted the edge of my weapon as if it had been stone. I stopped to consider.

The heap sloped downwards towards the stern, so much so, indeed, that the water looked dark and cavernous as I stooped forward to peer into the shadows that brooded over it. There did not appear to be any obstacle in my way, however, and after a momentary hesitation I moved cautiously down the slope. I was doubtful of my footing, and I moved carefully. Step by step, with my face set towards the darker shadows that lurked under the after-deck—step by step I felt my way. It was after all less dark than I had feared it would be. My eyes had grown accustomed to the soft pervading light that came downward through the watery atmosphere overhead, and now I found that they quickly accommodated themselves to the dimmer light that stole obliquely into the inner recesses of the after-hold. Looking from side to side as I went cautiously forward, I could make out my new surroundings almost as well as I had done outside. The place was like a cavern, and step by step as I descended the illusion became more complete. Under my feet the floor sloped steeply downwards thickly paved with shells; on each side coral plants had taken root, and although they had not attained the size and luxuriance of those outside, they seemed almost more strange and beautiful as they stretched their coloured branches towards me on every side. Overhead long tresses of coloured seaweeds hung downward in dishevelled masses, and swayed softly in the currents made by my progress. Step by step I went slowly on.

I had decided that under the poop deck was the most likely place to find what I was looking for. The most precious part of that ill-fated cargo—so I argued with myself—would be placed where it would be most immediately under the eyes of the officers, who no doubt were quartered in the poop, and I was anxious to get something undeniably precious—gold, if possible—to take back with me. My eyes searched the place as I went for signs of gold. Silver I supposed might tarnish, but gold would be proof against decay; if it was not hidden in cases I should see it even in that dim light; and who that sees it can be mistaken in gold?

The hold was longer than I had thought. Little by little as I went on the light grew dimmer. The clear soft light that seemed to fill the water at the entrance, as clear if not as white as the glow from a hidden electric lamp, grew more and more grey as I went further and further in. The shadows of the coral shrubs began to look ghostly, and the waving seaweeds overhead more and more suggested medusa faces half hidden behind those tangled tresses. Surely now I must be near the place where the treasure had been stored, and it was worth while to take yet a few steps more, even though they led into those eerie shadows. I seemed to be all eyes. My glances peered into each darker hollow in search of the yellow gleam of gold, and in half conscious dread of some unknown terror about to show itself in the shadow. More than once I cast my eyes backward, half inclined to give up; more than once I started, under the impression that I heard a sound, through the oppressive silence.

I had nearly reached the stern at last, for already I could dimly make out the shadow that marked the end before me. If the treasure were not here, my attempt had failed. Perhaps, after all, the story of the treasure had been false. Perhaps it had been taken by the crew, and the tale of the native attack had been but a blind to cover the robbery. Such things had been—at least, so I had heard, and why not in this case? I

grew cold at the thought, but yet I didn't stop. I would at least make sure, now that I had come so far. I took another step. No, it wasn't the stern after all. The shadow I had seen came from something that was piled up higher than my head, but it didn't reach to the black covering overhead, which I knew to be the deck. I looked at it narrowly; I touched it with my hand; I struck it with the tomahawk. Inclosed as I was in my helmet I could, of course, hear nothing, but as I struck I could fancy it sounded hollow to the blows. I struck again and again. Then something gave way, and out of the darkness there rolled something that fell in a stream into the darker shadows at my feet. Dim as the light was, I seemed to catch the glitter of gold; deaf as I was to all other sounds, I seemed to hear the chink of metal as the little stream ran swiftly down into the darkness. I had found the treasure!

The revulsion of feeling was almost too great. I felt myself stagger dizzily for a moment, and I dropped the tomahawk at my feet. Then my senses came back to me with a wild throb of exultation. I had been right, and I had found the treasure. For a moment bright visions, indefinite, but splendid, floated before my eyes and seemed to dazzle me by their vague brilliancy. I was the owner—the rightful owner—of the great treasure. What might I not be? What might I not do with it? It doesn't take long to dream, and I dreamt many things in that minute's pause. And all the time that slender stream of gold was running out and gleaming faintly as it fell. Then I came to myself, and bent forward to grasp it in my outstretched hands. As I did so something like a narrow shadow seemed to flit past me, and even as I bent forward I felt myself arrested by some invisible force. It was gentle but firm, soft, but, for the moment, almost irresistible.

My heart seemed to stand still, and for several moments I felt powerless even to make an effort to free myself from that mysterious grasp. What it could be that held me I could not even guess, but vaguely pictured to myself the bony fingers of some Spanish don who, for three long centuries, had stood guard over the sunken treasure. Of course it was ridiculous, but it is hard to draw the line between the possible and the impossible at a moment like that. I am not an imaginative man, however, and as my heart recovered itself, and the blood began again to rush through my veins, my courage came back to me. It might be only a fancy. With the thought came the effort to prove it correct, and I threw myself forward once more to grasp the falling gold. Again I found myself held back, and now I knew that the grasp was on my shoulder. Surely it was a hand! The weight with which I had thrown myself forward, resisted as it was, swung me partly round, and in the dim twilight my eye caught sight of a thin dark line that stretched out of the darkness rigid and strong—was it indeed the skeleton arm I had dreamed of? Involuntarily my hand went up and caught it. No, it was no bony substance on which my gauntlet closed so convulsively, for it bent as I pressed against it—bent like a piece of highly tempered steel. With a sudden wrench I tried to loosen its hold, and I almost succeeded. Then with a kind of shudder that communicated itself to my hand it suddenly swelled and grew rigid again, and I

"THE SLENDER STREAM OF GOLD WAS RUNNING OUT."

felt as if I had been drawn closer to the spot in the darkness out of which it came. At the same moment something else sprang out of the shadow, trembled for an instant, as if in doubt, and then darted suddenly at my other shoulder. Then I knew what it was I had to deal with.

A devil-fish! Strange as it may seem—strange as it even seems to myself now—the conviction was a positive relief. I had never seen a devil-fish, it is true, but I had heard and read of them, and their appearance was familiar to me from pictures. Terrible as the creature was, he was not invested with the terrors of the unknown, and I felt as if I could face him on very different terms from the bony skeleton I had imagined to myself in my first moment of dread. Like a flash it passed through my mind as I felt the new arm of the animal touch and cling to my breast. There was something about that touch that was unlike any other experience I had ever had. It was not a blow; it was not a grasp; it wasn't even a push—yet the sensation I felt was a little like all three. I staggered for a moment, but I held fast by the long, thin arm which I had gripped so tightly with my hand, and it seemed to steady me. It was something to feel even so much that was real and tangible; but for these two slender bands that reached out of the darkness, I was opposed to the unseen.

"MY HAND CAUGHT IT."

I felt that I was face to face with my enemy, and even that was something. The arms had sprung out of the shadow, and I knew vaguely that there were more behind. When would they too spring upon me? Where would they fix their hold? I stood expectant of what was to come next; my eyes searched in the darkness for the face of my enemy. I think the silence was the worst of it. A roar, a triumphant scream, even a hiss, would have been a relief. It was the utter silence that was terrible. It could only have been for a minute or two at the most, for when I cast my eyes down I could see that the little river of yellow coins was still trickling down and losing itself in the shadows. I didn't try to reach it now. Somehow my interest, which had been so keen and overpowering only a few minutes before, seemed to have ceased. I looked at it vaguely, but I scarcely had more than a faint curiosity about the coins, and they no longer connected themselves with my future. As I looked, however, I moved my foot, and something that rested against it fell off—the tomahawk! The accident brought me back from the half unconscious state into which I was falling. The tomahawk! I was not quite defenceless then, after all. I stooped to seize it, and at the same moment another slender hand darted at me from the darkness and clutched me by the arm. It held me, yet it did not paralyze as the others had done. I had grown accustomed to the idea, which was much, and I had now a gleam of hope, which was still more. I bent forward and downward in spite of the clinging hands that held me back. At last I reached it, and as my fingers closed clumsily on the handle I felt as if I was suddenly restored to my self-confidence once more.

I rose to face my unseen adversary, and I was surprised to feel myself so cool and prepared. I had always heard that men were quickly exhausted in the toils of the devil-fish, and for a few moments I failed to understand why I should be an exception to the rule.

Then it dawned upon me. It was my diving-suit that preserved me so far. The creature had seized me indeed, but his suckers were fixed only on the thick leather suit that covered me from head to foot. Even through that strong protection I could feel the force of that deadly suction, indeed, for my flesh seemed to creep and rise to meet the grip of these leathery-looking bands; but it was with a new hope that I recognised the fact that most of their deadly power was wasted on me. Helpless as I was in that grasp, the struggle might not, after all, be a hopeless one. The very thought was half the battle gained.

My assailant was in no hurry. Second after second passed, and they seemed more than minutes to me, yet he made no further movement. I faced the shadow—I strained my eyes to follow those deadly arms to the place they came from—I gazed into the darkness in the hope of seeing some vulnerable point at which to strike. More than once I tried the edge of my weapon on the long, sinewy bands that grasped me, but it was vain—I could make no impression. Then another stole out of the darkness and alighted on my thigh. "Four!" I said to myself, as I eyed the long, snaky line, a darker shadow in the dim water. I waited for what was to come. I felt a grim pleasure in the thought that my armour was all the time deceiving the devil-fish. He was waiting till I should be helpless in his grip. Well, I also could wait.

At last he was satisfied that his time had come. Suddenly, at the same moment, two more dark shadows, flickering like the fangs of some huge python, passed before my dazzled eyes, and I felt them alight one on my leg and the other on my right arm. I reeled with the weight that was cast upon me so suddenly, and I staggered forward. At last I could see him. Dimly, indeed, and glittering with a faint phosphoric light in the darkness overhead, but still visible. He saw me as I saw him, and I felt that he knew I saw him too. I could have sworn there was a new and yet more wicked and cruel twinkle in the light of these ghoul-like orbs that watched me stealthily out of the dim shadow. I could see as much as this, but I could see no more. Fancy might, indeed it did, picture something more that lurked behind the eyes, but it was only fancy as yet—my adversary was for me an eye, and nothing but an eye. It could not well have been worse. An eye is an intelligence embodied; and of all terrors, that of a hostile intelligence apart from a material body with which we can grapple is the most daunting. I seemed to face such an intelligence then. He was considering what he would do next, and I could only wait for it.

I suppose he didn't consider long, though if I had thought about it at all, I should have supposed it had been hours. At last! There was a quiver of that malignant light, a phosphorescent glitter in the water, and I saw him at last. He was only a dim outline even now, as he stole upon me out of the shadow, but I knew that at last I had him face to face. What was he like? Even now I can give myself no certain answer to that question. There was something like a head, and yet it was not a head: something that resembled a beak, and yet it was unlike any beak I had ever seen. The eyes—only the eyes—were recognisable as like, and even these were unlike anything I had known. It glided on to the attack. I could feel each one of the bands it had thrown around me tighten with a convulsive pressure as it came. I could feel each of its hundreds of suckers pull and strain till they dragged my flesh into burning ridges under my covering of leather. I staggered with the sensation of pain, but although I staggered I recovered my feet and faced him still. He was close to me now—and now he seemed to gather himself together for a final effort. His fiendish eyes seemed to fix and paralyze my own, till I could only gaze and gaze into them, a strange, creeping numbness coming over me as I did so.

At that moment I felt a sudden pull at my waist. Once, twice, a third time! Someone had pulled the rope. In a moment life and consciousness seemed to come back to me, and I was myself again. Like a flash I had gripped the tomahawk more firmly in the hand that was least encumbered and struck at the demon eyes that glared on me. They seemed to flash a lurid fire at me as I did so, but the edge sank deep. Again and yet again I struck, in the frenzy of my recovered hold on life. There was a terrible convulsion, in which each of the clinging bands that bound me round took a share. I felt myself dragged, and tossed, and wrenched, in that supreme agony of my assailant, till at last I lost my balance and fell.

When I recovered the consciousness which I must have lost, it seemed to me like a dream. I lay on the deck of the brig, and Tom Madison knelt on one knee beside me, while the skipper's face beamed on

"I STRUCK AT THE DEMON EYES."

me from the background. My helmet had been taken off, and the hot sun was shining full on my face. I struggled into a sitting position, and stared round stupidly for a moment; then Tom's voice said: "Well, Hall, that was a pretty narrow squeak, wasn't it? We owe Boru, here, something for finding you." I looked round. The devil-fish lay beside me. One of his arms was fastened upon me still.

IV.

It was a curious sensation, and a minute or two passed before I could realize what had happened. Even that ghastly-looking object, with its livid arms and mangled, shapeless body and head that now lay limp and flaccid on the deck, seemed for the moment hardly more substantial than a dream. After a few moments I put out my hand and touched it, and with the touch it all came back to me.

"But the gold, Tom," I exclaimed, eagerly, looking into Madison's face; "surely the native brought up some of the gold with him!"

Tom smiled and glanced at the captain, and the captain shook his head.

"Have a drop more brandy, sir," he said; "ye ain't shook the water out o' yer head, not yet," and the worthy skipper held a glass of neat brandy to my lips as he spoke. I groaned. It was just what I had expected. Of course, they didn't believe in the treasure-ship, and I had nothing to show—nothing at least but the remains of that wretched devil-fish, and, of course, that proved nothing. I looked from one to the other, and then my eye rested on the black, who seemed to be the one referred to as Boru by Madison.

"Did the nigger tell you where he found me?" I asked, looking at Tom.

"No, Boru isn't communicative, and it was just about all he could do to speak at all by the time he got you up. But where do you think you were?" said Tom, with a little more curiosity in his eyes.

"In the hold of the Spanish galleon, to be sure," I said, promptly, "within a couple of feet of the treasure."

"The devil you were!" exclaimed Tom, in a startled tone.

"Look here, Tom," I said, as I proceeded to get up, "if it hadn't been for that brute of a fish, I'd have brought gold enough on board with me to convince all hands, and as it is I'm going back to get it."

Tom's face looked puzzled, as if he hardly knew what to think, but there was no hesitation about the captain's jolly visage as he exclaimed, "Not you, my hearty. That thundering devil-fish has got into yer head, but ye'll be all right when ye've had an hour or two's snooze."

I put my hand on Tom's shoulder.

"Come on below, old man," I said, "and I'll tell you all about it."

The skipper nodded to Madison. "That's talkin', now," he said. "Get him to lie down for a bit till he gets over it, Mr. Madison. I should like to hear about it myself, only I've got to go ashore again now. Keep the yarn till I come back, Mr. Hall, ye'll tell it all the better for a sleep."

"Now, what's to be done, Madison?" I asked, as we sat half an hour later on opposite sides of the table in the little saloon of the brig.

I had told the story to Tom just as it had happened, and he had sat and followed it word by word without ever taking his eyes off my face till I had finished. Now he looked at me for a moment or two, as if he was going over it in his mind—then he spoke with a sort of gasp.

"You're dead sure there was no mistake, Hall," he said, "it was coin you saw trickling into the water?"

"Sure?" I ejaculated, with contempt. "Should I want to go back again for fun, do you suppose?"

"Well," he said, after thinking for half a minute, "there's only one way that I can think of—you'll have to go down again. I'd go myself in a moment, old man, but the chances are I shouldn't find it."

I jumped up and gripped Tom by the hand, as I exclaimed, "That's what I say, but how are we going to manage it? They'll try to stop me going."

"The skipper would, sure enough," said Tom, with a laugh, "but I can manage the others while he's gone ashore. I'll go and talk to the mate now while you get into the togs again. I'll have to offer him a share, though, I expect."

"Oh," I said, "of course, we'll all share, Tom. There'll be something for everybody if we can once get it up."

Ten minutes later I went on deck ready to face it again, and the moment I looked at the men I could see that Tom had been as good as his word. There was more curiosity than ever in the glances they cast at me, but there was a look of suppressed eagerness about the mate's face that convinced me he would forward my enterprise by every means in his power.

"Look here, sir," he said, coming up to me, "do ye think ye could pilot us somewhere near the spot? Mr. Madison tells me ye saw it from the deck, and I should feel more easy in my mind if I could feel sure as there were no mistake afore ye went down."

The idea seemed a good one, and in less than five minutes we were in the boat, two sailors rowing, and the mate and Tom peering over the gunwale on each side, while I did my best to direct the men as I sat in the stern. We rowed some little distance, and then I bade them turn and come back, but as yet we had seen nothing. I could see the mate glance up once or twice, as if he began to doubt, and I was puzzled myself. Surely we were too close to the brig now, I thought, and yet we seemed to have taken the right track, too. I stooped over the side and gazed into the glassy depths, and even as I did so a shadow seemed to rise from the bottom. I grasped the gunwale and stared into the water. Yes; there it was again! The same shapeless, yet suggestive, rock I had looked at from the brig—the same. "Stop rowing!" I shouted. "Back-water, men!"

In another minute we lay perfectly still, and, to my surprise, not more than thirty yards from the brig. Tom and the mate gazed downwards for some seconds without speaking, and then the latter looked up. "Well, I'll be jiggered!" he exclaimed, "if I don't believe as it is a ship, after all!"

I put on the helmet which lay on the seat beside me, and Tom saw to the fastenings. I motioned to the men to pull a stroke and then to stop. Tom saw that the gear was clear, and the hands on the brig looking after the pump, and in another instant I had lowered myself over the stern. Tom put a large butcher's knife into my hand, and nodded. Then I let go. We had judged our distance well, for when I felt my feet touch the bottom, and looked around, I found that I was standing once more on the sloping deck of the Spanish galleon. A step or two, and I had reached the edge of the hold, and then I paused. A strong shudder ran through me as I looked into the darker depths below, and for a moment I hesitated. Then I looked upwards, and there, surrounded by a halo of coloured light, I saw the boat floating motionless overhead. I could fancy I saw faces peering down at me through the water, and I felt that I was not alone. In another moment I had dropped into the hold.

It looked strangely familiar as I cast a quick glance around me in the liquid twilight, but I felt that I couldn't afford to pause. I turned my face resolutely to the darker shadows, and descended the slope step by step into the darkness below. I was determined to succeed, and yet the effort was the greatest I had ever made in my life.

My quick glances seemed to travel round my little horizon with the speed of lightning. Each coral branch, each sponge or hairy medusa that trembled in the moving water made my heart stand still and my feet falter; and yet I went on. I gripped the knife I held in my hand with a fiercer clasp, and held it in front of me so that I could faintly see the glitter of the blade, and it seemed to give me courage. Step by step I went on into the shadow.

At last I had reached the place. If it had only been by the sharp shudder that passed through me, I should have known that it was the same. Yes, there was the black heap of piled-up cases once more; there the black cavern out of which the arms had stolen—I could fancy I saw and felt them again. I stopped. I waited in breathless expectation; but nothing happened. Then I stooped forward into the darkness and groped blindly in the shadow. I gave a cry as I felt my gauntlet close upon something the touch of which seemed familiar even through the leather—it was gold!

"THEY HAULED ME ON BOARD THE BOAT."

I am not sure how I got back to the daylight. At the touch of the coins, and still more I think at the yellow gleam as I held up a handful close to my eyes, the same rush of wild feelings of exultation came back that I had felt before when first it dawned on me that I had found the treasure. I found my way back somehow; I pulled the signal rope as agreed, and still in the same state of unnatural excitement, I found myself hoisted through the water to the side of the brig. The boat was there before me, and the first things I saw as my eyes recovered from the dazzled feeling with which they confronted the white sunlight were the eagerly staring faces of Tom, the mate, and the sailors. The mate grasped me by the arm, and he and Tom hauled me on board the boat, and then for the first time I opened my hands and let the flashing sunlight glitter on the quaint gold coins that had lain hid so long amidst the coral beds of Illolo Bay.

As I had anticipated, the evidence of the gold was irresistible, and even the skipper was ready to confess that there might be a case in which an amateur descent was worth the risk involved. We moved the brig to the spot, and the task of getting up the treasure proved less laborious than might have been expected.

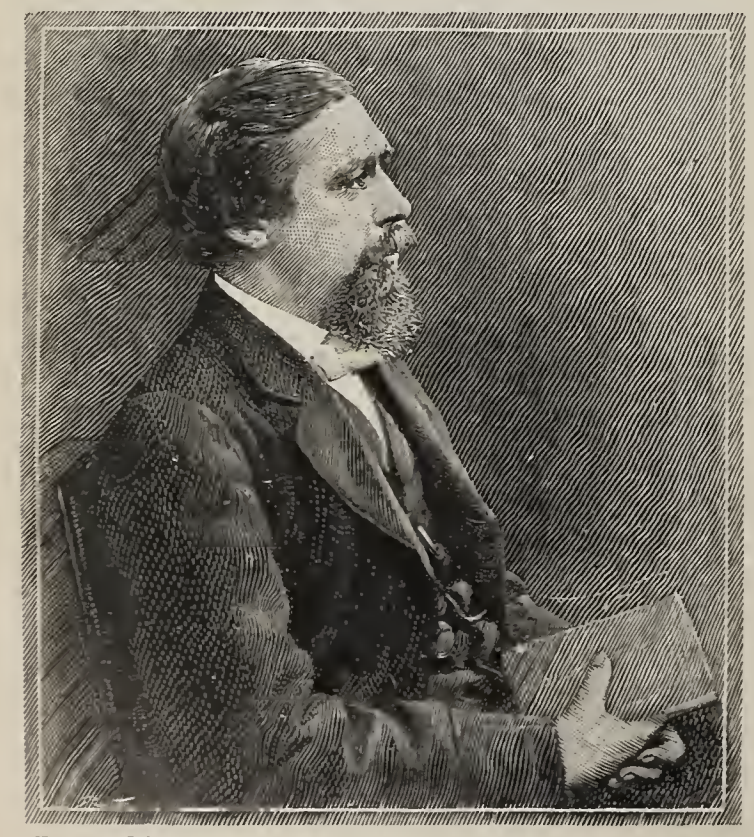
For my own part, I didn't go down again. Now that the excitement was at an end I found that the strain had told upon me more than I had any idea of at the time. I was, however, the hero of the party without a rival from that day forward, and I confess the position was a pleasant one, as I lay on an extemporized couch under an awning sail, and watched bag after bag of yellow gold deposited on the deck beside me as it was hoisted out of the hold of the Spanish galleon, where it had been guarded so long and so well by the great devil-fish of Illolo Bay.

AGE 23.
From a Photograph.

THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

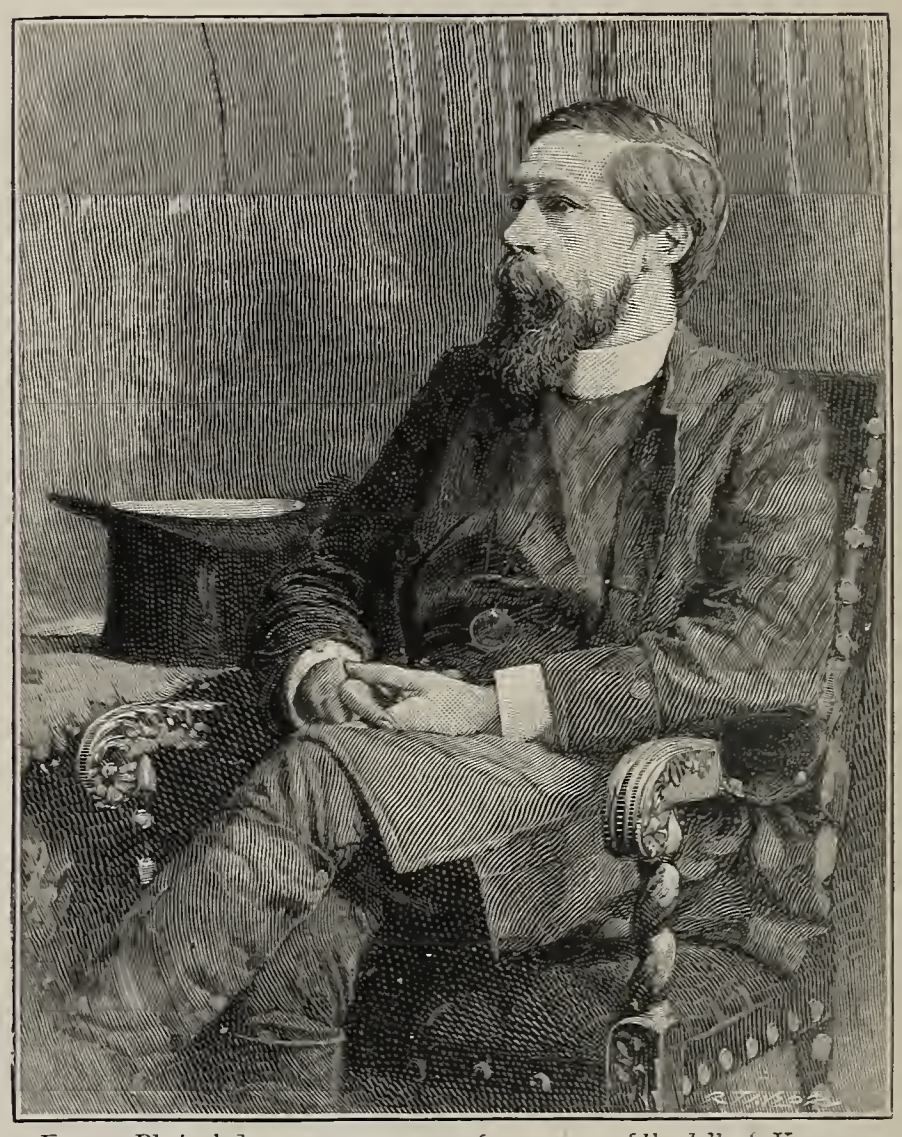
BORN 1835.

THE RIGHT REV. JOHN WAREING BARDSLEY, D.D., was born at Keighley, in Yorkshire, and is the son of the late Rev. Canon Bardsley, M.A., Rector of St. Anne's, Manchester. He was educated at Burnley



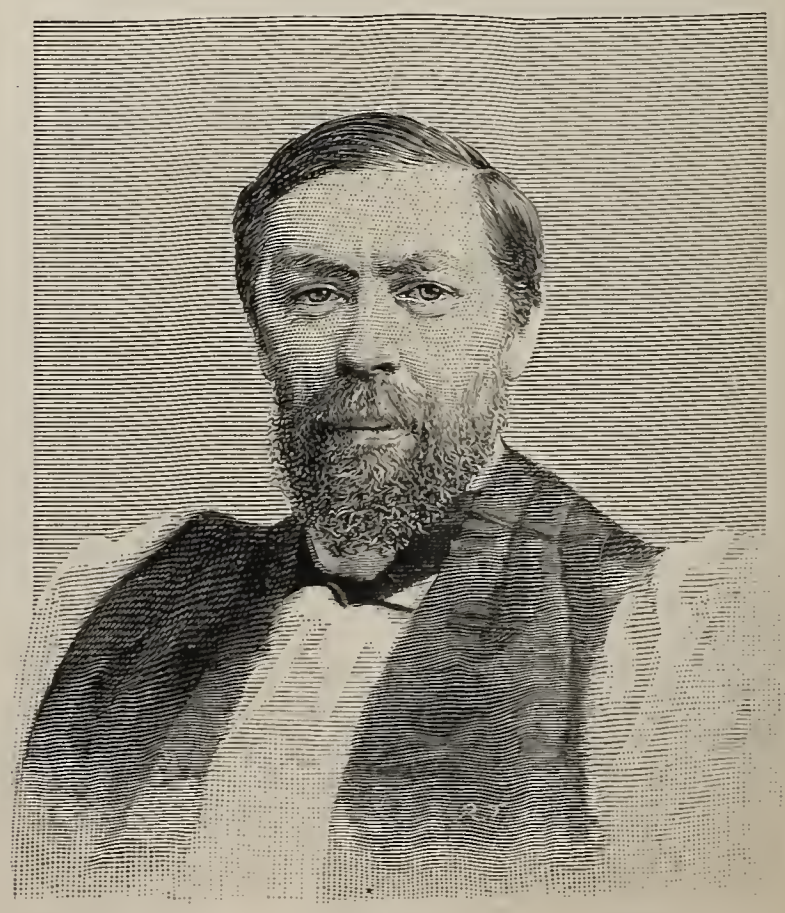
From a Photo. by] AGE 37. *[John Fergus, Largs.*

and Manchester Grammar Schools; and at Dublin University, M.A., D.D. He was Vicar of St. Saviour's, Liverpool, from 1870 to 1887; Archdeacon of Warrington,



From a Photo. by] AGE 46. *[Fradelle & Young.*

1880–6; Archdeacon of Liverpool, 1886–7; and Bishop of Sodor and Man, 1887 to 1892, when he was translated to Carlisle. He is the author of "Counsels to Candidates for Confirmation," 1882, and "The Origin of Man," 1883.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

WE have much pleasure in giving this charming set of portraits of one of the most popular actresses of the day at different ages of her life. Mrs. Patrick Campbell made her name as an amateur actress of great and striking promise long before she was known in professional circles. She first attracted the attention of the critics while playing the part of *Helen* in "The Hunchback," given at Colchester. In 1890 she gained an opportunity of appearing on the London stage in a *matinée* performance of Mr. Louis Parker's "Buried Talent," at the Vaudeville. Here she again made so favourable an impression as to be encouraged to try a theatrical venture on her own account. In June, 1891, she took the Shaftesbury Theatre, in order to essay *Rosalind*. In August she obtained an engagement at the Adelphi, where, except for an interruption by illness, she remained till she went to St. James's to act *Paula* in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which had a long run. At the Adelphi Mrs. Campbell created four parts: as *Astrea*, in "The Trumpet Call"; *Elizabeth Cromwell*, in "The White Rose"; *Tress Purvis*, in "The Lights of Home," and *Clarice Berton*, in "The Black Domino." In November, 1894, Mrs. Campbell appeared as *Kate Cloud*, the heroine of "John-a'-Dreams," at the Haymarket Theatre. In more recent times playgoers have derived much pleasure in her rendering of *Mrs. Ebbsmith*, in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith"; *Juliet*, in "Romeo and Juliet"; *Melitza*, in "For the Crown"; and *Lady Hamilton*, in "Nelson's Enchantress," at the Avenue.

AGE 20.
From a Photo. by Vernon Kaye.

AGE 15.
From a Photo. by Vernon Kaye.

AGE 25.
From a Photo. by Window & Grove.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[W. & D. Downey.*

AGE 18.
From a Pencil Sketch.

ROBERT GIBB, R.S.A.

BORN 1845.

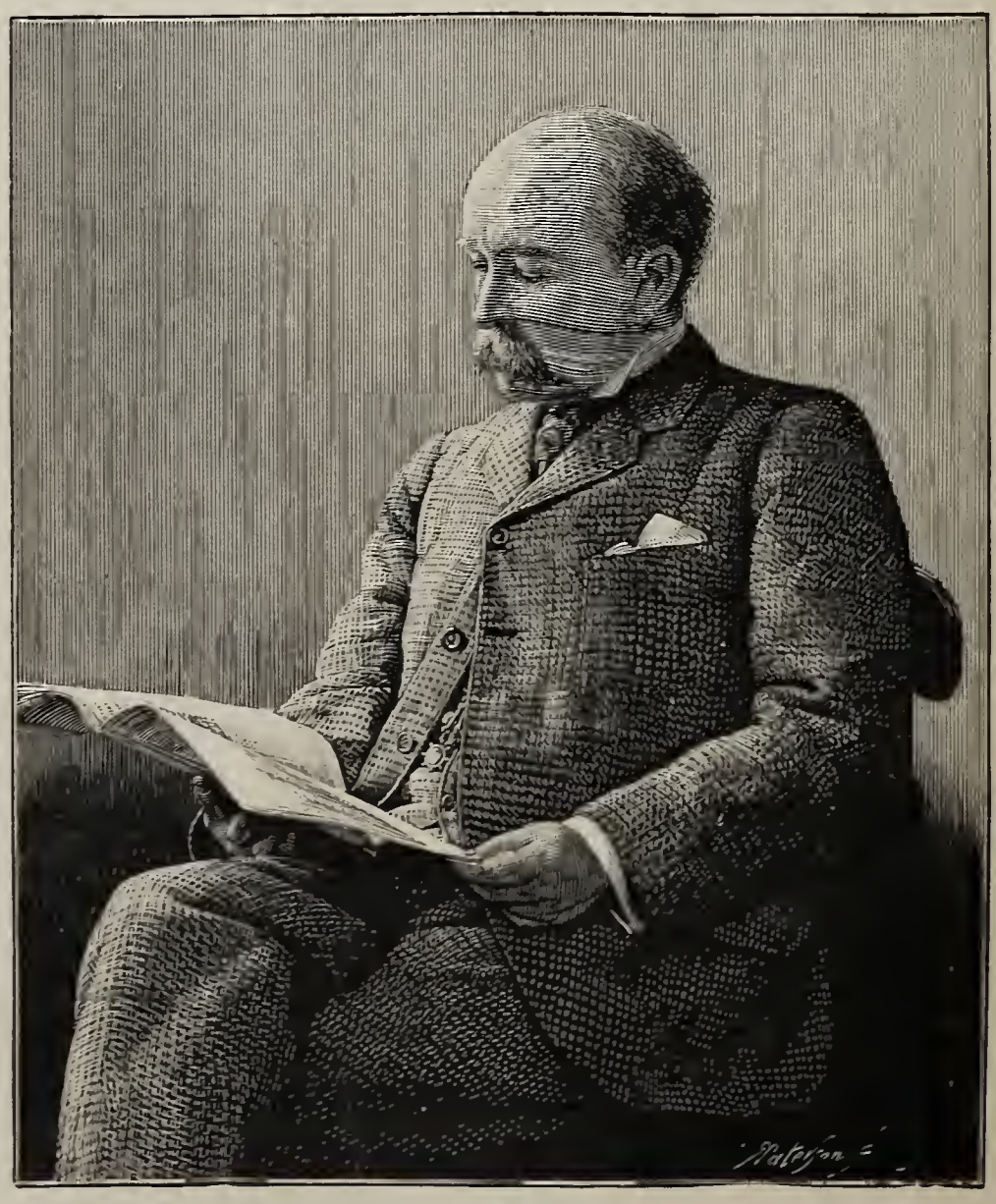
MR. ROBERT GIBB, a well-known member of the Scottish Royal Academy, has made the rendering of the Highland Brigade's valorous deeds, on canvas, his own. Indeed, quite apart from much other valuable work, he has immortalized incidents of the Crimean War just as Detaille has done with the Franco-German War. At nineteen he exhibited his first picture in the Royal Scottish

AGE 30.
From a Photo. by J. Moffat, Edinburgh.

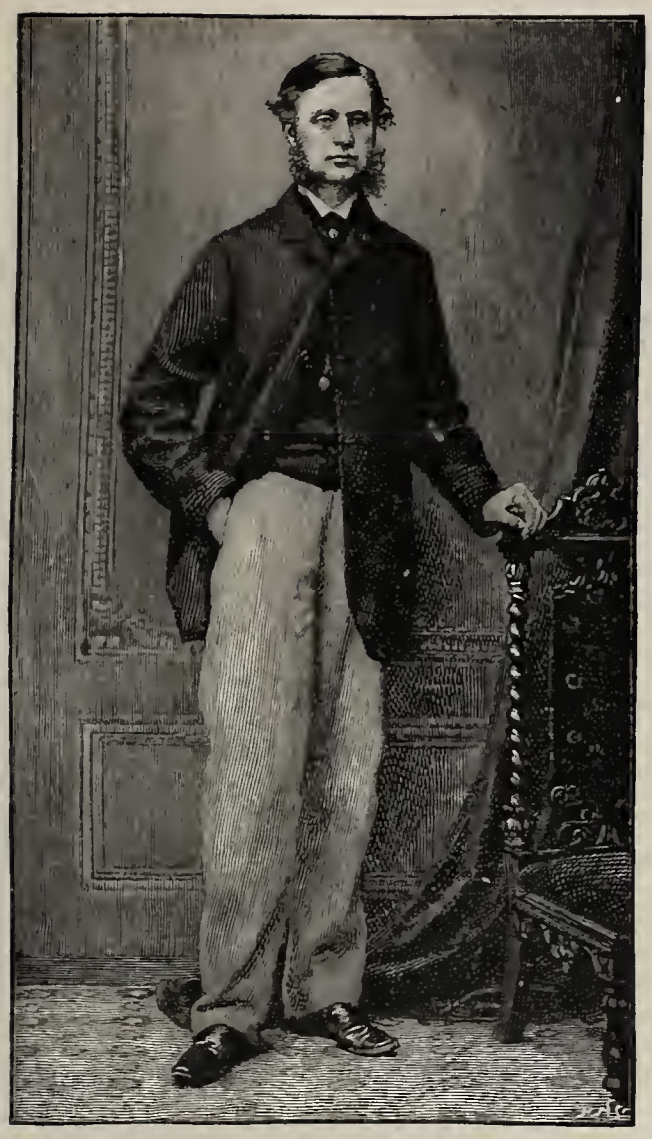
Academy; ever since his rise has been as rapid as uninterrupted. After a period which he devoted to historical and ideal subjects, as well as to portraiture, Mr. Gibb painted "Comrades," his first military picture, in 1878; it was an immense success, and induced him to start his series of Crimean subjects, which

AGE 37.
From a Photo. by J. Moffat, Edinburgh.

has since become famous the world over, and of which "The Thin Red Line" and "Saving the Colours" are perhaps the best known.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by J. Moffat, Edinburgh.



From a Photo. by] AGE 30. [*A. Heath, Leamington.*

MR. JUSTICE LAWRANCE.

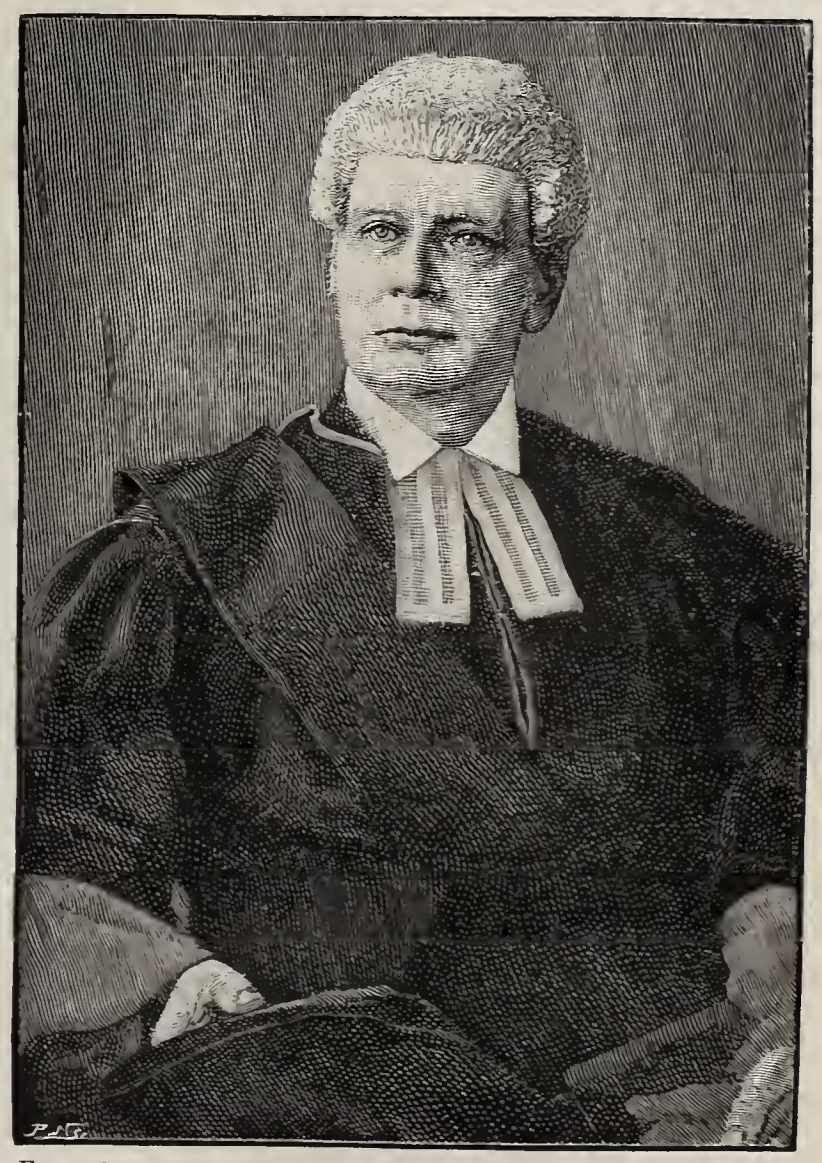
BORN 1832.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN COMPTON LAWRANCE, one of the Justices of the High Court, and the only son of Mr. T. M. Lawrance, late of Dunsby Hall, Lincolnshire, was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1859, was created a Queen's Counsel in 1887, and was elected a Bencher of his Inn in 1879. He has been for some years the leader of the Midland Circuit. He has held the appointment of Recorder of

AGE 53.
From a Photo. by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.

Derby (1879); represented South Lincolnshire in the Conservative interest from 1880 until 1885; and sat, until 1892, for the Stamford division of the county, his return being unopposed in 1886. He was made one of the Justices of the High Court in February, 1890.

From a Photo. by] AGE 47. [*London Stereoscopic Co.*

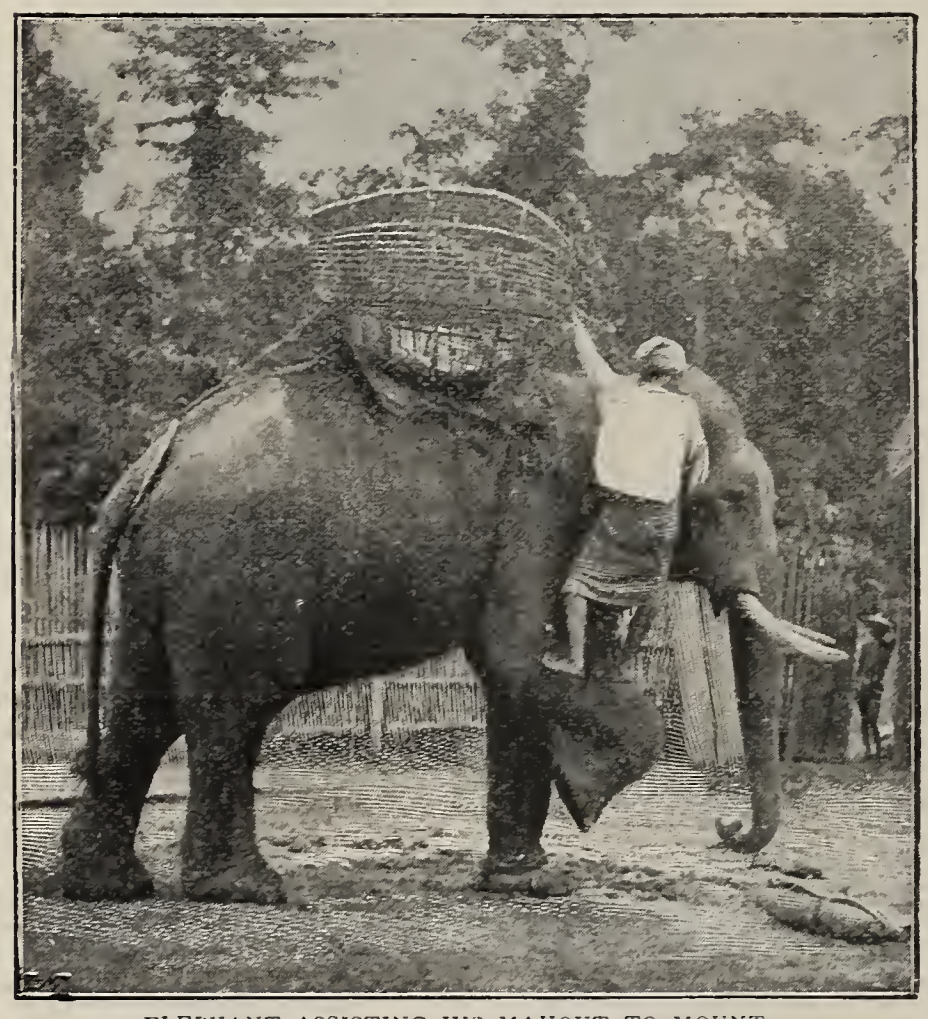


From a] PRESENT DAY. [*Photograph.*

Elephants at Work.

By L. S. Lewis.

TO all intents and purposes, the working elephants of Burmah, Siam, and India are trained labourers of enormous strength, and frequently possessing far more intelligence than their mahouts, or so-called drivers.



ELEPHANT ASSISTING HIS MAHOUT TO MOUNT.
From a Photo. by Watts & Skeen, Rangoon.

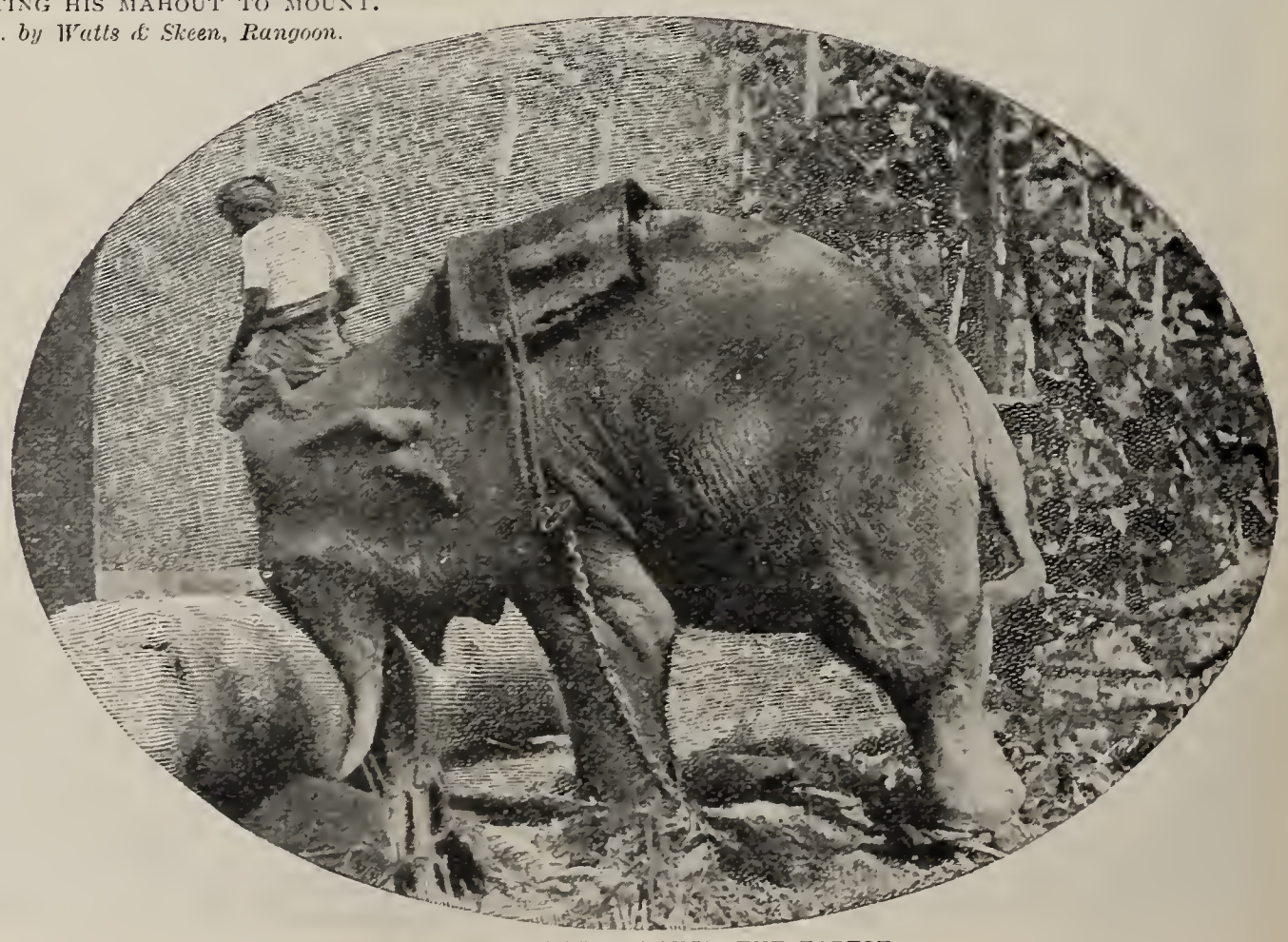
Thanks to the courtesy of Messrs. Duncan Ewing and Co., of Liverpool, we are enabled to reproduce a very interesting set of photographs illustrating work in the teak forests and saw-mills of Burmah, more particularly the operations of Messrs. Macgregor and Co., of Rangoon.

The first photo. shows at a glance how the mahout mounts. At the word of command the elephant's right foreleg is lifted, and with this he literally swings his mahout up into position. For this and other photos., as well as for much information concerning the elephants of Northern Siam, we are greatly indebted to Mr. Keith Anstruther, of Mitcham, who for many years managed vast interests in Siam.

The next photo. shows an elephant rolling a huge log through the forest with his head and tusks. When the clearing is reached the great brute will be harnessed to the log, and will drag it down to the river. Great rafts of teak-logs are floated down to Moulmein and Rangoon, where they are received and dealt with by other elephants, the mere recital of whose daily labours would cause the uninformed to gasp with incredulity.

In all cases the teak forests are leased from the Government, and all felling operations are conducted under official supervision. Messrs. Macgregor's lease was granted by King Thebaw.

The teak trees are first "girdled"—*i.e.*, a circular strip of bark is cut out at the butt; and then the tree is left about two years to die, before being cut down. Girdling also prevents illicit felling. About the wood itself we cannot say



ROLLING A LOG THROUGH THE FOREST.

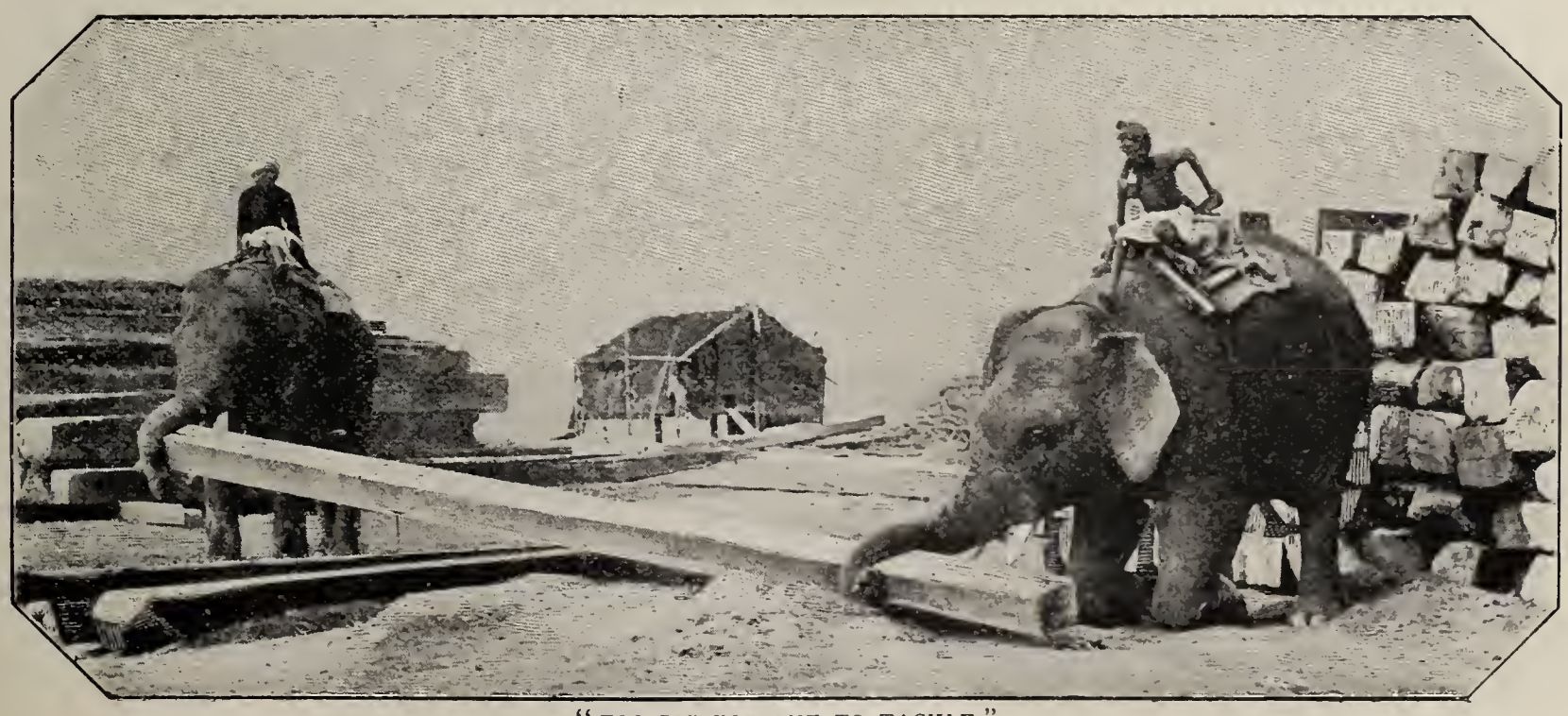
TWO "TUSKERS" TAKING A LOG TO THE SAW-MILLS.

much, owing to lack of space. That it deserves its name of "king of woods," however, will be evident from the fact that it is extensively used in battle-ships, railway carriages, and great public buildings. And it is expensive, costing as much as five shillings per cubic foot retail in London.

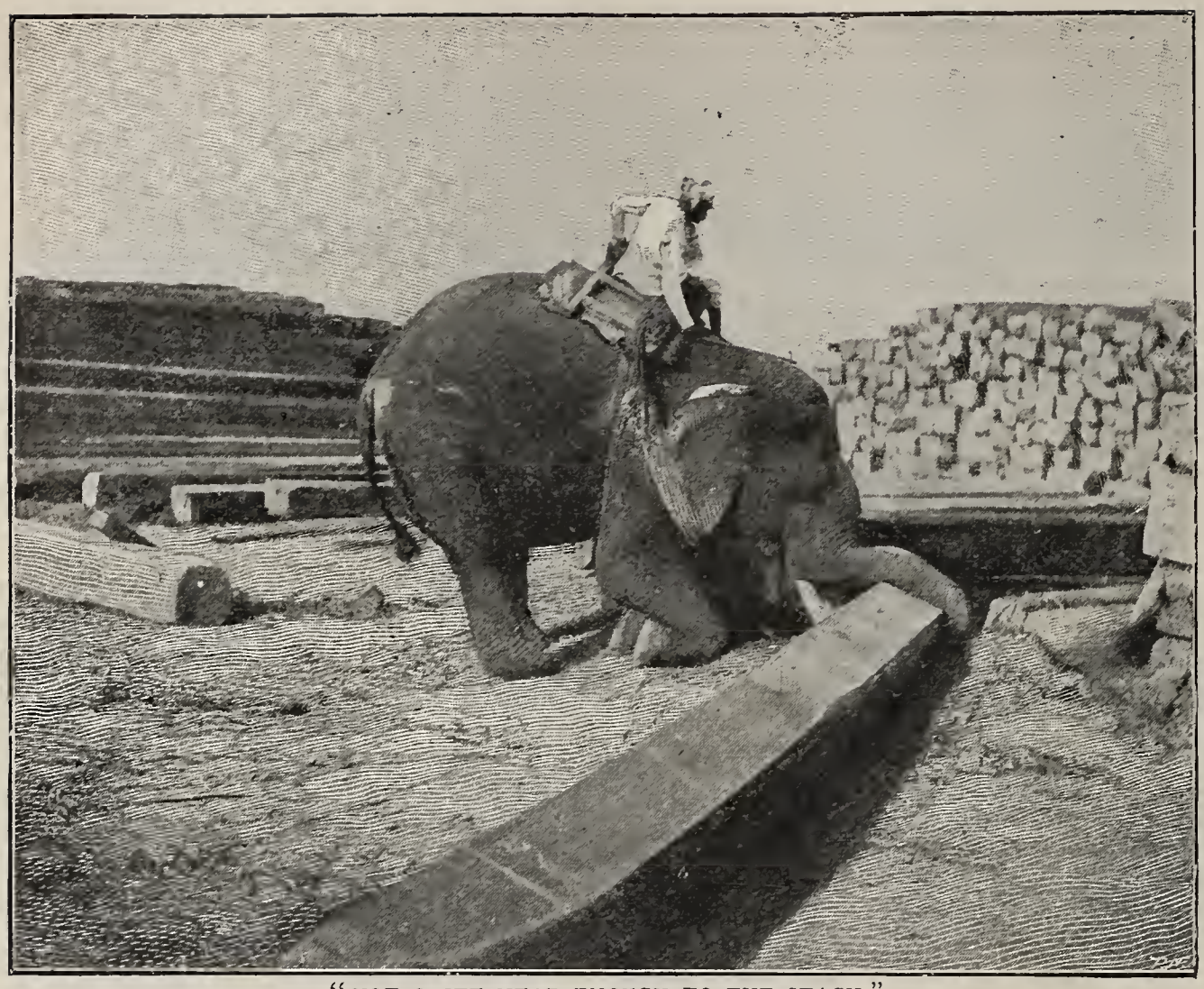
When the trimmed and branded logs reach Rangoon, they are received by working elephants, who go to meet them, so to speak, and land them dexterously, afterwards conveying them to the saw-mills. The next photo. shows two powerful "tuskers" negotiating a big log; they work together admirably, and scarce need the least direction from their mahouts.

Messrs. Macgregor own about 130 trained elephants. The males, or "tuskers," who lift the logs, are worth from £100 to £200; but the females, who drag only, fetch but about half the price of a full-grown tusker. The elephants in the saw-mills of Rangoon are fed on "paddy" (rice in the husk) and coarse elephant grass. Young animals are twenty-five years of age when they begin serious work, and they live to be over 100. At the age of seventy a working elephant is in his prime; he can then lift with his tusks a log weighing half a ton, or drag one weighing three tons.

We next see two fine elephants engaged in stacking the squared logs, after these have come from the saw-mills. Observe that the great log has been placed see-saw fashion, to



"TOO BIG FOR ONE TO TACKLE."



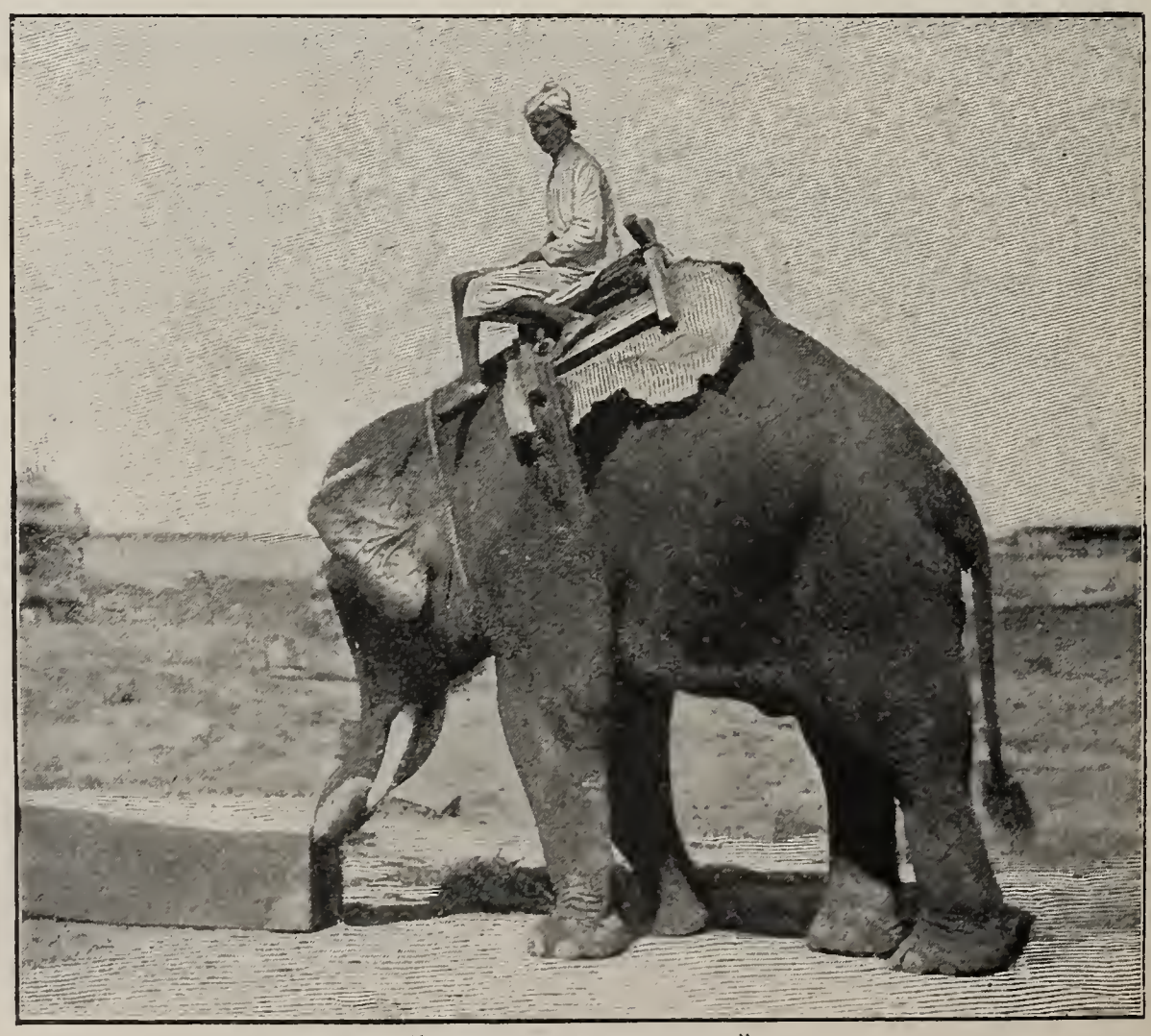
"NOT QUITE NEAR ENOUGH TO THE STACK."

allow the workers to get their trunks round the ends. When lifted, the log rests on the tusks, and is held in position by the trunk. Other elephants actually feed the circular-saws in the mill, and so marvellous is their intelligence that an astute little tusker was once observed to cease the pressure on his log, withdraw it anxiously, and then offer another part to the revolving saw, which was formerly going crookedly through the log.

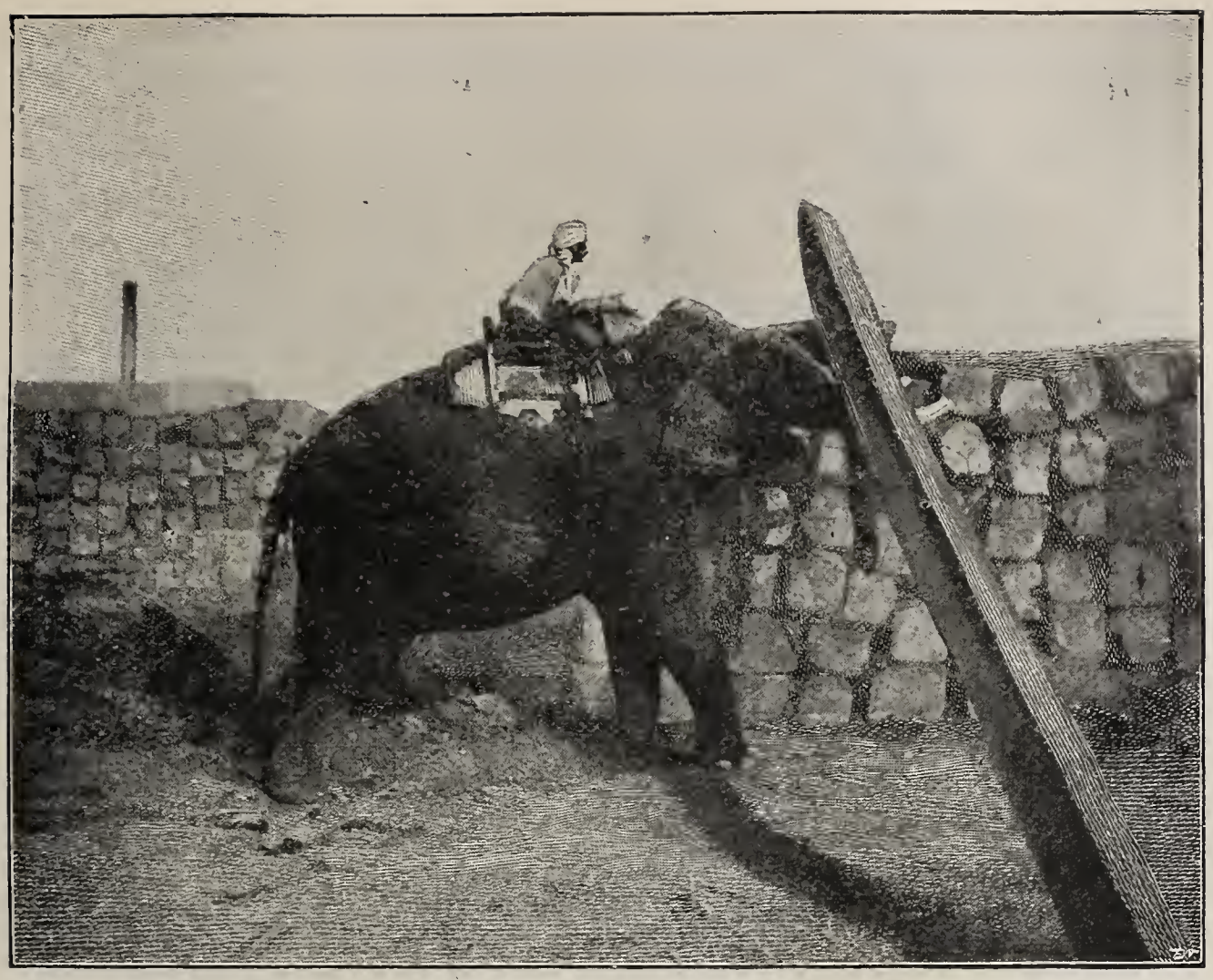
It sounds strange to say that these elephants are very human, but it conveys exactly what we mean. We are assured that at the sound of the dinner-bell, the saw-mill elephants will instantly drop their logs and scamper off, screaming with glee at the welcome respite. They will refuse absolutely to tackle a log which they consider too heavy, but if the mahout insists they may possibly call one of their mates to lend a "hand."

The stacking of the squared logs is wonderfully interesting to witness. Look at the elephant in this illustration. He has brought his log near the stack, and is picking up one end to place it on top. He finds he has not brought it quite near enough, however. Like the skilled labourer that he is, he requires no orders from the foreman above him. He calculates the distance with his big eye. "Only another little shove is needed." He walks round to the end of the log, applies his trunk and tusks thereto, and gives a mighty push; see him doing this in the photograph.

Once more he goes back to judge the distance. "Just right." He next places one end of his log on the stack, as is also seen in the photo., and then goes to the other end on the ground. This, too, is lifted and the whole log pushed home triumphantly, in the manner shown by the photo. opposite.



"JUST ONE MORE SHOVE."



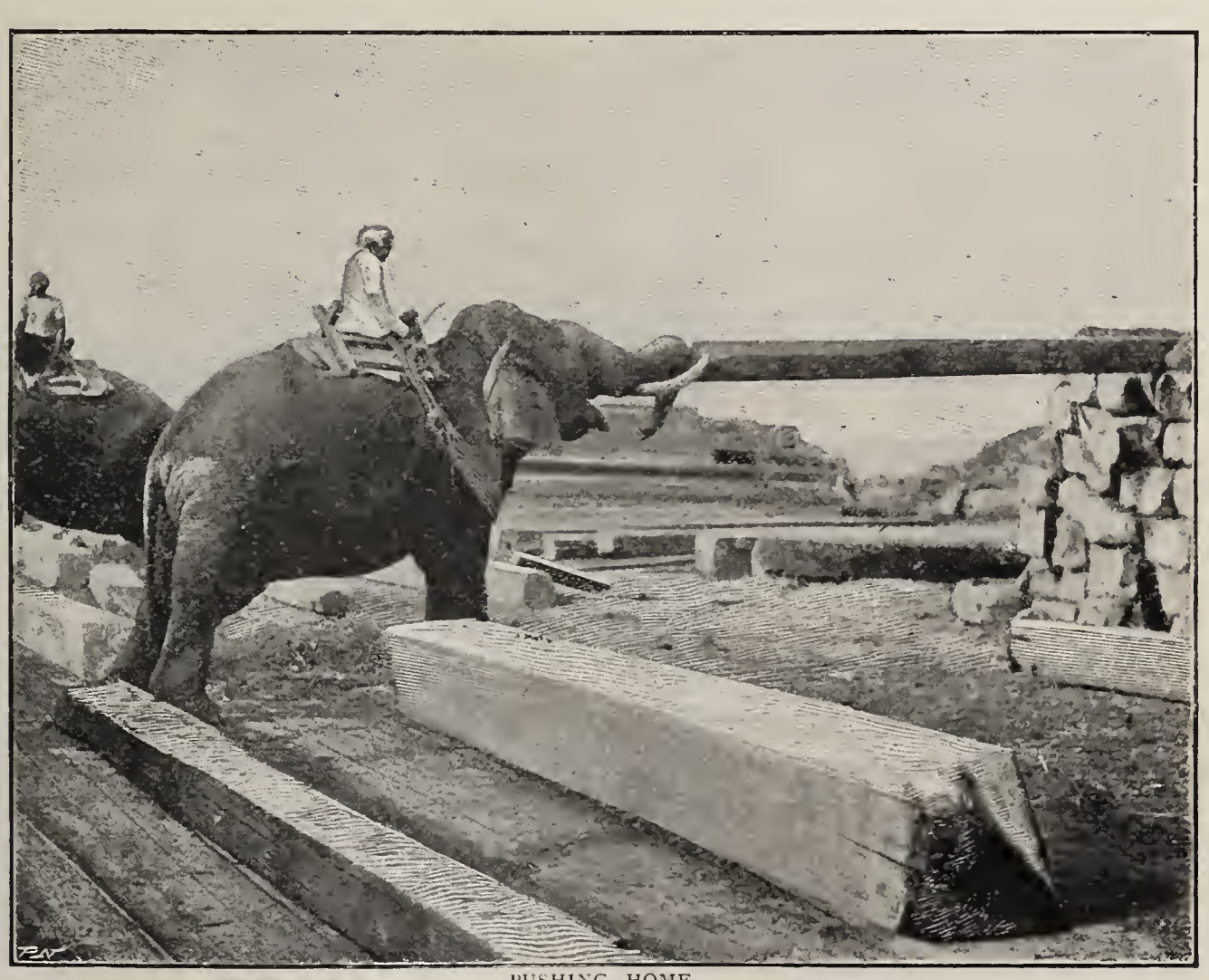
PLACING THE END ON THE STACK.

In pulling a stack to pieces, or relieving a jam of logs in a flooded creek, the elephants pick out and remove the "key-log" with an intelligence that is absolutely astounding. The key-log is, of course, that one which, when pulled out, eases and loosens the whole stack.

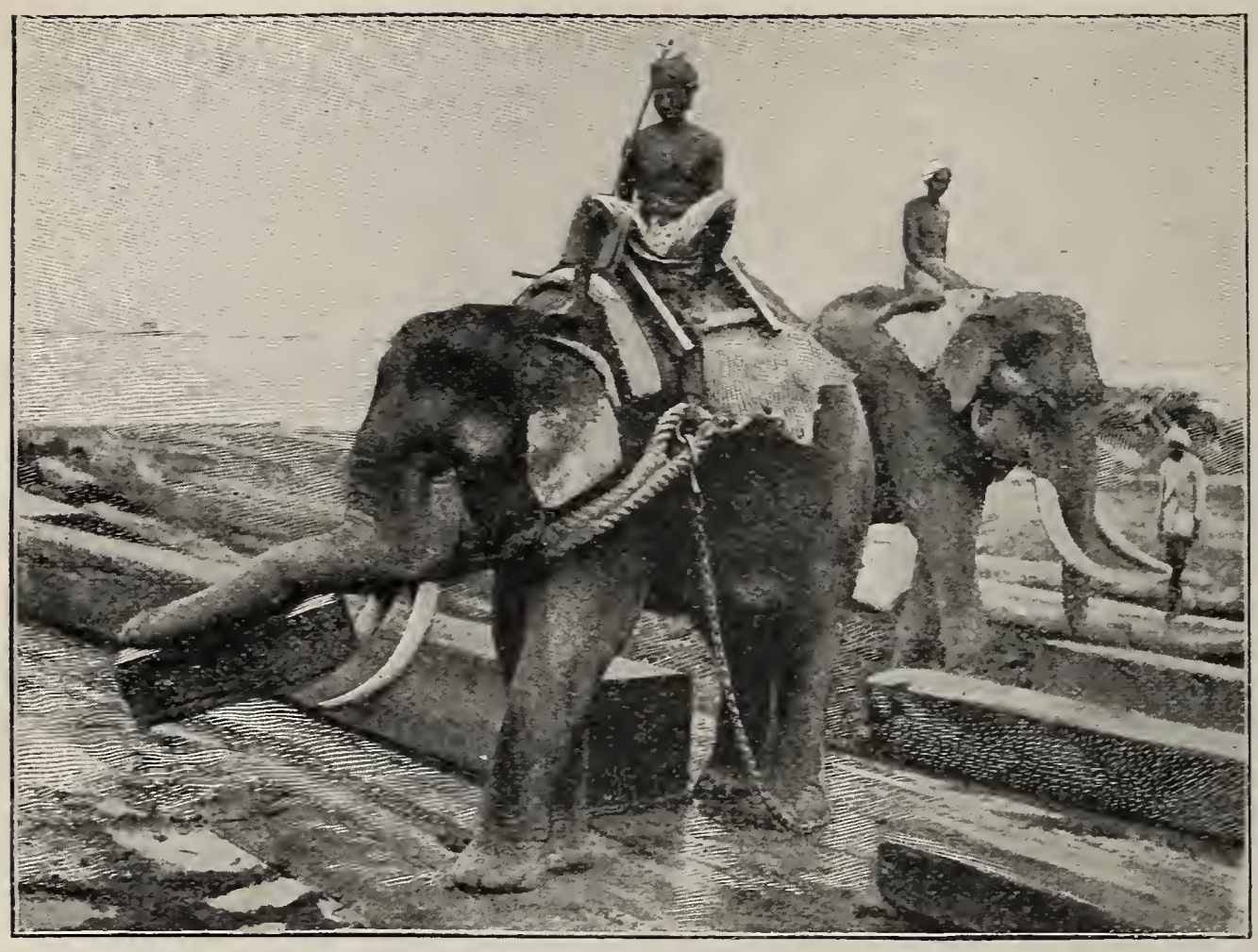
Although appearing to the uninitiated veritable monuments of innocence and docility, these workers are amazingly tricky. They don't need a trade union, every elephant being very well able to look after his own interests. A heavy trailing chain is sometimes fixed to elephants that are turned loose to feed in the jungle at night; this is in order that wanderers may be traced by the trail left by the chain in the jungle. Well, it has been known that when an elephant has "made up his mind" to bolt, *he has carefully gathered up the tell-tale chain and carried it for miles on his tusks!*

The next photo. shows a tusker carrying a short end of a log. Notice how it is kept in position on his tusk. These elephants are both timid and delicate. They are mightily careful about crossing a rustic wooden bridge, and always test the structure with their trunks before venturing on it. They are dreadfully afraid of ponies, which latter are compelled by Siamese law to give place to elephants, and get out of their way on all occasions.

The elephants work three days and then rest three days; more work would break their big hearts. In the Lao States of Northern Siam elephantine invalids receive



PUSHING HOME.



HOW SHORT LOGS ARE CARRIED.

nearly all medicine *through the eyes*. "After a long day's work," says Mr. Keith Anstruther, "I have seen pills made principally of chillies rubbed into the eyes of a tired elephant. He instantly pulled himself together, brightened up wonderfully, and ate his food with immense gusto." As anyone knows who has ever been to the court of a native Asiatic prince, the lives of some elephants are cast in very pleasant places. We allude to the elephants kept for State pageants.

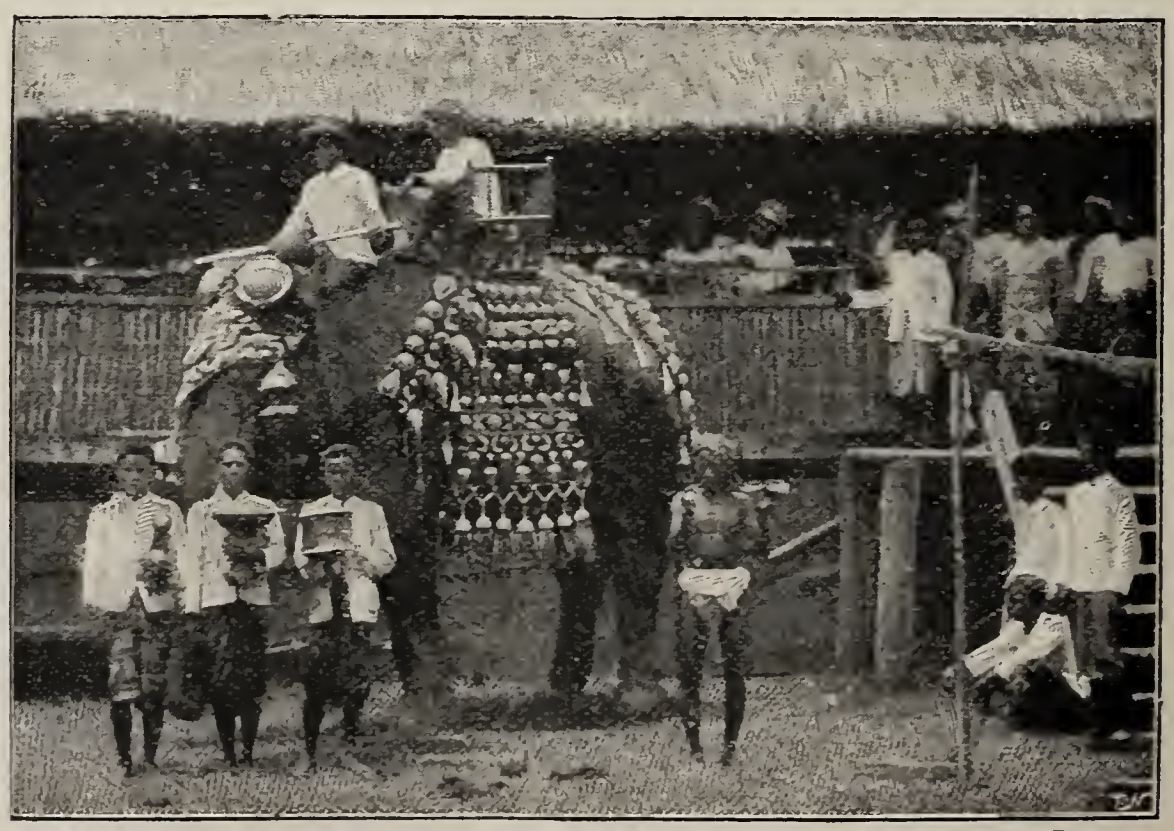
Now, here we see a Lao elephant dressed in what we may call Bank Holiday attire. He is decked out for some great festival, and is resplendent in glittering bosses of gilded metal.

In the Lao States, by the way, the whole work of the tree-felling, etc., is given out to native and other contractors, the great timber merchants "taking over" the logs at the river's bank. Many of these contractors own over 100 elephants, and employ a great number of Kamook labourers from Luang Prabang.

The Kamooks of the Lao States go forth long before daylight to find their elephants, which, belled and hobbled, have been turned loose in the jungle overnight to feed. The elephants, be it observed, are no expense when working in the forest; they don't need stabling, and they find their own food.

Every driver knows the bell of his own elephant—when it is on. Artful beasts, with a sudden antipathy to work, have been known to remove their bells altogether, and then either run away or hide themselves. One elephant was vainly sought for days in every direction, only to be found at length in a clump of bamboos not a hundred yards from the camp. There he had remained quietly, listening to the cursings of the search parties who went forth to scour the country, and coming out at night to feed.

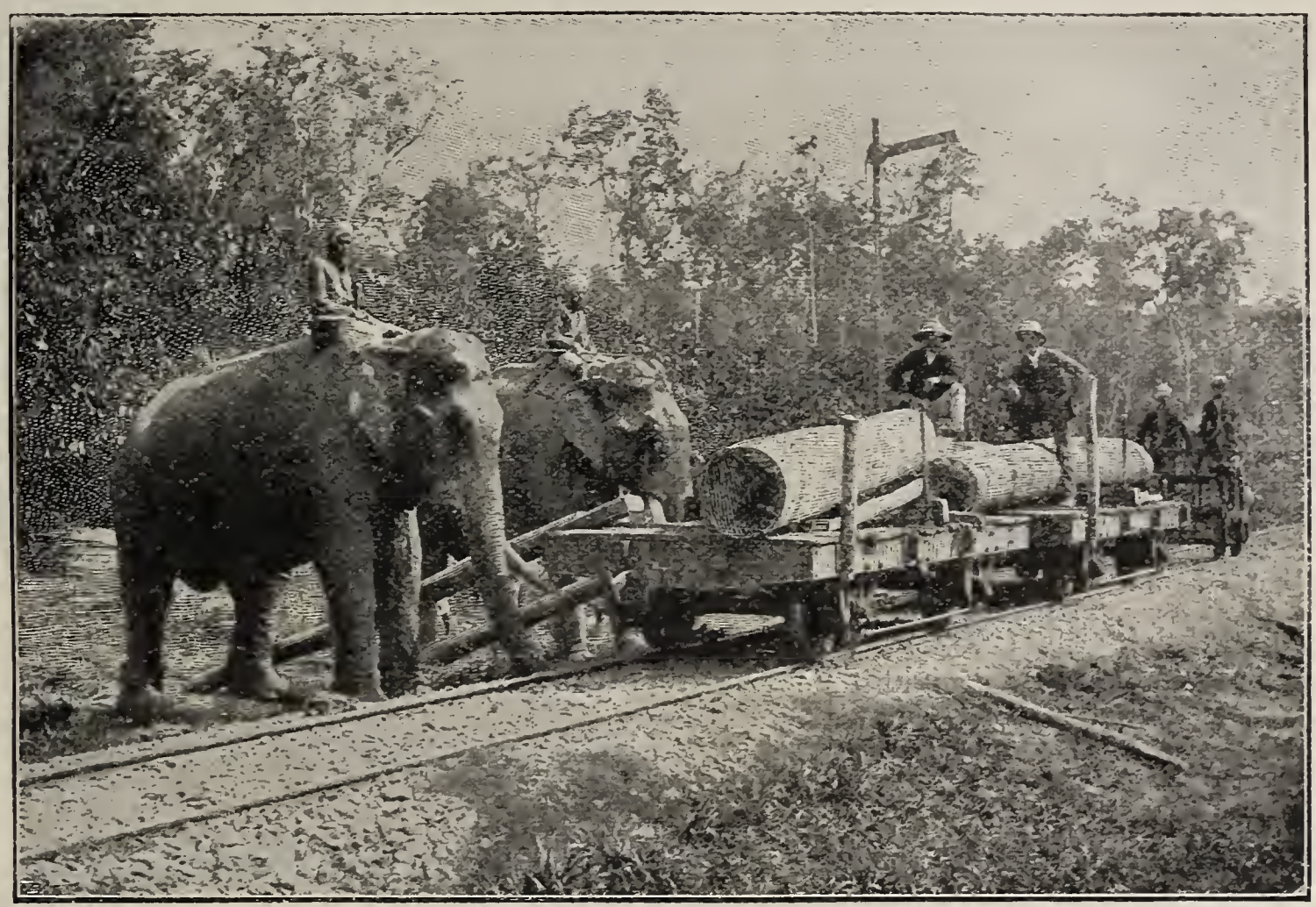
Each elephant has a mahout or driver and a footman, the work of the latter being to fix the chain in the *tamook* or hole drilled in the log. We next see a couple of elephants loading teak-logs on to some railway trucks. The scene is a siding on the Assam Railways and Trading Company. A kind of inclined



From a Photo. by] A STATE ELEPHANT IN FESTIVAL DRESS. [*Watts & Sheen, Rangoon.*

plane has been formed of two stout planks, and up these the great log is being skilfully rolled by the intelligent comrades.

Great care has to be taken of these splendid brutes. In Siam they have a bath



LOADING LOGS ON THE ASSAM RAILWAY.

every morning, and are humoured in every way. For example, they dislike to drag a log, say, three miles without stopping, so they are allowed to have their own way. They drag the log three-quarters of a mile, then leave it, and drag another the same distance, eventually proceeding another stage with all the logs.

The drivers carry an iron hook, and occasionally use it far too freely. Mr. Anstruther has seen a mahout drive his implement so far into an elephant's forehead that it could not be dragged out again without great difficulty. No wonder the "butcher's bill" is so considerable, both in elephants and human beings. The vicious elephant has a simple way of dealing with his driver, when he makes up his sagacious mind to put an end to that gentleman. He merely lays him on the ground and puts his foot on him, using his tusks but very rarely. Nor is the mahout safe when on the elephant's back. Mr. Anstruther has known a vicious monster to extend his trunk backwards, pick off the driver by his hair, and crush the life out of him on the ground.

This brings us back to the elephant's tricks. Some will sway from side to side, inclining over at an extraordinary angle, so as to throw off the hated mahout. And once this trick is learnt the elephant is practically no more use. Another powerful brute, who had dragged logs for years, one day found out that if only he stepped back sharply he could rid himself of every vestige of harness. It was magnificently simple, and the elephant wondered he hadn't thought of it before. Better late than never, however, and the beast never dragged another log thereafter. He had to be used as a travelling elephant, and in that way he certainly became very useful, his enormous body making a regular road through the densest forest.

The following illustration shows some fine elephants removing timber for tea-boxes in Assam. This photo. was kindly lent by the Planters' Stores and Agency Company (Limited), of 1, Great Winchester Street. The logs are brought to the saw-mills, and there cut up into small pieces suitable for the making of tea-chests. Fancy elephant police settling an elephant strike! It seems that when one of the animals refuses to work, a monstrous tusker of great reputation for decency and steadiness is selected to bring his recalcitrant brother to reason. The persuasion is essentially of a material kind, being mainly

BRINGING LOGS FOR TEA-BOXES.

conducted at the point of the tusk. It is, we are assured, a beautiful sight to see one elephant compelling another to go on with his work—not to be a fool, and so on. Occasionally the great animals fight among themselves; they may be heard screaming and trumpeting in the forest at night. They are much addicted to biting off one another's tails. When one elephant does succeed in getting rid of his hobbles, with the view of getting clear away, he has to be shot in the knee so as to facilitate his capture.

We next see elephants acting as railway engines; this photo. also shows a siding of the Assam Railways and Trading Company, and the elephants have to haul the trucks (which they themselves have loaded) on to the main line. Much depends upon the mahout. Up-country in Siam there was once a magnificent elephant who had been driven for years by one mahout. The two understood each other perfectly. They conversed, so to speak, in low tones all day, the elephant performing prodigies of labour. The mahout died and was succeeded by a brutal, loud-voiced Kamook. What did the elephant do? Well, he did nothing. No power on earth could make him do a stroke of work at the bidding of the new-comer, and when the latter persisted one day, he was cast off and literally flattened out.

Skilful mahouts earn much extra money

ELEPHANTS AS RAILWAY ENGINES.

AN ELEPHANT POST.

by working vicious elephants. Ordinarily the pay is five or six rupees a month, but as much as fifteen rupees has been paid to a man who succeeded in inducing a vicious beast to do its daily work. In such cases it often happens that the elephant will refuse to assist the mahout to mount in the way hereinbefore shown. It then becomes necessary to mount the vicious one from the back of another elephant.

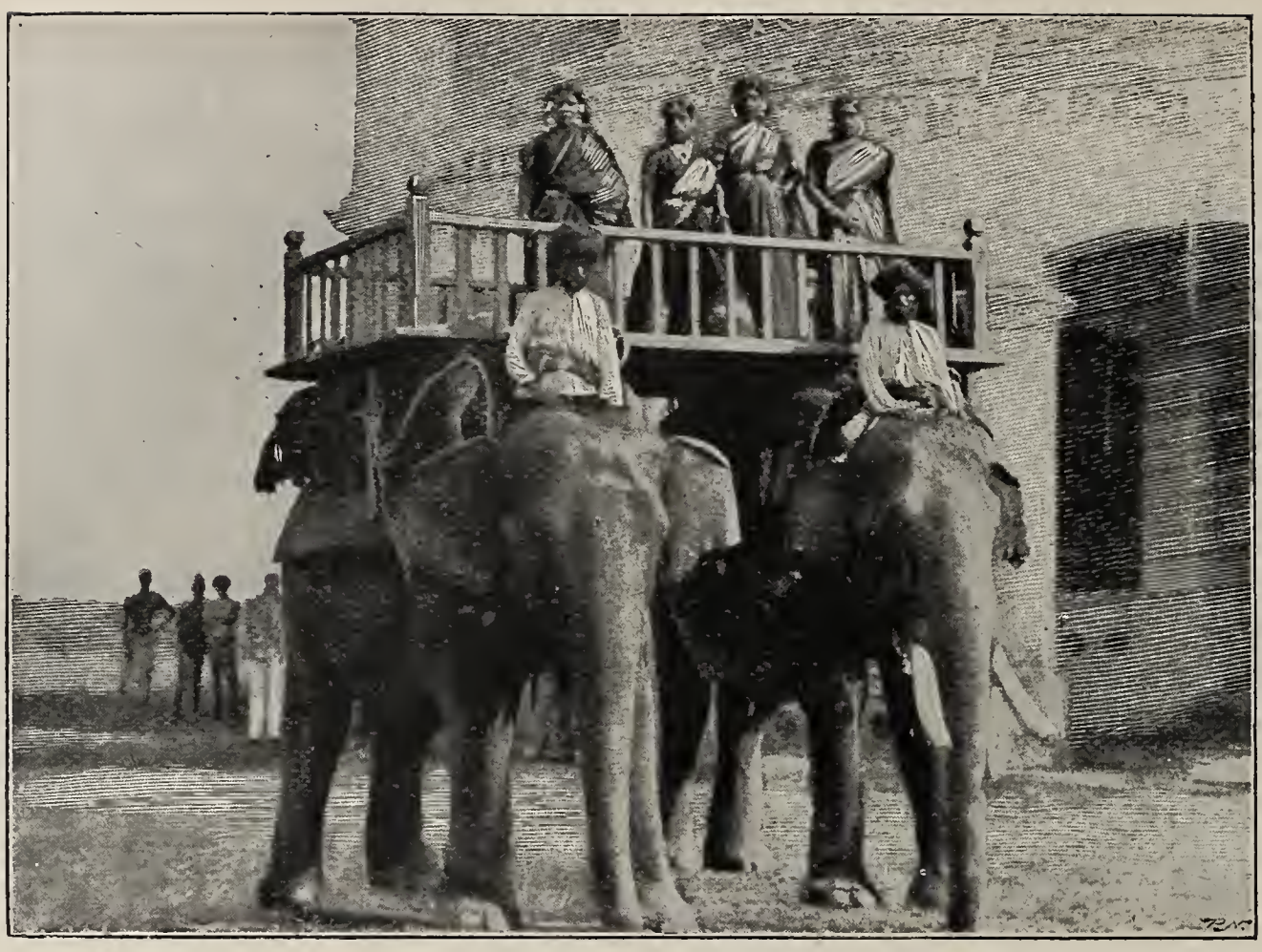
Next is seen an elephant calling for letters at a post and telegraph office in one of the tea districts of Assam. The photo. was taken during the rainy season (July–September), when the roads become raging torrents.

Hard-working elephants are as fond of a bit of sport as anyone, and the form of sport they love best is "running amok" in a quiet village. Often in the Lao States there will be a terrible commotion in a peaceful village; a vicious or playful elephant is at large, tearing through rice-fields and plantations, and knocking down dwellings like nine-pins. The village fathers beat their tom-toms, and the uproar is great. So is the damage done, and the brute's owner has a pretty bill to pay, *plus* the value of the depredator himself, who probably has to be shot.

Besides working and travelling elephants, there are also hunting elephants. When an extensive "shoot" is organized in India one of the very first considerations is the elephants, on whose backs are placed the howdahs, or towers, wherefrom wealthy Britons take pot-shots at big game. Our next photo., which shows a hunting elephant bringing home the dead body of a tiger (shot in Assam), was taken by the Hon. Sydney Parker, to whom we are indebted for permission to reproduce it.

Here are a couple of elephants supporting what is virtually a peripatetic theatre. At a recent wedding in the family of His Highness the Maharajah of Mysore, a novel feature was introduced into the marriage procession. It consisted of a large platform, more than 12ft. square, supported by two large elephants. During the procession—which was by torchlight — the platform, gorgeously decorated, was occupied by a number of gaily dressed nautch girls, who danced at intervals along the route. The

A HUNTING ELEPHANT—BRINGING HOME A DEAD TIGER.



A TRAVELLING THEATRE.

whole "travelling ballet" was illuminated by means of dazzling Bengal lights. This is said to have been the first time such an experiment with elephants has ever been tried, and it shows to what perfection these animals can be trained; for had they shown the least disposition to go in different directions it would have been more than awkward for the *corps de ballet* above. We are indebted for this interesting photo. to Mr. Chas. H. Payne, of Sefton Hall, West Cliff, Bournemouth.

In Ceylon elephants may be seen acting as masons' labourers. The mason himself will have a huge block of stone ready, with mortar on top, when up comes the elephant with another big block. This the animal will lay carefully on the prepared stone; and then, stepping back to see if it is straight, he will probably come again and give a dab here and a pull there, with tusk and trunk, until the block is perfectly in position.

The last photo. reproduced shows the elephants of an Indian gun-battery saluting. The photo. was taken by a lady, who writes:—

"I managed to secure this one morning as they were returning from drill. The officers in command asked me if I would like to see the elephants salute, and at the word of command up went all their trunks!"

AN ELEPHANT GUN BATTERY "SALUTING."

By A. J. Dawson.

Save him ! Aid him ! O Madonna !
  Two are slain if he is slain ;
Shield his life, and guard his honour,
  Let me not entreat in vain.
Suddenly the brindled savage
  Tears and tosses up the sand ;
Horns that rend and hoofs that ravage,
  How shall man your shock withstand ?

Sweet Madonna, Maiden Mother,
Thou hast saved him, and no other ;
Now the tears I cannot smother,
  Tears of joy my vision blind ;
Where thou sittest I am gazing,
These glad, misty eyes upraising,
I have pray'd, and I am praising,
  Bless thee ! bless thee ! Virgin, kind.

A Legend of Madrid.

IT is true that the picturesque but bloodthirsty bushranger no longer plys his pleasing craft in sunny New South Wales, and it is true also that the days of rapid fortune-making in gold-mining and land-booming would appear to have departed from its midst—but the man who affirms that there is no longer any romance in Australian life is, as debaters say, labouring under a palpable misapprehension. On the contrary, there still remains a good deal of romance in that great island of the South; but Colonials are a matter-of-fact people, and have a knack of taking their most picturesque and striking events in a calm and just-as-I-expected manner which makes incidents which would appear exciting to others seem tame to them. It takes more than a little to surprise Young Australia.

The Riverstons of Warrimoo and Kursley Downs were a family that had passed through a good many ups and downs since old Tom Riverston arrived in the colony in its very early days, and took his young wife to the Turon diggings. Old Tom was young then —the younger son of a good old farming family in Hampshire—and before he finally acquired Warrimoo and Kursley Downs, he had made and lost at least two considerable fortunes. The two stations mentioned were splendid properties in the best part of the Murrumbidgee Valley, and when the old man died, his son, Harvey Riverston, who at the time had been for several years a Benedict, was looked upon as one of the warmest land-owners south of Sydney. Harvey Riverston's two elder brothers had both died in the colony during their father's life-time—one in a scuffle at the Hill End diggings, and the other in a raid by the blacks in Southern Queensland. So all the old man's wealth was left to this one son, and if he wanted it to be increased, he could not well have left it in better hands. Harvey Riverston was not a broad-minded man, but he had three dearly cherished objects in life—the founding

of a powerful Colonial family, the accumulation of sheep and land, and the welfare of his two children, Dolly his only daughter, and Roderick his only son.

When Dolly was nineteen and Roderick was fourteen years old, their father decided to have a resident tutor for the boy at Warrimoo—his home station. Accordingly, he advertised in the Sydney papers to the effect that he was prepared to pay a good salary to a really cultivated young man, of University education, who would content himself to live at Warrimoo and take young Roderick in hand.

Now, just at this time, there happened to be in Sydney a young Englishman of good family, named Leslie Mansford. Mansford was an Oxford M.A. and a briefless barrister, whose health and finances had been equally poor in England, and who, eight months previous to this time, had taken his passage to Australia with a view of trying life in Sydney. He had been somewhat unfortunate since his arrival in that city, and on the morning when, sitting in his lodgings at Bondi, he read Harvey Riverston's advertisement, his exchequer had reached a painfully low ebb.

"By Gad!" he murmured, confidentially, to his coffee-pot; "why shouldn't I turn tutor?" And as he thought it over, the question seemed a very reasonable one. True, it was not a brilliant prospect for a man who had been called to the Bar in England, but it meant a comfortable living with not very much work, and a climate that would probably put new life into him. He sat down at once and wrote a really artistic little application for the post, explaining his position and want of experience as a pedagogue, but enlarging on his youth, energy, and college career. Harvey Riverston had quite sense enough to enable him to see the clean-bred manliness of the tone of this letter, and went up to the metropolis to interview the writer. He was pleased with Mansford's gentlemanly appearance and general good form, and within a few hours of their first meeting, engaged him for a year at a salary which surprised the young Englishman—it was very much more than many of his London friends could make at the Bar.

A couple of days afterwards, all the barrister's arrangements were completed, and he and his employer started off together for the Murrumbidgee. The journey to Riverston's station was Mansford's first experience of the country side of Australian life, and he was at once charmed and surprised by the wonderful beauty of the rich rolling plains, and the hilly stretches of heavily timbered bush in southern New South Wales. It was close on sunset when he and Riverston drove up to the front of the twelve-foot-wide veranda which ran all round the homestead at Warrimoo, and very beautiful the place looked in the warm, mellow glow of evening which, in Australia, does duty for the twilight of the north. There was a fine sloping lawn in front of the house, and at the sides and back, flower-beds, vegetable garden, and shrubbery all mingled pleasantly together and faded gradually away into the smooth, open undulations of the home-paddock.

Mansford had been long enough in Australia to learn that all people who lived in the bush were not savages in moleskin and brown leather, but he was rather surprised when, after he had been introduced to Mrs. Riverston, her daughter, and young Roderick, a well-dressed maid-servant stepped up to the head of the house and murmured that the dressing-gong had rung before that gentleman's arrival. When he walked into the pretty drawing-room, after half an hour spent in the bedroom and sitting-room which he was told were to be his, he found Mrs. Riverston and Dolly, both attired in tasteful evening dress, and waiting the appearance of Mr. Riverston. Mrs. Riverston was a large, pale woman, with flaccid blue eyes, and hair of the colour of hay. She was a woman who looked as though she never stood if there were a seat within walking distance, and in this respect her habit justified her appearance. Metaphorically and literally, Mrs. Riverston spent her life in a series of little rests, and exertion, physical or mental, was a thing she gently disliked, and would have loathed if she could have endured the strain of loathing anything.

Dolly resembled her mother in one respect—she was fair as to hair and complexion. Otherwise they differed in appearance as widely as in character and disposition. Dolly's windy-looking hair had far more gold than flax in it. Her blue eyes were of the tint that beautifies the cornflower; she was petite, active, and graceful, and the dominant expression of her fair face was bright, mischief-loving happiness.

Mansford found that dinner at Warrimoo was a pleasant institution, and one that reminded him more vividly of his old home life than had any of his other experiences in Australia. Altogether his reflection when he retired at an early hour to his snug rooms, after spending a pleasant evening, which had

"HE FOUND MRS. RIVERSTON AND DOLLY WAITING THE APPEARANCE OF MR. RIVERSTON."

included a few bright songs from Dolly, a cigar with Mr. Riverston, and a little desultory chat with the lady of the house—his reflection, then, was that his life for the ensuing twelve months at all events would be a fairly happy one. As the period of his stay at Warrimoo wore on, and he was initiated into the mysteries of kangaroo drives, emu hunts, bush race-meetings, and all the other relaxations and pleasures of a large and prosperous station, he found his first impressions amply confirmed, and began to enjoy life as he had not enjoyed it since the earlier part of his Oxford days.

Situated barely seven miles from Warrimoo was the homestead of an adjoining station, known as Yarrawarra, and owned by the Honourable George Matthews. Mr. George Matthews was a member of the Legislative Council in New South Wales, and a very prosperous squatter. He also owned a small gold-mine, near Goulburn, was a Justice of the Peace, and in every way a shining light on the Murrumbidgee. He had a son named Edward, aged twenty-three, and the dearest wish of his heart was that this young man should marry Harvey Riverston's Dolly, and thus unite two of the finest estates in the colony. Mr. Riverston, though perhaps hardly as enthusiastic in the matter as his neighbour, was still by no means averse to the match, and in fact he and the Honourable George Matthews had talked it over and considered it a settled event for years past. The only sign of a flaw that had so far appeared in this project was, what Mr. Matthews considered the minor detail, that his son showed no inclination towards Dolly Riverston, whilst that young lady treated him as though he were a rather stupid, but good-natured, schoolboy.

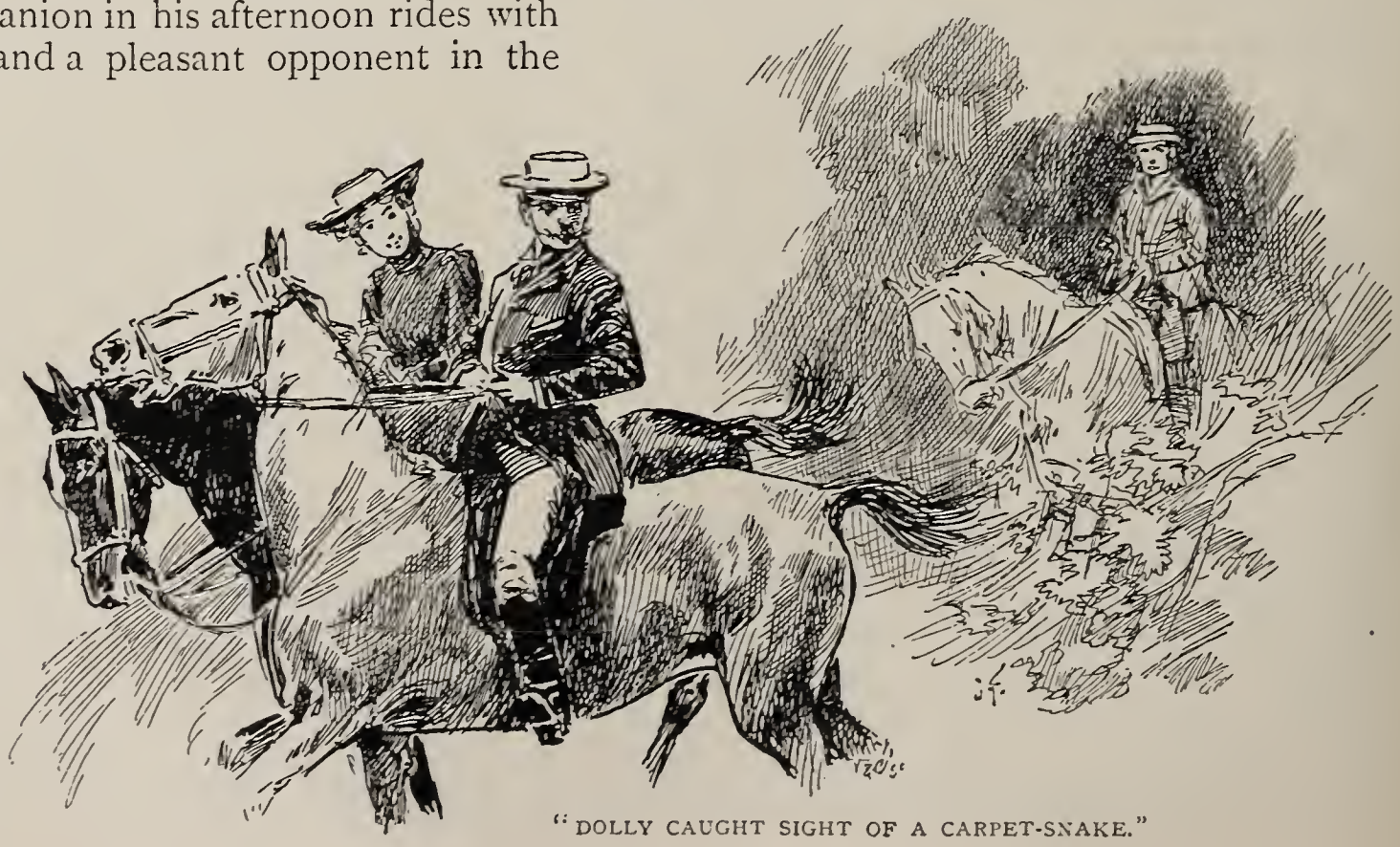
Edward Matthews's disposition had a good deal of the schoolboy in it. He was good-natured, dull of thought, fond of sport, and preternaturally weak-minded. His father called him Peace-at-any-price-Ned, and the young man's own pet saying was, "Anything for a quiet life." His father had told him, when he came of age, that he was expected to marry Dolly Riverston; and he had said whilst twisting the rowel of a spur in his hand, "Ah, Little Dolly Riverston, eh? All right, father! I suppose there's no hurry?" He had been told that he could take his time in the matter, and, accordingly, whenever he chanced to meet the fair girl from Warrimoo, he had paid her a lazy compliment, and had enjoyed being merrily laughed at for his pains. He did not see the good of hurrying; though, had his father worried him and the girl yielded, he would have married her before breakfast any morning to avoid a fuss at dinner. Harvey Riverston was firm about one thing in connection with this matrimonial project of his and his friend's, and that was that nothing by word or deed should be done to force his daughter's inclinations. This being strictly adhered to on both sides, the bright, happy girl was left perfectly free and unconscious, and so in her good-humoured way made a casual friend of Edward Matthews—but nothing more. This was just as matters stood between the families when Leslie Mansford, briefless barrister and younger son of a good South

of England family, arrived at Warrimoo as tutor to Roderick.

Mansford's young pupil, Roderick Riverston, was a delicate boy and not overburdened with brains, though warm-hearted, and naturally straightforward and honourable. The barrister was specially instructed not to over-work the lad, and was expected to spend a good deal of time in riding and driving with him, cultivating his taste for tennis and shooting, and otherwise assisting him to lead a healthful life. Mansford recognised that this was exactly the kind of thing most required for the benefit of his own constitution, and consequently, duty and inclination with him pointed the same way—a combination of circumstances which would go a long way towards making a happy man of the veriest misanthrope alive.

Now, prior to the arrival of a tutor at Warrimoo, Dolly Riverston had always been in the habit of sharing with her young brother all such sports and recreations as a healthy Australian girl can take part in—and they are many. Neither she nor her father saw any reason why Mansford's presence should prevent her from continuing to ride, drive, and play tennis with Roderick, and if her easy-going mother had conceived any objection to the continuance of such customs, she would certainly not have found herself equal to the strain of making her disapproval felt. To be sure, the conventionalities of Australian life are neither so numerous nor so rigidly observed as are the mandates of Mrs. Grundy in England, and before the barrister had been many weeks established at Warrimoo, he found that he might look forward to having Dolly as a regular companion in his afternoon rides with her brother, and a pleasant opponent in the go-as-you-please style of tennis which was played at the homestead. Perhaps had he served a few more years of apprenticeship than he had done in the Oxford and London world of little dances and pretty women, he would have foreseen at an earlier date the almost inevitable consequences of this charming but dangerous state of affairs. The boy invariably lagged behind in their bush rides, he was never without a book or a dog when they lounged about the shady lawn of the homestead after tennis; and had he been a match-making mamma with many seasons' experience, and designs on Leslie Mansford's single blessedness, he could not have done more than he did day by day towards ripening the growing intimacy between his sister and his tutor. Meanwhile, good, pale-blue Mrs. Riverston dozed the sunny days away in her morning-room, or on the wide veranda of Warrimoo, and her conscientious, plodding husband busied himself as usual with the multitudinous details of the management of Kursley Downs and his home-station, whilst quietly awaiting the joining by marriage of his estate with that of the Honourable George Matthews, among various other happy and natural developments.

One afternoon, as the brother and sister were riding with Mansford through the beautifully wooded bush between the homestead and the Murrumbidgee, a trifling incident occurred which caused the barrister more than one hour of serious thought later on. They were walking their horses along a shady bridle-track, when Dolly caught sight of a large and very beautifully marked carpet-snake, lying half under a log. "Oh, Mr. Mansford!" she said at once; "if you would not very much mind the trouble of killing it, I should so like to have the skin of that carpet-snake to make a belt of! Would you mind?"



"DOLLY CAUGHT SIGHT OF A CARPET-SNAKE."

At the moment when the question came, Mansford was allowing his eyes to rest admiringly on the girl's graceful figure, as she rode by his side, and was idly thinking how much he would miss her bright, happy society if she or he were to leave Warrimoo. "Why, of course, Miss Riverston. You know I would do a great deal more than that to earn your thanks." He reined in his horse as he spoke, and his eyes were fixed with an almost tender look on those of the girl, as he half unconsciously lowered his voice and bent towards her.

He had not intended to make a tender remark. He was too sensible not to recognise the inappropriateness of it, and, indeed, the words he had said were little more than courtesy demanded; but his thoughts at the moment of speaking had, without his knowledge or desire, tinged the words he used with their sentiment, and as he jumped from his horse, he saw a wave of rich, deep colour spread itself over Dolly's bright face. In an instant she had lowered her eyes, abashed, and he had turned on his heel and walked towards the fallen log. He killed the snake with very little difficulty, and the rest of the afternoon's ride was so quiet, that Roderick was induced solemnly to express it as his opinion that they were all as "miserable as bandicoots." As a matter of fact, neither Dolly nor Mansford felt in any way miserable, but the latter was more than a little disturbed and exercised in his mind, and Dolly felt strangely nervous and uneasy.

When Mansford retired that night to the comfortable den which opened out of his bedroom, and which he used — well, as a sensible man does use a den, he thought seriously, over a number of protracted smokes, of the little event which had marked that afternoon's ride as an epoch in the life at Warrimoo. The first and most positive conclusion he arrived at was that he had weakly allowed himself to fall in love with the rich squatter's daughter. Subsequently there came to him a medley of reflections—that he had been a fool; that he would leave the station; that he regretted having come there; that he would forget Dolly; that he would marry her; that he had proved himself unworthy a position of confidence, and that he was as good as "any confounded Colonial squatter—rich or poor."

Perhaps the last thought left as strong an impression as any, but, in spite of this, the tutor for some time contemplated explaining the situation to the squatter, saying good-bye to the family, and returning to Sydney forthwith. Then there rose in his mind a vision of lonely nights, and monotonous days of ill-luck in the metropolis of the colony, and side by side with this dull picture he saw in his dreamy fancy a long period of happy courtship in the beautiful surroundings of Warrimoo, with wedding favours, and marriage with the girl he had learnt to love, looming mistily visible in the dim perspective.

At last, weary of the conflicting ideas that flitted restlessly through his mind, he threw open the French windows of his room—the homestead was all on one story — and stepped out over the veranda into the cool, refreshing air of the summer night. As he strolled across the lawn and past the main gable of the spreading, roomy house, he noticed a bright light shining from the window of a room which he knew to be Dolly's. Seeing this at a time when his mind was full of thoughts of the girl and his love for her, and remembering that nearly three hours had passed since he had bidden her good-night, the presence of this light excited him strangely. He walked past the window and saw distinctly, reflected on its light blind, the figure of Dolly sitting with her head resting on both hands. For ten or twelve minutes he stood in perfect silence watching this figure, and during that time Dolly only moved once—simply to pass one hand quickly across her forehead. Then the tutor walked slowly back to his room, and went to bed. His mind was made up, and he intended to abide finally by the decision of those few minutes spent standing on the dewy lawn before the homestead.

The next morning, pretty Dolly noticed with some nervousness that Mansford was rather more attentive and respectful to her than usual, and the girl was surprised to find that there was an expression in his kindly brown eyes that made her grow hot when she looked at him, as she had done on the previous afternoon in connection with the snake-skin episode. Mrs. Riverston remarked during breakfast, in her limp way, that Mr. Mansford was really growing quite a lady's man, and would be dreadfully missed if he ever left Warrimoo. The good woman had not the remotest idea of her remark being an unfortunate one, and was not looking at Dolly as that young lady bent her head confusedly over her coffee-cup. Mr. Riverston looked rather sharply at her over the edge of the *Riverina Advertiser*, but made no remark as Mansford plunged energetically into the subject of sheep-breeding.

That morning Harvey Riverston left the station for his fortnightly trip of a couple of days' duration to Kursley Downs, and the tutor was left, as a lover would understand the word, alone with Dolly. Roderick, of course, could always be disposed of, and Mrs. Riverston would be "resting" as usual.

During the earlier part of the day, the two did not see each other, but in the afternoon they met on the tennis-lawn with the tutor's pupil. The sun proved too strong for tennis, however, and when Roderick wandered off towards the orchard at the rear of the homestead, Mansford was left alone with Dolly on the shaded and shrub-sheltered side of the lawn. The barrister led up to the subject nearest his heart in an awkward manner, for there were various aspects of the affair which embarrassed him more than a little. Dolly was nervous and uneasy, though she angrily confessed to herself that, as yet, she had no reason for being in this state. As Mansford approached nearer to a declaration, his love overcame his embarrassment, and he spoke both rapidly and with emphasis.

"Dolly!"—the girl felt vaguely that this use of her Christian name was somewhat abrupt—"Dolly—you are the daughter of a very wealthy man, whilst I am simply a briefless barrister, and came here as tutor to your brother because I could not make a living in Sydney. You are, I suppose, an heiress, whilst I—well, I am nothing but a younger son, with no expectations. But, oh, Dolly! I love you more than a man can tell! You have made me love you, in these happy months since I came to Warrimoo! Perhaps you think that—er—er—in my position here I have no right to talk to you in this way—and perhaps I haven't; but I can't help it, Dolly, for I love you! And I must tell you of that, and ask you, dear, if you could love, a little bit, a man who can only work with all his heart and soul to make you happy! Dolly, darling! Can you?"

He had been speaking very quickly and passionately, and had hardly seemed to notice the soft colour that had spread over Dolly's face, even to her white neck, or the fact that her head had drooped, whilst he spoke, till he could have touched the glistening gold hair by bending his own head. He took her little hand from where it lay half hidden in the soft grass, and begged her to look at him. When she did look up, the softly murmured affirmative

"HE TOOK HER LITTLE HAND AND BEGGED HER TO LOOK AT HIM."

which fell from her lips was all unnecessary, and fully explained by the bright look of happy love that shone out from her soft blue eyes.

They agreed to say nothing to Mrs.

Riverston, but when the head of the house returned on the following day, Mansford walked into his study after lunch, and asked for a few minutes' conversation. "What, you don't mean to say you want to leave Warrimoo, do you?" said the squatter, who had of late grown very friendly with the young barrister, and fond of his manly ways and bright conversation. "No," said the younger man, pointedly; "I do certainly not want to leave Warrimoo, but——" And then he plunged into his subject, and, using his very best powers of eloquence and persuasion, pleaded his cause as he would have pleaded at the Bar, if he had had the opportunity, exceedingly well. He told Riverston how he had grown to love Dolly, fully explained his own position in the world, and wound up with a passionate appeal to be allowed to pay his addresses to her; mentioning as a mere aside that he had ascertained that she loved him.

Despite the cleverness of the plea, Harvey Riverston was furious. He was a slow man in everything, difficult to rouse, and cautious ever; but here, at one blow, this young Englishman threatened to scatter to the winds one of the most cherished projects of his life—for he looked to his daughter's making a good match, whoever she married—and to link the life of his child with that of a penniless man!

"Why, confound it, sir!" he blurted out; "you ask leave to pay court to my daughter, and you have just had the impudence to tell me that you have spoken to her of your love, and induced her to say that she loved you! You came to my house as a stranger, and I treated you as a guest; and now you turn round and fill my girl's head with—with nonsense, sir! Of course, she does not know her own mind! What's that you say? Reached the age of fiddle-sticks, sir! There, don't say any more; I beg you'll leave the room, sir!"

So the barrister walked out of Riverston's study, as he would have put it, rather "badly left." However, he had, of course, expected a scene, and guessed that the squatter would cool down somewhat in the course of the day. He found an opportunity of speaking for a few minutes to Dolly, to let her know the result of his interview; but as when dinner-time arrived he had heard no word from his employer, he decided to dine in his own room, and having done so, spent the evening alone. The next day Mr. Riverston did not appear at the breakfast-table, and Mansford knew by the rigid silence maintained that Mrs. Riverston had been told of the position of affairs. Late in the afternoon came a message to the effect that the squatter wished to see his son's tutor. Mansford went at once to Riverston's study, and was received without any preamble in this way:—

"Good evening, Mr. Mansford! Take a chair, will you? You must excuse my rudeness yesterday! I am older than you, and—er—I had thoughts of other things in connection with marriage for my daughter. However, as you may have guessed, I have no dearer object in life than Dolly's happiness—and from all that I have been able to learn since I saw you yesterday, her happiness depends in a great measure on you!"

Mansford smiled from relief, as he bowed his assent.

"Well, then, of course, comes the question of your position as a man intending to marry. Your character is one that I am quite content for my future son-in-law to have, but there must be something else. My daughter's husband must have a position of some kind, you know, Mansford!"

"Of course," began Mansford, hastily; "I hope in the practice of my profession, in this colony——"

"Ah!" said the squatter; "that's just the point! Do you think you can work in, eh? However, that, after all, is aside from the main issue! What I want to tell you is this: It is clear to me that you love Dolly, and I believe she loves you. Very well! Now, I love my daughter, and want her to be happy. Consequently, I say, let her have the man she loves, but first insist that the said man proves his inclination and ability to win a position and comfort for both! Now, what I want you to understand is that I will not interfere with my daughter's affections, but at the same time I expect you, before you carry the business any farther, to show me that you have in some way established yourself in life! Does that seem fair and clear to you?"

Of course, Mansford agreed entirely with this very reasonable view of the situation, and the end of the discussion was that Harvey Riverston announced his intention of obtaining another tutor for his son at once, and of exerting all the influence he possessed to assist the barrister in obtaining a foothold in his legitimate profession in Sydney. After this, Mansford enjoyed every freedom in his intercourse with Dolly, and, naturally, took full advantage of the happy turn events had taken. The squatter's daughter was happier than she had ever been before, even in her cloudless young life, and when at the

end of a fortnight spent in this way, a new tutor arrived, Leslie Mansford left Warrimoo with his heart full to the brim of pleasurable anticipations. He assured Dolly of the certainty of his soon being able to claim her hand, and so the pain of parting was robbed of most of its bitterness by bright hopes of future happiness.

Within a few days Harvey Riverston joined the young barrister in Sydney, and the weight of his influence, as an old colonist and a wealthy landholder, apart from the many personal friendships of which he was able to take advantage, had the effect of giving his ex-tutor a very excellent start in his profession. He was called upon to appear in conjunction with one or two prominent legal men, and in a wonderfully short space of time his hands were as full of work as he could possibly wish them to be. The colony was in the very height of its prosperity, and Leslie Mansford was in a good position to take advantage of the fact. His banking account grew in a manner that astonished and delighted him, and he worked with even more energy to hasten the arrival of the time he spoke so longingly of to Dolly.

The life he led in Sydney—working night and day to keep level with the constantly increasing number of cases placed in his hands—began, at last, to tell somewhat upon his health. The riding and tennis of Warrimoo had given a fillip to his delicate constitution which supported him well under the strain he now put upon it, but, at the same time, he had to acknowledge to himself that his work was growing too much for him, and so decided to give himself the pleasure of a short run down to the home of his *fiancée*. His prospects more than justified this little break, and Harvey Riverston was delighted to see him, whilst Dolly, mingled with her pleasure at meeting her lover again, felt serious anxiety about his worn and overworked appearance.

Good, flabby Mrs. Riverston made one of the truest speeches of her life when she said that the barrister required "rest," and the whole family combined to make his visit a pleasant one. Needless to say, it was more than pleasant to him, and as he wandered with Dolly in the great, rolling paddocks that stretched their beautiful breadth round Warrimoo, or lounged the long afternoons away with her in the shade of the veranda, he felt that Fortune had been kind to him, and had set the lines of his life in very pleasant places. During this period his love for Dolly grew and strengthened, till it became more than ever the one and absorbing element of his life; and in yielding up her pure, young heart as unreservedly as she did, the squatter's daughter could see and feel that for it she gained the whole passionate love of Mansford's nature. This visit soon came to an end, and after a farewell that kept every nerve of the barrister's heart strung to its highest pitch for many hours, he took his departure for Sydney.

Four days afterwards he broke down and was unable to take his place in the sittings of the Criminal Court, though he had several cases in hand that were to be heard there. He was able to move about, but could not speak in any tone above that of a whisper, and was suffering from utter exhaustion. He called in the medical man who had frequently attended on him in Sydney, and who was intimately acquainted with his family in England. This doctor had eased the barrister's mother with great skill through the last stages of consumption, and Mansford had no hesitation in asking and accepting the man's opinion on his own case.

"Look here, doctor!" he said, earnestly, "I want the truth without any dressing. Tell me, like a good fellow, exactly how I stand!" The doctor looked long and thoughtfully at him after a searching examination, and finally said, "Do you think you could bear bad or good news without painful excitement? But, there! you can, I am certain you can, for I know the constitution of your family better than you yourself! God knows I am sorry enough to say it, but I do not think you can live another three months, and I am certain you cannot live six!"

Mansford took the blow like a man, and having thanked the doctor and bowed him courteously out of his room, sat down and carefully loaded a revolver.

This was at eleven o'clock in the morning. At two o'clock, when his housekeeper knocked at his door to tell him that lunch was ready, he was still sitting in the same position with the revolver in his hand. As the sound of his housekeeper's voice fell upon his ear, he sprang suddenly to his feet, and ejaculated the single word "No!" Then he asked the woman to bring him a glass of sherry and a biscuit, and resuming his seat, carefully rolled the revolver up in paper, and flung it out of his window, far down amongst the shrubs at the back of the house. He drank his glass of sherry, and sat down to write to Dolly.

"HE WAS STILL SITTING IN THE SAME POSITION."

As a specimen of pure and manly bravery, the letter he wrote was worthy a place in the annals of a nation's history. It was a long and detailed communication, but it contained not one single morbid word. It was absolutely final, in that it left no room for an answer, yet the only expression of sorrow it contained was for the girl who was to read it. It was almost cheery in parts, and gave the impression that the writer thought he was acting in his own best interests. It wound up as follows: "I have thought, my dearest Dolly, and am now convinced, that a final meeting would be a very painful thing to me, and might add to your natural regret. Therefore, dear, I make this letter my farewell, and want to assure you that my heartfelt wish is that you will meet with someone who will love and cherish you as I hoped to do, and with whom you may spend a long and happy life. Forgive me, dear, that I intruded on your life with my blind, unreasoning love and disregard of consequences. Forgive me this, and in new and happy love, forget gently—LESLIE MANSFORD."

Less than a week afterwards, Mansford had arranged all his affairs in the colony, and was on his way to South Africa with a purely unselfish desire in his heart, to avoid dying in New South Wales, and thus possibly prolonging Dolly's sorrow at losing her lover.

On receipt of the barrister's letter of farewell, despite the fact that it was worded in such a way as to make Mansford's conduct appear self-interested, Dolly, after hours of prostration, wrote a long and loving letter, begging him to come to Warrimoo. "Here, darling," she said, "we can nurse and watch over you; and though you say you think my presence would aggravate your pain and increase your illness, I cannot but believe that we could do more to cure you than anyone else." This letter was not answered, for the simple reason that the barrister never received it. He had not posted his farewell till two days before leaving Sydney, hoping that, from her inability to write or hear from him, Dolly would the sooner forget him. Then Harvey Riverston, who himself was touched to the heart by the pathetic nature of this news from the barrister, went to Sydney with his daughter, and interviewed Mansford's doctor. What he told them served to make their loss the more keenly felt, because it raised poor Leslie Mansford to the position of a hero in their eyes. It told them that when he had written to Dolly he had known that he could not live more than a few months, and this was something his letter had not told them.

"I am afraid he will never reach Africa!" said the doctor. "But if he does, he cannot under any circumstances live more than two or three months after landing!" So the Riverstons went home again, and Dolly nursed her sore heart as best she might at Warrimoo.

Poor girl! Her first passionate grief soon wore off; but it left her simply without pleasure in life. She never wept or complained, but her appetite failed, her heart was sick and weary, and nothing served to rouse her. Then her father determined to make a strong effort to take his cherished daughter out of herself, as it were, and to give her some new interest in the life that had become a burden to her. "Dolly, darling," he said, one afternoon, as they sat on the veranda at Warrimoo together, "Dolly, do you love your father well enough to make a certain effort which will give him great happiness?"

"Yes, father!" she said, listlessly.

"I want you to marry Edward Matthews!"

The girl threw both arms round his neck, as she said, with a sob, "So soon, father!"

Riverston was surprised and delighted to meet with a trifling objection as to time, where he had expected far more serious resistance. "My dear," he said, "I have felt our loss as keenly as any father could, and Heaven knows I feel the sorrow it has put into your young heart! But I remember that at this time we practically know that Leslie—we practically know that he is at rest. You are simply wasting away, my child, for want of some interest in your life, and Edward Matthews loves you, and would, I am sure, make you a good husband."

Riverston was painfully astonished at the indifference with which Dolly said she would do anything to please her father, and if he wished it would marry young Matthews. However, he believed that his project was a good one, and that the new element that marriage would bring into her life would serve to rouse her from this apathetic sadness. The fact was that Dolly did not give herself a thought in the matter at all. Hers had proved itself a nature not strong enough to bear, and readily recover from, so great a sorrow as that which she had experienced; and what happened to herself, now that the light had gone out of her life, seemed to her a matter of supreme indifference. She could see the pain that her condition gave to her father, and was prepared to make sacrifice of her own feelings and inclinations, if by so doing she could in any way lessen that pain.

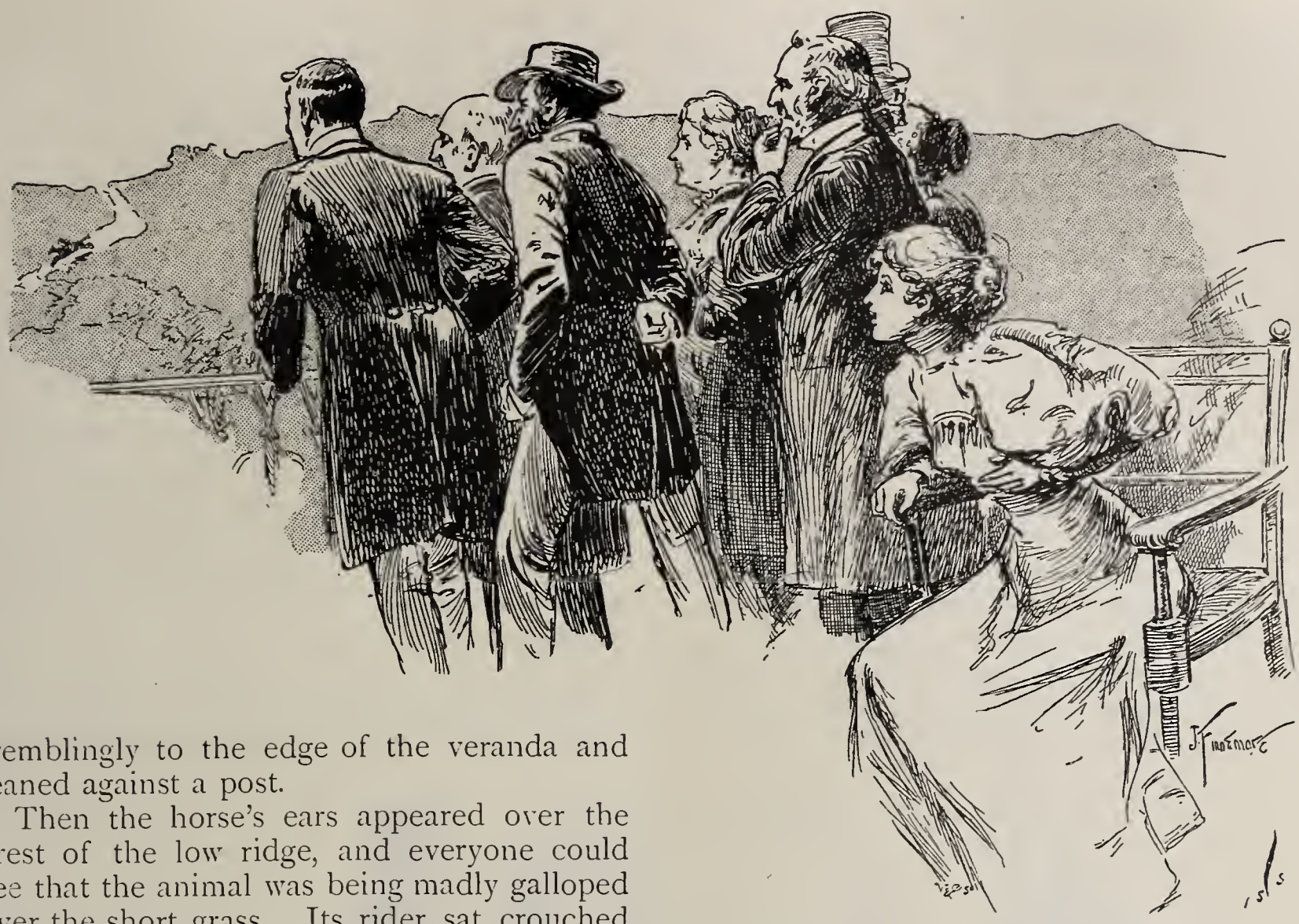
Young Matthews really liked and admired her, and although this feeling of his was certainly not love, his will was as putty in his father's hands, and he promptly complied with that gentleman's instructions in the matter of pressing his suit for Dolly Riverston's hand. Both parents did all in their power to hasten on the match, and shortly after young Matthews had proposed and been accepted, the marriage was arranged to take place on a certain day within the month.

At last the wedding-day arrived. Acting in accordance with his own feelings in the matter, and from a desire not to jar more than was necessary upon Dolly's saddened nature, Matthews had carefully abstained from any demonstrative display of affection during his brief engagement, and when their wedding-day dawned upon them, these two were no closer to each other in their hearts than before the squatter's son had made his proposal.

The ceremony was to take place at Warrimoo shortly before noon, and at ten o'clock Dolly was sobbing in her room, and could not be comforted. "Oh, father," she said, to Harvey Riverston, "I feel that perhaps he is alive and I am false to him in this marriage! I feel as though I were his wife—or widow, and I——" Poor Dolly! It was hard for her to bear up as the time drew near. However, the simple, true-hearted girl thought of her father's pain, and at last, with an immense effort, composed herself to meet the bridegroom. It was to be a very quiet affair; and when the clergyman arrived at Warrimoo, the only persons standing waiting to receive him were the Hon. George Matthews, the bridegroom, and the Riverstons, with, perhaps, four relatives of both families. As they stood there on the broad, irregular-shaped veranda where she had so often sat listening to Mansford's voice in the old days, Dolly felt her heart very sore within her, and so sharp was the pain of it all that she almost feared she could not face the ceremony that was so near at hand. But there were these few visitors to be talked to; and the habit of courtesy causing her to exert every nerve in her body to maintain a show of composure, really saved her from breaking down.

Suddenly, as they stood in a cluster looking out over the undulating surface of Warrimoo home-paddock, and waiting for an adjournment to be made to the house, someone broke an awkward pause by exclaiming: "Halloa! here's a late visitor coming over the long ridge. Look! By Jove! how he's travelling!" Dolly felt her heart stop beating with a mad anticipation of she knew not what, that positively sickened in its intensity. She sank breathless on to a seat, whilst the whole party craned their necks, and tip-toed on the veranda's edge to catch a glimpse of the late arrival as his horse flew down the far side of the valley which separated the home-paddock from the plains beyond.

There was, after all, nothing very startling in the sight, but the air of Warrimoo seemed full of strange, nervous expectancy, and there was a dead silence in the party on the veranda as they waited for the horseman to re-appear on the crest of the little hill. The air was still, and the total absence of sound all round most oppressive. Roderick Riverston coughed, and the sound of his cough seemed to shake the roof of the veranda. Very faintly, and far away, Dolly could hear the approaching horse's feet, thudding on the soft earth. She could bear the silent strain no longer, and rising, walked



"SHE SANK BREATHLESS ON TO A SEAT."

tremblingly to the edge of the veranda and leaned against a post.

Then the horse's ears appeared over the crest of the low ridge, and everyone could see that the animal was being madly galloped over the short grass. Its rider sat crouched in the saddle like a jockey, and a soft felt hat was jammed over his forehead. Who could he be? Nearer the flying horse came and nearer, till the party on the veranda could almost hear its short, quick gasps for breath, and see its red, staring eyes. Then the horseman entered the long stretch of young timber and shrubs which skirted the lawn on its eastern side. Crash! They could hear the horse's iron heels "clip" the top of the hidden boundary fence, and, later, the snapping of little branches and the tearing of leaves, as the beast thundered through the shrubbery.

Acting silently, and with one accord, the party stepped forward on to the lawn as horse and rider came flying out into the open ground before the house. Someone gave a scream—the horse was thrown with cruel suddenness on to its haunches—and Leslie Mansford rolled out of the saddle and on to the grass, by the side of an animal that was dying.

His return to Warrimoo under any circumstances was a striking and dramatic incident, but on that day of all others, and in that manner—well, even the easy-going Australians who extended ready hands to help him to his feet were startled out of all show of composure. Mansford literally could not speak for some little time, and Dolly was in a dead faint on the veranda, but when she regained consciousness she was in his arms, and everyone who saw the whole woman's inner nature shining out of her blue eyes when they were opened, knew that one tender heart had that day been saved from breaking.

An hour afterwards, when everyone had been given an opportunity to regain their composure, and Leslie Mansford had spent some little time in Harvey Riverston's bedroom, the party assembled in the big drawing-room, and the man whom to his hearers seemed to have returned from the grave made a little speech. It is not fitting that all he said, or all Dolly said, should be reproduced here, because—the barrister had ridden twenty-four miles at the gallop that morning, and had just returned from the Valley of the Shadow of Death to a happiness that was hardly gained, and that overwhelmed his great, loving heart. And for Dolly! Well, Dolly was a pure-hearted girl, and the man she loved with all her soul had just been restored to her from death—so it seemed—when she was on the verge of marrying another man to please her father.

He told them how the Sydney doctor had been blinded by his knowledge of the hereditary consumption in the Mansford family. How he—Mansford—had landed in South Africa at death's very door, and how

for months he had lain and tossed in intermittent delirium, and babbled of his lost love. How he had been startled in his earliest convalescence to learn that he had never suffered from consumption, but only acute inflammation of the lungs, aggravated by nervous collapse, and by certain organic weaknesses. How he had very slowly and gradually become convinced that he suffered from no incurable and hereditary disease, and how, from that moment, he had rallied until he was strong enough to be able to bear being carried aboard a ship bound for Australia. He told them, as they all sat round him drinking in the strange story with sympathetic looks and murmurs of interest, of how he feared at first to write to Dolly, lest his apparent recovery should prove a delusion, and how afterwards he had determined to announce that recovery in person, when no mistakes could be made. He explained how in Narrandera, that very morning, he had heard for the first time of the marriage that was to be celebrated at Warrimoo—"And Dolly, and my good friends," he said, looking round the room with his kindly, expectant brown eyes, "can't you guess how cold my heart turned, and why I galloped that poor horse to death? Ah! But good people, I want you all to hear me! You know who I am, and all that has happened to me. I have spoken no word of love to Dolly here since I returned, and I have said nothing to my friend, Mr. Edward Matthews! Now, before you all, I want to ask Dolly a question!"

He cleared his throat, and a tremor of sympathy ran round the room. "Dolly! Dolly! Shall I go away from Warrimoo, or shall I stay?" Just for one breathless half moment the ticking of the clock could be heard as they stared at him in silence, and then, without looking at each other, three persons stepped up to him with hands outstretched, and three different voices blended in pronouncing the word "Stay"—Harvey Riverston, Dolly Riverston, and Edward Matthews!

"STAY!"

Well, they were married a few weeks afterwards, and Mrs. Dolly Mansford is rather touchy now about allowing her husband to leave her for more than a few hours at a time. But it was the personal knowledge of these few incidents in the life of one quiet family that led me to remark, in the opening lines of this little story, that romance did not quite die out of the land of the Southern Cross with the hanging of the last bushranger.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

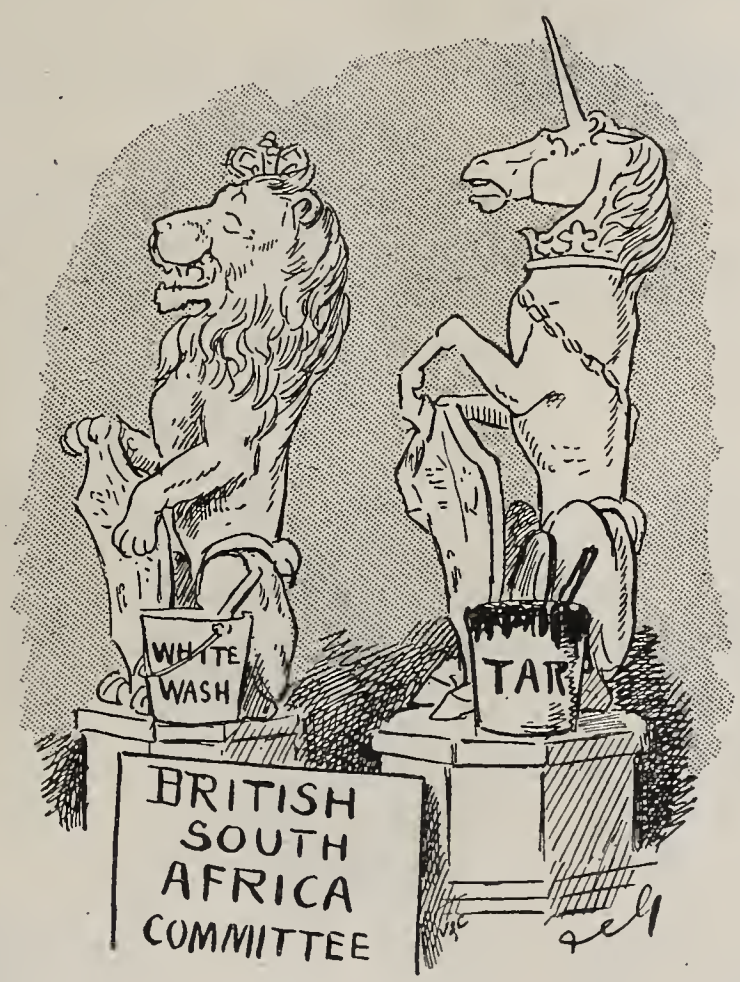
XXXVI.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

TWO TRIALS AT WESTMINSTER.

IT is a striking coincidence in two careers passed on severed continents that, after a lapse of a hundred years, they should find a common stage in a Parliamentary inquiry at Westminster. The South African Committee, which actually, if not ostensibly, sat to try Cecil Rhodes, were located in a room off Westminster Hall. Warren Hastings, impeached before the House of Lords of high crimes and misdemeanours, alleged to have been committed during his Governor-Generalship in India, had much more space allotted to the splendid scene of which he was the chief figure.

The stage on which Warren Hastings loomed large was, Macaulay writes, "the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame."



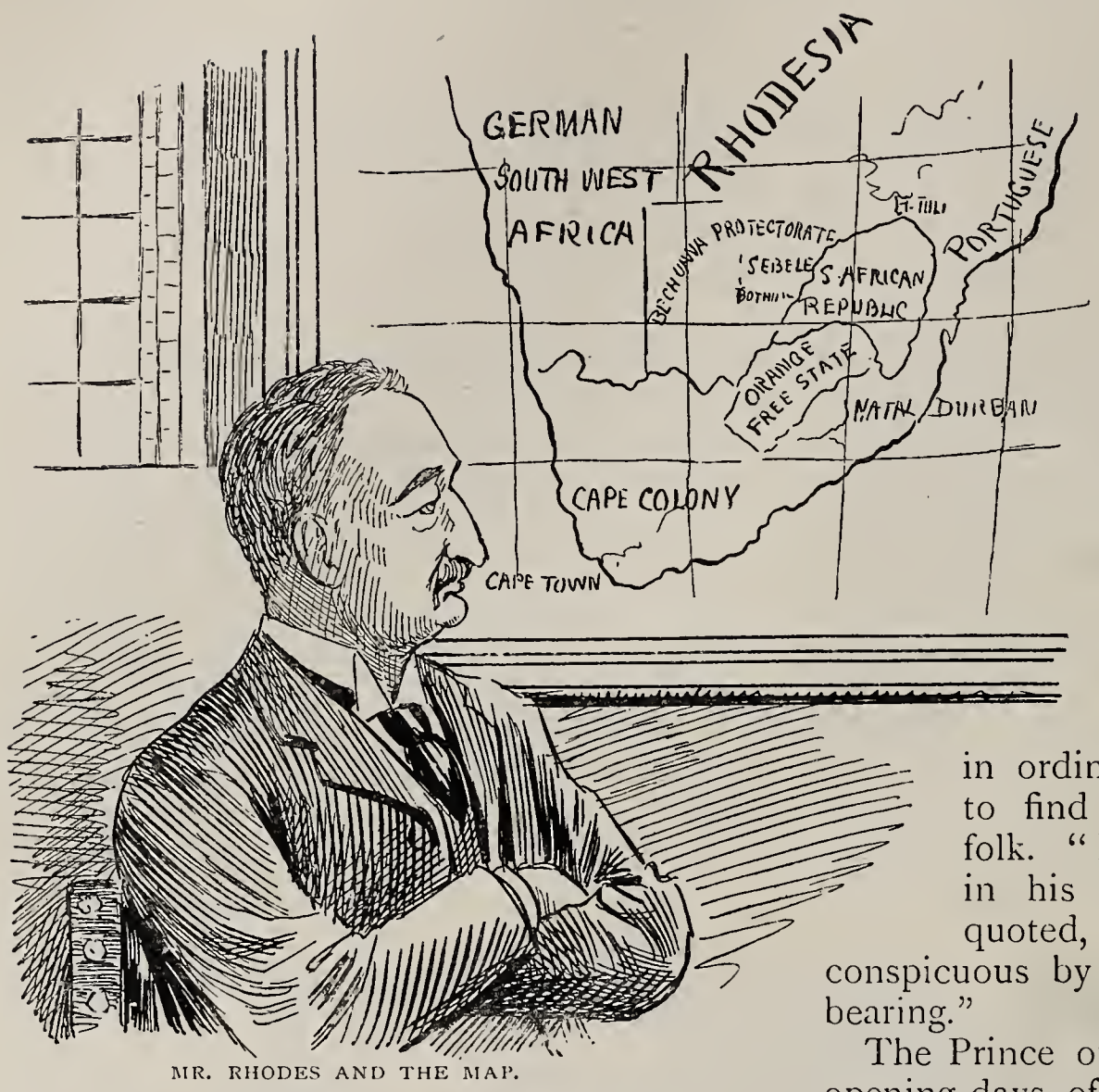
IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

The proceedings in connection with the investigation of the charges against the man who, in some respects, with limited opportunities, is the Warren Hastings of Africa, were strictly business-like. Here were no "peers robed in gold, scarlet, and ermine, marshalled by the herald under Garter King at Arms." No tall lines of Grenadiers guarded the way to Westminster Hall. No need to keep the streets clear by troops of jangling cavalry. The ultimate extreme in the other direction was reached. Too often the hearing of *causes cèlèbres* in London police-courts and in the High Courts of Justice are closely akin to first nights at the Lyceum. Celebrities of both sexes flock to the scene, eager for the new excitement. It was thus when Dr. Jameson made his first appearance at Bow Street Police Court.

Possibly profiting by experience then gained, the South African Committee resolved to exclude the general public. There being no appeal from this decision, there was no blocking of the approaches to the Committee-room. During the most exciting phases of the inquiry, the pigeons in Palace Yard placidly pursued their quest for stray grain. Within the chamber there prevailed a business air of studious simplicity. When Warren Hastings was tried in Westminster Hall, the grey old walls were hung with scarlet. For all decoration, the bare walls of the South Africa Committee-room were hung with a gigantic map of Africa.

PAINTING THE MAP RED.

A little more than two years ago I chanced to be a guest at Groote Schuur, Mr. Cecil Rhodes's much-loved Dutch house on the out-skirts of Cape Town, which did not long survive the temporary downfall of its master, accomplishing in some way an act of suttee. Musing over a map of Africa, with its patches of green rounding off Portuguese territory, its orange indicating German possession, its mauve marking where the French flag flies, its yellow colouring the Congo Free State under the Protectorate of Belgium, its wedge of light green thrust into Cape Colony showing where the Boers stand, its great splashes of red, England's mark on the map—



MR. RHODES AND THE MAP.

Mr. Rhodes, placing a finger on Cape Town and moving it with rapid sweep to the extreme north of the continent, said, "I want to paint the map red from here to there."

In the great map on the wall of the Committee-room the work thus far accomplished prominently shows. Mr. Rhodes, as he sat waiting the arrival of his judges on the opening day of the inquiry, frequently rested his eyes with proud content on the map. He may, as he admitted in reply to one of Sir William Harcourt's questions, have been "morally culpable." But there was Rhodesia.

ENTER THE COMMITTEE.

PRINCE AND PEERS IN MUFTI.

It is curious, observing further points of resemblance between the two great State trials, to note how circumstances vary after the lapse of a century. There were peers at both. But whilst, when Warren Hastings was tried, their lordships arrived robed in gold and ermine, marshalled by the heralds under Garter King at Arms, when Mr. Cecil Rhodes was examined, noble lords dropped in in ordinary morning dress, thankful to find room to sit with humbler folk. "Last of all," writes Macaulay, in his famous description already quoted, "came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing."

The Prince of Wales was present on the opening days of the proceedings before the South African Committee. But he drove down in his private brougham, walked in unannounced, unattended, and, like the rest of the community, was kept waiting three-quarters of an hour whilst the Committee, deliberating in a private room, considered how they should dispose of three or four ladies who, in calm defiance of prohibition, had secured entrance to the Committee-room and, dressed all in their best, beamingly awaited the commencement of business.

The procession of the Committee, headed by Sir William Harcourt, marching to seat them-

selves at the table, brushed past the Heir-Apparent without the courtly acknowledgment of his presence, perhaps never before omitted. It was a small matter, but strikingly indicative of the marble-like austerity of the proceedings, devoid from first to last of the pomp and circumstance attendant upon the scene Macaulay delighted to paint.

WARREN HASTINGS AND CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

There is another parallel of modern times to be found in Warren Hastings's Parliamentary experience and that of a famous man belonging to the end of this century. Just a quarter of a century after Hastings stood at the bar in Westminster Hall upon charges which, if proved, might have cost him his life, certainly his liberty, he again appeared on the Parliamentary scene. In the year 1813 the Charter of the East India Company came up for renewal. It was decided to examine witnesses at the bar of the House of Commons, and Warren Hastings, who since his acquittal had lived in retirement, was summoned to attend.

The object of the bitter resentment of yester-year presenting himself in obedience to the summons, the Commons received him with acclamation. When, after giving his evidence he retired, members rose *en masse*, bared their heads, and remained standing till his figure disappeared through the doorway.

MR. PARNELL RISES.

PARNELL'S APOGEE.

Seventy-six years later, as far as I know with no parallel instance in the meanwhile, a similar honour was done to another man. None present in the House of Commons on a night in the early spring of 1889 will forget one of the most dramatic scenes ever witnessed on this stage of illimitable possibilities. The House had been engaged for five nights in debate on an amendment to the Address challenging the Irish policy of the Government. Mr. Parnell, engaged in attendance on the Commission associated with his name, had been long absent from his place below the gangway. It was rumoured that he was coming to-day. The town still throbbed with excitement of the news from Madrid. On the previous Monday Pigott, the mainstay of the charges against Mr. Parnell, breaking down under the masterly cross-examination of Sir Charles Russell, fled. On this 1st of March came news that he had finished his career with a pistol-shot.

The incident served to intensify the sympathy with the man against whom Pigott had deliberately plotted. The sitting wore on towards midnight, and still Parnell did not come. It was so much his usual manner to avoid anything like fulfilment of expectation, to stay away when he was expected, to turn up when no one was looking for him, that members came to the conclusion he would not be seen.

Suddenly, just after eleven o'clock, a sharp ringing cheer from the Irish members drew all eyes in the direction of their camp. There was Mr. Parnell, standing in the modest place he affected, half way down the second bench below the gangway. He had entered quietly, unnoticed.

Mr. Asquith, who was at the moment on his legs, having made an end of speaking, the Irish Leader proposed to continue the debate. His followers, growing in excitement, leaped up, waving their hats. English members below and above the gangway followed their example. Mr. Gladstone, turning round and observing Parnell in his place, rose to his feet, an example instantly followed by all but one of his colleagues on the Front Bench.

Thus, for some moments, they stood, as if they were in presence of Royalty. Whereas it was only the uncrowned King of Ireland who had returned to his seat in the House of Commons, after triumphant passage through a terrible ordeal.

NADIR.

One short year later, Mr. Parnell, sitting in the very place whence he had risen to front that memorable scene, sadly recalled it. Once the arbiter between the two great parties in English politics, he was now disgraced and impotent. Twelve months earlier the autocratic leader of a united party, to-day there were none to do him reverence.

It was characteristic of the stern, unbending nature of the man that during the brief time he remained in the House after his fall he took a course specially calculated to mark

its abyssmal depths. The large majority of his former following who had broken away from him after the scuffle in Committee-room No. 15, retained their old places on the benches below the gangway. Parnell and the faithful few who stood by him might conveniently have found a place, as the Redmondites have since done, on the bench behind. To retire would be to admit the power of "gutter sparrows" to depose the eagle. There was a certain place on the second bench below the gangway where he had sat whilst he enjoyed Sultanic honours amongst the Irish members. There was nothing changed in him. Only they were faithless.

So, night after night, he took his old seat in the centre of the camp of the enemy—the bitterest of all enemies, the estranged friend. With Mr. Tim Healy on one side and Mr. Sexton on the other, he sat by the hour in haughty silence, ignoring their existence as utterly as if they had been stocks and stones.

A SOLITARY FIGURE.

This particular parallel with the Parliamentary history of Warren Hastings is carried out in a minute and interesting particular. It was not everyone who in the House of Commons of more than sixty years ago rose to their feet to do honour to the great pro-Consul. One or two of the managers of the impeachment were present. Macaulay writes: "They sat in the same seats they had occupied when they had been thanked for the services rendered in Westminster Hall. These gentlemen were not disposed to admit that they had employed several of the best years of their lives in persecuting an innocent man. They accordingly kept their seats, and pulled their hats over their brows."

WITH HAT TILTED OVER BROW.

At the time when Parnell returned to his Parliamentary duties, whilst echo of Pigott's pistol-shot still sounded through the streets of London, Mr. Gladstone's colleagues, seceding from his leadership on the question of Home Rule, had not taken the final step of going over to the Tory camp. As ex-Ministers they still claimed the right of places on the Front Opposition Bench. Thus it came to pass that when Mr. Gladstone and his Home Rule colleagues rose to do honour to the man who, in conjunction with his cause, had cost the Liberal Party so much, and was in the near future to cost them everything, one figure remained stubbornly seated at the gangway end of the bench, with hat tilted over his brow.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE POSITION.

It was Lord Hartington.

AN OLD-STYLE MEMBER.

Sir Henry Edwards, who did not live long enough to see this year's daffodils—

daffodils
That come before the swallow dares—

was type of a Parliament man almost extinct. It is thirty years next month since he entered the House of Commons as member for Weymouth. He was just in time to witness Mr. Disraeli's historic gyrations on the platform of Parliamentary reform. He remained member for Weymouth till another Reform Bill swept the little borough into the limbo where linger the ghosts of Gatton and Old Sarum. There were just under seventeen hundred voters on the register. Every man of them knew the warm pressure of Henry Edwards's hand. Not a poor wife in the circle that had not benefited by his blankets. As for the children, some for the first time in their little lives, as they munched his cake and sucked his

SIR HENRY EDWARDS AND HIS STATUE.

"goodies," realized how kind a phenomenon a father might be.

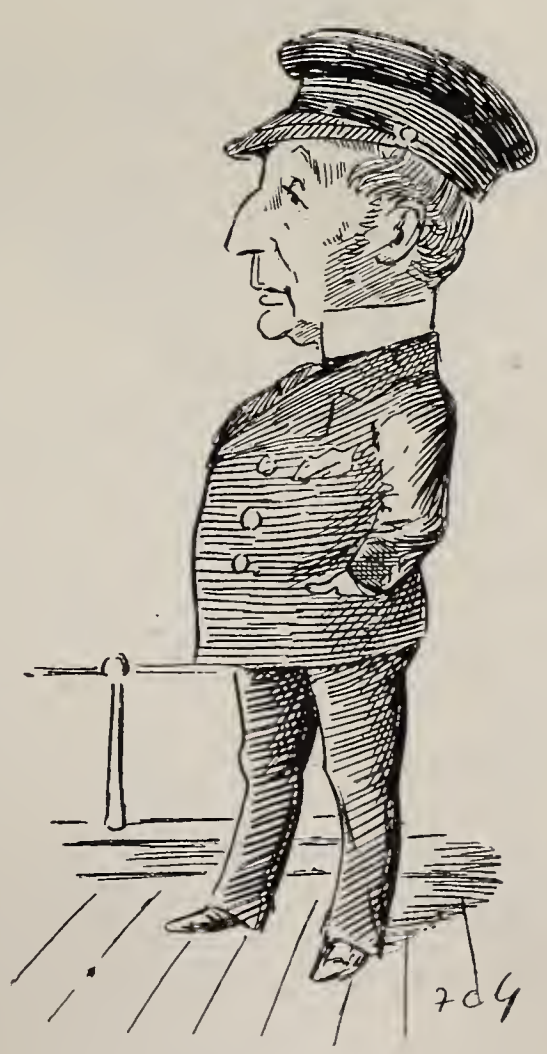
Unlike other members whose connection with a constituency is peremptorily severed, Henry Edwards to the last kept up his friendly relations with Weymouth. As surely as the name of Calais was seared on the heart of Queen Elizabeth, so, if search were made, Weymouth would be found written on the heart of Henry Edwards. As regularly as Christmas came round the aged poor of the disfranchised borough banqueted upon his bounty. Weymouth was not ungrateful, setting up his statue in her most public place. Edmund Yates, a very old friend, was the originator of the fable that the principal contributor to the statue fund was Henry Edwards himself.

"A good, kind man," Yates used to say, "not letting his left hand know what his right hand did. He gave the money secretly, and blushed to find it a statue."

Yates had a circumstantial story of strolling through Weymouth on a moonlight night and coming upon Henry Edwards walking round and about the statue, observing its effect from varying distances. But Edwards was accustomed to being chaffed by his friends, and as it was always done good-humouredly, with display of real personal liking, he suffered with a smile.

He made a considerable fortune during the Crimean War, the result of a lucky consignment of linseed. Whence the style of "Linseed Edwards" under which he was known amid ancient House of Commons' smoking-room coteries. It would not have been difficult for him to find a seat elsewhere after Weymouth was absorbed in the county. But his faithful heart could not woo another constituency. He and Weymouth were a sort of political Darby and Joan. When the ruthless hand of the reformer severed the union, he to the end of his days remained a Parliamentary widower.

At the Reform Club and elsewhere he retained many of the friendships and acquaintances made in the House of Commons. He aimed at winning the distinction of *le véritable Amphitryon, l'Amphitryon où l'on dîne.* He was justly proud of his cheerful little dinners in Berkeley Square. In their composition W. S. Gilbert's idea of a perfect dinner was realized, the company on the chairs being selected with skill and care equal to those bestowed upon the viands and the wine on the table.



SIR HENRY EDWARDS ON A TRIAL TRIP.

Another scene on which Henry Edwards was found at great advantage was a trial trip of the P. and O.'s ever-increasing, ever-improving fleet. It was an ominous sign that, when the *India* set forth on her trial trip last August, he was obliged to decline the invitation sent to him by his old friend Sir Thomas Sutherland. I suppose it was the first he had missed for twenty years. At other times he was sure to be found among the company. It was delightful to see him when the seas were calm, pacing the snowy deck in a natty serge suit suggestive of the trained yachtsman, his peaked cap cocked a

little to one side so that he might keep his win'ard eye on the offing.

A kindly soul, withal shrewd-headed, he lived a fortunate life and died a happy death. For as the newspaper report hath it, "he died in his sleep."

HATS AND HEADS.

A paragraph has been going the rounds to the effect that at a meeting of the Kildare Archæological Society a hat worn by Daniel O'Connell was exhibited. There was no mistake about the article, for O'Connell, mindful of the company he occasionally frequented, had written his name inside. That seems to have been a supererogatory precaution, for the hat was so large it would have been useful to but few of O'Connell's contemporaries. The chairman putting it on partially disappeared from view of the alarmed audience, the rim of the hat coming down to his chin.

TRYING ON O'CONNELL'S HAT.

It is stated that "the width of the hat was 8½in.; its longer diameter 10in."

I have garnered some particulars of the sizes of the heads of eminent men, but have come upon nothing so big as this. Mr. Gladstone requires a hat of the size of 7⅜, exactly Lord Macaulay's measurement. Lord Beaconsfield wore a hat of 7 inches, an undesigned but characteristically courtly imitation of the Prince of Wales, whose hat is of the same size. Charles Dickens, the late Lord Selborne, and Mr. John Bright wore hats 7⅛ size. The late Earl Russell wanted an eighth more. Charles Dickens's hat would have been too small for Thackeray by half an inch. Louis Philippe and, strange conjunction, M. Julien wore hats of 7¾. An illustrious man of recent times who took the smallest hat on my list was Dean Stanley, for whom 6¾ sufficed. For his friend Dr. Thompson, Archbishop of York, a hat of full eight inches diameter was necessary.

A SINGULAR PULPIT ATTRACTION.

Dean Stanley's hat, comparatively small as it was, on one occasion held more than his head. There still lingers round St. Margaret's Church echoes of a story, told about a sermon preached by the Dean to a morning congregation, including the accustomed leavening of members of the House of Commons. When the service was over, the Dean, evidently much pleased, remarked to his wife on the exceeding close attention the congregation had paid him.

"I don't wonder at it, my dear," she said, "when one of your gloves was all the time on the top of your head."

The Dean was habitually immobile in the pulpit, and accustomed to walk there with steady step. Removing his hat before entering, of his gloves there stored one rested on the top of his head, and remained through his discourse.

At least, that is the story told in ordinarily reputable Parliamentary circles.

THE LATE MR. REARDON, M.P.

The following letter addressed to me by Miss Reardon is about as complete as denial can be made:—

"My father was not a Conservative, and never a follower of Lord Derby. The anecdote of his slipping off his boots and having to walk to the division, in his stockinged feet, is a pure invention. He never came forward in the Conservative interest. The Lord-Lieutenant of the day did not assist him in his candidature or in any shape or form, and he never came in contact with the then Viceroy."

I am exceedingly sorry if the linking of the story with the name of Mr. Reardon has given any of his relatives pain. It was told me by an old member of the House, who, as I understood him, was present on the occasion. The boot was, however, evidently on quite another leg, and my friend has confounded two personages.

On Show

Dogs.

Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd

II.

THE brown gentleman was still talking, when I heard an uncommon clucking at my elbow — a very uncommon clucking. I looked round, but only an old white hen was there, gaping wearily. As it gaped, wider and wider, I perceived that the head was growing fast, as it needs must, to accommodate the yawn. More, the yawn was becoming tenanted by a red tongue and a double row of teeth. I turned to draw the brown man's attention to this extraordinary phenomenon, when I was startled by a sudden loud bark. I looked again at the white hen, and now distinctly saw it was a terrier.

"This evolutionary breeding of yours operates uncommonly quickly sometimes," I remarked to my guide. "Look at that old white hen now!"

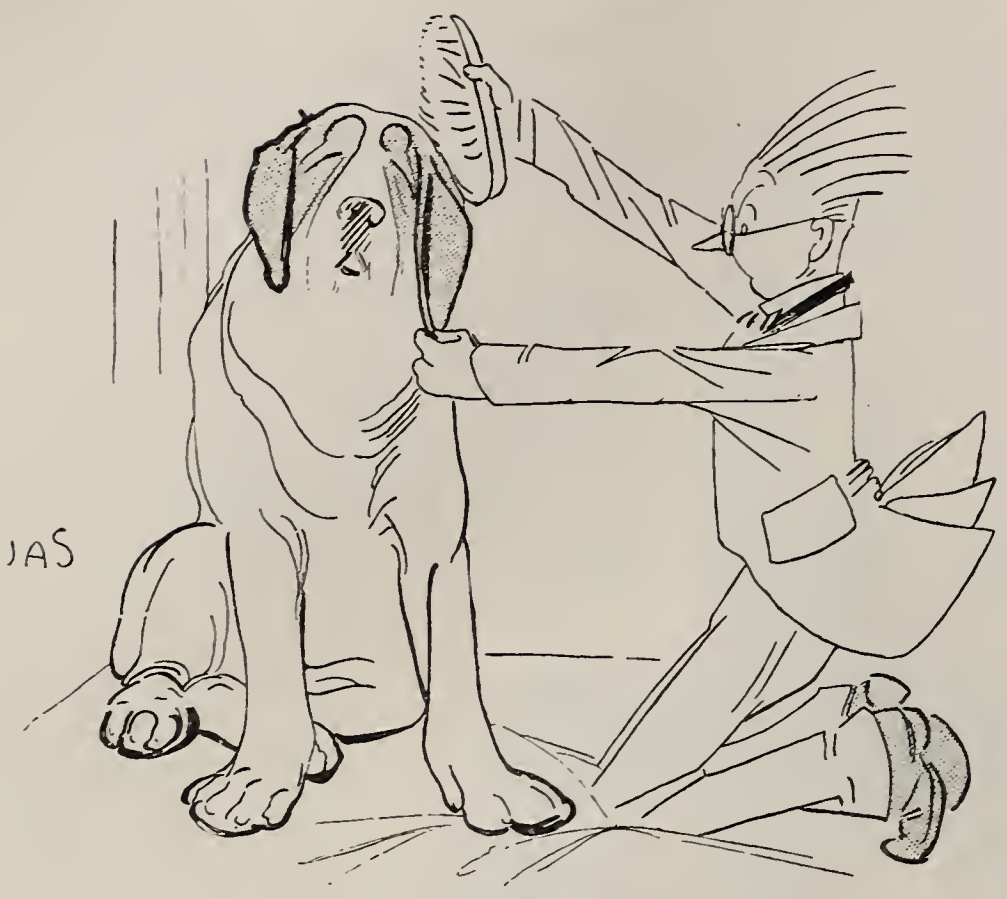
"What hen?" asked the brown person, contemptuously; "there are no hens here!"

"But among the other poultry ——" I began, timidly, when he interrupted me.

"*Poultry?*" he demanded, with awful asperity; "what business has poultry at a dog show? There *is* no poultry!"

The brown man terrified me so much, and the Egyptian coffee-pot that formed his head-dress shook so threateningly and steamed so much at the lid, that I resolved to accept all he said unquestioningly, and by all means to avoid ruffling his temper. Indeed, now that I looked about me I found that he was right. I might have known it by the noise. Why does a dog at a show bark more in five minutes than he

"PASSING THE DOCTOR."

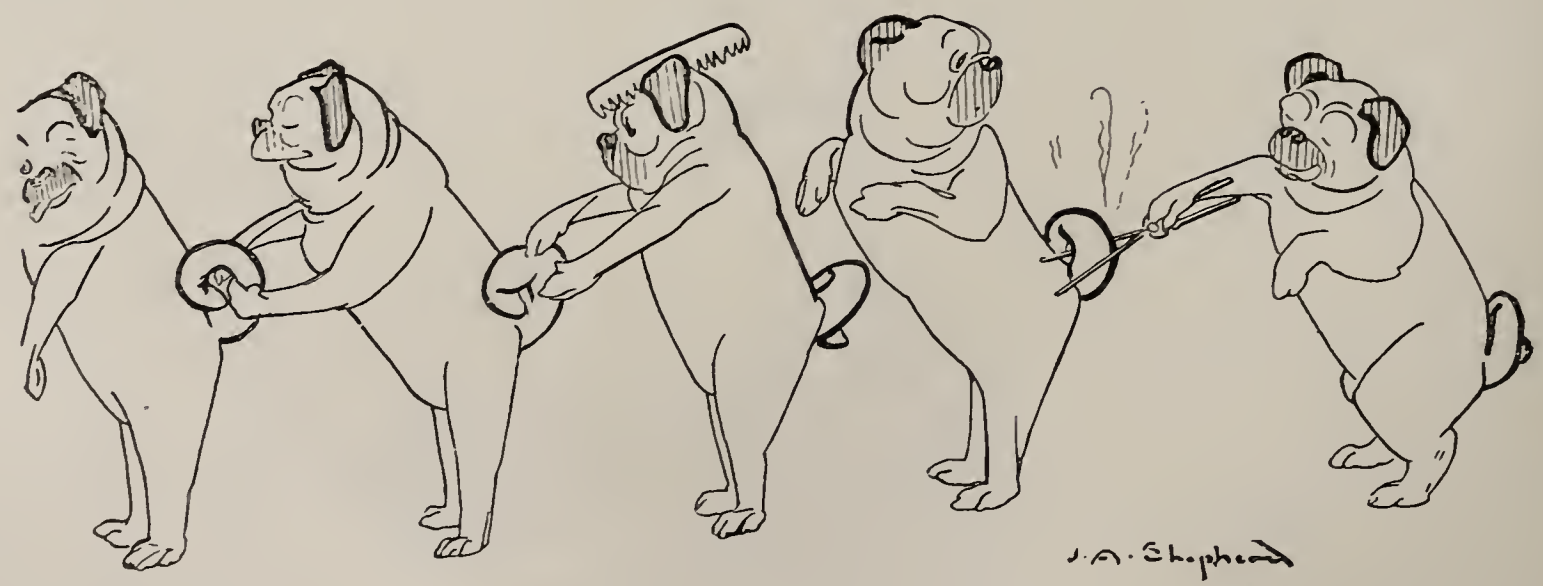


"CALLED."

does in five days in the seclusion of his native back-yard? Perhaps it is because he knows it is a show, and takes it to be his duty to attract all the attention he possibly can; especially as they are always the smallest dogs that bark the most. Certainly I might have known it by the noise. What had I been thinking of all this time? There they were, from the St. Bernard and the Great Dane, with their occasional rumbling bay, to the tiny toy terrier, with his unceasing yap. Had I been merely dreaming about poultry?

"Yes!" yelled the brown gentleman in my ear, though, indeed, I had only been thinking, and how he managed to know——. "They've just been passing the doctor," he said, in a less startling tone of voice. "Come and look round," he went on. "Our system of evolutionary breeding is just as active with dogs as with other animals, but once we evolute animal nature as high as the dog, the dog seems to show a certain reluctance to get as human as one might wish. The fact is, dogs rather despise mere men and women, and the fuss made over them in such a place as this is enough to account for it. The people who are showing all these dogs are not their masters—they are simply their lackeys, valets, cooks, hair-dressers, shampooers, and bottle-washers. The St. Bernards will be going into the ring in a moment. See that anxious exhibitor there, with his dog and his brush? Is it a wonder that that dog—quite self-possessed himself—despises his fussy valet? That dog is bored, and the bored naturally always feels superior to the bore. Better breed up the animals' natural aptitude for the use of combs and curling-tongs. Then you will work up from the canine into the lady's-maid, the barber, and other higher forms of animal life. The dogs will understand their position, and they won't object

"PRELIMINARY TOILET."

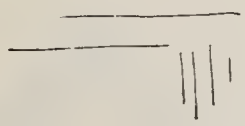


"ONE GOOD CURL DESERVES ANOTHER."

"THE BOOZER."

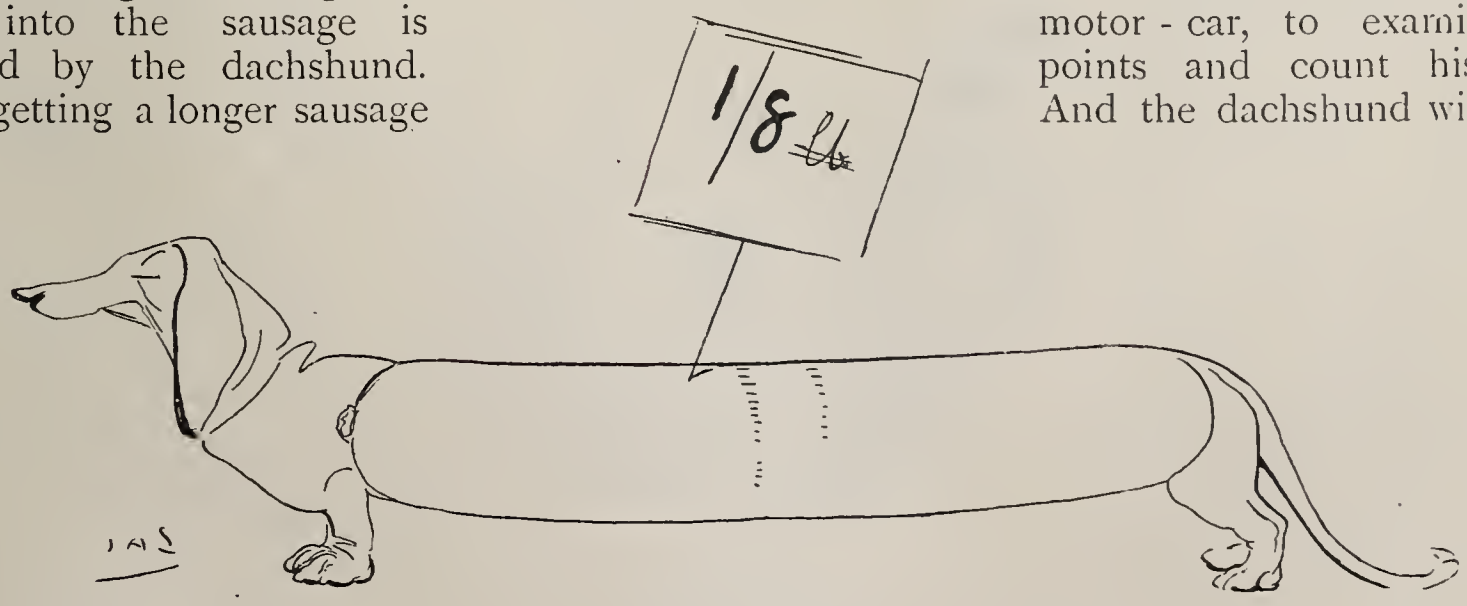
to take human shape. Just now the mistake is in making them fancy they're fully evoluted already, and all the world are their slaves. In fact, so much do some dogs despise the human form, that they gratify their natural impulse to evolute into something, by reverting to comparatively low zoological forms —such as the sausage. Some do it involuntarily, as you may have heard, and by aid of the usual sausage machinery. But this is not legitimate evolution, and in reality the dogs don't like it, though the pork butcher's customers may. The example of legitimate degeneration into the sausage is afforded by the dachshund. He is getting a longer sausage every show, and if they don't soon breed an extra pair of legs in the middle, he'll wear himself in half against the ground. The dachshund is a procession by himself already, and I am anxiously watching for his

"CHOW-CHOW."



"FOREIGN COMPETITION."

first police prosecution for obstructing the traffic by trying to turn round. It's certain to come sooner or later. If the police *don't* interfere, continual reinforcements of the sausage blood will repeatedly necessitate importations of the centipede strain to keep the sagging parts of the pageant from dragging in the mud; and in the end, the judge will have to run up and down beside the dachshund in a motor-car, to examine his points and count his legs. And the dachshund will have



"DEVOLUTION."

to be rolled up in a coil before he can be put into his kennel, like a cable; and anybody who takes a dachshund out visiting, will be apt to find, on finally hauling him indoors, hand over hand, that considerable lengths of the valuable *cortège* have been left behind, by reason of doors slamming half an hour or so after he had left; with many other surprising advantages too numerous to mention."

"SUCH A DAWG!"

We stopped before a discontented-looking bulldog. "Yah, you're talking about evolution, ain't you?" asked the bulldog, sulkily. "I thought so; but I've done my little bit of evoluting, I have. Who's going to evolute with all this foreign competition goin' on? Why, the show's like a menagerie. What with yer dachshunds and yer chow-chows and yer general Germany-made Chinese cheap labour, what's a old-fashioned British workman like me to do, eh? Why, it's enough to break my jaw" (and he *had* jaws) "to read the blessed catalogue. There's Borzois, and Eskimos, and Schipperkes, and Danes, and Dingoes, and Mexicans, and Rampurs, and Japanese spaniels, and Sloughis, and Tibets, and Dogues de Bordeaux—they can't even spell 'dog' the right way now—and I don't know what else. And they are a pretty lot, too. That Mexican chap's as bald as a bullet all over, barring a patch like a dilapidated stove-brush on top of his head. And he hasn't the pluck to be a dog out and out—he tries to be a bit of a scalded antelope as well. That's like the chow-chow—cheeky little cur—trying to look like a bear. As for the borzoi, he's a sneak, for all his size—a mere melancholy sneak. See how he sits down! Meek and humble as though his own carcass didn't belong to him. G–r–r–r! I can't stand them foreigners."

The bulldog tried to turn up his nose, but, finding it already turned up as far as it would go, he relinquished the attempt, and looked as contemptuous and dissatisfied as he could with the rest of his features.

"But, there," he went on, "it's just the same all round. Things ain't what they was. Everything's going to the—to ruination nowadays. There's my young nephew, the bull-terrier. Well, I never did think very much of him, with his long face and his flashy ways; but he *did* have a bit of blood and spirit in him once; he *was* a sportsman, anyway. But now they molly-coddle him and won't crop his ears, so that they dangle about like a dead rabbit's; and he can't fight for fear of getting his ears damaged; and he can't rat, or the rat will lay hold of his ears and hang there. So, what's he good for, I should like to know? He's lost his character, and he's good for nothing—unless it is a

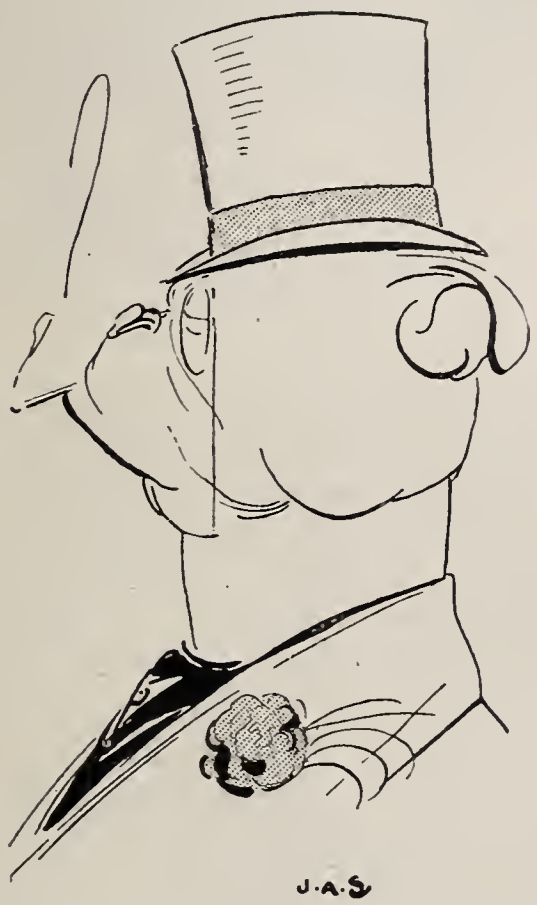
"REFORMED."

"ONCE ON A TIME."

Sunday-school teacher for little girls. Gr-r-r-r! I'm sick of sich nonsense!"

The bulldog looked at me with such fierce reproach, and pulled his lips so far back from his teeth, that I felt uneasy. "Yes," I hastened to agree, "it's shocking; I—I can't think what the police are about—not—not to—to write to the papers and expose it!"

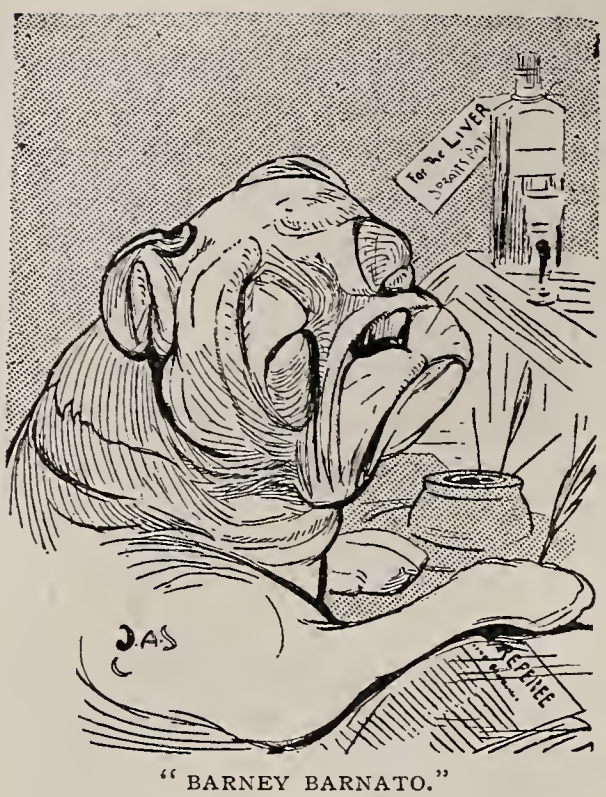
"Oh, that's no good," the bulldog answered. "Look at me—they're trying to spoil *me* now! I never get a fight. Once I was a sporting character, and saw a bit of life. Now I belong to an old lady—fact! I'm getting quite a fashionable swell!" He jerked his head as he said it, with no appreciation of his rise in life. "Why, there's my old woman on the seat opposite," he said. "And what do you think she's got in that there blessed bag? Why, a beastly ribbony jacket, and two silver-mounted hair-brushes, and a three-bob tooth-brush, and two pairs o' wool boots—(I won't wear them, though, blowed if I will!)—and a white frilled pillow for me to lie on, and a blessed large bottle o' smelling salts in case I faint! Oh, it's just sickening!" and the bulldog curled himself up, and buried his nose and his sorrows under his paws.



"NOW!"

"He's a hard-shell Tory, out and out," the brown gentleman observed. "The bulldog has been the slowest of all our evolutionaries from the beginning. I don't know how long it is since he evoluted from the ordinary toad, but you see how little he has got away from the type yet. Of course, the teeth took a long time to build up, and size was something, but these things are not nearly enough to

"FROM THE TOAD."



"BARNEY BARNATO."

excuse his backwardness. But, then, what can you expect when the show prizes always go to the dog that looks most like a toad?"

The brown man strode before me and stopped at another bulldog. "Literary character," he observed. "His name's Barney Barnato, and he often furnishes copy

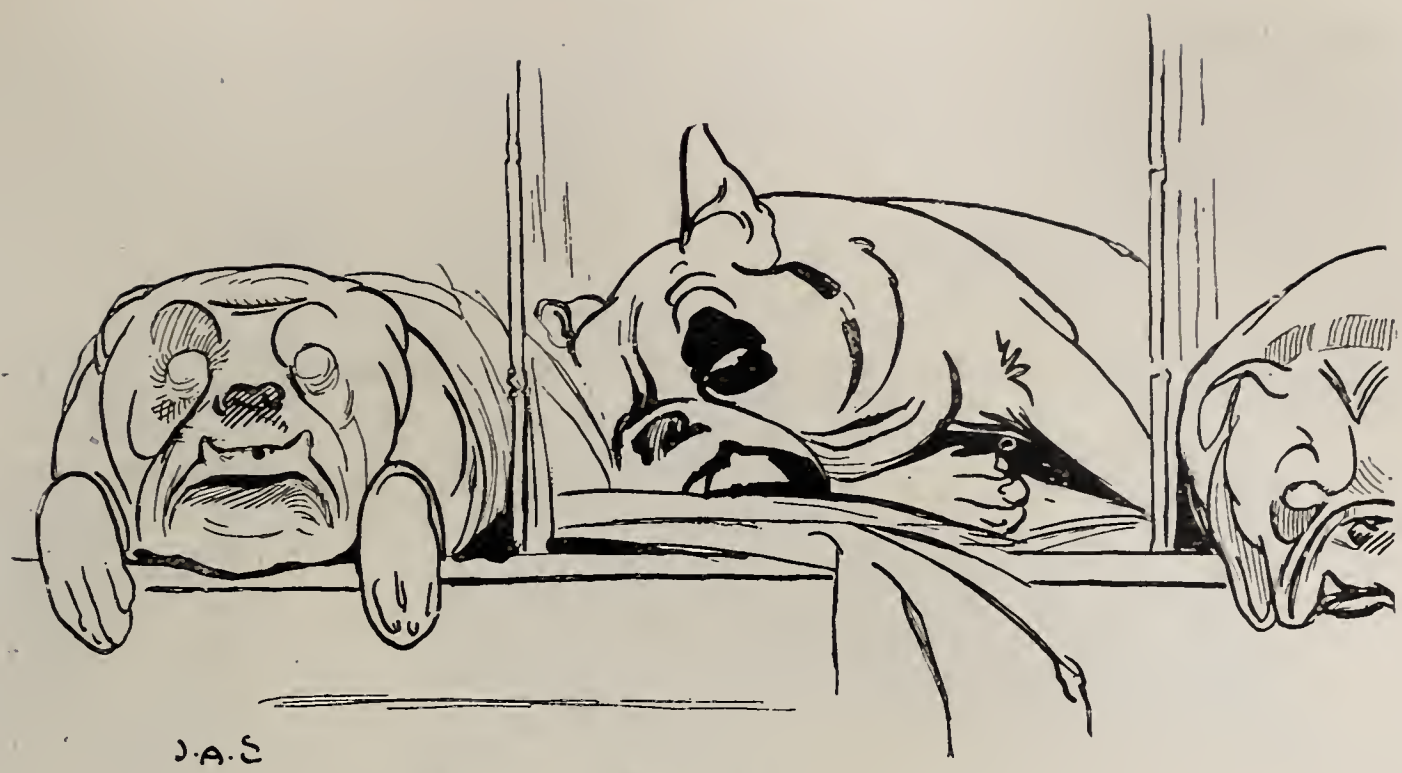
"DON'T KNOW YOU."

for the *Referee*. There are some who say he should be benched with the liver-spotted Dalmatians, or the Livermores, or the liver-marked spaniels; but that's their fun—in allusion to the marked liver or the more liver or the spotted liver, or whatever it is, which afflicts the owner. Look here—see these St. Bernards? *They* won't evolute—not a bit of it. They're too well satisfied with themselves as they are. See that chap who's just taken first prize—I knew him when he was a puppy. Think he'll acknowledge it? Not he. He's a first-prize-winning St. Bernard, and he knows it, and he wouldn't be seen talking

"WALKER!"

to a reddy-brown person in a coffee-pot hat from the Egyptian Court of the Crystal Palace. Come on—he's a snob. The champion Dogue de Bordeaux isn't so uppish, though he is a distinguished bruiser, who has beaten the bear, the bull, the wolf, and probably the elephant too, in a surprisingly small number of rounds, for large steaks. But keep moving—the really distinguished character in this show is a bull-terrier; he hasn't won a prize, but he was once mentioned in the *Spectator*, which is better. This is the story. He was in the habit of going every morning to the newsagent's and bringing home a newspaper for his

"A BRUISER."



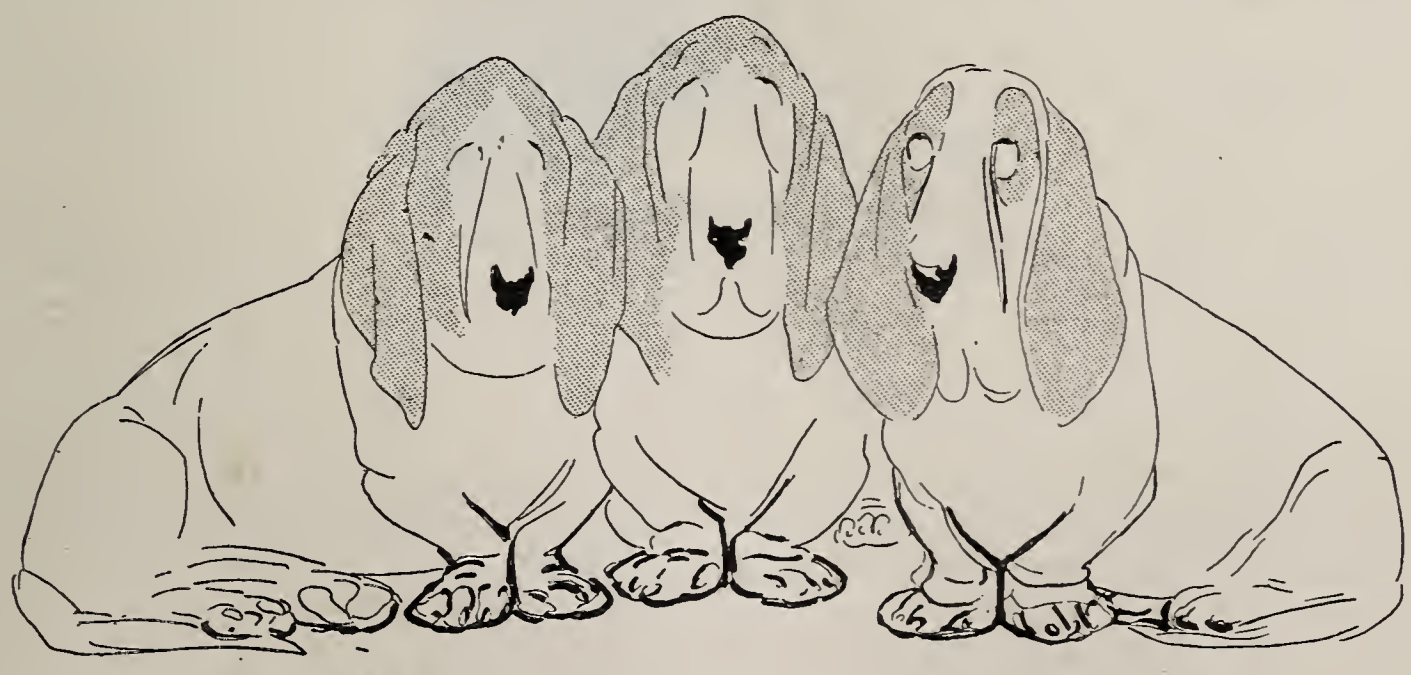
"YOU ARE REQUESTED NOT TO HANDLE THE EXHIBITS."

master. Usually he bought a *Daily News*, but if none were left he would bring the *Chronicle*, understanding his master's political leanings. When he had safely delivered the paper he was rewarded with a penny, with which he proceeded to the baker's to buy a bun. Now, on the New Year's Day after the dog-tax was raised to 7s. 6d., the master was surprised by his dog bringing and presenting to him a number of halfpennies one after another. He kept fetching one at a time till there were sixty, and then he stopped. The amount explained all. Having learned the news of the forthcoming increase in the dog-tax from the *Daily News* as he carried

"SEATED ALL DAY BY THE ORGAN."

it home one morning, the faithful creature resolved to bear the additional expense itself. It was ascertained on inquiry at the baker's that on sixty successive mornings 'Trip' had insisted on being served with a stale bun at half-price instead of a new one, and had carefully secreted the change until the license fee next fell due. It's a beautiful lesson in gratitude, isn't it?"

There was an odd choke in the brown man's voice as he said it, which might have



"TRULY THANKFUL."

been a sob, though it was rather like a chuckle. "Ah!" I answered, "it is a beautiful lesson. I wonder what the master's name was?" The bull-terrier, hearing the question, shut one eye and protruded his tongue. "Walker!" he answered, and immediately curled himself in a corner.

"Yes," the brown man proceeded, "the gentleman's name was Walker, a distinguished representative of the Hookey-Walkers of the sea-coast near Birmingham. It's surprising what a number of sagacious dogs that family has bred, and they've all had honourable mention in the *Spectator*, too. I am thinking of breeding a few from them specially, to take duty in the dog-watches of the horse marines. It's just the sort of duty they'd shine in. See those?" my guide said, abruptly, pointing with his finger at a peculiarly repulsive and formidable row of bulldogs. "See them? Well, by Regulation 18, you are forbidden to untie them—remember that!"

THE IRISH WATER-SPANIEL.

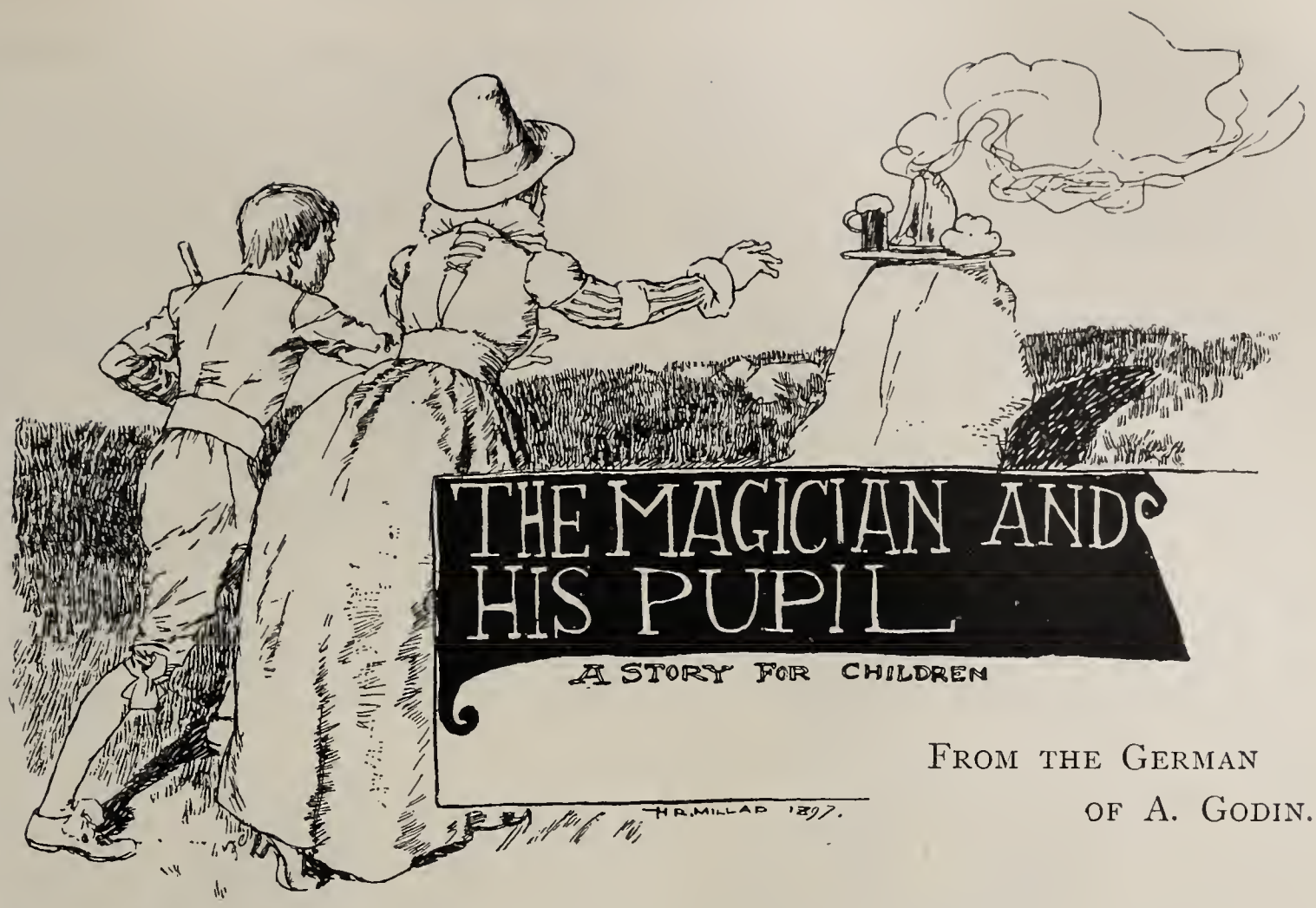
I hadn't the smallest notion of infringing Regulation 18—it was the last regulation in the world I should dream of infringing in the case of those dogs, and I said so.

"Very well," said the brown man, "then don't, that's all. Let's make a bolt past the organ; it isn't being played, but the dogs hereabout can see it, and they're almost as weary and ill at ease as though it was in full thunder—they expect it every moment, and they'd be truly thankful if somebody blew it up—*not* with the usual lever. Come, now, would you like another dog anecdote? The Irish water-spaniel's a wonderfully faithful creature—the only dog that weeps when his master leaves him at the show-bench. Nature has crowned him with a top-knot in honour of the fact—though I *have* heard of a top-knot never put on by Nature at all, but fixed in its place by a small business syndicate consisting of the owner and a glue-pot. It wasn't a permanent job, but it lasted long enough to land a prize safely and get home again without arousing impertinent curiosity. But that isn't the story I was going to tell you. The fact is, I've forgotten what the story was, but I remember there was one, because it came out in the *Spectator*, in the hot weather, and caused such terrible accidents among flies, that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals sent a deputation to the editor. You see, the story attracted a good deal of attention, and everybody read it. Consequently, the paper got left about a great deal doubled with the dog story outside; and it was observed that every time a bluebottle or other fly attempted to crawl over that page, it fell down and seriously injured itself; because the story was so very steep."

"EXHAUSTED.

With that Mr. Hookey-Walker's bull-terrier, who had been listening, broke into a paroxysm of jealous yelps and barks, that lasted till the faithful creature sank into its corner exhausted, though still coughing faintly.

(To be continued.)



FROM THE GERMAN
OF A. GODIN.

THERE was once a poor shoemaker renowned far and wide as a drunkard. He had a good wife and many daughters, but only one son. As soon as this son was old enough his mother dressed him in his best clothes, combed his hair until it shone, and then led him far, far away, for she wished to take him to the capital, and there apprentice him to a master who would teach him a really good trade.

When they had accomplished about half their journey they met a man in black, who asked whither they were going and the object of their journey. On being told, he offered to take the boy as his apprentice, but as he had not given the customary Christian greeting, and would not mention the name of his trade, also because the mother thought there was a wicked gleam in his eyes, she declined to trust him with her son. As he persisted in his offer they were rude, then he troubled them no further.

Shortly after leaving the old man they came to a wide stretch of land, solitary and barren as a desert, over which they journeyed until hunger, thirst, and fatigue compelled them to rest. Exhausted, they sank on the sandy ground and wept bitterly. Suddenly, at a short distance from them arose a large stone, on whose surface stood a dish of smoking roast beef, a loaf of white bread, and a jug of foaming ale.

Eagerly the weary travellers hastened forward. Alas! the moment they moved, meat and drink vanished, leaving the stone bare and barren; but as soon as they stepped back, the food again made its appearance. After this had happened several times the shoemaker's son guessed what was at the bottom of it. Pointing his stick of aspen wood—a wood, by the way, very powerful against enchantment—he cautiously approached the stone, and thrust his stick into that place on the earth where the shadow of the stone rested.

Immediately the stone with everything on it disappeared, and in the place where the shadow had lain stood the stranger in black who had met them earlier in the day. He bowed politely to the youth and requested him to remove his stick.

"No, that I will not do! This time the stone has met its match! You are a magician, or at least a necromancer. You locked us in this desert and amused yourself with our misery. Now you shall be treated as you deserve. You shall stand here for a year and six weeks, until you are as dry as the stick with which I have nailed you to the earth."

"Loose me, I entreat you!"

"Yes, on certain conditions! First, you must once more become a stone, and on the stone must appear everything we have already seen."

The magician immediately vanished, and in his stead appeared the stone covered with a white cloth, and bearing the hot roast beef,

white bread, and foaming ale, of which the travellers ate and drank to their hearts' content. When they had finished the stone became the man in black, who entreated piteously to be unnailed.

"I will unnail you directly," said the youth, "but only on one condition. You must take me as apprentice for three years as you yourself formerly proposed, and give me a pledge that you will really teach me all your art."

The magician bowed himself to the earth, dug his fingers into the sand, and drew forth a handful of ducats, which he threw into the boy's cap.

"Thanks," replied the youth; "this money will be very useful to my mother, but you must give me a better pledge than that. I must have a piece of your ear."

"Will nothing else serve?"

"Nothing!"

"Well, then," said the magician, "take your knife."

"I have no knife with me," replied the youth; "you must lend me yours."

The magician obediently lent his knife, and bent his right ear towards the youth.

"No, no, I want the left ear; you offer the right far too willingly."

The magician then offered his left ear; and the youth cut off a slant piece, laid it in his wallet, and then drew his stick out of the ground. The magician groaned, rubbed his mutilated ear, then, turning a somersault, changed himself into a black cock, ordered the youth to take his mother back, and return at midnight and await his arrival at the cross-road where they now stood, when he would take him home and teach him for three years. The cock then flapped his wings, changed into a magpie, and flew away.

When the youth had accompanied his mother to the next village he kissed her hands and feet, shook the gold into her apron, and begged her to call for him in three years at the place where he had made his agreement with the magician. He then hastened back and reached the cross-road just at midnight.

Being very tired, he leaned against the mile-stone to await the arrival of his master. He waited long, then as no one came, he drew the piece of the magician's ear from his wallet and bit it hard. At this the mile-stone staggered, cracked, and roared. The youth sprang quickly aside, looked at the inscription, and cried: "Ho! ho! Is that you, master?"

"Of course, it is! But why did you bite me?" asked the magician.

"Take human form instantly!" replied the youth.

"I have done so!" With this the man in black stood on the cross-road. "Now we will go home," said he. "I take you as my pupil, but remember, from this moment you remain my pupil and servant, until, the three years ended, your mother fetches you away."

"THE MILE-STONE STAGGERED, CRACKED, AND ROARED."

Thus the youth became the magician's pupil. You wish to know how he taught him his art? Well, so be it. He stretched his hands and feet, turned him into a paper bag, and then left him to return to his proper shape as best he could. Or else, he thrust his hand and arm up to the shoulder down the youth's throat, turned him inside out, and left him to turn himself right.

The youth learnt so well, that at the end of the three years his skill in magic surpassed even that of his master. During this time many parents had come to fetch their children, for the magician had quite a crowd

of pupils, but the cunning old man always contrived that they went away without them. Three days before the time appointed for the shoemaker's wife to fetch her son, the youth met her on the road and told her how to recognise him.

"Remember, dearest mother," said he, "when the magician calls his horses together, a fly will buzz over my ear; when the doves fly down, I shall not eat of the peas; and when the maidens stand around you, a brown mole will make its appearance above my eyebrow! Be sure you remember this, or you will destroy us both."

When the shoemaker's wife demanded her son of the magician, he blew a brazen trumpet towards all four corners of the world. Immediately a crowd of coal-black horses rushed forward; they were not, however, real horses, but enchanted scholars.

"Find your son — then you can take him with you!" said the magician.

The mother went from horse to horse, trying hard to recognise her son; she trembled at the mere thought that she might make a mistake, and thus destroy both herself and her beloved child. At length she noted a fly buzzing over the ear of one of the horses, and cried, joyfully: "That is my son!"

"Right," said the magician; "now guess again." So saying he blue a silver trumpet towards the corners of the earth, and threw on the ground half a bushel of peas. Then like some vast cloud down flew a flock of doves, and began eagerly picking up the peas. The shoemaker's wife looked at dove after dove, until she found one that only appeared to eat. "That is my son!" said she.

"Right again! Now comes the third and last trial. Guess right, and your son goes with you; guess wrong, and he remains with me for ever." The magician then blew his trumpet, and immediately beautiful songs resounded through the air. At the same time lovely maidens approached and surrounded the shoemaker's wife. They were all crowned with cornflowers, and wore white robes with rose-coloured girdles.

The shoemaker's wife examined each carefully, and saw a brown mole over the right eye of the most beautiful. "This is my son!" she exclaimed.

"THE SHOEMAKER'S WIFE LOOKED AT DOVE AFTER DOVE."

Scarcely had she spoken than the maiden changed into her son, threw himself into her arms, and thanked her for his deliverance. The other maidens flew away, and the mother and son returned home.

The student of magic had not been long at home before he discovered that in his father's house Want was a constant guest. The money given by the magician had long since come to an end, for the shoemaker had spent it all in drink.

"What have you learnt in foreign parts?"

he asked his son. "What help am I to expect from you?"

"I have learned magic, and will give you help enough. I can at your wish change myself into all possible shapes, to-day into a falcon, to-morrow into a greyhound, a nightingale, a sheep, or any other form. Lead me as an animal to market, and there sell me, but be sure always to bring back the rope with which you led me thither, and never desire me to become a horse: the money thus acquired would be useless to you, and you would make me, and through me yourself, unhappy."

Thereupon the shoemaker demanded a falcon for sale; his son at once disappeared, and a splendid falcon sat on the father's shoulder. The shoemaker took the bird to market, where he sold it to a hunter for a good price, but on returning home, he found his son seated at the table enjoying a good dinner.

When the money thus gained had been spent to the last farthing, the shoemaker required a greyhound, which he again sold to a hunter, and on his return home found his son had arrived there before him.

Thus the father led his son to market again and again, as an ox, a cow, a sheep, a goose, a turkey, and in many other animal forms. One day he thought: "I should very much like to know why my son does not wish to become a horse! Surely he takes me for a fool, and grudges me the best prize!" He was half drunk when he thought this, and then and there desired his son to become a horse. Hardly had he spoken than his wish was gratified: a splendid horse stood before the window; he dug his hoofs deep into the ground, whilst his eyes shot forth lightning, and flames issued from his nostrils.

The shoemaker mounted and rode into the town. Here a merchant stopped him, admired the horse, and offered to give the animal's weight in gold if his master would only sell him. They went together to a pair of scales; the merchant shook gold from a sack on one of the wooden scales, whilst the shoemaker made his horse mount on the other. As he was starting in amazement at the heap of gold in the scales, one of the chains broke, and the gold pieces rolled over the street. The shoemaker threw himself on the ground to pick them up, and forgot both the horse and bridle.

The merchant meanwhile mounted the horse, and galloped out of the town, digging his spurs into the poor animal's sides until the blood flowed, and beating him cruelly with a steel riding-whip, for this merchant was none other than the magician, who thus revenged himself for the piece cut from his ear.

The poor horse was quite exhausted when the magician arrived with him at his invisible dwelling; this house, it is true, stood in an open field, yet no one could see it. The horse was then led to the stable, whilst the magician considered how he might best torture him.

But while the magician was considering, the horse, who knew what a terrible fate awaited him, succeeded in throwing the bridle over a nail, on which it remained hanging, thus enabling him to draw his head out. He fled across the field, and changing into a gold ring, threw himself before the feet of a beauteous Princess just returning from bathing.

The Princess stooped, picked up the gold circle, slipped it on her finger, and then looked around in wonder. In the meantime, the magician—changed into a Grecian merchant—came up and courteously asked the Princess to return the gold ring he had lost. Terrified at the sight of his black beard and gleaming eyes, the Princess screamed aloud, and pressed the ring to her breast.

Alarmed by her cries, her attendants and playmates, who were waiting near, hastened up and formed a circle round their beloved Princess. But as soon as they understood the cause of her distress, they threw themselves on the importunate stranger, and began tickling him in such a manner that he laughed, cried, giggled, coughed, and at length danced over the ground like a maniac, forgetting through sheer distress that he was still a magician.

When, however, he did remember it, he changed himself into a hedgehog, and stuck his bristles into the maidens until their blood flowed, and they were glad to leave him alone.

Meanwhile the Princess hastened home and showed her father the ring, which pleased her so much that she wore it on her heart finger night and day. Once when playing with it, the ring slipped from her hand, fell to the ground and sprang in pieces, when, oh, wonder! before her stood a handsome youth, the magician's pupil.

At first the Princess was very troubled, and did not venture to raise her eyes, but when the scholar had told her everything she was satisfied, conversed with him a long while, and promised to ask her father to have

"HE DANCED OVER THE GROUND LIKE A MANIAC."

the magician driven away by the dogs should he ever come to demand the ring. When in the course of the day the magician came, the King, in spite of all his daughter's entreaties, ordered the ring to be given up.

With tears in her eyes the Princess took the ring (the scholar had resumed this form immediately after relating his adventures) and threw it at the merchant's feet. It shivered into little pearls.

Trembling with rage, the merchant threw himself on the ground in the shape of a hen, picked up the pearls, and when he saw no more, flew out of the window, flapped his wings, cried: "Kikeriki! Scholar, are you here?" and then soared into the air.

Having been told by the scholar what to do should she be compelled to return the ring, the Princess had let her handkerchief fall at the same moment she threw the ring on the ground, and two of the largest pearls had rolled beneath it. She now took out these pearls, and they immediately called, in mocking imitation of the hen's voice:—

"Kikeriki! I am here!"

They then changed into a hawk and chased after the hen. Seizing it with his sharp talons, he bit its left wing with such force that all the feathers cracked, and the hen fell like a stone into the water, where it was drowned.

The hawk then returned to the Princess, perched on her shoulder, gazed fondly into her eyes, and then became once more the young and handsome scholar. The Princess had grown so fond of him that she chose him as her husband, and from that moment he gave up magic for ever. In his prosperity he did not forget his relations—his mother lived with him and the Princess in their magnificent palace, his sisters married wealthy merchants, and even his father was content.

When the old King died the magician's pupil became King over the land, and lived so happily with his wife and children, and all his subjects, that no pen can write, no song sing, and no story tell of half their happiness.

How a Snake Swallows.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY R. FRANCIS NESBIT.

IT is a curious fact that to the majority of people the serpent is the most repulsive of all living creatures. "Here's a snake," says the schoolboy. "Let's kill it," rejoins his companion, and they forthwith proceed to dispatch the unhappy reptile. As far as the schoolboy is concerned, the murderous propensity would no doubt apply to many other creatures besides snakes; but, again, how often do we hear the remark at the Gardens of the Zoological Society, at Regent's Park: "Don't let us go into the reptile-house; I can't bear the sight of those horrid snakes—they make me feel 'crawly.'"

Now, I am happy to say that these prejudices in regard to snakes have never affected me. Personally I regard the much-abused reptile as a long-suffering martyr, and withal a most interesting creature. I love to catch his glittering eye fixed intently upon me, and to handle him, and to feel his cold, clammy coils about my neck. His gentle hiss is music to my ear, and the ease with which he swallows an object about six times the apparent size of his own œsophagus fills me with a wonder and admiration almost akin to awe.

Of course, all snakes are not venomous, and some of these gentle creatures only hug their victim to death, by means of the enormous constrictive power of their mighty coils. They use a different method, but they "get there" all the same. The amazing swallowing capacity, however, remains the same both in the poisonous and non-poisonous varieties, and this capacity apparently varies in inverse ratio to the size of the snake. Take the case of the Dasypeltis Scabra, a small snake (non-poisonous) distributed throughout Africa, which feeds exclusively on eggs. The particular specimen here shown measured about 20in. in length; the normal girth of the throat was one inch, or in other words, about equal to the circumference of an ordinary black lead pencil, and the actual diameter of the œsophagus less than that of a small pea. Yet this creature is capable of swallowing an egg fully 3in. in circumference, and is indeed most partial to this delicacy. It has long been the desire of scientists to catch this fellow in the act of his gastronomical feat and place it upon record by means of the camera, but the Dasypeltis Scabra is a very modest and retiring gentleman (qualities, alas, too rare nowadays), and has always hitherto contrived to elude the would-be photographers and to enjoy his meal *in camera* instead of before the camera.

After much weary waiting and many unsuccessful attempts, I have at last had the good fortune to detect my friend the Dasypeltis in the very act of dining, and what is more, to take seven photographs showing the various stages of the performance. I had carefully provided myself with a pigeon's egg, and through the kindness and courtesy of Mr. Tennant, the then keeper at the well-appointed reptile-house of the Zoological Society's Gardens, was permitted to introduce the egg to the notice of the Dasypeltis (Fig. 1). The enormous relative difference between the size of the egg and that of the snake's mouth is very apparent—indeed, it seems almost incredible to the average onlooker that so large an object could possibly find its way into so small a receptacle. This is a case of "multum in parvo" with a vengeance.

NO. 1.

As luck would have it, my usually reticent friend was hungry, and the dainty was evidently too tempting to be left until his visitors had departed, for he at once began to glide towards it. Twisting his head round to the smaller end of the egg, and pressing a

NO. 2.

coil of his body against the other end by way of a lever, he began to force the egg into his extended jaws (Fig. 2). It will be seen that the jaws are already stretched far beyond their normal capacity, and even now that he has got so far, it certainly seems quite a question as to whether he will be able to complete the performance. The Dasypeltis Scabra, however, is nothing if not thorough, and having once started the business, he is determined to see it through or perish in the attempt.

NO. 3.

Fig. 3 shows a still further extension, and it will be noticed that the skin is now so stretched that distinct apertures are formed between the bones of the lower jaw, and through the thin membrane which covers them the egg is clearly visible. Still, the muscles of the jaw are not so stretched that the jaw-bones are separated at the hinge or socket.

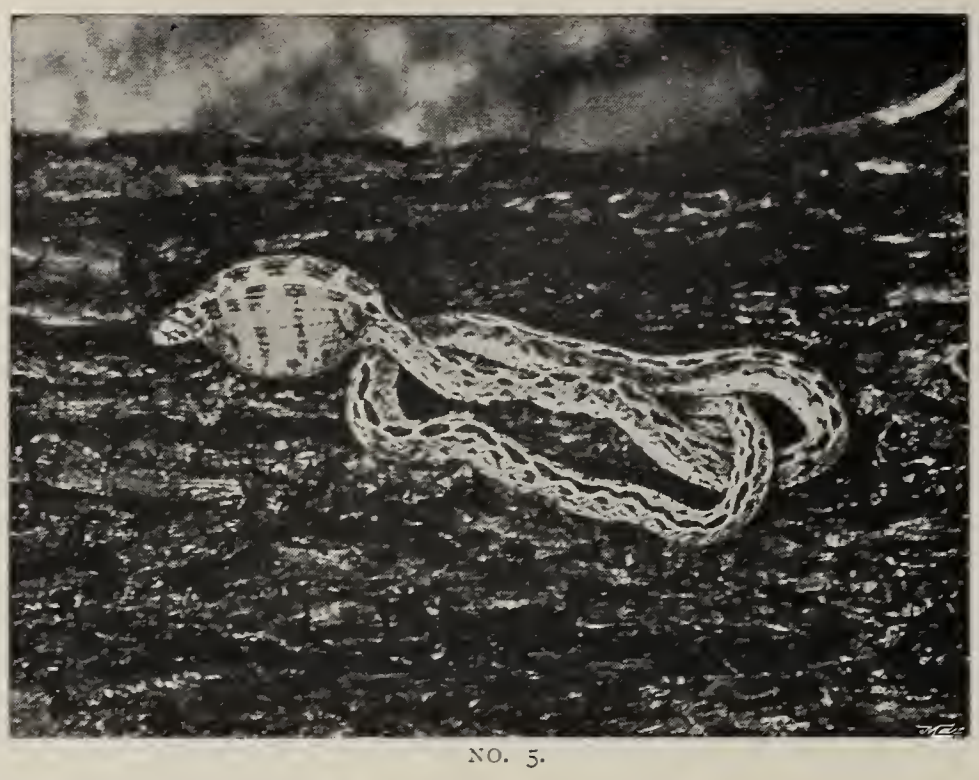
In Fig. 4 it will be seen that the snake has the egg fairly in his jaws, and any doubt as to his ability to finally dispose of it is now dispelled. The tension is now so great that the jaw-bones are actually forced out of their socket, and a wide expanse of skin and ligament separates them from each other, which certainly in a human being would give rise to grave apprehensions. It will be observed that the egg is still visible through the membrane of the lower jaw.

The Dasypeltis apparently suffers no inconvenience in breathing, or indeed in any other way, and Fig. 5 shows that he has fairly passed the egg through his jaws, the bones have returned to their original position, and the egg is seen to be in the upper portion of the neck, which is, of course, immensely swollen in consequence.

The snake has now apparently had enough of hard work, and is determined to enjoy his well-earned meal. The most interesting and curious part of the operation now takes place, viz., that of extracting the contents of the egg from the shell. By a wonderful mechanism the under sides of the vertebræ almost immediately behind the head are elongated, and form a row of saw-like teeth nine or ten in number. These project through the membrane of the œsophagus, and are used to crack the shell longitudinally. A powerful contraction of the muscles of the neck then causes the shell to collapse (Fig. 6), and the liquid contents flow down into the snake's internal economy in a grateful and

NO. 4.

refreshing stream. He must still, however, be very far from comfortable with the broken shell still remaining in his throat. Let anybody who doubts make the experiment of endeavouring to swallow a handful of eggshell, and he will doubt no longer. Mr. Dasypeltis finds it necessary to his well-being that the uncomfortable remains of his meal should be got rid of, and presently, therefore, he ejects the whole of the shell, held together by the inner skin of the egg, in the shape of a pellet, as will be seen from Fig. 7. On examining several of these pellets, I find that only one end is really crushed, showing that the contents of the egg only flow from that one end, viz.: that which first enters the mouth. In reality the whole of the shell is not broken, the contraction of the neck muscles serving to reduce the shell to a pellet, which is ejected in the form of a *folded mass* of shell.



NO. 5.

NO. 6.

The snake now wears the self-satisfied air of a citizen who has done his duty and settles himself down to repose, as everybody should do after a good dinner. The entire process, from the time of forcing the egg into his jaws down to the ejection of the pellet, occupied about twenty-five minutes, not very long considering the extraordinary nature of the accomplishment.

The whole operation is really a very wonderful one, and is a striking illustration of the way in which Nature goes to work, using as she does methods which to those who know her not seem to be in exact opposition to all recognised laws.

How easy for the Dasypeltis Scabra to feed in a "rational" manner on substances which do not require this amazing extension of muscle and ligament, and the consequent discomfort which would seem to be entailed.

We may rest assured that the poor snake and all other creatures are perfectly safe in the hands of Mother Nature, who knows how to look after her children, and who works in her own way.

NO. 7.

Curiosities.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

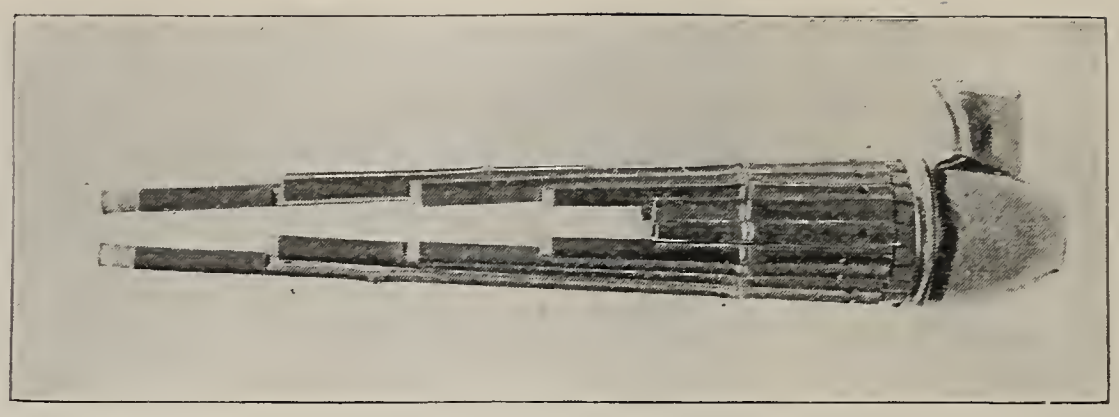
MARVELS OF BIRDS'-NEST PHOTOGRAPHY.

These three photos. illustrate the difficult and fascinating work of Messrs. R. and C. Kearton, of Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts. It should be clearly understood that these well-known naturalists have never been known to remove a single egg or disturb a bird's-nest in any way, their sole mission being to take unique photos. for the benefit of British ornithology. The first photo. shows the two brothers photographing a carrion crow's nest, 40ft. from the ground, in a field near Elstree. Notice the way the ladder is lashed to the branches of the tree, and the camera to the ladder. This last has to be perfectly upright, as any angle would produce a leverage sufficient to snap the swaying branches. When manipulating the photographic plate, the operator has to hold on to the rungs with his teeth.

The second photo. shows a robin's nest, with eggs, found in an old watering-can that had been thrown on a dustbin in the Isle of Mull. The bird is seen sitting. To obtain so good a result, Mr. C. Kearton procured a hand mirror, and with it reflected the sun's rays into the can. The Messrs. Kearton have found birds'-nests in letter-boxes, scare-crows, disused lime-kilns, and — at least once—in a human skull! These tireless naturalists have waited, motionless, day and night to take a single photo., and then been disappointed. They have often been compelled to use old mine shafts as "dark-rooms," and they have waded waist-deep in swirling streams hoping to "snap" the coy kingfisher as he entered his nest. The third photo. shows a great-tit entering its strangely-placed nest in an old pump. Mr. C. Kearton found this a difficult snap-shot. He hid his camera in some shrubs and waited, but in vain; the bird dashed in too quickly. Leaves were, later on, stuffed into the pump, with the result that our photo. shows the bird nonplussed. She had brought a caterpillar for her young ones, but seeing the obstruction, she deposited this on top of the pump, then cleared away the leaves, and finally darted in with the caterpillar to her twelve expectant little ones.

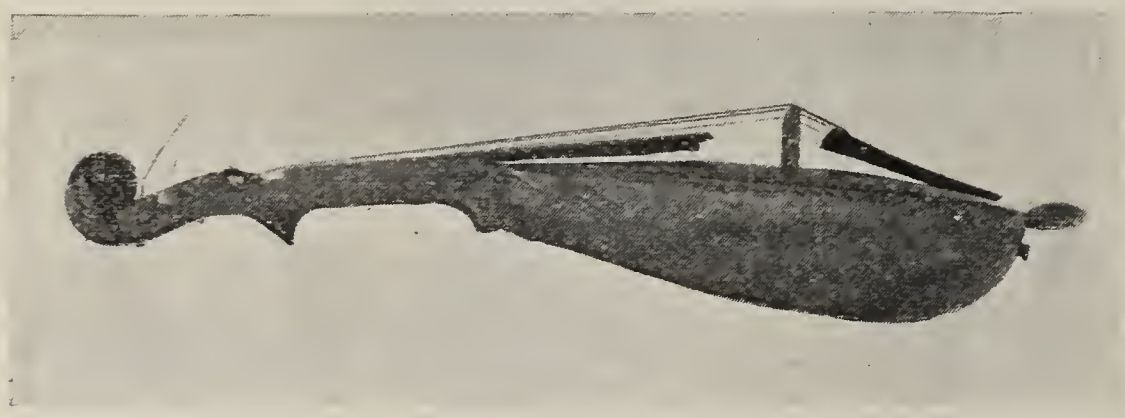
THE OLDEST ORGAN IN THE WORLD.

This, the Cheng, is the oldest instrument of the Chinese. It has seventeen pipes of small bamboo reeds, arranged in five sets. The air-chest is a bowl made out of a gourd. Most of the pipes have a finger-hole, and there are free reeds, or metal tongues, which vibrate and sound when the finger-holes are closed by the performer.



TWO CURIOUS VIOLINS.

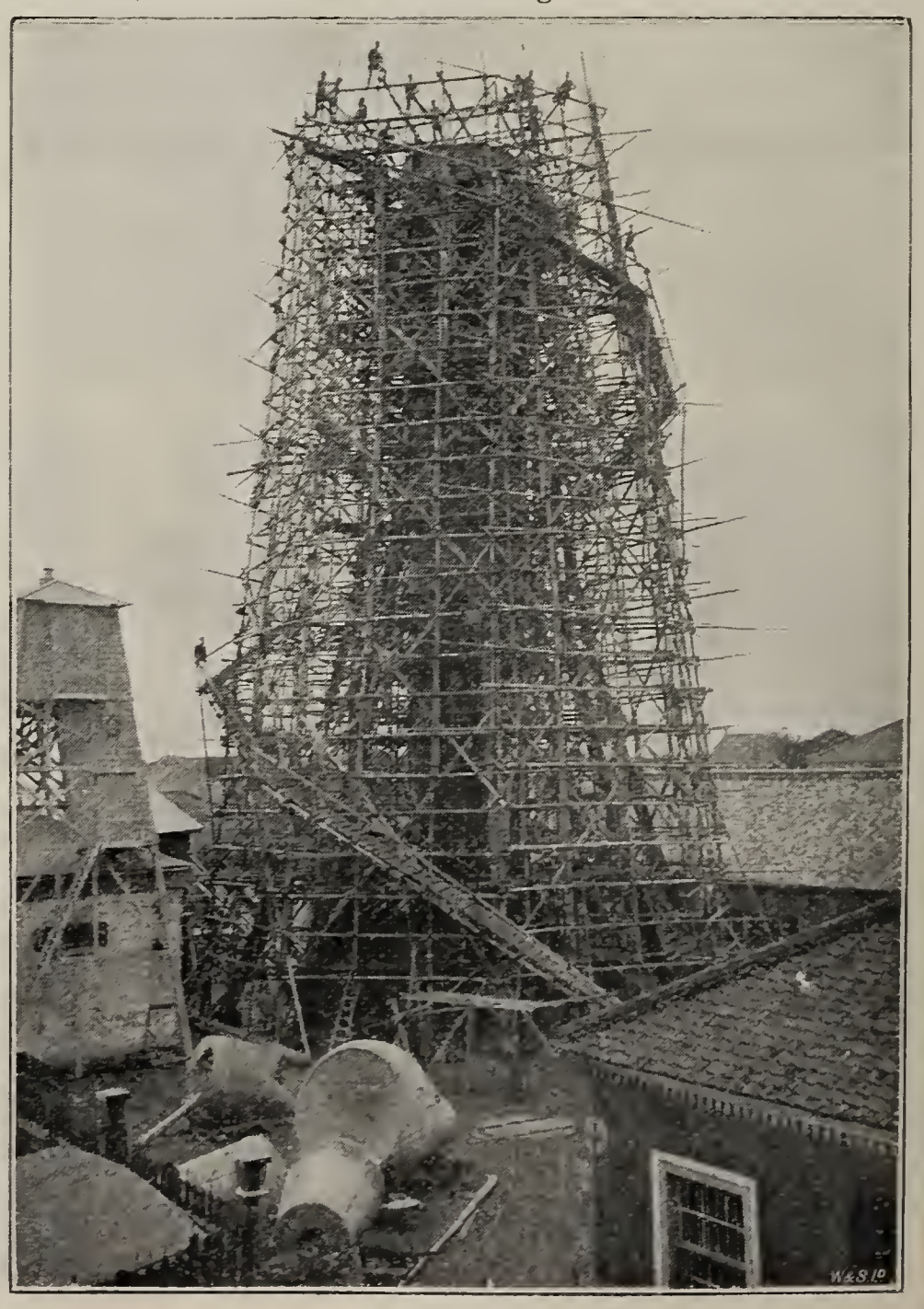
We reproduce here two very interesting violins which are exhibited in the window of Mr. Bailey Watts, hatter, of 4, Liverpool Street, E.C. Mr. Watts tells us that the first instrument was made out of half a common vegetable marrow. Pasted in the belly is the



following inscription: "1877. E. B. Badcock made this violin in the 75th year of his age.—Britwell, Oxon." The second violin was made from a ram's horn and a bullock's horn by an English cowboy in Arizona. This boy, ingenious, resourceful, and music-loving, fashioned the horns together with horseshoe nails, and burnt the necessary holes in the belly with a hot skewer. The original bridge was made from the flexible bone of a bullock's nose. From Photos. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

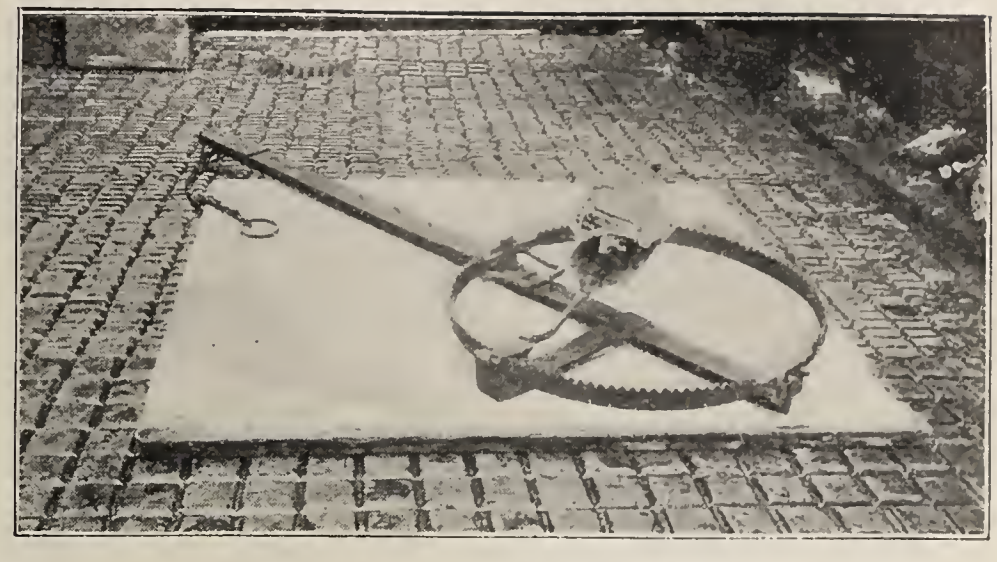
A LIGHTHOUSE SCAFFOLDING OF BAMBOO.

This photo. shows, in process of construction by the Japanese, the lighthouse of Kagoshima, in the Island of Formosa. We are indebted for the use of this photo.—which was the only one taken—to MM. Sautter, Harlé, et Cie., of Paris. The whole of the scaffolding was of bamboo, which is light and rigid. In this photo. should be noticed the primitive method by which the Japanese convey themselves and their materials to the top of the lighthouse. Like the ancient Assyrians, Persians, and Egyptians, they had to make use of the inclined plane, and this is seen winding in great spirals about the bamboo scaffolding.



A TIGER-TRAP.

The tiger-trap shown in the accompanying photo. may be seen at the establishment of Mr. William Cross, the famous wild beast importer, of Liverpool. This trap has already caught many tigers in India and elsewhere ; for if Mr. Cross does not happen to have a tiger in stock when a customer orders one, he will undertake to catch one and have it brought to England in a very short space of time. It will be seen that this trap is on the usual rat-trap principle, and though its jaws are of enormous power, it is usually chained to a stake driven into the ground. The bait, as a rule, consists of a piece of raw meat or a live goat. Mr. Cross has had many offers for this trap from people whose houses had been ransacked by burglars. From a photo. by R. Brown, Liverpool.



A STONE CANNON.

This extraordinary "weapon" is well known to dwellers on The Rock as Healy's Stone Mortar, on the Queen's Road. Its position is 600ft. above the sea-level, and 1,000ft. from the water's edge. The mouth of the mortar is 9ft. in circumference, and the whole is cut in the solid limestone ; it dates from 1771. It was first loaded with 37lb. of powder and 1,470 stones. This appalling charge was fired by means of a hollow cane, which conveyed the fire to the quick-match. The range proved to be about 400yds. The photo. was taken by Mr. Ernest Lacy, who obtained permission of the Governor, General Biddulph.

AN EXTRAORDINARY FLOOD PHOTO.

This extraordinary photograph arrived too late for insertion in our article on Floods which appeared last month. It depicts a most curious incident of the great flood at Johnstown, Pa. (1889), which destroyed 5,000 persons. A house and a great uprooted tree were washed down for miles, finally coming to rest in the extraordinary manner above shown. The tree projects like an enormous cannon from the upper windows of the demolished homestead. From a photo. by J. A. Larkin, Johnstown.

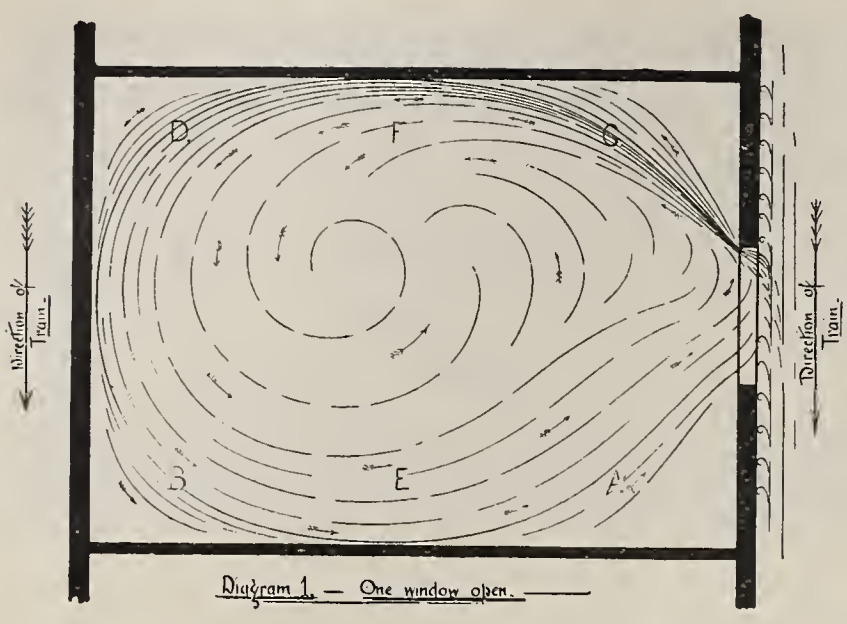


Diagram 1. — One window open.

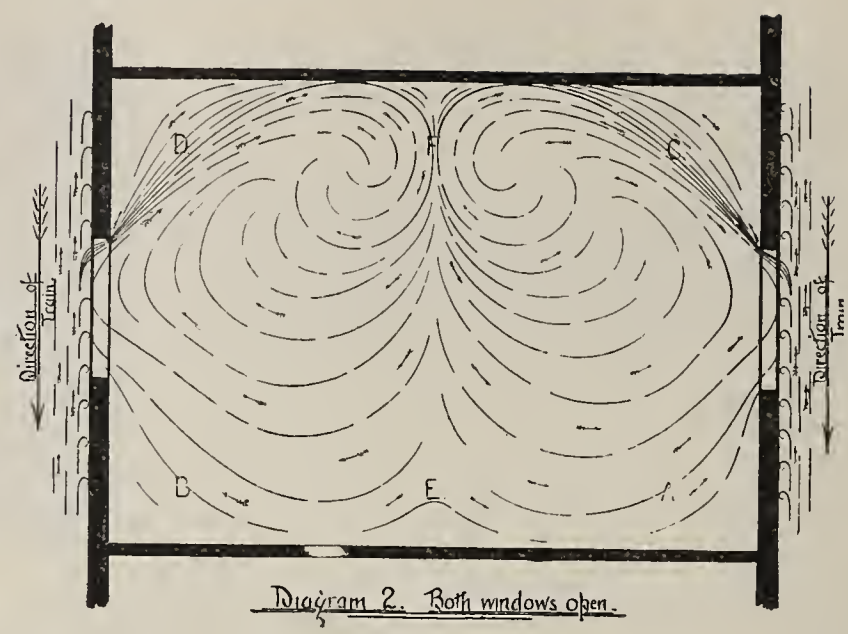


Diagram 2. Both windows open.

HOW TO AVOID RAILWAY CARRIAGE DRAUGHTS.

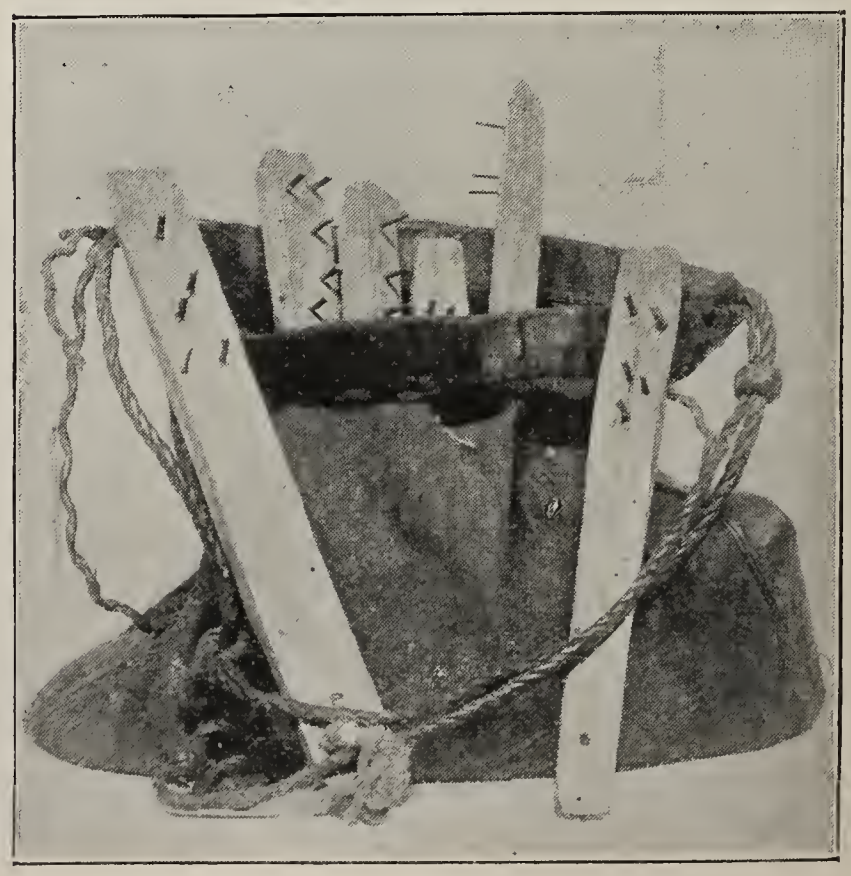
Here are two interesting diagrams showing how one may select that seat in a railway carriage which is most free from draughts under any circumstances. Fig. 1 presupposes that a cantankerous passenger has opened one window when the train is travelling fast. A sharp current of air passes through at the after-end of the window and circles round the carriage. All those who sit facing the engine feel the cold blast. Even B finds a steady breeze at his back, but E is hardly affected at all, the draught being much dispersed by the time it reaches him. A is the most comfortable man in the carriage (most likely it was he who put the window down). But even his comfort is not secure. B may discover that it would be to his interest to lower the window on his side. The draught will then become as indicated in Fig. 2, and B will then be as comfortable as A, though neither of them is as well off as A was at first. Poor suffering C may presently close his window, when things would become as in Fig. 1., only, of course, reversed. But the point to be noticed in all these changes is that E has scarcely been affected in the least. The moral is, therefore, that if one wishes to avoid draughts, one should choose the middle seat with one's back to the engine. These interesting and ingenious diagrams were prepared by Mr. J. R. Barnett, of Glasgow.

THE ONLY POLICEMAN IN ICELAND.

The copiously illustrated article on "Policemen of the World," which appeared in our February issue, has induced Mr. R. White-Ford, of Hillbrow, St. Helen's Crescent, Hastings, to send in the accompanying photo., which depicts the only policeman in Iceland. We now know which is the most law-abiding country in the world. This unique officer was photographed by Mr. White-Ford at Reykjavik, the Icelandic capital, in the summer of 1895.

KEYS OF THE DERVISH TREASURY AT DONGOLA.

In this photo. we see an old leather bag containing the keys of the Dervish Treasury at Dongola; both bag and keys were captured in the expedition of 1896. We know that so complete was the rout of the Dervishes, that what they had collected at Dongola fell into the hands of the British, and among the spoils was found this bag, containing the keys of the Treasury. These "keys" are of very primitive manufacture, being simply pieces of rough wood, with French nails driven into them. The nails, however, are so placed as to correspond with the wards of the lock. The wood has been worn perfectly smooth, and is quite highly polished from constant use.



From the Picture] "THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA." [*By Sir George Hayter, R.A.*

(*See page* 610.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xiii. JUNE, 1897. No. 78.

Personal Relics of the Queen and Her Children.

By William G. FitzGerald.

From a] "PRINCESS VICTORIA AT HER LESSONS." [*Drawing.*

WE propose to place before you an absolutely unique collection of purely personal relics of our beloved Sovereign and her children. The things are literally priceless; hundreds of thousands of pounds would not buy them from their owners—who, by the way, are scattered throughout the civilized world. These relics and mementos have never before been made public; and the fascinating stories attaching to many of them will doubtless be welcomed by future historians, since these stories and anecdotes now see light for the first time in the pages of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. Most of the relics may be seen at the Earl's Court Exhibition, and our thanks are due to Mr. Harold Hartley and Mr. Herman Hart, the indefatigable directors, and to their able colleagues for assistance rendered in the preparation of this article. Special mention must be made of the invaluable aid given us by Mr. Austin Brereton, the courteous and painstaking Press Manager of the Exhibition.

Now, to commence with the early childhood of our venerable Queen: The very first illustration is a drawing showing the "Princess Victoria at Her Lessons." This drawing was made in the schoolroom at Kensington Palace expressly for Charlotte Duchess of Northumberland, who was the Queen's governess at that time. The name of the artist is not known. The Duchess left the picture to her niece, Lady Williams, of Bodelwyddan, to whose daughter, Miss Antonia Williams, of 6, Sloane Gardens, S.W., we are indebted for permission to reproduce the picture.

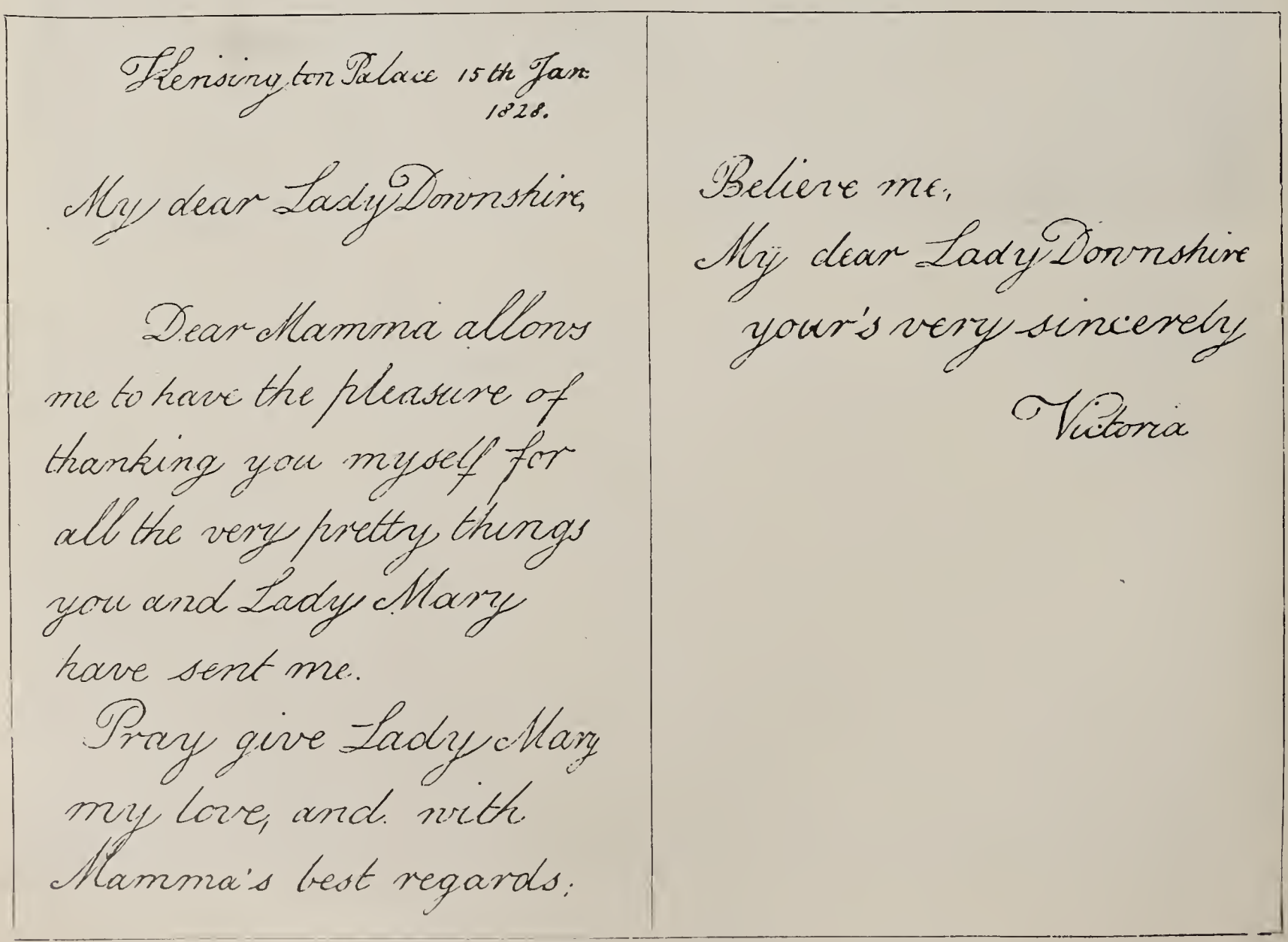
Many incidents have been related to

PONY CARRIAGE IN WHICH THE QUEEN USED TO DRIVE ABOUT AS A CHILD.

illustrate the homely and beautiful life of the little Princess Victoria. We know about the bread-and-milk-and-fruit breakfasts, and the autumnal family jaunt to Ramsgate. The child saw far more of her mother than of her father, because the Duke, poor man, had to pay the penalty of popularity. His time was pretty fully occupied, and he was connected with sixty-two religious and philanthropic institutions!

In her early days the Princess Victoria had one or two narrow escapes, just like other children. She was one day riding in Kensington Gardens in the quaint little carriage here depicted, when a big dog startled the pony and caused it to plunge violently to one side. One wheel got up on to a bank, and the whole concern was toppling over when a guardsman, named Maloney, grasped the little girl's dress and swung her clear. After restoring the child to her horrified attendant, Maloney was asked to follow the carriage to Kensington Palace. He did, and received one guinea and the thanks of the Duchess for "saving the life of her dear child the Princess Alexandrina."

This queer, historical little vehicle belongs to Messrs. W. Cole and Sons, the well-known carriage builders, of 26, High Street, Kensington. In it the future Queen of England used to drive daily in Kensington



Kensington Palace 15th Jan.
1828.

My dear Lady Downshire,

Dear Mamma allows me to have the pleasure of thanking you myself for all the very pretty things you and Lady Mary have sent me.

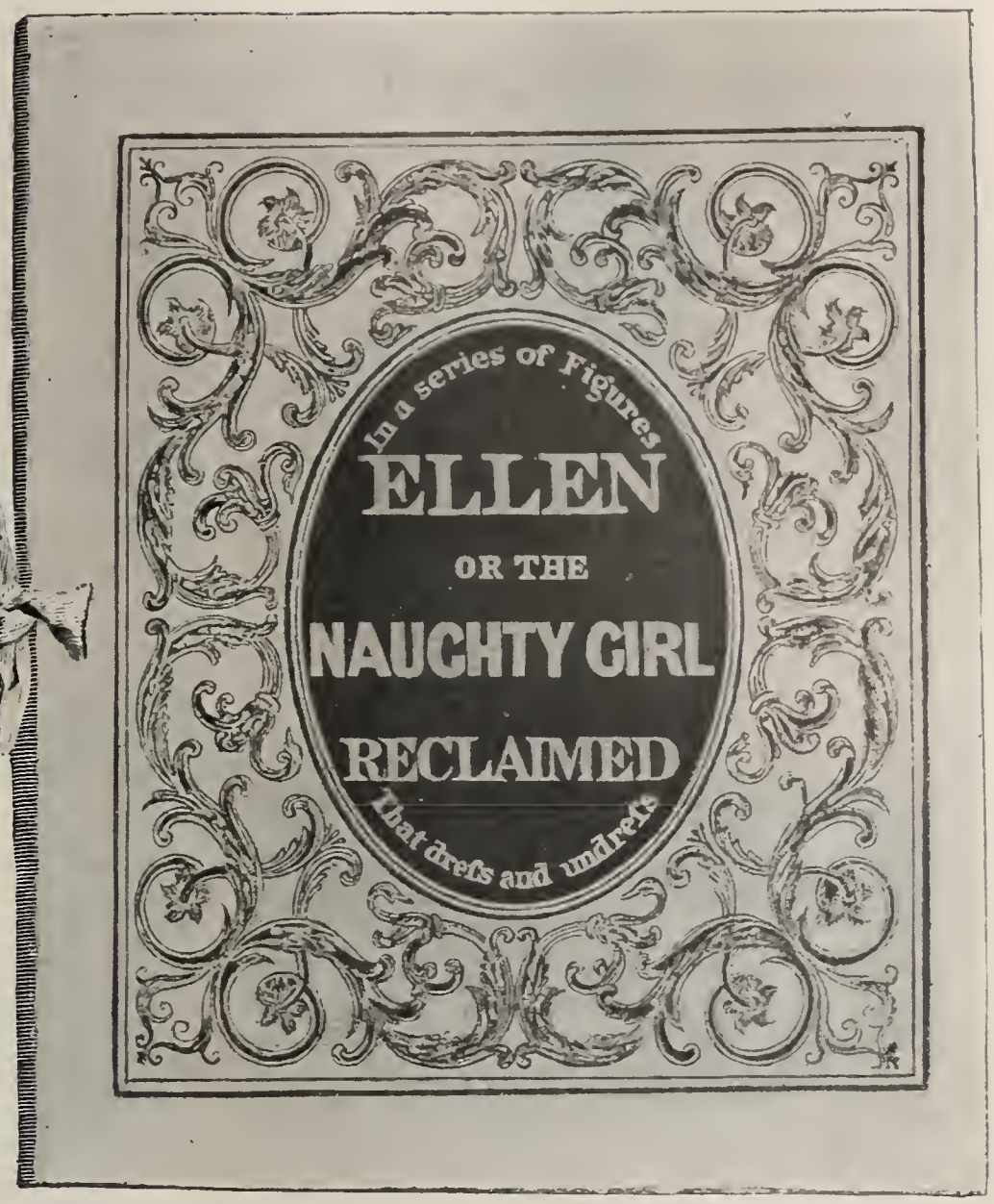
Pray give Lady Mary my love, and with Mamma's best regards.

Believe me,
My dear Lady Downshire
your's very sincerely
Victoria

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN TO LADY DOWNSHIRE THANKING HER FOR A GIFT OF TOYS.

Gardens, often attended by her adoring mother. Messrs. Cole write: "It (*i.e.*, the carriage) was built by the predecessor of the late Mr. W. Cole in 1828, and it came into our possession again many years later, when Her Majesty had quitted the old Kensington Palace."

Next, we have reproduced in facsimile an exceedingly interesting letter from the eight-year-old Princess to the Marchioness of Downshire, who had forwarded to the Palace a big parcel of toys. The writing is so very clear that it need not be reproduced in print. It was in a dispatch-box full of family papers belonging to the Hon. Michael Sandys that this letter was found; and it was photographed by permission at Mr. Sandys' house in Great Portland Street.



COVER OF THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE TOY-BOOK.

Mention of the pretty things that served as playthings for the Queen as a child brings us to the diverting history of "Naughty Ellen," as contained in the little Princess Victoria's favourite toy-book. Here is the cover, which is blue and white and tied with pink ribbon. An inscription in pencil on the inside of the cover in the handwriting of Mrs. Hull, a confidential servant of the Queen, records that: "This originally belonged to Her Majesty when a child." It was given by Mrs. Hull (who nursed all the Queen's children) to Lady Mackenzie of Tarbat, in whose possession it now is.

ELLEN,

OR

The Naughty Girl Reclaimed.

Ellen makes her First Appearance in a White Frock, with a Book at her Feet.

This little girl, whom now you see,
To mind mamma will not agree,
And though her face is fair and mild,
You view a stubborn, naughty child;—
Nay, Ellen is so wayward grown,
Her book upon the ground is thrown,
And kind mamma, who loves so well,
Can neither make her read or spell:

The story of Naughty Ellen's reclamation, as set forth on the fly-leaf, was published at the "Temple of Fancy, Rathbone Place—where are also sold Books of Instruction in Landscapes, Flowers, and Figures, and every Requisite used in Drawing." The date is 1811.

Each stanza is illustrated by a coloured cut-out figure, in no way attached to the body of the book. Ellen

ELLEN'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

appears in different guise between each double page, but there is only one head, which, however, can be readily affixed to the figures.

Ellen is first of all introduced as a cantankerous young person. She doesn't *look* very formidable, but she is in open revolt. She has knocked her brothers and sisters about, and then screeched,

. . . . With noise so great
That people hear her at the gate.

Her mother buys her some pretty clothes, and the girl promises to be good. She then goes out for a walk with "her

NAUGHTY ELLEN'S MOVABLE HEAD AND CAPS.

servant Ann," but becomes disobedient, and tumbles into a muddy ditch. Here she is, in a sorry plight. Over and over again, by the way, has the Queen taken this little cardboard figure, placed it on paper and drawn in the naughty girl's head with suitably lugubrious expression, having regard to the dreadful splashes on frock and spencer.

Papa then resolves to send Ellen away "To Nurse who keeps the village school"; and here is this dreadful girl attired for the journey.

And kind mamma with tearful eyes
In vain to plead her pardon tries.

Naturally Ellen feels cross by the time she "arrives at Nurse's door"; and, shocking to relate, she threw the first available book in the old lady's eye; hence the fool's-cap and the "disgraceful situation" next seen. The wicked girl soon runs away, and is lost in a wood, where she is seized by gipsies, who strip off her pretty clothes and then clothe her in rags. Here again the face is left blank; and one learns that the Princess Victoria, ignoring the movable head, frequently asked guests at the Royal Palaces to fill in poor Ellen's terror-stricken countenance in accordance with the stirring narrative. But to continue: Ellen has to work hard for her captors, gathering sticks and things, and having a hard time generally. She is cruelly treated and sleeps upon "the cold, damp ground."

The gipsies forsake her, and she is rescued by an amiable old person whose cot is close by. The old lady provides Ellen with "a

Ellen appears in a deplorable Condition, her Frock and Spencer splashed with Mud,

neat Stuff Gown" and also some books, for the naughty girl's spirit is by this time quite subdued. One day Ellen is sent out by the good dame to sell some fruit, and

Ellen is now dressed in a coloured Frock and Blue Cloak, with a Bundle in her Hand.

she meets her mother, who is driving in a carriage. The meeting is rapturous. Papa is a little stern when the prodigal daughter returns home, but it soon wears off. Ellen makes her last appearance with a book in her hand, and the narrative concludes :—

. . . . Happily her time she spends,
Lov'd and esteem'd by all her friends.

We wonder if Her Most Gracious Majesty still remembers Ellen, over whose adventures no doubt she often wept copiously, and the moral of whose story was so frequently impressed upon her youthful mind !

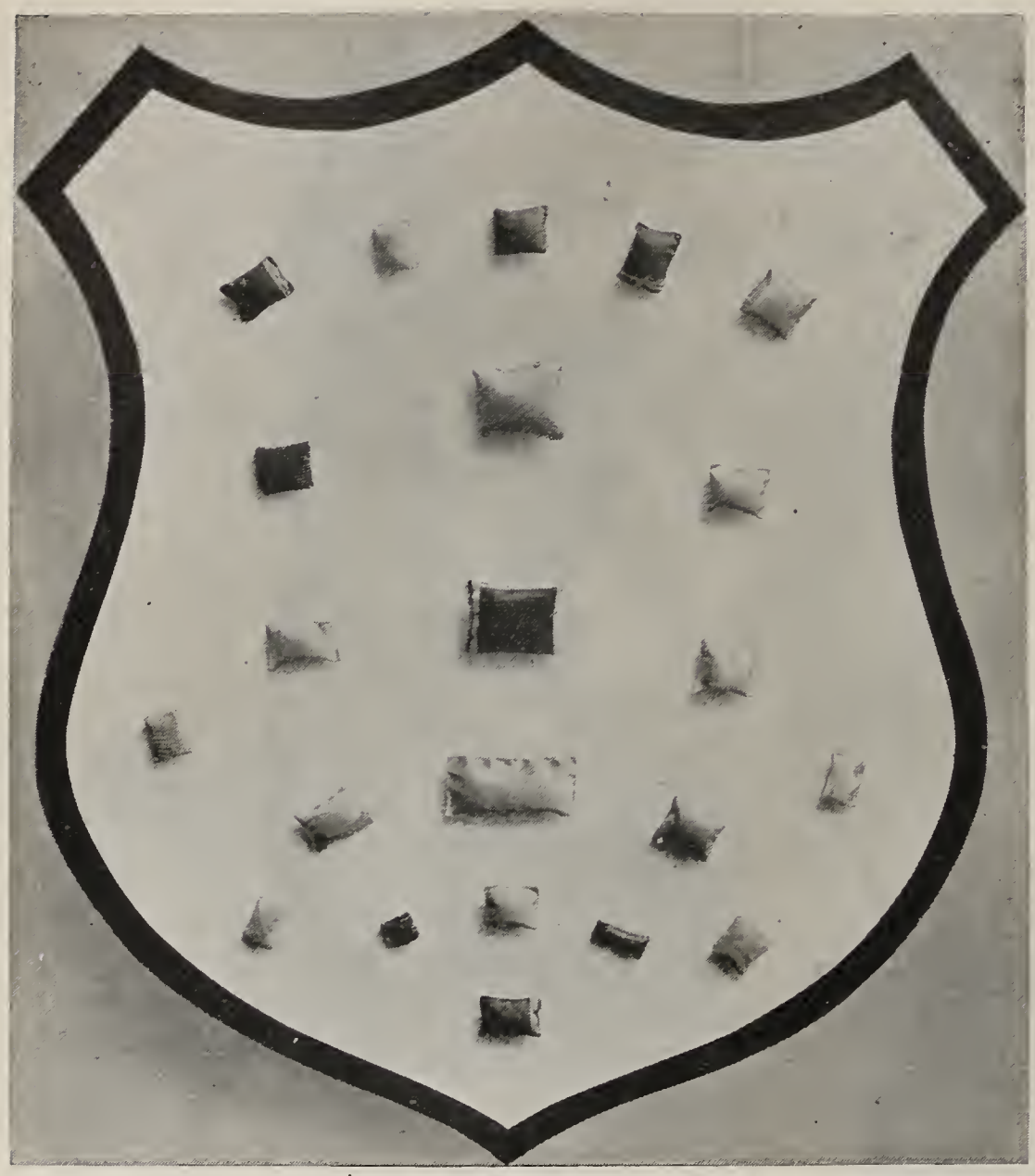
The little Princess was taught to use her fingers at a very early age, and she was in the habit of dressing her own dolls. Also, it

Ellen stands in a disgraceful Situation, with the Foolscap on her Head.

seems, she made many things for the dolls' comfort. Look at these dolls' cushions—twenty-two of them, photographed for us on a kind of shield.

These little cushions were very neatly

Ellen appears in the Dress of a Gipsey Girl, sitting in a Wood.



DOLLS' CUSHIONS MADE BY THE QUEEN.

sewn by Her Majesty when about ten years of age. They are all made of silk or satin of different colours. The largest measures but 2in. by 1in., and the smallest ½in. square. They were stuffed with cotton wool by the industrious young Princess. These little relics formerly belonged to Fräulein Franziska Holdefreund, who, for nine years (1828–1837), lived with the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria. Fräulein Holdefreund, a lady by birth, was recommended to the Duchess by Queen Adelaide, who knew her family in Meiningen.

The present owner of the cushions, Miss L. Maaser, of Jena, Thuringia, writes to us: "The young Princess used to sew these tiny cushions from patterns of dresses sent in by the Royal tradespeople, and she herself afterwards gave the things to Fräulein Holdefreund, who had charge of the wardrobes of the household. The Fräulein was called 'Miss Francis' for short. She died in 1881, leaving the little cushions and the toys next shown to her nephew, Mr. H. Maaser, barrister at the High Court of Appeal at Jena."

Miss Maaser's second photo. shows a small swing-mirror and a doll's chair, both much-treasured playthings of the Princess Victoria, and important items in the furniture of her dolls' house. The chair is covered with reddish silk. It is 3½in. high, whilst the mirror measures 6in. by 3½in. Both were given to Fräulein Holdefreund by the Princess Victoria.

Next comes a most interesting object—the piano on which the Queen learnt to play as a child. It was specially photographed for this article by Messrs. S. and P. Erard, among whose collection of historic instruments it may now be found. This piano was presented to the Princess Victoria by King George IV. An entry in Messrs. Erard's books proves that it was "delivered at the Royal Lodge, Windsor, on June 26th, 1829." The eminent makers send us the following interesting description: "The style is Grecian, the pedal lyre being an exact copy of the Greek lyre of the period in which Homer lived. The case is of choice rosewood. The compass of the instrument is from C to G—an extensive range for the period in which the piano was made."

In 1839, it seems (the year before Her Majesty's marriage), the piano was sent by the

TOYS FROM THE QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE.

PIANO ON WHICH THE QUEEN LEARNED TO PLAY.
From a Photo. by Bedford Lemere & Co.

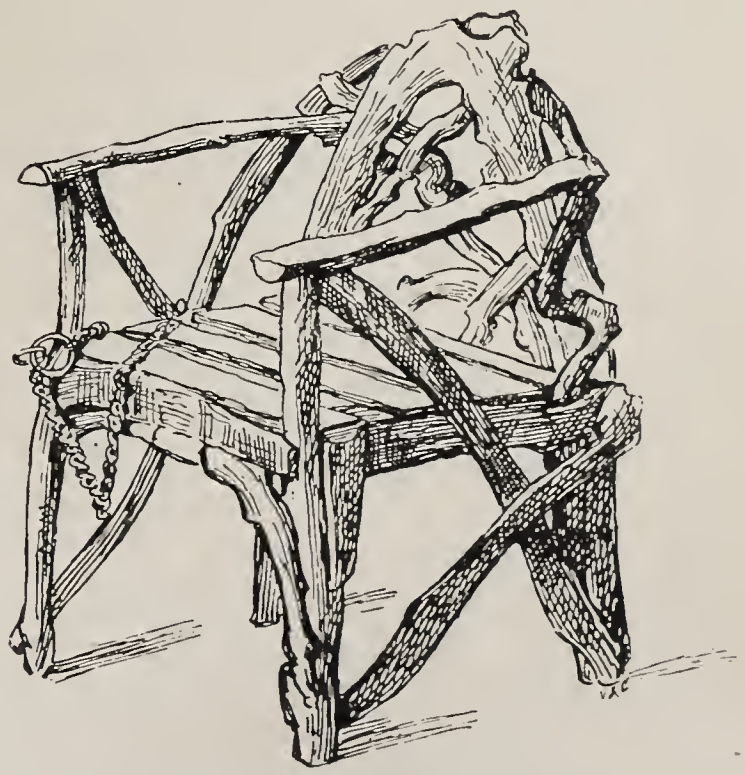
young Queen to Messrs. Erard for thorough overhauling. This is very characteristic of the Queen, who, having once become attached to certain objects or persons, will cling to them until the last.

In return for the gift of this piano, we learn the Princess Victoria gave King George a beautiful little water-colour drawing, after Winterhalter, by herself. This drawing is now in the library at Windsor Castle, under the care of Mr. Holmes. We inspected it ourselves. On the back are scribbled a few lines in pencil telling the story of the presentation. This is in the writing of the Royal recipient, and is signed "G. R."

The very first year of the Queen's reign was full of curious and interesting incidents. Very few people remember the eccentric Mr. Hunnings, who aspired to Her Majesty's hand. The better to follow the object of his adoration, he sported a barouche like the Duchess of Kent's, and was attended by a servant in Royal undress livery. On Her Majesty's eighteenth birthday Mr. Hunnings illuminated his house, and distributed during the day any number of gallons of beer among such passers-by as would consent to drink the Queen's health. In the course of the evening, however, the crowd became so intoxicated that the police were compelled to interfere and put a stop to this loyal liberality.

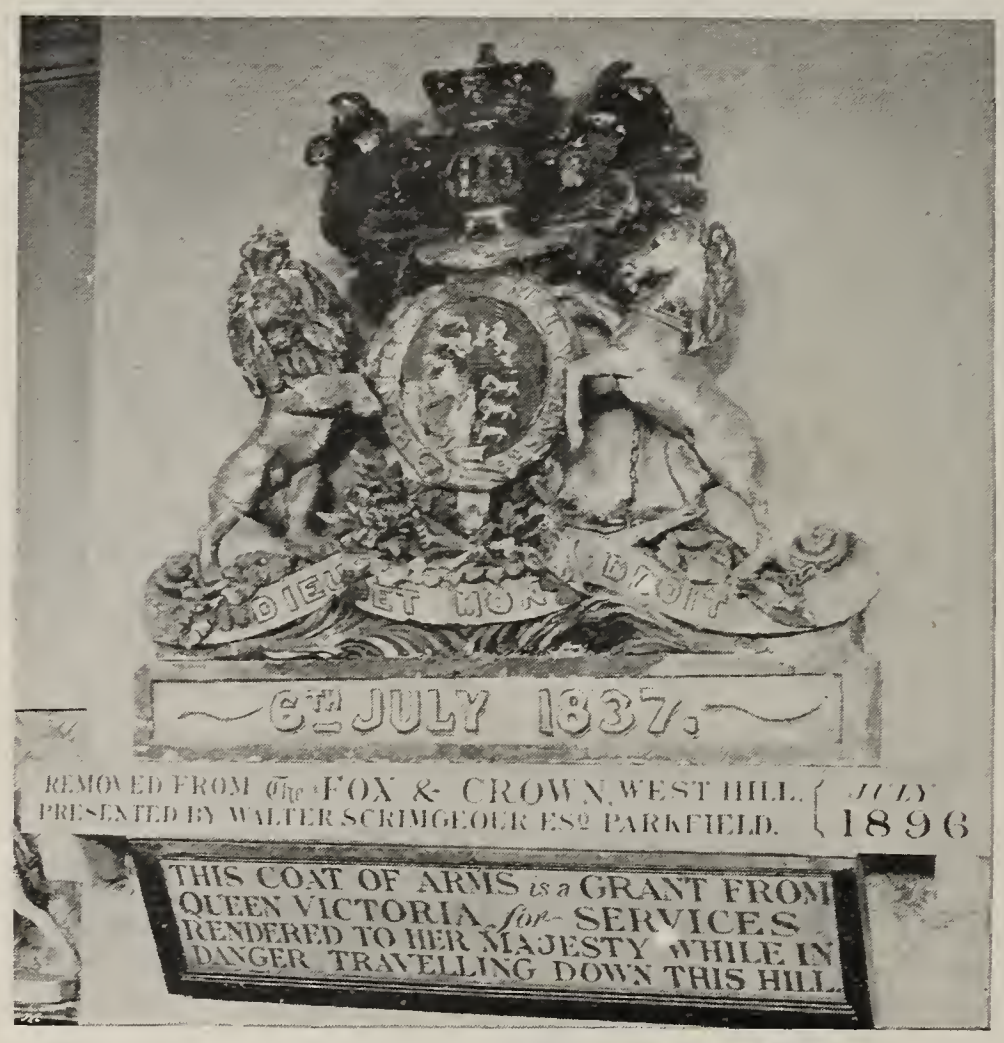
It was probably to escape the intolerable attentions of people of this kind that the young Queen began to take long drives in the afternoons to Chiswick, Wimbledon, Clapham, and other suburbs. On July 6th, 1837, Her Majesty was driving with her mother down the West Hill, Highgate, in a carriage which was without a drag-chain. The horses presently became restive, and dashed down the hill at a terrific pace. A terrible accident was only avoided by the prompt and courageous assistance of Mr. Turner, landlord of "The Fox Under the Hill." Turner succeeded in stopping the horses, and he then affixed a chain to one of the wheels of the carriage. The Queen and her mother took refuge in the inn for a few minutes, and Her Majesty sat in the chair shown in the accompanying illustration.

Presently, the Royal party, after cordially thanking Mr. Turner for his timely help, took their departure for Kensington Palace. A few days later Mr. Turner was sent for to



CHAIR IN WHICH THE QUEEN RESTED AT THE "FOX AND CROWN," HIGHGATE.
From a Drawing.

Kensington, and when asked if he had any request to make, begged permission to bear the Queen's arms in the place of his original sign. The favour was, of course, granted, and a more substantial token of the Queen's gratitude, in the shape of a well-filled pocket-book, was also placed in Turner's hand. The coat-of-arms was specially made at Her Majesty's expense, and is shown in the photograph here reproduced. We should mention that after this interesting incident, the name of Mr. Turner's hostelry was changed to "The Fox and Crown." The coat-of-arms is now deposited in the Literary and Scientific Institution at Highgate, where it has been photographed for this article by permission of Mr. Henry Holt, the librarian.


6TH JULY 1837.
REMOVED FROM THE FOX & CROWN WEST HILL
PRESENTED BY WALTER SCRIMGEOUR ESQ PARKFIELD.
1896
THIS COAT OF ARMS is a GRANT FROM QUEEN VICTORIA for SERVICES RENDERED TO HER MAJESTY WHILE IN DANGER TRAVELLING DOWN THIS HILL

COAT-OF-ARMS PRESENTED BY THE QUEEN TO THE LANDLORD OF THE "FOX AND CROWN."

Perhaps the most imposing pageant of the first year of the reign was the young monarch's visit to the City on November 9th, 1837. In the very interesting old print shown here, the Royal cortége is seen passing St. Paul's. Fabulous prices were paid for windows, precisely as in the case of the far more interesting celebration of this month. Every lamp-post, every tree, and every roof was alive with human beings. The Queen's State coach was drawn by eight cream-coloured horses, and Her Majesty was attended by the Duchess of Sutherland, Mistress of the Robes, and the Earl of Albemarle, Master of the Horse. The Queen wore a pink satin robe shot with silver, and a superb tiara of diamonds. There were in all fifty-eight carriages.

In St. Paul's Churchyard a pavilion had been erected for the accommodation of 730 boys from Christ's Hospital. We learn that by ancient custom the Bluecoats possessed the privilege of addressing the Sovereign when he or she came into the City as a guest of the Corporation. The dinner was provided from the London Tavern, at a cost of £1,400, plus £571 17s. 6d. for wine, exclusive of the wine used at the Royal table, which was presented, and was peculiar. The admission ticket was a work of art, and the bill-of-fare stupendous. The plate in the banqueting-hall was estimated to be worth nearly £400,000.

We must now pass to the great day of the Coronation, June 28th, 1838. In this connection we must draw attention to Sir George Hayter's famous picture, which is reproduced as the frontispiece, and of which more hereafter. The Abbey was thrown open at five o'clock, and out of consideration for the breakfastless peers and peeresses, the historical fane was turned into a restaurant, twenty-six tables being conveniently placed throughout the Abbey. Mr. William Mason, of St. James's Street, secured the refreshment contract, "positively for one day only" — as the circus bills say.

The points of interest in connection with the Queen's Coronation are all but innumerable. Of course, the Sultan was very much to the fore with a "letter of felicitation," 36in. long and from 3in. to 4in. broad. This letter was inclosed in a crimson bag richly embroidered in gold, and provided with a tassel and string. A few words as to the price of seats to view the procession on this occasion may be interesting. It must be said at once, that prices ruled rather low, at any rate, by comparison with those obtaining in the Diamond Jubilee of 1897. According to position, seats fetched from 10s. to five guineas; many persons let the front of their house for sums ranging from £50 to £300. Of course, there were speculators who dabbled in "Coronations"; to one of these was let the front of the house lately occupied by the Reform Club, in Pall Mall. The price was £200, and the

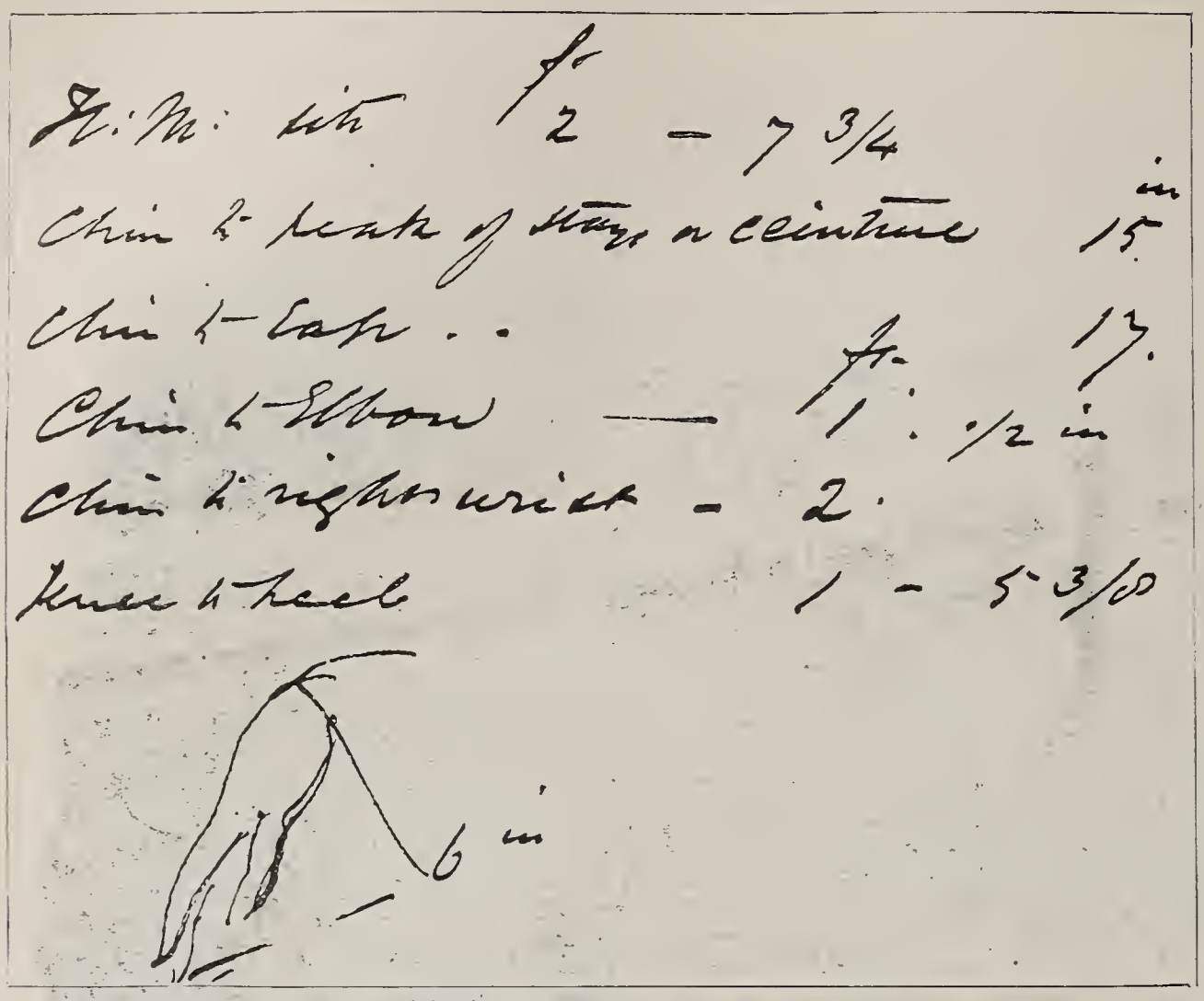
From an] THE QUEEN PASSING ST. PAUL'S, NOVEMBER 9TH, 1837. *[Old Print.*

shrewd speculator realized upwards of £500. It may be questioned whether the Coronation will ever be eclipsed as a pageant. The jewels on the Hungarian costume of the Austrian Ambassador were worth half a million of florins, and he wore 16,000-florin boots.

Funny incidents there were in plenty. Poor old Lord Rolle, in attempting to ascend the steps of the throne, fell back on to the floor, and distinguished foreigners subsequently reported gravely to their countrymen that the Lords Rolle held their title on condition of performing this feat at every coronation!

We are all more or less familiar with the story of the terrific scramble for the Coronation medals, and the exhausted ladies sitting and lying in dust half a foot deep. In those days they did not manage pageants as we do. There were no "dress rehearsals," and very little system; consequently, serious hitches occurred, and there were many people who wished they hadn't left their own homes. The allotting of admission tickets to the Abbey caused much heart-burning, as might be expected. Thomas Campbell, the poet, sent a witty little note to the Earl Marshal, suggesting that since "there was a place in the Abbey called Poets' Corner, perhaps room might be found in it for a poor living poet." In the evening, many of the theatres were opened gratuitously by Royal command, £400 being paid for this performance to each of the larger houses.

Now let us turn for a moment to Mr. —afterwards Sir George—Hayter's great historical picture of the Coronation. The artist was authorized to select and occupy during the ceremony that position near the altar in the Abbey which he had fixed upon as best calculated for his purpose, and here he drew the details for the original sketch. The design, composition, and colouring delighted the Queen and Court. Of course, Her Majesty and all the other members of the Royal Family, as well as the ladies and great officers of State, gave Hayter many sittings. Her Majesty, needless to say, took more interest in this picture than in any other that ever concerned her. There was not a single jotting made by Hayter that was not submitted for her approval and most carefully inspected.



MEASUREMENTS OF HER MAJESTY'S PERSON, NOTED BY SIR GEORGE HAYTER FOR THE CORONATION PICTURE.

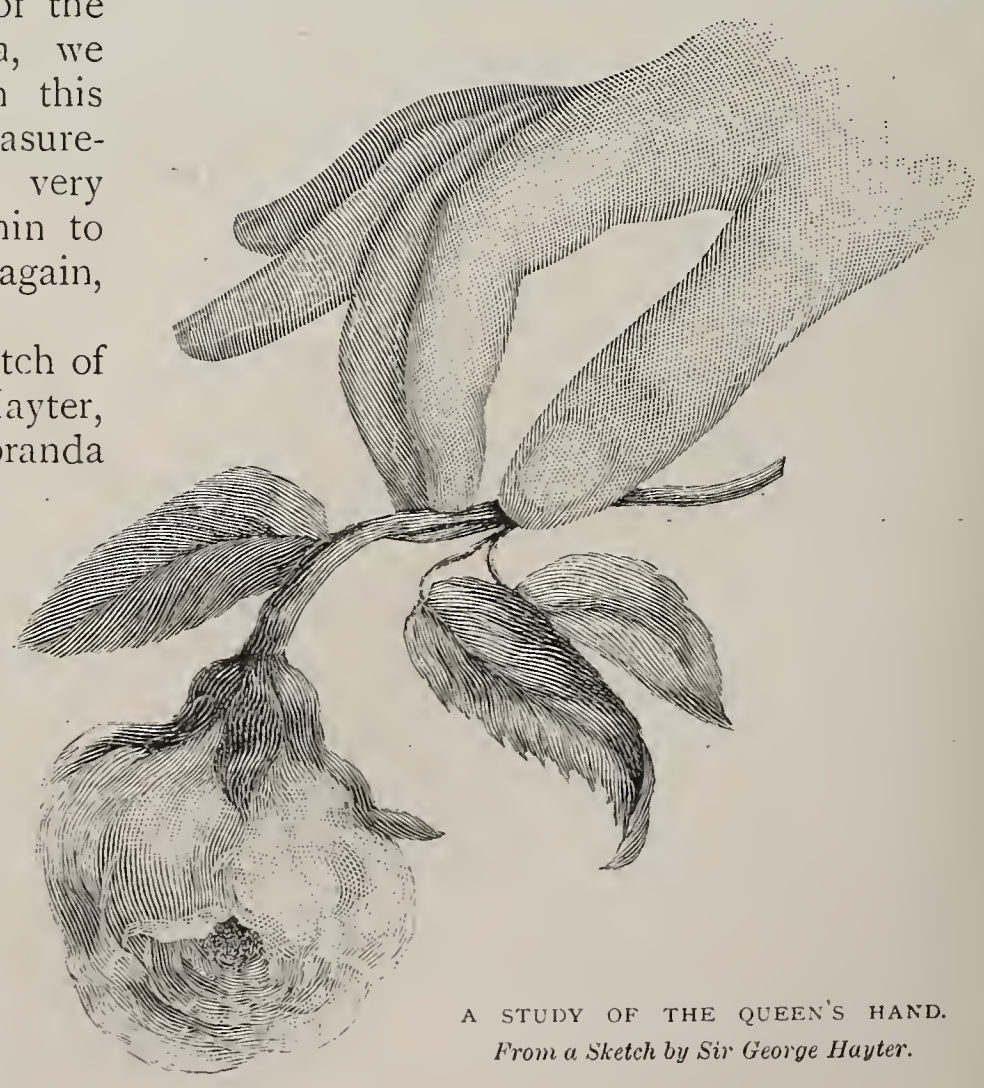
We here reproduce a very human document, none other than the Court painter's original memoranda of the measurements of the Queen's person. These notes were, of course, made on the spot, in the Queen's presence, and Her Majesty took very great interest in the measurements. These memoranda of Hayter's, together with most of the other priceless relics and memoranda, we have had the felicity of handling in this office. It will be seen in the above measurements that the Court painter was very particular as to detail. Notice the "chin to peak of stays or ceinture, 15in."; again, "knee to heel, 1 foot 5 and 3/8in."

Here is a very interesting little sketch of Her Majesty's hand by Sir George Hayter, which was also found among the memoranda of the great Coronation picture. In another place the artist has set down the width of Her Majesty's hand as 2 5/8in.

Just after the Queen's accession, Joseph Sturge, the eminent Quaker philanthropist of Birmingham, had to interview her as one of a delegation. He thus describes her: "A nice, pleasant, modest young woman; graceful, though a little shy, and on the whole comely." "Did you kiss her hand?" he was asked. "Oh, yes," was the reply, "and found that act of homage no hardship, I assure thee. It was a fair, soft, delicate little hand."

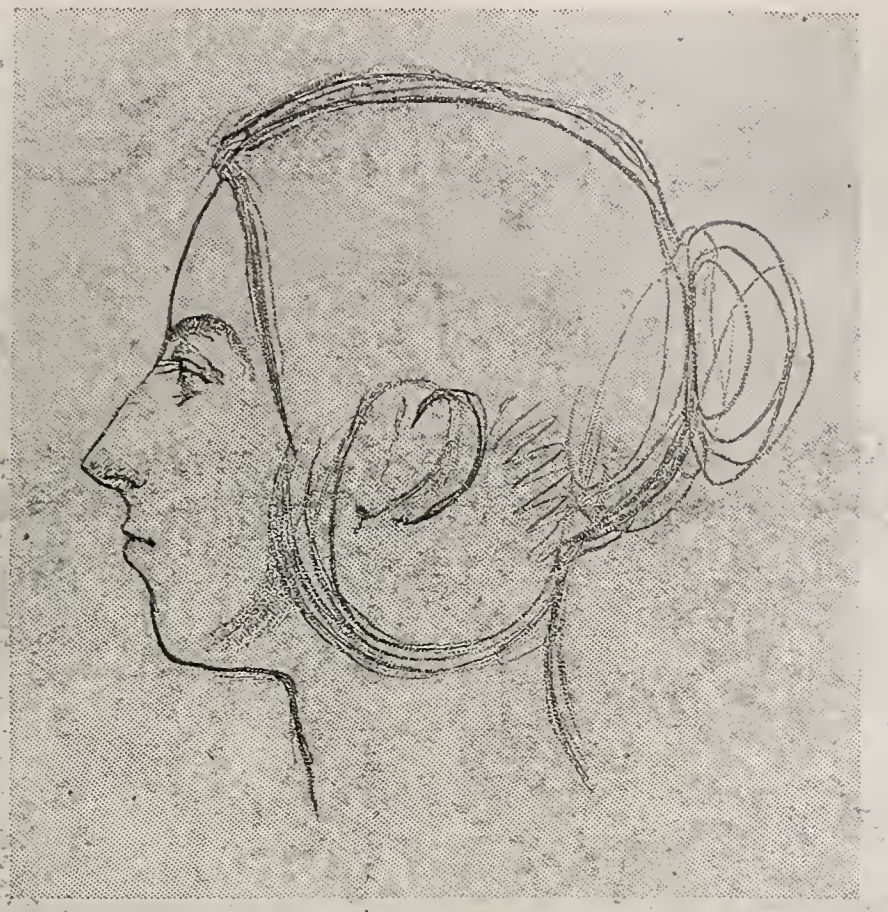
"Her hands," says Leslie, "are very pretty — the backs dimpled, and the fingers delicately shaped."

Among Sir George Hayter's memoranda we found a pencil sketch of the Queen's head, shown on next page; it was apparently dashed off in a moment, and as a likeness was wholly admirable. Speaking of the Coronation, it will interest many to know something of the Imperial State crown, which was specially made for the Queen's Coronation. The Royal jewellers (Messrs. Rundell and Bridge) offered a prize of £100 for the best design for the crown. Of course, hundreds of people competed. The model in wax, which is shown, has a particularly interesting



A STUDY OF THE QUEEN'S HAND.
From a Sketch by Sir George Hayter.

history. It seems that in a certain street in Soho there lived an elderly man who had been a scene painter or something of that kind at the Opera House during the Laporte *régime*. His daughters made the plume head-dresses for the Court ladies. One of the girls, who possessed real artistic ability, resolved to enter the competition for the design of the new crown. Only the circular base nonplussed her a little. The father, a man of resource, and anxious to help his daughter, took the lid of a small saucepan, knocked off the top and presented the ring of block tin to the girl, who proceeded to cover it with wax.



SKETCH OF THE QUEEN'S HEAD, BY SIR GEORGE HAYTER.

In due time this identical model was sent in for inspection by the Royal jewellers, but was returned later on — "declined with thanks." Subsequently the winning design was published in an illustrated newspaper, and the moment she saw it, Miss—— thought she recognised a very strong likeness to her own rejected model! Representations were made to Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, but in vain. The disappointed girl was then persuaded by her father to put her rejected model in the window, so that their aristocratic Court patrons might see and inquire about it.

The rumour spread that the Royal jewellers had used without payment the design sent in by an obscure Court *plumassière*. The case was about to be brought into court, when Messrs. Rundell and Bridge compromised the matter by paying the young lady a sum of £20.

Anyone desirous of obtaining still further details about this interesting story should apply to Mr. E. Draper, of 3, Vincent Square, Westminster. Mr. Draper has the model in his possession, and to him we are indebted for the above details, as well as for permission to photograph the curiosity. In our presence Mr. Draper took a magnet and demonstrated with it to show the presence of the saucepan lid ring in the base. Next is reproduced a photo. of the Imperial State crown itself (the work of Messrs. Rundell and Bridge) which was used at the Queen's Coronation. General Sir Frederick Middleton very kindly helped our artist to secure this photo. in the Jewel House at the Tower of London. The old crown worn by George IV. and William IV. was broken up; it weighed 7lb., and so was something of a burden. The Queen's crown weighs but 3lb. It is composed of hoops of silver, inclosing a cap of deep blue velvet. The hoops are covered with precious stones, and are surmounted by a ball covered with small brilliants, and having a Maltese cross of brilliants on top of it. The value of the jewels is estimated at £112,760.

MODEL FOR THE QUEEN'S CROWN.

STATE CROWN USED AT THE QUEEN'S CORONATION.

THE QUEEN IN HER CORONATION ROBES.

From the Painting by Sir David Wilkie, R.A. By special permission of the Rev. Canon the Marquis of Normanby.

The picture by Sir David Wilkie, R.A., which is here reproduced for the first time, hangs in the gallery at Bridgwater House, St. James's, and we were allowed to photograph it for reproduction by special permission of the Rev. Canon the Marquis of Normanby, to whose charming courtesy the writer is greatly indebted.

A long letter from Lord Normanby lies before us as we write; it is all about this little-known painting. "Wilkie's picture of the Queen in her Coronation robes," says Lord Normanby, "was given by her to my grandmother, the Marchioness of Normanby, when my grandfather was Ambassador at Paris, 1846–54. It was originally intended by the Queen for the Embassy at Paris, where it was to be hung. I believe the Queen did not think it like her, and consequently sent another picture to the Embassy at Paris. Her Majesty then made over this picture to my grandmother, 'on condition that she was to tell her grandchildren it was not a bit like her.' I have the Queen's letter among many others, in which she says what I have quoted. The worth of the picture consists in its being the only one for which the Queen sat to Wilkie. I have heard that Wilkie copied this picture, though I have never seen a copy of it."

POKE BONNET WORN AT THE QUEEN'S CORONATION.

Describing the Queen, Wilkie himself writes, rhapsodically: "She is eminently beautiful, her features nicely formed, her skin smooth, her hair worn close to her face, in a most simple way, glossy and clean-looking. She appoints a sitting once in two days," he goes on to say, "and she never puts me off." Everybody knows that the Queen has always been a very model of regularity and punctuality. Curiously enough, one of the very first portraits that the Queen sat for after her accession, if not *the* very first, was painted by Mr. Thomas Sully, an American artist sent over specially to execute the work.

By the way, scattered up and down the country are all kinds of curious relics of the Queen's Coronation. Just look at this quaint, old, poke bonnet, now in the possession of Miss Emma Macey, of 7, Holland Road, Kensington. "The only information I am able to give you respecting the poke bonnet," writes Miss Macey, "is that it was worn by my grandmother on the day of the Queen's Coronation. I have only had it ten years, but an aunt of mine, in whose possession it was until that time, can remember being with my grandmother when she bought it, and also going with her to some seats in the Strand to view the procession. Of course the bonnet originally had strings, and I believe some trimming inside the brim."

The solid silver jug and beaker shown in the next photograph are unique souvenirs of the Queen's accession, which event apparently stimulated all classes to a high pitch of enthusiasm. It seems that a certain noble lord, whose name we are requested to suppress, collected, in view of the Queen's accession, a complete set of silver coins, one

SILVER JUG AND BEAKER CONTAINING "37 COINS OF ENGLISH HISTORY."

for every English ruler since William the Conqueror. The last of the set was a rare crown-piece struck to commemorate Her Majesty's accession. When the collection was complete, his lordship had this jug and beaker specially made, and pierced with holes to receive the coins in chronological order, the Victorian crown-piece capping the whole collection, by being let into the lid of the jug. In the middle of the top row of coins in the beaker will be seen a "godless" two-shilling piece, so called because the word "Dieu" was left out in the motto. These curiosities are now to be seen at the beautiful old shop of Messrs. Lambert, the famous silversmiths, of Coventry Street, W. On the rim beneath the jug is this inscription: "This tankard, weighing 27 ounces 10 pennyweights, was made to receive 37 coins of English history."

THE LAST PORTRAIT TAKEN OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.
From a Photo. by H. N. King.

We next come, of course, to the Queen's marriage. Here is a most interesting photograph of the Prince Consort—the last one taken before his untimely death. We gather from Mr. H. N. King, the owner of the copyright, that four photos. were taken at this memorable sitting, which was given on June 21st, 1861. Of the Queen at this period much has been said and written; certainly she was very charming, as is evidenced by the beautiful miniature here reproduced. This miniature belongs to the Hon. Caroline Lyttelton, of 21, Carlton House Terrace. There is an inscription on the back stating that it was presented to the Lady Dowager Lyttelton "by her sincere friend, Victoria R." We quote here from the Hon. Miss Lyttelton's very courteous letter: "Miss Lyttelton has much pleasure in giving permission for a photograph to be done of her miniature of the Queen, for publication as requested in THE STRAND MAGAZINE. The delay in her answer has been caused by the necessity of obtaining Her Majesty's permission." Lady Frederick Cavendish, Miss Lyttelton's aunt, gave the greatest assistance to our photographer.

MINIATURE OF THE QUEEN PRESENTED BY HER MAJESTY TO LADY LYTTELTON.
By special permission of the Queen.

Lady Frederick Cavendish was also kind enough to send the writer the following notes: "Sarah Lady Lyttelton was appointed Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen in 1838 and governess to the Royal children in May, 1842. She resigned her post on account of family claims in December, 1850. She was honoured

SPRIG OF ORANGE BLOSSOM FROM THE QUEEN'S BRIDAL BOUQUET.

by the intimate friendship and affection of both the Queen and the Prince Consort throughout these years, and received many gracious proofs of Her Majesty's kindness and appreciation, of which this miniature is one. Miss Lyttelton is the only surviving child of Sarah Lady Lyttelton."

Elsewhere we have mentioned the name of the Marquis of Normanby, of whose kindly courtesy it is impossible to say too much. The Marchioness, Lord Normanby's grandmother, was the Queen's favourite Lady. She was also one of the very first to be affected by the famous regulations anent the "Queen's Women." Naturally, Lord Normanby possesses many unique relics and mementos of the Queen.

Here, for instance, is a sprig of orange blossom from the Queen's bridal bouquet. This, together with other relics, was photographed at Lord Normanby's house within the precincts of Windsor Castle; tied to the stem of the sprig is the little inscription here shown in the Queen's own handwriting — "The Marchioness of Normanby." Lord Normanby, by the way, has large despatch-boxes full of letters from the Queen, covering many, many years. These will doubtless be prized by some future historian.

A lock of the Queen's hair and a Bible-marker woven out of her hair are next seen. It may give some idea of the value set upon such relics as these, when we mention that this lock of hair and Bible-marker are insured for £450. The Marquis himself arranged them upon our photographer's screen. "The Queen," remarked Lord Normanby, "evidently promised the lock of hair to Lady Normanby," for here is an inscription in Her Majesty's handwriting: "I hope you will think me as good as my word."

The wonder is, indeed, how the Queen remembered anything in the exciting time immediately preceding her marriage. Among Lord Nor-

LOCK OF THE QUEEN'S HAIR AND BIBLE-MARKER WOVEN OUT OF HER HAIR.

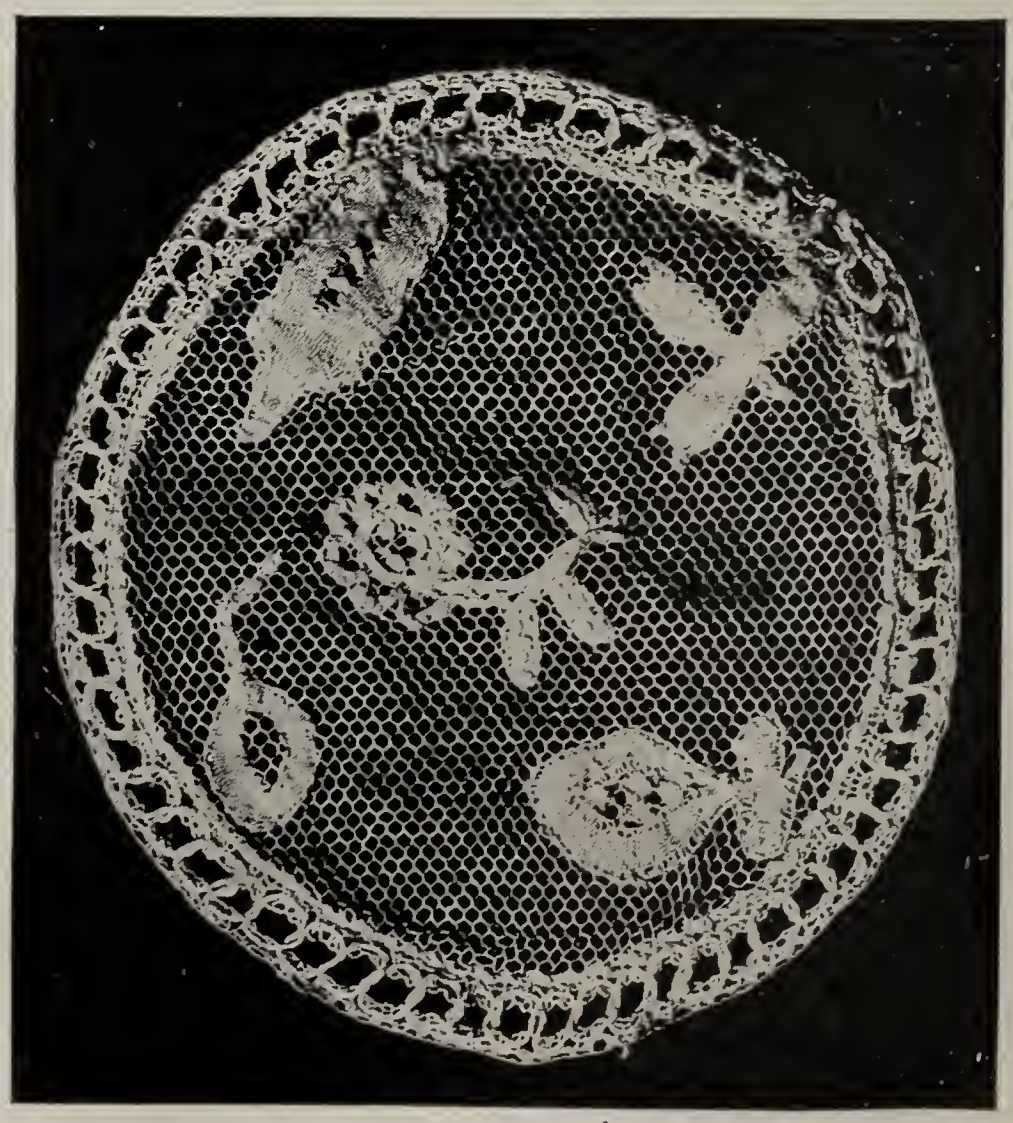
PIN-CUSHION USED BY THE QUEEN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON CORONATION DAY.

manby's relics may also be seen the pin-cushion used by Her Majesty on the day of her Coronation, in the robing-room at Westminster Abbey. Here it is. The V.R. and the coat-of-arms are in Honiton lace. The Queen also gave to the Marchioness of Normanby a blue enamelled ring set with opals and diamonds. This ring was given to Lady Normanby in commemoration of the Queen's wedding, the date of which is inscribed inside. Obviously, Her Majesty does not believe in the traditional ill-luck which opals are supposed to bring.

The Queen's bridal-veil was of Honiton lace—ever her favourite. The cost of the lace on her dress alone was £1,000; it was specially made, and more than 200 persons were at work upon it for eight months! Here is another relic of the Queen's wedding. It belongs to Miss Emma Wallington, of 48, St. George's Avenue, Tufnell Park, N. This consists of five of the smaller patterns of Honiton lace from Her Majesty's wedding dress, mounted on a piece of net, which was originally intended for the crown of a baby's bonnet. These scraps of lace are exactly as they came from the lace-worker's hands.

OPAL RING PRESENTED BY THE QUEEN TO THE MARCHIONESS OF NORMANBY.

Here are some notes as to the bridegroom's personal appearance made by one who stood near him during the marriage ceremony: "Prince Albert is most charming; his features are regular; his hair, pale auburn of silken and glossy quality; eyebrows well defined and thickly set; eyes blue and lively, nose well proportioned, handsome mouth, teeth perfectly beautiful, small moustachios, downy complexion. He carried a Bible bound in green velvet, and he had only just recovered from the sea-sickness occasioned by his journey from Germany." The Queen's responses, though full of softness and music, were audible in the remotest corner of the Chapel Royal, St. James's. In saying "I will," we are told she accompanied the expression with a glance at His Royal Highness which convinced all who beheld it that her heart

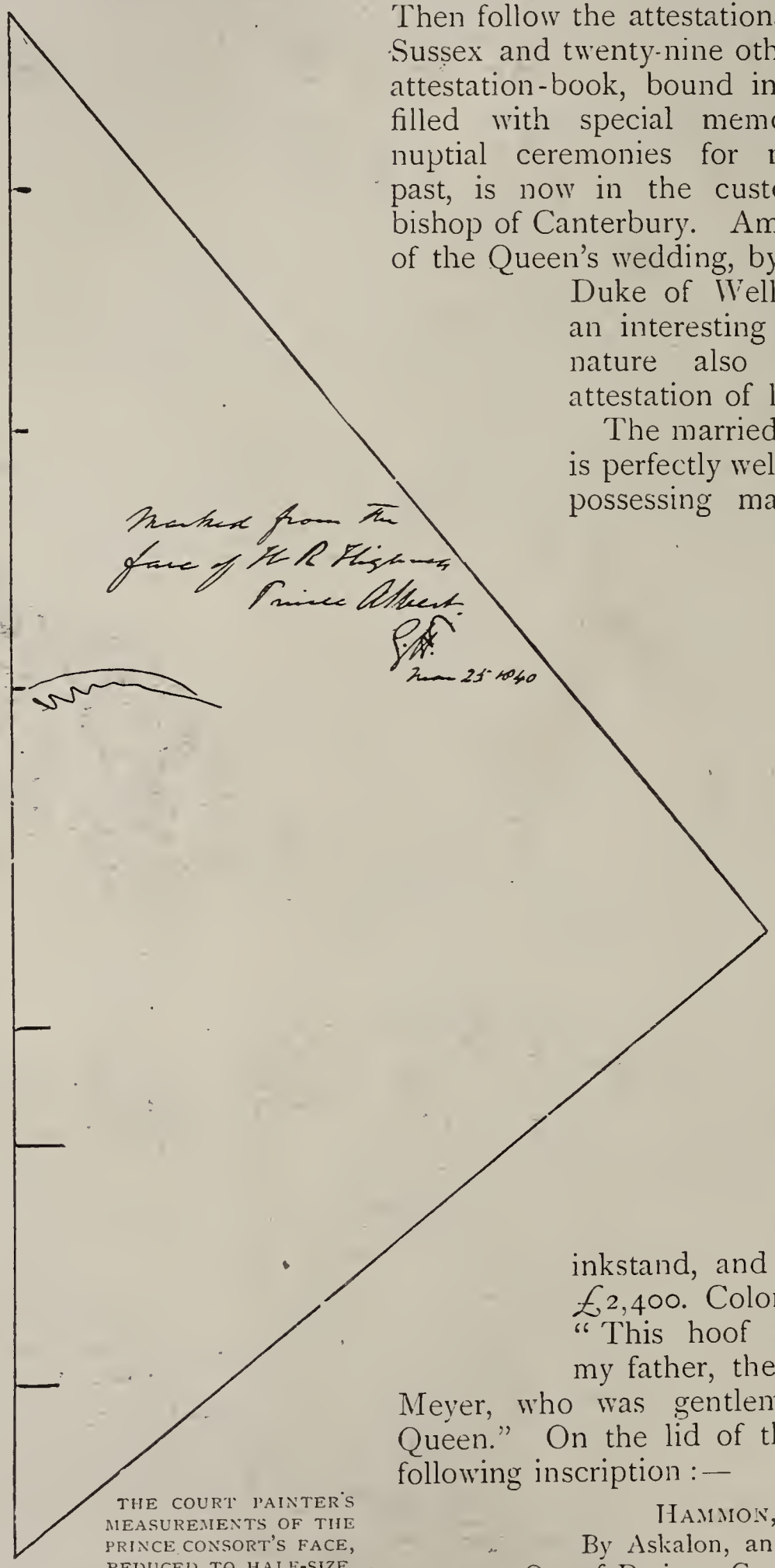


HONITON LACE FROM HER MAJESTY'S WEDDING DRESS.

THE QUEEN'S WEDDING. [*Drawing.*

From a]

was with the words. The drawing reproduced on page 619 belongs to Mrs. C. E. M. Drummond, 3, Hornton Street, Kensington. Mrs. Drummond tells us that this drawing was made in the chapel during the Queen's wedding by one of the Ponsonby family, and it is very unlike the formal State pictures. Of course, Sir George Hayter was commissioned to paint a great picture illustrating the Queen's wedding, and equally of course he commenced to prepare his interesting memoranda. There came into our possession a certain square piece of paper, which was folded over triangularly and marked down the edge by Hayter himself. This piece of paper, which is here reproduced *half-size*, bears the following inscription: "Marked from the face of His Royal Highness Prince Albert.—G. H., March 25th, 1840." Of course, Hayter had placed the edge of the paper down the middle of the Prince's face, and then marked the exact position of each feature. On another scrap of paper the great painter made the following notes by way of a key to these marks:—



THE COURT PAINTER'S MEASUREMENTS OF THE PRINCE CONSORT'S FACE, REDUCED TO HALF-SIZE.

H.R.H. Prince Albert: Head $9\frac{1}{4}$. Hair of forehead to c. (chin) $7\frac{3}{8}$. Corner of eye to nostril $1\frac{5}{8}$. Top of e.b. (eyebrow) to nostril nose $2\frac{1}{2}$. Top of e.b. (eyebrow) to mouth $3\frac{1}{4}\ \frac{1}{16}$. Top of e.b. (eyebrow) to chin $5\frac{1}{9}$.

The signatures of Her Majesty and Prince Albert in the marriage register are very interesting. The name of the Queen is given as Alexandrina Victoria Guelph, while that of the Prince Consort was Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emmanuel Busici. Then follow the attestations of the Duke of Sussex and twenty-nine other persons. The attestation-book, bound in rich purple, and filled with special memoranda of Royal nuptial ceremonies for many generations past, is now in the custody of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Among the witnesses of the Queen's wedding, by the way, was the Duke of Wellington, and it is an interesting fact that his signature also appears in the attestation of her birth.

The married life of the Queen is perfectly well known. Though possessing many accomplishments, her favourite pastime was riding, and in this connection we may mention a very interesting relic which belongs to Colonel A. Meyer, of 47, St. Charles's Square, Notting Hill, W. This is a hoof of the Queen's favourite horse Hammon. It is mounted in gold as an inkstand, and it is insured for £2,400. Colonel Meyer writes: "This hoof was presented to my father, the late Mr. William Meyer, who was gentleman rider to the Queen." On the lid of the inkstand is the following inscription:—

HAMMON,
By Askalon, an Arab,
Out of Doris, a German mare;
Foaled at
Trakehnen, in Prussia, in 1834,
And presented by
THE KING OF PRUSSIA
To
HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA
In 1844.
Died 5th August, 1861.

GOLD-MOUNTED INKSTAND MADE FROM HOOF OF THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE HORSE.

At Buckingham Palace, at 1.40 p.m. on the 21st of November, 1840, the Princess Royal was born, and she was christened on the 10th of February, 1841, in the throne-room at Buckingham Palace. The baptismal font, new for the occasion, was very elegant in form and exquisitely finished. We are able to reproduce here a photograph of this font, taken specially for this article at Windsor. In this font has been baptized every one of Her Majesty's children. We may mention here, by the way, that the expenses incurred in connection with the christening ceremony of the Prince of Wales and the subsequent festivities amounted to about £200,000. The present Crown jewellers, Messrs. R. and S. Garrard and Co., of the Haymarket, very kindly send us the following information: "This font was made by our predecessors, Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, and the only description we have of it is that set forth in the inventory of Crown plate in the Lord Steward's department. This description is as follows: A richly chased silver-gilt font with lotus border on triangular stand, with three cherubs with lyres."

Speaking of the christening of his first-born, Prince Albert writes to the Dowager Duchess of Gotha: "The christening went off very well; our little daughter behaved with great propriety and like a Christian. She was awake, but did not cry at all, and seemed to crow with immense satisfaction at the lights and brilliant uniforms; for she is very intellectual and observant." She was indeed, and we hope hereafter to show for the first time many very interesting specimens of the Princess Royal's talent. She always had a taste for drawing, by the way, and we are able to reproduce one of her very early sketches. This little drawing is the more interesting, in that it is supposed to represent the Queen, who actually sat for it (or rather stood for it) patiently to her little daughter, who wanted ever so badly to impersonate for the nonce one of the Court painters.

The Queen has always been passionately fond of music; she was blessed with a good ear and an agreeable voice, and had the advantage of lessons from Lablache. During her residence at Brighton, several entertainments and musical soirées were given at the

FONT IN WHICH ALL THE ROYAL CHILDREN WERE BAPTIZED.

From an Early Sketch by] HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. *[The Princess Royal.*

Pavilion, and she frequently gratified her guests by taking part in the performance. On one occasion the Queen sang the "Preghiera" from Costa's opera of "Malek Adel," her voice at that period being described as a pure soprano of considerable power, sweetness, and extent. Thanks to the courtesy of the Marquis of Normanby, we are also enabled to reproduce a most interesting programme of a perfectly private concert at Buckingham Palace. Here it will be seen that the Queen and Prince Albert sang a duet, taking their turn, in fact, with the great artistes and amateurs present. This programme was treasured by the Marchioness of Normanby, who it will be seen sang with the Queen and other ladies the Coro Pastorale, "Felice Età."

The Queen has always been an ardent supporter of the drama, and has periodically "commanded" performances at one or other of the Royal palaces. Next is reproduced a very interesting old print, which forms the frontispiece of a most unique volume kindly lent us by Mr. Clement Scott. This book deals with Royal performances at Windsor and elsewhere, and is made up of private Royal programmes interleaved among the text of each play. In the picture shown, "The Merchant of Venice" is being given in the Rubens Room at Windsor Castle. The date of this performance was Thursday evening, December 28th, 1848. Her Majesty and Prince Albert and the Duchess of Kent, together with the ladies and gentlemen of the Royal suite-in-waiting, sat on the raised platform in the apartment; and the other guests honoured with invitations to the entertainment were seated on either side on seats of crimson and gold satin damask. The performance commenced at eight o'clock—an hour earlier than the Royal entertainments of to-day. The four children who are depicted in front of the Queen are the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales, Princess Alice, and Prince Alfred. The scene in progress on the stage is the "Trial Scene," with Rogers as *Antonio*, Albert Wigan as *Bassanio*, Charles Kean as *Shylock*, and Mrs. Charles Kean as *Portia*. The volume whereof this picture forms the frontispiece was edited by Ben Webster, probably for the Queen herself.

Royal performances at the various palaces have often been commemorated in a curious and ingenious fashion. Just consider for a

moment the quaint little figures beneath the glass case shown in photo. reproduced on next page. This curiosity belongs to Mr. Edward Draper, who also owns the model of the crown hereinbefore described. The story of this quaint group is as follows: A pantomime called "Guy Fawkes" was written by a certain amateur, and only played once. That occasion, however, was before Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and several of the younger members of the Royal Family. In order to commemorate this unique

BUCKINGHAM PALACE,

JUNE 12, 1840.

Parte I.

QUARTETTO, "*Oh, Notte soave,*"
LADY WILLIAMSON and LADY NORREYS,
Signor RUBINI and Signor LABLACHE, . . . *Paër.*

QUARTETTO, "*Nobile Signora,*" *(Comte Ory)*
PRINCE ALBERT, Signor RUBINI,
Signor COSTA, and Signor LABLACHE, . . *Rossini.*

DUO, "*Non funestar crudele,*" *(Il Disertore)*
HER MAJESTY and PRINCE ALBERT, . . *Ricci.*

PREGHIERA, "*Fra Nembi crudeli,*" *(I Briganti)*
Signor RUBINI, ... *Mercadante.*

DUO, "*Ciel, qual destin terribile,*" *(Bianca e Falliero)*
LADY SANDWICH and LADY NORREYS, . . *Rossini.*

CORO PASTORALE, "*Felice Età,*"
HER MAJESTY, LADY SANDWICH, LADY WILLIAMSON,
LADY NORMANBY, LADY NORREYS, Misses LIDDELL & ANSON,
Signor RUBINI, and Signor COSTA,
PRINCE ALBERT, LORD C. PAGET, & Sig. LABLACHE, *Costa.*

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT AT WHICH THE QUEEN AND PRINCE CONSORT PERFORMED.

event, the players afterwards met at Rule's renowned oyster shop in Maiden Lane. Here, in those days, might be found John Everett Millais, then an artist on his road to fame and honour. Those who had played in "Guy Fawkes" consulted with Millais and others as to the best way in which the performance before Her Majesty might be commemorated, and it was at length decided that this group should be made, representing Knox Holmes as *Guy* and Albert Smith as *Catesby*. The whole of the figures are com-

From an] A "COMMAND" PERFORMANCE AT WINDSOR FIFTY YEARS AGO. *[Old Print.*

FIGURES MADE OUT OF LOBSTER SHELL TO COMMEMORATE A PERFORMANCE BEFORE THE QUEEN.

posed entirely of lobster shell, and even the hair on the faces of the combatants is the natural fringe of the lobster. This reminds us of the highly original device displayed by a Mr. Grove, fishmonger, of Bond Street, on the occasion of Her Majesty's birthday in the first year of her reign. The letters composing the name Victoria were displayed in red mullets, and the Order of the Garter in smelts. A stupendous codfish and a giant salmon served as the lion and the unicorn on this interesting occasion.

Eminent actors who have played several times before the Queen and Royal Family usually receive from Her Majesty very handsome souvenirs of the occasion. We are here enabled to reproduce a photograph of a magnificent silver salver presented by the Queen to Mr. Beerbohm Tree, in respect of a visit he paid to Balmoral on September 24th, 1894. The salver was photographed by our artist at Mr. Tree's residence, 77, Sloane Street.

Of course, it is a hopeless task to attempt in the brief space at our disposal any account of the march of civilization since Her Majesty's accession. We think, however, that one glance at the curious picture next reproduced will speak volumes for the progress we have made during the Queen's reign. This quaint old print belongs to Mr. W. A. Baskcomb, of 5, Talgarth Road, West Kensington. It depicts the launch at Woolwich of the

SILVER SALVER PRESENTED BY THE QUEEN TO MR. BEERBOHM TREE

Trafalgar, a battle-ship of 120 guns, on June 21st, 1841. The launching of this identical ship was one of the very first public ceremonies performed by the Queen after her

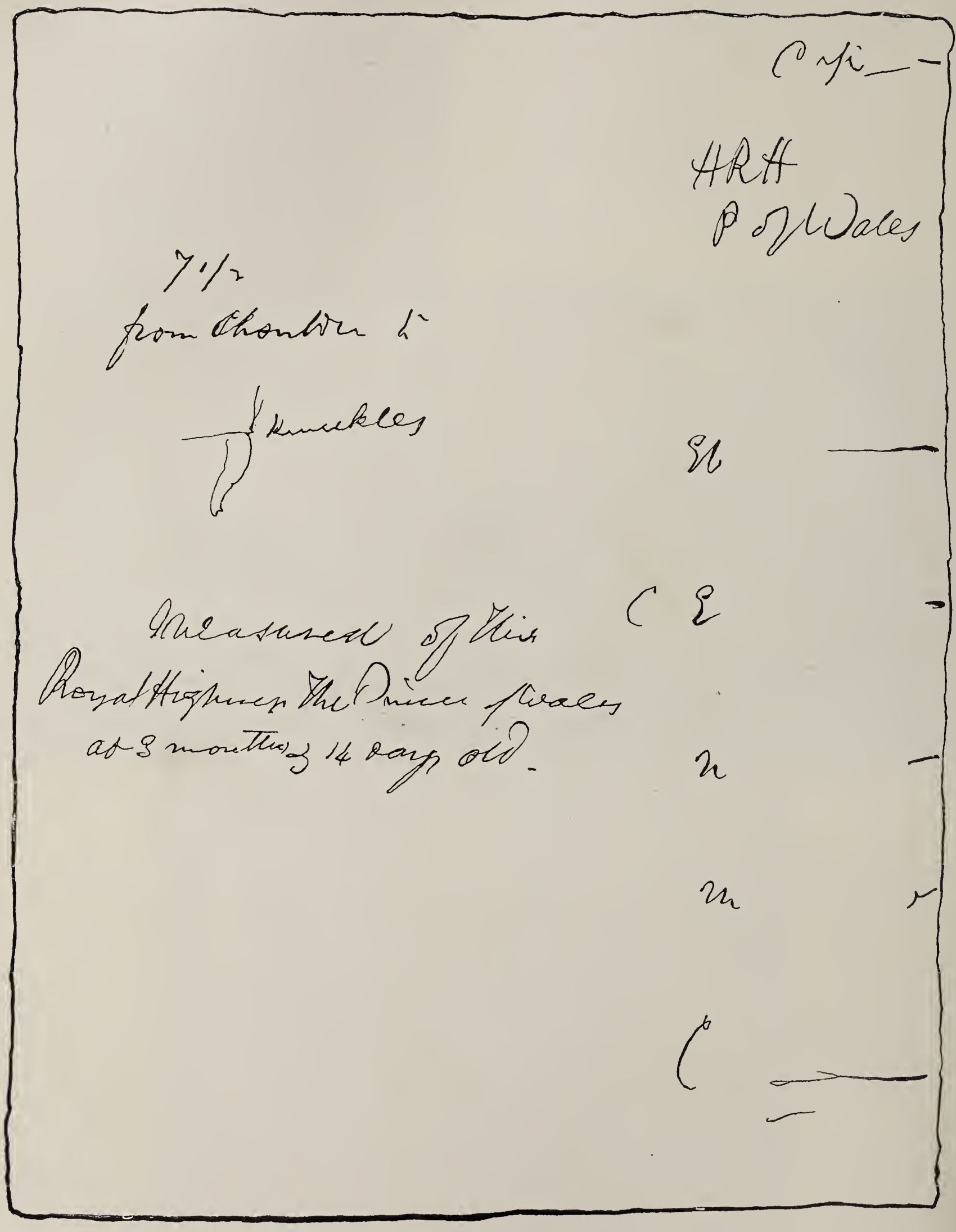
marriage. This quaint picture gives us on the extreme left a view of the ship before launching; and then on the right, we see what she looked like after she had taken the water. The Queen and Prince Consort are seen in the middle of the picture. But does it seem possible, on looking at this reproduction, that such a ship should have been launched during the Queen's reign? Does it not rather seem to take us back two or three centuries through English history, when "wooden walls" were the defence of Great Britain? We would ask even the least imaginative reader to compare the vessel here depicted with those colossal cruisers, the *Powerful* and *Terrible;* or with one of Sir William White's stupendous battle-ships of the *Canopus* class.

We now pass to the christening of the Prince of Wales, and we are enabled to show an exact facsimile of one of Sir George Hayter's interesting memoranda. It is evident that when engaged upon his historical picture of the christening of the Prince of Wales, the great painter took measurements of the baby's face, much as he had measured that of the baby's father a couple of years or so previously. On this scrap of paper are the measurements of "His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at three months fourteen days old." Above is seen a little sketch with the note, "Seven and a half from shoulder to knuckles." On the top right-hand corner is the mark showing the position of the baby Prince's cap. Lower down comes the "eyebrow," then the "corner of the eye," then the "nose and mouth," and lastly the mark where the dimpled little chin rested upon the paper. This is the actual size.

The christening of the Prince of Wales, which was made a very imposing ceremony, took place on the 5th of January, 1842, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle. Luncheon followed in the White Breakfast Room, and in the evening there was a grand banquet in St. George's Hall. The display of plate was amazing, and there was one immense gold vessel more like a bath than anything else, and capable of containing thirty dozen of wine. The few months after this ceremony are said to have been the very happiest in Her Majesty's life.

The daily routine observed by the Royal pair has often been described. After the morning walk, they drew and etched a great deal together, and had the plates "bit" in the house. We reproduce on page 627 an original sketch designed and etched by the Queen herself. Between five and six in the evening the Prince usually took the Queen for a drive; and on the same page we reproduce the photograph of a char-à-bancs which has a history that is interesting in the highest degree. This carriage was practically designed by the Prince Consort on the lines of a vehicle he and the Queen had used while on the visit to Louis Philippe, at the Château D'Eu. The late Mr. Hooper, of the firm of

From an] [*Old Print.*



MEASUREMENTS OF THE BABY PRINCE OF WALES'S FACE, NOTED BY THE COURT PAINTER.

Adams and Hooper, was invited to confer with Her Majesty and the Prince as to carrying their ideas into practice. There was some difficulty, however, because while the French carriage was of great size and weight, the Queen's ideal was a light, low-hung carriage, to be used with a pair of small horses, and driven by the Prince himself; Her Majesty sitting by his side. His Royal Highness next proceeded to design this char-à-bancs. Each of the three seats was to carry three persons, and each had its own separate folding steps. Screw brakes had long been in use on the

THE FIRST ETCHING DONE BY THE QUEEN AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

of most admirable resource and ingenuity. Then came the question of the material for the curtains. The Prince had in his mind the exact material he wanted, but he could not explain it to Mr. Hooper. At last his eye fell upon the Queen's dress (she was standing by in the court-yard), and he said :—

"Why, that is the material ; what is the name of it?"

The Queen replied, "This is a waterproof Irish poplin cloak."

Immediately afterwards, Her Majesty sent into the Castle for a pair of scissors, and she requested Mr. Hooper to cut off a button-hole tab, which was to serve as a pattern. The char-à-bancs is now in the possession of Messrs. Hooper and Co. (Ltd.), of St James's Street.

The Prince Consort never forgot those who worked with him towards the success of any venture in which he was interested. Next is depicted a magnificent Dresden vase presented by Prince Albert to Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Cubitt. The letter accompanying the presentation explains the circumstances. From the envelope, which is also shown, it is evident that this letter was

Continent, and so the Prince Consort designed one for this carriage. He adopted a screw with a very rapid pitch, so that one turn of the handle immediately put pressure on the two hind wheels. This was the first brake of the kind ever used in England. A light movable roof was required, and the fastenings of the canopy rods *were copied from the Prince Consort's umbrella*, he being a man

CHAR-À-BANCS IN WHICH THE PRINCE CONSORT USED TO DRIVE THE QUEEN AND CHILDREN.
Designed by the Prince Consort.

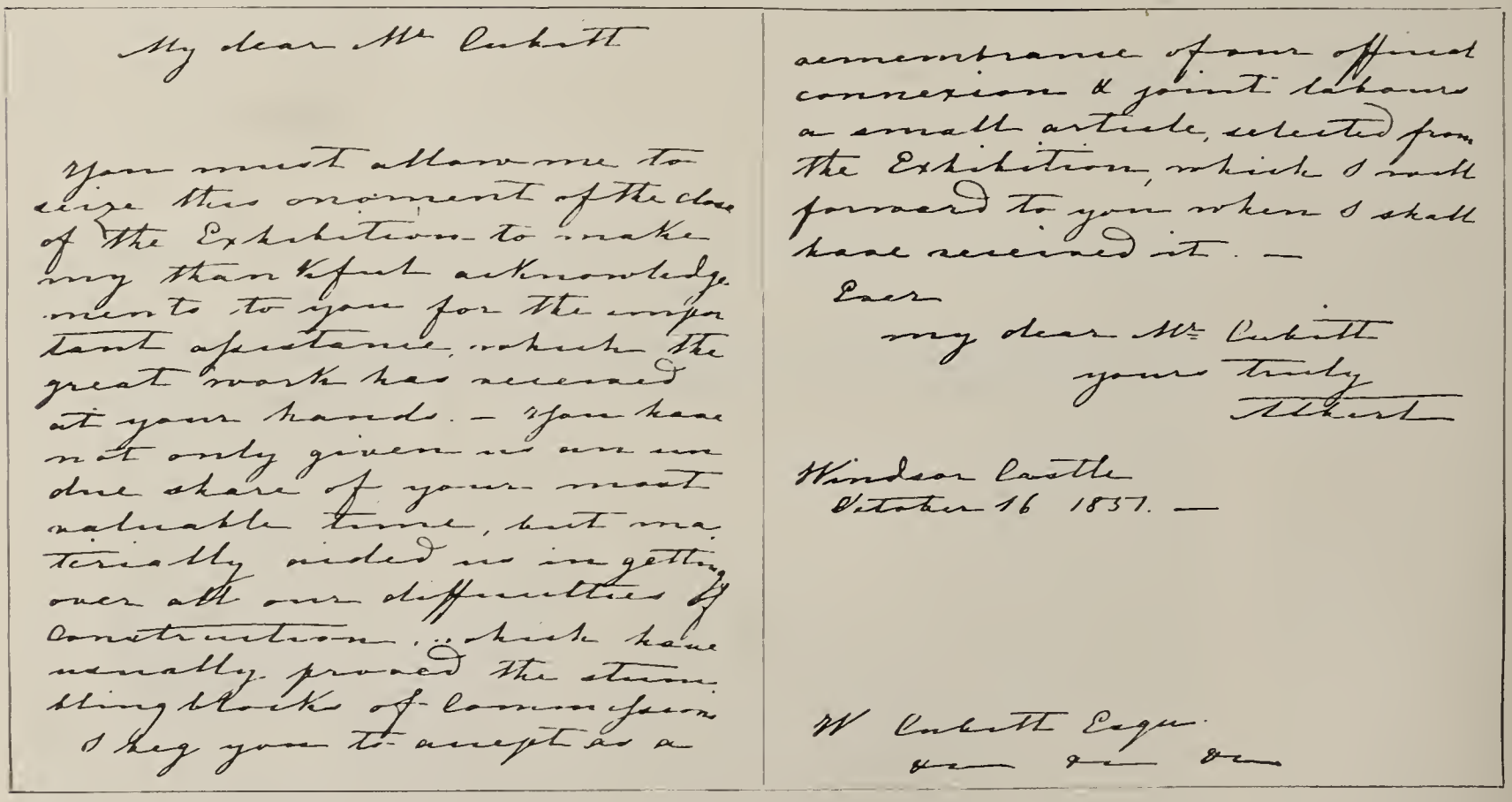
"franked." Both letter and vase are now in the possession of Mr. William Cubitt, of Rumney House, Cardiff, who very kindly had both mementos photographed specially for this article.

The vase was presented to Mr. Cubitt by Prince Albert at the close of the Great Exhibition of 1851, in memory of their joint labours in connection with that Exhibition. His Royal Highness and Mr. Cubitt were necessarily brought into very close intimacy during the Exhibition, Mr. Cubitt being at that time President of the Institution of Civil Engineers; and in this capacity he was called upon to advise upon the feasibility of constructing the Exhibition building

DRESDEN VASE PRESENTED BY THE PRINCE CONSORT TO MR. CUBITT.
From a Photo. by Benson Davies, Cardiff.

principally of cast-iron and glass.

Mention of the Great Exhibition of 1851 naturally leads one on to speak of the opening of the Crystal Palace by the Queen and Prince Albert. This important function is depicted in the illustration which appears on the following page, and which is from a unique old collodion transparency now in the possession of Mr. T. Fall, of 9, Baker Street. Palmerston is depicted on the extreme right. The Prince of Wales, a tall boy, is seen with his grandmother, the Duchess of Kent; and the Princess Royal, Princess Alice, Princess Helena, and many others are also seen in the front row. This quaint old photographic curiosity was taken by Mr. Watson, of Brighton, on a collodion wet plate, which took an extraordinarily long time to develop. Her Majesty knew nothing of the taking of this photo., but she has since seen it, and expressed her approbation. The exposure having been made while the address was being read, the whole party, fortunately, kept pretty still.



My dear Mr Cubitt

You must allow me to seize this moment of the close of the Exhibition to make my thankful acknowledgment to you for the important assistance, which the great work has received at your hands. — You have not only given us an undue share of your most valuable time, but materially aided us in getting over all our difficulties of construction; which have usually proved the stumbling blocks of Commissions

I beg you to accept as a remembrance of our official connexion & joint labours a small article, selected from the Exhibition, which I shall forward to you when I shall have received it. —

Ever
my dear Mr Cubitt
yours truly
Albert

Windsor Castle
October 16 1851. —

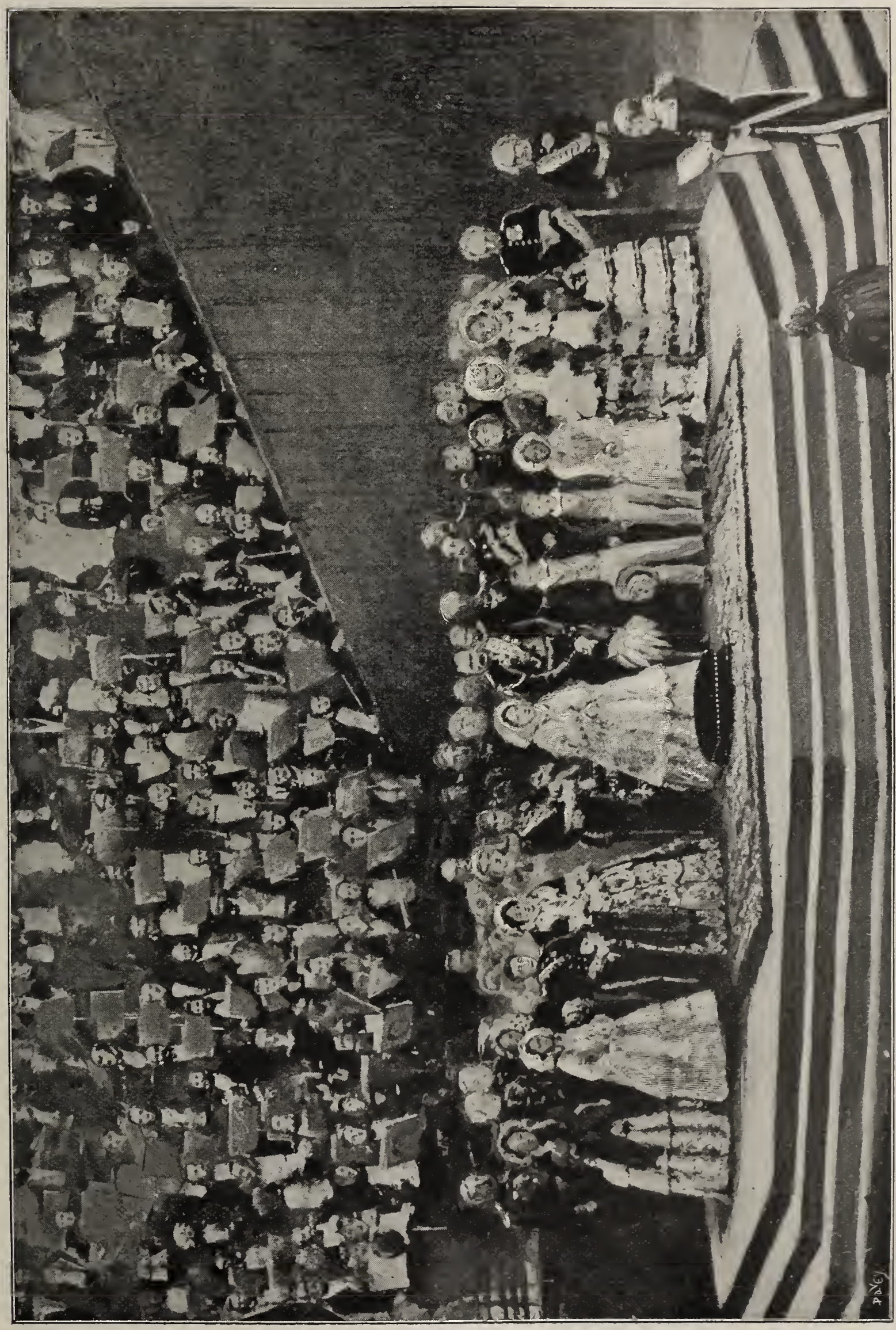
W Cubitt Esqre
&c &c &c

W. Cubitt Esqre.
&c &c &c

Gt George St.
Westminster

Albert

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF LETTER AND ENVELOPE FROM THE PRINCE CONSORT MAKING THE ABOVE PRESENTATION.



THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT OPENING THE CRYSTAL PALACE.
(Now Reproduced for the First Time.)

From a Photo. by Mr. Watson, Brighton.] [*Lent by Mr. Thomas Fall.*

In 1854 came the declaration of war against Russia. In connection with this melancholy business we would draw attention to the exceedingly interesting relic depicted in the accompanying reproduction. This is an arm-sling, made of chamois leather and tapes—the handiwork of the Queen herself. The sling belongs to Major-General John R. Hume, of Rock Lodge, Lynton, North Devon. Here is the General's own account of the story:—

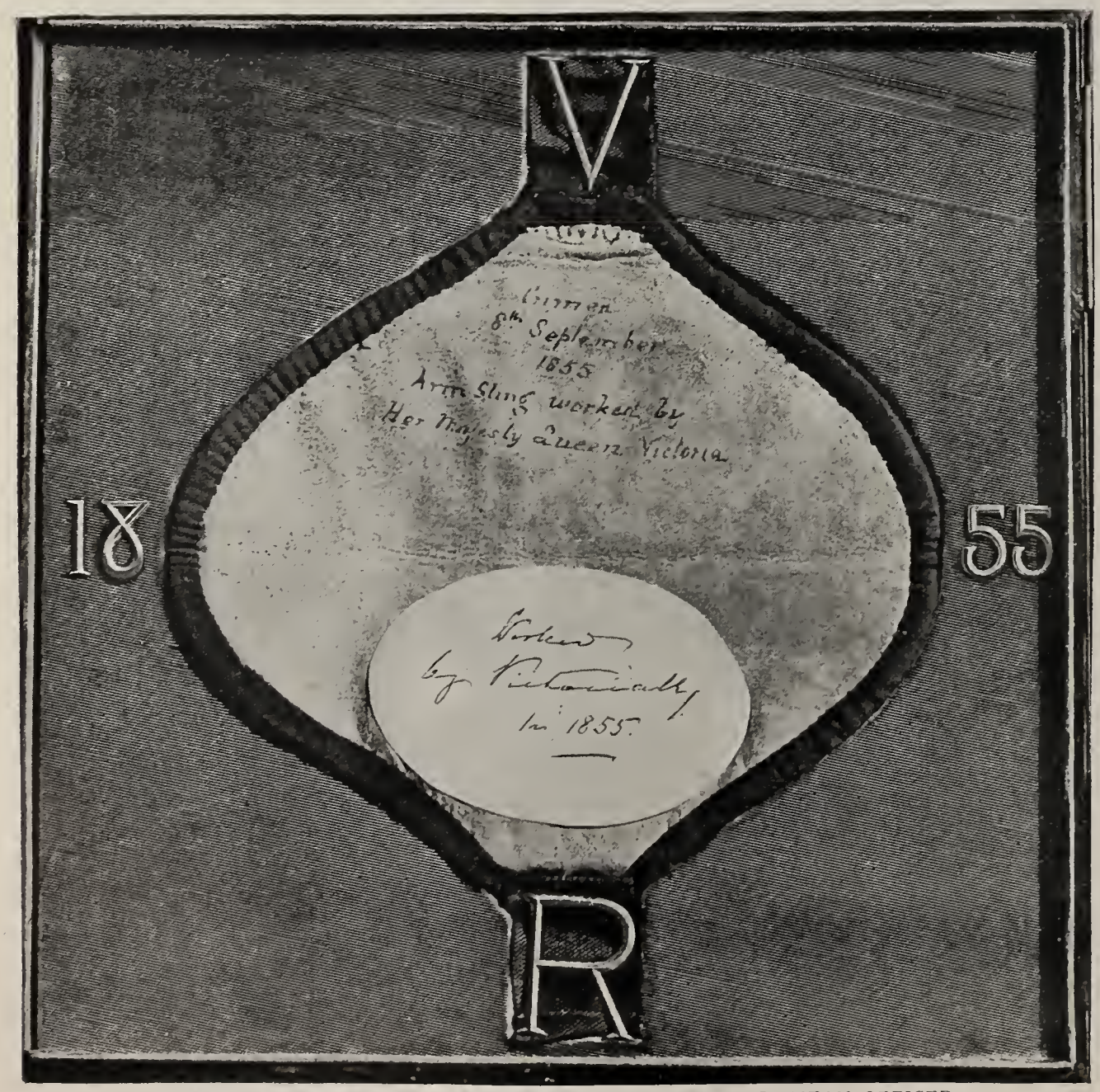
"On the 8th September, 1855, I was taking part in the attack on the Great Redan. A musket-ball presently smashed my left arm. I was nearly a month in bed before I was able to sit up. Then I learned that General Simpson, the commander-in-chief, had received some slings worked by Her Majesty, and intended to be sent to the Crimea for the use of wounded officers. Sir James Simpson asked Brigadier-General Charles Windham if there was anyone to whom he would like to give a sling. General Windham said, 'Yes, I should like to take one to Captain Jack Hume.' Someone said, 'You mean Captain Robert Hume' (the two brothers were in the Crimea, and both were wounded). But Windham replied, 'No, it would be of no use to him'—he having been hit in the leg—'I mean his brother Jack, whose arm was broken.'

"General Windham brought the sling straight from head-quarters to my tent and gave it to me. I felt very proud at getting such a valuable gift; and I wore it at the very first levée I attended after returning to England. When going down on my knees to kiss the Queen's hand, the hilt of my sword caught in this very sling and prevented my getting down. Her Majesty most graciously stepped forward and gave me her hand, murmuring some kind words to me as she helped me up.

"In 1877, when I was quartered at Portsmouth, I asked Sir Hastings Doyle, commanding the division, if he thought he could obtain Her Majesty's signature to the sling. He then very kindly sent it to Sir Henry Ponsonby at Balmoral, and Sir Henry took it to Her Majesty, who graciously acceded to my request, writing the following on a piece of parchment paper and gumming it on to the sling with her own hand: 'Worked by Victoria Reg. in 1855.'"

Thus we see that the small oval label at the bottom of the sling was specially written and then pasted on by the Queen herself. It is an interesting fact that the moment Her Majesty caught sight of the sling in Sir Henry Ponsonby's hands, she remembered and knew exactly what it was.

A very pleasing international incident occurred in December, 1856, when the Queen accepted from the American people the gift of the *Resolute*, one of the English ships which had gone to the North Seas in search of Sir John Franklin. The picture here



ARM-SLING WORKED BY THE QUEEN FOR A WOUNDED CRIMEAN OFFICER.

Painted by] HER MAJESTY ACCEPTING THE ARCTIC SHIP "RESOLUTE" FROM THE AMERICAN NATION. [*W. Simpson.*

shown depicts Her Majesty's visit to the *Resolute* at Cowes, to take over from the representatives of the American nation this very interesting gift. The original is in the possession of Mrs. Collins Levy, of 7, Montague Road, Richmond-on-Thames. Pamphlets were prepared at the time, telling how the Arctic ship floated out to sea after being released from her long imprisonment in the ice. The *Resolute*, as we all know, was found by an American vessel and taken to America, where she was refitted after her original style, and then presented to the Queen.

We now reproduce a very interesting pencil sketch by Her Majesty the Queen, which, of course, has never before been published. The drawing depicts an incident from Fenimore Cooper's novel, "The Bravo," which was published in 1831, and dramatized in melodrama form by Buckstone two years later. This sketch belongs to Mr. Harry C. Bradshaw, of the Villa Gaston, Biarritz. Mr. Bradshaw writes: "It came into my possession from my late father-in-law, Mr. A. Vail. About the year 1836 or 1837 Mr. Van Buren was appointed American Minister at the Court of St. James. Mr. A. Vail, then quite a young man, accompanied him as first secretary. Later on, Van Buren was nominated President of the United States, and Mr. Vail became American *Chargé d'Affaires* in London. He was on very friendly terms in the house of the Duchess of Kent, and was asked by the young Princess Victoria to obtain for her certain autographs from America. This he did, and amongst those he secured was that of Cooper. In recognition of Mr. Vail's services in this way, the Princess Victoria drew with her own hand this most interesting sketch; afterwards signing it and giving the reference in "The Bravo."

Most of the remaining sketches belong to Mr. Edward Henry Corbould, R.I., of 7, Trebovir Road, Earl's Court. Mr. Corbould was drawing-master to the Royal children for more than twenty years. About the year 1851 he was a young member of the Institute, whose galleries

"What means this visit?" Victoria 1836

(The Bravo. Vol: 3d. p. 252.)

ORIGINAL SKETCH MADE BY THE QUEEN IN RETURN FOR FENIMORE COOPER'S AUTOGRAPH.

were situated in Pall Mall opposite Marlborough House. On one occasion the picture Mr. Corbould exhibited was a Biblical subject, in which Christ figured. Oddly enough, he had to get a Jew to sit for Christ, and the very first question the sitter asked was, "Vot vas the subjeck?" Of course, the artist had to deceive him, and told him that the central figure was a high priest preaching in the Temple, or something of that kind. Well, one day, the Queen and the Prince Consort came to the gallery, and were greatly struck by Mr. Corbould's picture. The Prince asked the artist several questions about it, and eventually bought it, this being the very first picture purchased by him in this country. Not very long afterwards Colonel (afterwards Sir Charles) Phipps called upon Mr. Corbould at his house in Rutland Gate, and asked him if he would accept the post of drawing-master to the Royal children. Mr. Corbould commenced work at Buckingham Palace on the Duke of Connaught's first birthday. "I remember," he told us, "the Duke of Wellington coming across from Apsley House and, presenting the little Prince with a sword he had worn during the Peninsular Campaign, saying: 'Take this, my little Prince, *for I am sure you will become a soldier.*'"

TWO SKETCHES OF PRINCE ALBERT'S HEAD MADE BY THE QUEEN FOR MR. CORBOULD'S GUIDANCE.

Mr. Corbould's duties were curiously varied. They ranged from a drawing-lesson to the little Prince of Wales, to a design for a piece of plate, or even a little scene-shifting at very private theatricals, from which Her Majesty excluded even her own domestic servants.

Here are reproduced two heads of the Prince Consort, sketched by the Queen under the following circumstances. Some time after the death of Prince Albert, Mr. Corbould was at Balmoral, and the Queen asked him to paint a picture of her late husband, whom she wanted represented as a warrior in armour. Corbould suggested that His Royal Highness had always figured as a "Prince of Peace" rather than as a warrior, and the Queen liked the idea immensely. Still, Her Majesty did not quite give up the "warrior" idea. On seeing the rough sketch the Queen said, "You haven't made him drawing his sword." "No, your Majesty," replied Mr. Corbould, quickly, "I have depicted him sheathing it, for he is a Prince of Peace." It is an interesting fact that the Queen most carefully watched over the progress of this picture. At first she considered that Mr. Corbould was going all wrong. "You're drawing his head," she said, reproachfully, "flat on one side and round on the other, like a bow; in fact, you are doing it like this." And in a moment Her Majesty scribbled the sketch seen on the left-hand side. "Of course," added the Queen, eagerly, "it *should* be like this." And then, "while the feeling was at the end of her pencil," she sketched the head on the right-hand side.

A photograph of the resulting picture is next shown. "After having painted the picture," writes Mr. Corbould, "I took upon myself to design the frame, with which Her Majesty was good enough not to find fault. The texts in German were selected by me. I don't know a word of German; but with a German and also an English Bible I managed to do what I did, and what you can see for yourself."

The next sketch, also from the pencil of

"A PRINCE OF PEACE."

From the Painting by Mr. Edward H. Corbould, R.I.

the Queen herself, was made under the following circumstances :—

Herne's Oak, in Windsor Forest (immortalized by Shakespeare), was in danger of being cut and pulled to pieces by vandal visitors. At this, the Queen was sorely grieved, and she ordered the tree to be cut down and dragged within the Castle precincts. She then decided to have a cabinet made out of the wood of Herne's Oak, which cabinet was to contain an edition of Shakespeare's works. Mr. Corbould was requested by Her Majesty to design two figures for the panels of the cabinet—Charles Kean as *Macbeth* and Mrs. Charles Kean as *Lady Macbeth*. "This is the size I want the figures," said the Queen, and hastily taking a sheet of paper, she scribbled the figure seen in the reproduction. Mr. Corbould's finished sketches were sent to Nuremberg, and from

them were prepared two porcelain plates, which were duly let into the doors of the cabinet. The Queen now possesses Mr. Corbould's original drawings.

Next is shown an elaborate figure picture by the Princess Royal. Her Royal Highness had the photograph, from which we reproduce, specially taken, and it will be seen that round the narrow margin are some notes in her own handwriting, thus: "Entry of Bolingbroke into London, historical episode, Richard the Second." The Princess notes that this picture was "painted in April and May, 1857."

SKETCH MADE BY HER MAJESTY FOR MR. CORBOULD'S GUIDANCE.

"'Richard II.' was being performed at the Princess's," remarked Mr. Corbould to us, "and I remember that the Princess Royal sent for me and told me that one of her ladies-in-waiting had declared that Ryder was astride of a stuffed horse. Lady —— and the Princess had quite an argument about it. 'Mr. Corbould,' said the Princess, 'will you please go round to Mr. Ryder, give him my compliments, and ask him to prick his spurs into his horse's flanks and make him curvet about the stage?' Accordingly, I went behind the scenes and interviewed the great actor. He then took me on one side and said, earnestly, 'Look here, I'll be quite frank with you. Though my name is Ryder, God knows I'm no rider. All the time I am on that beast I am on thorns, and my prayers rise to Heaven when I get into the wings and am lifted off his bony back. It's all very well for Kean; he *can* ride, and, besides, he rides his own horse."

We may remark here that the selection of tutors and preceptors for the Royal children never went by favour. In this connection we may narrate the very interesting story, told us by Mr. Corbould, respecting the engagement of Miss Hildyard, for many years governess to the Royal children: "Her Majesty happened to see a girl who possessed most charming manners, and she asked who had charge of that young person's education. Her Majesty was then told that the young lady was taught by the daughter of a clergyman, and that that clergyman had a very large family. Well, the Queen sent for Miss Hildyard, who, poor girl, was quite overcome when the Queen and Prince Albert entered the room. She was seen to turn round quickly, and would have fallen in a swoon had not the Prince supported her in his arms. As she came to, the Princess Royal, with exquisite tact, whispered in her ear, 'Miss Hildyard, dear, I have put your bonnet *in your room.*'"

There is, by the way, a truly remarkable story about the very first drawing ever exhibited in public by the Princess Royal. Here is the story, now told for the first time: A certain fund was established for the relief of widows of officers who had fallen in the Crimea. A Mr. Hogarth, a print-seller in the Haymarket, asked Mr. Corbould whether he could procure a drawing by the Princess

From the Painting by] "THE ENTRY OF BOLINGBROKE." [*The Princess Royal.*

Royal, which might be exhibited and sold for the benefit of the fund. Corbould replied that he had not actually got a sketch by him, but he would speak to the Princess Royal about it. He did, and the Princess was simply horrified at the idea. She thought it would be *infra dig.* for her to exhibit a drawing done by herself. Up to that time no member of the Royal Family had dreamed of such a thing. Mr. Corbould pointed out how noble was the cause, whereupon the Princess said, "Very well, I'll go and ask mamma." She came back presently, and said to Mr. Corbould, "Mamma says I *may* draw something, but it must not be anything political." There and then, while Mr. Corbould waited, the Princess Royal made a sketch of a wounded Greek warrior attended by a maiden. On showing it to her drawing-master, that far-seeing gentleman remarked: "Why not turn the Greek warrior into a British grenadier? The public would understand that far more readily, and it would appeal more directly to them."

The Princess instantly ran to the window with the sketch in her hand, and hastily clothed her warrior in the requisite busby and tunic, sketching in these from the unconscious sentry who paced up and down outside the east front of the palace. The drawing was duly exhibited, and a book was placed in the gallery, in which intending purchasers entered the amount they were prepared to pay.

Mr. Corbould himself resolved to possess the Princess Royal's sketch, and he would have given as much as forty guineas for it. On going to the gallery to inspect the book, however, he was astonished to find that the first offer was one of seventy-five guineas, followed by one of a hundred guineas, which in turn was eclipsed by a further offer of a hundred and twenty guineas. At twelve o'clock on a certain day, the person who had offered the highest sum was to claim the sketch. It was a certain wealthy banker, who might be seen at half a minute to the hour pacing nervously up and down the gallery. At length he could contain himself no longer. "Ladies and gentlemen," he cried, "shall we see a work of art like this, done by the Princess Royal herself in so noble a cause—shall we see this, I say, going for a hundred and twenty guineas? I say a hundred and fifty guineas!" he cried, and again, still more enthusiastically, he shouted: "I say two hundred guineas!" And at this figure he bought the drawing.

Next is seen a graceful and dainty sketch, made by the Princess Royal under excep-

tionally interesting conditions. You will observe that she calls the sketch "a fancy." Down near the signature are the words: "For Mr. Corbould, January 11th, 1858. *The last time.*" The Princess meant the last time before her marriage.

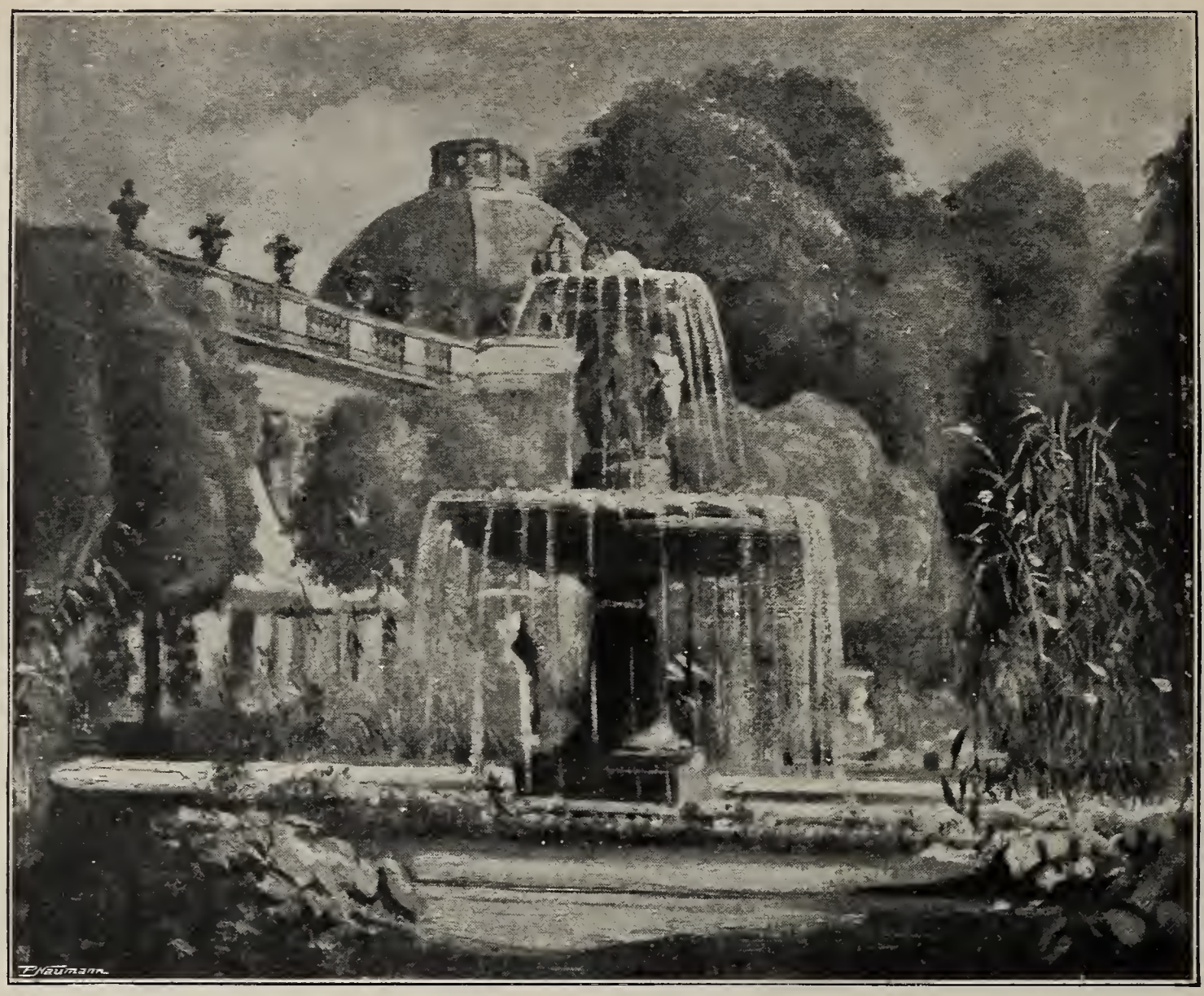
Mr. Corbould, whose name necessarily looms large in this article, is positively one of the most delightful and interesting men whom the present writer was ever privileged to meet. To know him is a liberal education in matters Royal. He is a monument of good sense, a mine of anecdote, and a miracle of diplomacy. Listen to this very interesting story about the eldest of his Royal pupils. The Princess Royal was asked by the Queen to prepare some little drawing which might be lithographed and distributed privately. The Princess chose her own subject, and many copies were duly lithographed from the original sketch. She had chosen the Parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins, and she was one day showing Mr. Corbould a copy of the thing, and pointing out to him how skilfully she had placed the *ten* wise and *ten* foolish virgins.

LAST SKETCH MADE BY THE PRINCESS ROYAL BEFORE HER MARRIAGE.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Corbould, "but you have made a mistake, Princess; there were only five wise and five foolish." The dismay of the Princess knew no bounds, but at length she was struck with a brilliant idea. "I know what I'll do," she said; "I'll *knock out every alternate one!* It is a pity," she went on, "that I didn't study the subject before I started the design, for I have troubled myself with the study of every half-note of agony and grief."

Of course, work done by the Royal Princesses could scarcely be expected to stand the critical examination of experts. Mr. Corbould had one of the original lithographs of the sketch just described hanging over his mantelpiece in the drawing-room, and he was one day pointing out the beauties of the design to his carpenter, John Gales—an illiterate fellow, but very clever at his trade. "You see," explained Mr. Corbould, "the foolish virgins are shut out — the door is slammed in their faces, as it were." "And that 'ere was done by the Princess Royal!" mused the carpenter, quietly. "Well, all I can say is, I'm thunderin' glad that door wasn't made by John Gales, 'cos if it was, I reckon I'd have it on my 'ands for some little time."

Ever since the exhibition and sale of the first drawing above-mentioned, the Princess Royal (Empress Frederick) has assisted innumerable charities by means of her pencil and brush. The oil-painting here reproduced illustrates this interesting trait. It shows a corner of the Palace at Potsdam, and it was



From the Painting by] A CORNER OF THE PALACE AT POTSDAM. [*The Princess Royal.*

sent over from Germany by the Empress to Mr. Algernon Graves, the famous print-seller of Pall Mall. This painting was one of five studies in oil and water colours consigned by the Empress to Mr. Graves. The letter accompanying the pictures was substantially as follows :—

"Dear Mr. Graves,—I want to help one of the charities here, but I don't want to give a sum of money direct. I want to feel that whatever I give I have earned. Will you please sell these pictures for what they will fetch, and then send me a cheque?"

This Mr. Graves did; and the cheque was for a very considerable amount. The pictures are now scattered all over the country.

Let us now consider the Prince of Wales as an artist. The water-colour drawing of "Faust" was done at Osborne (as the inscription tells us) on the 15th May, '58. This sketch belongs to Mr. Corbould.

"At the drawing lessons," said the latter gentleman to us, "the Prince of Wales was always full of ideas. And I should tell you here that the Royal children seldom copied things. A subject would be suggested, and I would commence it, leaving the young Prince or Princess to finish the drawing. One morning the Prince of Wales met me, literally bursting with notions. 'Tell you what we'll have this morning,' he cried, excitedly; 'I've got the picture in my mind. We'll have a Jack Tar coming full pelt down a lane, with a big bull close behind him.'" "Certainly a spirited subject," commented Mr. Corbould, drily.

Here is another of this grand old man's stories: "On reaching the Palace one morning, the Prince of Wales showed me a drawing he had just finished. Napoleon was depicted on horseback levelling a pistol at the Duke of Wellington, who was advancing to cut down his great enemy. While I was looking at the drawing, who should come in but the Duke himself! 'Why, the very man who can best criticise my drawing!' cried the Prince. 'Now, can you tell me who that is on the left?' he went on, presenting the sketch to the Duke. 'Well,' replied the latter, deliberately, 'judging from the waistcoat and the cocked hat, I should say it was meant for Napoleon.' 'Right,' said the Prince. 'And who is the other figure?' 'By the cut of the jib,' returned the Duke, calmly, 'I should say it was myself.' 'Right again. Well, now, is the drawing accurate? That's what I want to know.' The Duke rose, put down the sketch, and thus impressively addressed the Prince of Wales: 'My boy, I'm going to tell

SKETCH OF "FAUST" BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

you something that the English people don't seem to realize. I was sent out to keep Napoleon in check, but *never in my life have I set eyes on him!* Once, in the midst of a battle, someone cried, "Look! There's Napoleon," but before I could get the glass to my eye, the smoke from a field-gun had enveloped him.'"

Next we show a graceful classic head by the Princess Alice. It hangs in Mr. Corbould's drawing-room. This pupil of Mr. Corbould was ever ready to adopt new ideas and try experiments for her own very lively self. The Queen and Prince Consort had bought a picture by Corbould, and in it the nimbus about a saint's head was depicted covered with jewels, each painted in separately. The Royal couple commented much upon this in the Princess Alice's hearing, and of course the next time the Princess saw her drawing-master, she wanted to know all about it. Mr. Corbould said that really there was nothing difficult or remarkable about the painting of jewels in this way, and he gave the Princess Alice a demonstration all to herself.

One day, some little time after the above incident, the Princess Alice met her drawing-master, and with an air of mystery and importance, remarked: "I've something to show you, Mr. Corbould, and I *know* you'll be pleased with it." So saying, she produced a gorgeous water-colour sketch, depicting a knight on horseback. Both horse and knight were clothed in complete armour, and in the charger's breast-plate glowed "a ruby at least as big as a soup-plate!"

"Now, I want your opinion upon this," said the Princess, anxiously.

"A *candid* opinion?"

"Oh, yes; a candid opinion; I wouldn't give anything for a flattering opinion."

"Well, Princess," returned Mr. Corbould, slowly, "I don't know of any three kingdoms in this world which, when brought to the hammer, would realize the price of that ruby!"

"Mis — ter Cor — bould!" exclaimed the little Princess, breathless with delight. "I *knew* you'd be pleased, but I didn't expect such praise as *that!*"

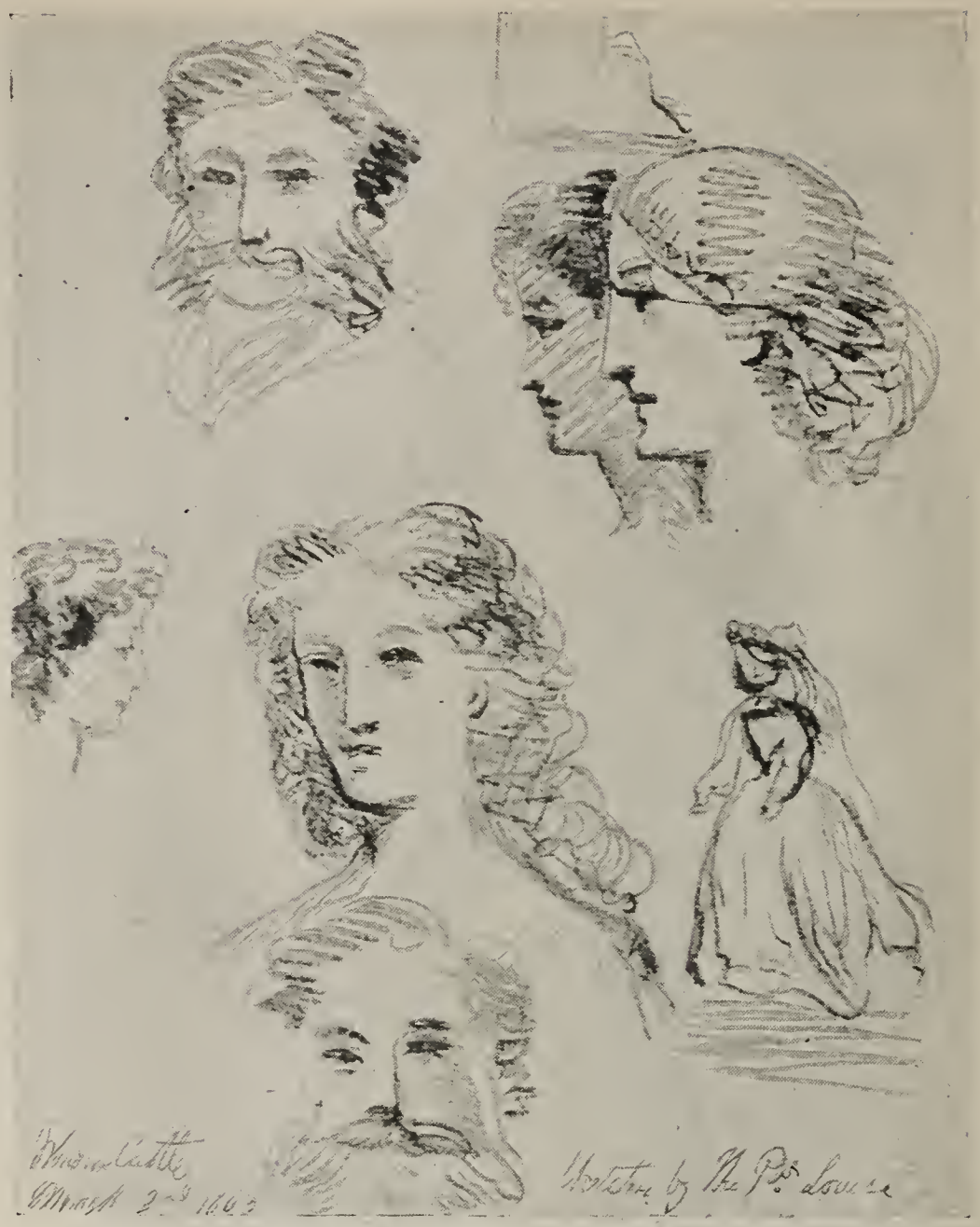
CLASSIC HEAD, DRAWN BY THE PRINCESS ALICE.

Elsewhere we have remarked that the Royal children seldom copied things at their drawing lessons. Rather were they trained to be absolutely original and observant. No wonder, then, that the young Princes and Princesses took to sketching from life certain more or less picturesque people whom they met. The little water-colour here reproduced is by the Princess Helena. It belongs to Mr. Corbould, who has it placed in a frame, with a portrait of the Princess, and an admission ticket to her marriage ceremony.

This drawing depicts an Austrian Princess who happened to be staying at the Palace, and who expressly dressed herself up as a gipsy—tambourine and all—at the bidding of the youthful artist.

The Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), Mr. Corbould tells me, possessed artistic talent in a striking degree from a very early age. She was for ever taking notes at great functions, and on all possible occasions when likely material was to be obtained. She would cover reams of foolscap with jottings of the kind depicted here. The original of this is a scrap of paper belonging to Mr. Corbould, and it is covered with artistic memoranda for the pictures the Princess was always composing. It is interesting to study these jottings, and remember that at Kensington Palace there is a fine statue of the Queen set up which is entirely the work of the Princess Louise. The heads seen in the reproduction are, of course, portraits of Ambassadors, Court ladies, and others whom the quick eye of the Princess marked out as likely subjects.

The whole of the photographs in this article, excepting those otherwise acknowledged, were specially taken by our own staff of artists, through the courtesy of the various owners of the relics and mementos.



JOTTINGS BY THE PRINCESS LOUISE (MARCHIONESS OF LORNE).

Drawn by] A GIPSY MAIDEN. [*The Princess Helena.*

The Tragedy of the Korosko.

By A. Conan Doyle.

CHAPTER III.

"WHAT'S the meaning of this, Mansoor?" cried Belmont, harshly.

The dragoman made an effort to compose himself, and licked his dry lips before he answered.

"I do not know who they are," said he, in a quavering voice.

"Who they are?" cried the Frenchman. "You can see who they are. They are armed men upon camels, Ababdeh, Bishareen—Bedouins, in short, such as are employed by the Government upon the frontier."

"There are no friendlies upon this side of the river," said the Colonel, abruptly. "There is no use in mincing matters. We must prepare for the worst."

But in spite of his words, they stood stock-still, in a huddled group, staring out over the plain. Their nerves were numbed by the sudden shock, and to all of them it was like a scene in a dream, vague, impersonal, and unreal. The men upon the camels had streamed out from a gorge which lay a mile or so distant on the side of the path along which they had travelled. Their retreat, therefore, was entirely cut off. It appeared, from the dust and the length of the line, to be quite an army which was emerging from the hills, for seventy men upon camels cover a considerable stretch of ground. Having reached the sandy plain, they very deliberately formed to the front, and then at the harsh call of a bugle they trotted forward in line, the parti-coloured figures all swaying and the sand smoking in a rolling yellow cloud at their heels. At the same moment the six black soldiers doubled in from the front with their Martinis at the trail, and snuggled down like well-trained skirmishers behind the rocks upon the haunch of the hill.

And now suddenly the first stupor of the excursionists passed away, and was succeeded by a frantic and impotent energy. They all ran about upon the plateau of rock in an aimless, foolish flurry, like frightened fowls in a yard. They could not bring themselves to acknowledge that there was no possible escape for them. Again and again they rushed to the edge of the great cliff which rose from the river, but the youngest and most daring of them could never have descended it. The two women clung one on each side of the trembling Mansoor, with a feeling that he was officially responsible for their safety. When he ran up and down in his desperation, his skirts and theirs all fluttered together. Stephens, the lawyer, kept close to Sadie Adams, muttering, mechanically, "Don't be alarmed! Don't be at all alarmed!" though his own limbs were twitching with agitation. Monsieur Fardet stamped about with a guttural rolling of r's, while the fat clergyman stood with his umbrella up, staring stolidly with big, frightened eyes at the camel-men. Cecil Brown curled his small, prim moustache, and looked white but contemptuous. The Colonel, Belmont, and the young Harvard graduate were the three most cool-headed and resourceful members of the party.

"Better stick together," said the Colonel. "There's no escape for us, so we may as well remain united."

"Suppose we hide the women," cried Headingly. "They can't know how many of us are here."

"Admirable!" cried Colonel Cochrane. "Admirable!"

There was a part of the plateau which was invisible from the plain, and here in feverish haste they built a little cairn. There were many flaky slabs of stone lying about, and it did not take long to prop the largest of these against a rock, so as to make a lean-to, and then to put two side-pieces to complete it. The slabs were of the same colour as the rock, so that to a casual glance the hiding-place was not very visible. The two ladies were squeezed into this, and they crouched together, Sadie's arms thrown round her aunt. When they had walled them up, the men turned with lighter

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hearts to see what was going on. As they did so there rang out the sharp, clear crack of a rifle-shot from the escort, followed by another and another, but these isolated shots were drowned in the long, spattering roll of an irregular volley from the plain, and the air was full of the phit-phit-phit of the bullets. The tourists all huddled behind the rocks, with the exception of the Frenchman, who still stamped angrily about, striking his sun-hat with his clenched hand. Belmont their camels, but a few had dismounted and were kneeling here and there—little shimmering white spots against the golden background. Their shots came sometimes singly in quick, sharp throbs, and sometimes in a rolling volley, with a sound like a boy's stick drawn across iron railings. The hill buzzed like a bee-hive, and the bullets made a sharp, crackling sound as they struck against the rocks.

"You do no good by exposing yourself,"

"YOU DO NO GOOD BY EXPOSING YOURSELF."

and Cochrane crawled down to where the Soudanese soldiers were firing slowly and steadily, resting their rifles upon the boulders in front of them.

The Arabs had halted about five hundred yards away, and it was evident from their leisurely movements that they were perfectly aware that there was no possible escape for the travellers. They had paused to ascertain their number before closing in upon them. Most of them were firing from the backs of said Belmont, drawing Colonel Cochrane behind a large jagged boulder, which already furnished a shelter for three of the Soudanese.

"A bullet is the best thing we have to hope for," said Cochrane, grimly. "What an infernal fool I have been, Belmont, not to protest more energetically against this ridiculous expedition! I deserve whatever I get, but it *is* hard on these poor souls who never knew the danger."

"I suppose there's no help for us?"

"Not the faintest."

"Don't you think this firing might bring the troops up from Halfa?"

"They'll never hear it. It is a good six miles from here to the steamer. From that to Halfa would be another five."

"Well, when we don't return, the steamer will give the alarm."

"And where shall we be by that time?"

"Poor Norah! Poor little Norah!" muttered Belmont, in the depths of his grizzled moustache.

The soldier next them had sat down abruptly, and leaned forward over his knees. His movement and attitude were so natural that it was hard to realize that he had been shot through the head. He neither stirred nor groaned. His comrades bent over him for a moment, and then, shrugging their shoulders, they snapped their breech-blocks upon two fresh cartridges. Belmont picked up the dead man's Martini and his ammunition-pouch.

"Only three more rounds, Cochrane," said he, with the little brass cylinders upon the palm of his hand.

"You're a famous shot, Belmont," cried the Colonel. "Don't you think you could pick off their leader?"

"Which is he?"

"As far as I can make out, it is that one on the white camel on their right front. I mean the fellow who is peering at us from under his two hands."

Belmont thrust in his cartridge and altered the sights. "It's a bad light for judging distance," said he. "This is where the low point-blank trajectory of the Lee-Metford comes in useful. Well, we'll try him at five hundred." He fired, but there was no change in the white camel or the peering rider.

"Did you see any sand fly?"

"No, I saw nothing."

"I fancy I took my sight a little too full."

"Try him again!"

Man and rifle and rock were equally steady, but again the camel and chief remained unharmed. The third shot must have been nearer, for he moved a few paces to the right, as if he were becoming restless. Belmont threw the empty rifle down, with an exclamation of disgust.

"It's this confounded light," he cried, and his cheeks flushed with annoyance. "If I had him at Bisley I'd shoot the turban off him, but this vibrating glare means refraction. What's the matter with the Frenchman?"

Monsieur Fardet was stamping about the plateau with the air of a man who has been stung by a wasp. "*S'cré nom! S'cré nom!*" he shouted, showing his strong white teeth under his black waxed moustache. He wrung his right hand violently, and as he did so he sent a little spray of blood from his

"'I'M DONE!' HE WHISPERED."

finger-tips. A bullet had chipped his wrist. Headingly ran out from the cover where he had been crouching, with the intention of dragging the demented Frenchman into a place of safety, but he had not taken three paces before he was himself hit in the loins, and fell with a dreadful crash among the stones. He staggered to his feet, and then fell again in the same place, floundering up and down like a horse which has broken its back. "I'm done!" he whispered, as the Colonel ran to his aid, and then he lay still, with his china-white cheek against the stones. When, but a year before, he had wandered under the elms of Cambridge, surely the last fate upon this earth which he could have predicted for himself would be that he should be slain by the bullet of a fanatical Mohammedan in the wilds of the Libyan desert.

Meanwhile the fire of the escort had ceased, for they had shot away their last cartridge. A second man had been killed, and a third —who was the corporal in charge—had received a bullet in his thigh. He sat upon a stone, tying up his injury with a grave, preoccupied look upon his wrinkled black face, like an old woman piecing together a broken plate. The three others fastened their bayonets with a determined metallic rasp and snap, and the air of men who intended to sell their lives at a fancy figure.

"They're coming!" cried Belmont, looking over the plain.

"Let them come!" the Colonel answered, putting his hands into his trouser-pockets. Suddenly he pulled one fist out, and shook it furiously in the air. "Oh, the cads! the confounded cads!" he shouted, and his eyes were congested with rage.

It was the fate of the poor donkey-boys which had carried the self-contained soldier out of his usual calm. During the firing they had remained huddled, a pitiable group, among the rocks at the base of the hill. Now upon the conviction that the charge of the Dervishes must come first upon them, they had sprung upon their animals with shrill, inarticulate cries of fear, and had galloped off across the plain. A small flanking-party of eight or ten camel-men had worked round while the firing had been going on, and these dashed in among the flying donkey-boys, hacking and hewing with a cold-blooded, deliberate ferocity. One little boy, in a flapping Galabeeah, kept ahead of his pursuers for a time, but the long stride of the camels ran him down, and an Arab thrust his spear into the middle of his stooping back. The small, white-clad corpses looked like a flock of sheep trailing over the desert.

But the people upon the rock had no time to think of the cruel fate of the donkey-boys. Even the Colonel, after that first indignant outburst, had forgotten all about them. The advancing camel-men had trotted to the bottom of the hill, had dismounted, and leaving their camels kneeling, had rushed furiously onward. Fifty of them were clambering up the path and over the rocks together, their red turbans appearing and vanishing again as they scrambled over the boulders. Without a shot or a pause they surged over the three black soldiers, stamping them down under their hurrying feet, and so on to the plateau at the top, where an unexpected resistance checked them for an instant.

The travellers, nestling up against one another, had awaited, each after his own fashion, the coming of the Arabs. The Colonel, with his hands back in his trouser-pockets, tried to whistle out of his dry lips. Belmont folded his arms and leaned against a rock, with a sulky frown upon his lowering face. Cecil Brown stood erect, and plucked nervously at the upturned points of his little, prim moustache. Monsieur Fardet groaned over his wounded wrist. Mr. Stephens, in sombre impotence, shook his head slowly, the living embodiment of prosaic law and order. Mr. Stuart stood, his umbrella still over him, with no expression upon his heavy face, or in his staring brown eyes. Headingly lay with that china-white cheek resting motionless upon the stones. His sun-hat had fallen off, and he looked quite boyish with his ruffled yellow hair and his unlined face. The dragoman sat upon a stone and played nervously with his donkey-whip. So the Arabs found them when they reached the summit of the hill.

And then, just as the foremost rushed to lay hands upon them, a most unexpected incident arrested them. From the time of the first appearance of the Dervishes the fat clergyman of Birmingham had looked like a man in a cataleptic trance. He had neither moved nor spoken. But now he suddenly woke at a bound into strenuous and heroic energy. It may have been the mania of fear, or it may have been the blood of some Berserk ancestor which stirred suddenly in his veins; but he broke into a wild shout, and, catching up a stick, he struck right and left among the Arabs with a fury which was more

savage than their own. One who helped to draw up this narrative has left it upon record that, of all the pictures which have been burned into his brain, there is none so clear as that of this man, his large face shining with perspiration, and his great body dancing about with unwieldy agility, as he struck at the shrinking, snarling savages. Then a spear-head flashed from behind a rock with a quick, vicious, upward thrust, the clergyman fell upon his hands and knees, and the horde poured over him to seize their unresisting victims. Knives glimmered before their eyes, rude hands clutched at their wrists and at their throats, and then, with brutal and unreasoning violence, they were hauled and pushed down the steep winding path to where the camels were waiting below. The Frenchman waved his unwounded hand as he walked. "*Vive le Khalifa! Vive le Mahdi!*" he shouted, until a blow from behind with the butt-end of a Remington beat him into silence.

"HE STRUCK AT THE SHRINKING, SNARLING SAVAGES."

And now they were herded in at the base of the Abousir rock, this little group of modern types who had fallen into the rough clutch of the seventh century—for in all save the arms in their hands there was nothing to distinguish these men from the desert warriors who first carried the crescent flag out of Arabia. The East does not change, and the Dervish raiders were not less brave, less cruel, or less fanatical than their forebears. They stood in a circle, leaning upon their guns and spears, and looking with exultant eyes at the dishevelled group of captives. They were clad in some approach to a uniform, red turbans gathered around the neck as well as the head, so that the brown face looked out of a scarlet frame; yellow, untanned shoes, and white tunics with square brown patches let into them. All carried rifles, and one had a small discoloured bugle slung over his shoulder. Half of them were negroes, fine, muscular men, with the limbs of a jet Hercules; and the other half were Baggara Arabs, small, brown, and wiry, with little, vicious eyes, and thin, cruel lips. The chief was also a Baggara, but he was a taller man than the others, with a black beard which came down over his chest, and a pair of hard, cold eyes, which gleamed like glass from under his thick, black brows. They

were fixed now upon his captives, and his face was grave with thought. Mr. Stuart had been brought down, his hat gone and his trousers sticking in one part to his leg. The two surviving Soudanese soldiers, their black faces and blue coats blotched with crimson, stood silently at attention upon one side of this forlorn group of castaways.

In a harsh, imperious voice the chief said something which brought Mansoor, the dragoman, to the front, with bent back and outstretched, supplicating palms. To his employers there had always seemed to be something comic in that flapping skirt and short cover-coat above it; but now, under the glare of the midday sun, with those faces gathered round them, it seemed to add a grotesque horror to the scene. The dragoman salaamed and salaamed like some ungainly automatic doll, and then, as the chief rasped out a curt word or two, he fell suddenly upon his face, rubbing his forehead into the sand.

"What's that, Cochrane?" asked Belmont.

"As far as I can understand, it is all up with us," the Colonel answered.

"But this is absurd," cried the Frenchman, excitedly; "why should these people wish any harm to me? I have never injured them. On the other way, I have always been their friend. If I could but speak to them, I would make them comprehend. Hola, dragoman, Mansoor!"

"HE FELL SUDDENLY UPON HIS FACE."

The excited gestures of Monsieur Fardet drew the sinister eyes of the Baggara chief upon him. Again he asked a curt question, and Mansoor, kneeling in front of him, answered it.

"Tell him that I am a Frenchman, dragoman. Tell him that I am a friend of the Khalifa."

"The chief asks what religion you profess," said Mansoor.

"Tell him that in France we look upon all religions as good."

"The chief says that none but a blaspheming dog and the son of a dog would say that all religions are good. He says that if you are indeed the friend of the Khalifa, you will accept the Koran and become a true believer upon the spot. If you will do so he will send you alive to Khartoum."

"And if not?"

"You will fare as the others."

"Then you may make my compliments to monsieur the chief, and tell him that it is not the custom for Frenchmen to change their religion under compulsion."

The chief said a few words, and then turned to speak with a short, sturdy Arab at his elbow.

"He says, Monsieur Fardet," said the dragoman, "that if you speak again he will make a trough out of you for the dogs to feed out of. Say nothing to anger him, sir, for he is now talking what is to be done with us."

"Who is he?" asked the Colonel.

"It is Ali Wad Ibrahim, the same who raided last year, and killed all of the Nubian village."

"I've heard of him," said the Colonel. "He has the name of being the boldest and the most fanatical of all the Khalifa's leaders."

The two Arabs had been talking in that stern, restrained fashion which comes so strangely from a southern race. Now they both turned to the dragoman, who was still kneeling upon the sand. They plied him with questions, pointing first to one and then to another of their prisoners. Then they conferred together once more, and finally said something to Mansoor, with a contemptuous wave of the hand to indicate that he might convey it to the others.

"Thank God, gentlemen, I think that we are saved for the present time," said Mansoor, wiping away the sand which had stuck to his perspiring forehead. "Ali Wad Ibrahim says that though an unbeliever should have only the edge of the sword from one of the sons of the prophet, yet it might be of more profit to the beit-el-mal at Omdurman if it had the gold which your people will pay for you. Until it comes you can work as the slaves of the Khalifa, unless he should decide to put you to death. You are now to mount the spare camels and to ride with the party."

The chief had waited for the end of the explanation. Now he gave an order, and a negro stepped forward with a long, dull-coloured sword in his hand. The dragoman squealed like a rabbit who sees a ferret, and threw himself frantically down upon the sand once more.

"What is it, Cochrane?" asked Cecil Brown—for the Colonel was the only one of the travellers who had a smattering of Arabic.

"As far as I can make out, he says there is no use keeping the dragoman, as no one would pay a ransom for him, and he is too fat to make a good slave."

"Poor devil!" cried Brown. "Here, Cochrane, tell them to let him go. Say that we will find the money amongst us. I will be answerable for any reasonable sum."

"We will sign a joint bond or indemnity," said the lawyer. "If I had a paper and pencil I could throw it into shape in an instant."

But the Colonel's Arabic was insufficient, and Mansoor himself was too maddened by fear to understand the offer which was being made to him. The negro looked a question at the chief, and then his sword hissed over his shoulder. But the dragoman had screamed out something which arrested the blow, and which brought the chief and the lieutenant to his side with a new interest upon their swarthy faces. The others crowded in also, and formed a dense circle around the grovelling, pleading man.

The Colonel had not understood this sudden change, nor had the others fathomed it, but some instinct flashed in upon Stephens's horrified perceptions.

"Oh, you villain!" he cried, furiously. "Hold your tongue, you miserable creature! Better die—a thousand times better die!"

But it was too late, and already they could all see the base design by which the coward hoped to save his own life. He was about to betray the women. They saw the chief make a sign of haughty assent, and then Mansoor spoke rapidly and earnestly, pointing up the hill. At a word from the Baggara, a dozen of the raiders rushed up the path and were lost to view upon the top. Then came a shrill scream, and an instant later the party streamed into sight again, dragging the women in their midst. Sadie, with her young, active limbs, kept up with them, encouraging her aunt all the while over her shoulder. The older lady, struggling amid the rushing white figures, looked with her thin limbs and open

mouth like a chicken being dragged from a coop.

The chief's dark eyes glanced indifferently at Miss Adams, but gazed with a smouldering

neck of which was tied up by Ali Wad Ibrahim's own hands.

"I say, Cochrane," whispered Belmont, "I've got a little hip revolver which they have

"THE PARTY STREAMED INTO SIGHT AGAIN."

fire at the younger woman. Then he gave an abrupt order, and the prisoners were hurried in a miserable, hopeless drove to the cluster of kneeling camels. Their pockets had already been ransacked, and the contents thrown into one of the camel-food bags, the

not discovered. Shall I shoot that cursed dragoman for giving away the women?"

The Colonel shook his head.

"You had better keep it," said he. "The women may find some other use for it before all is over."

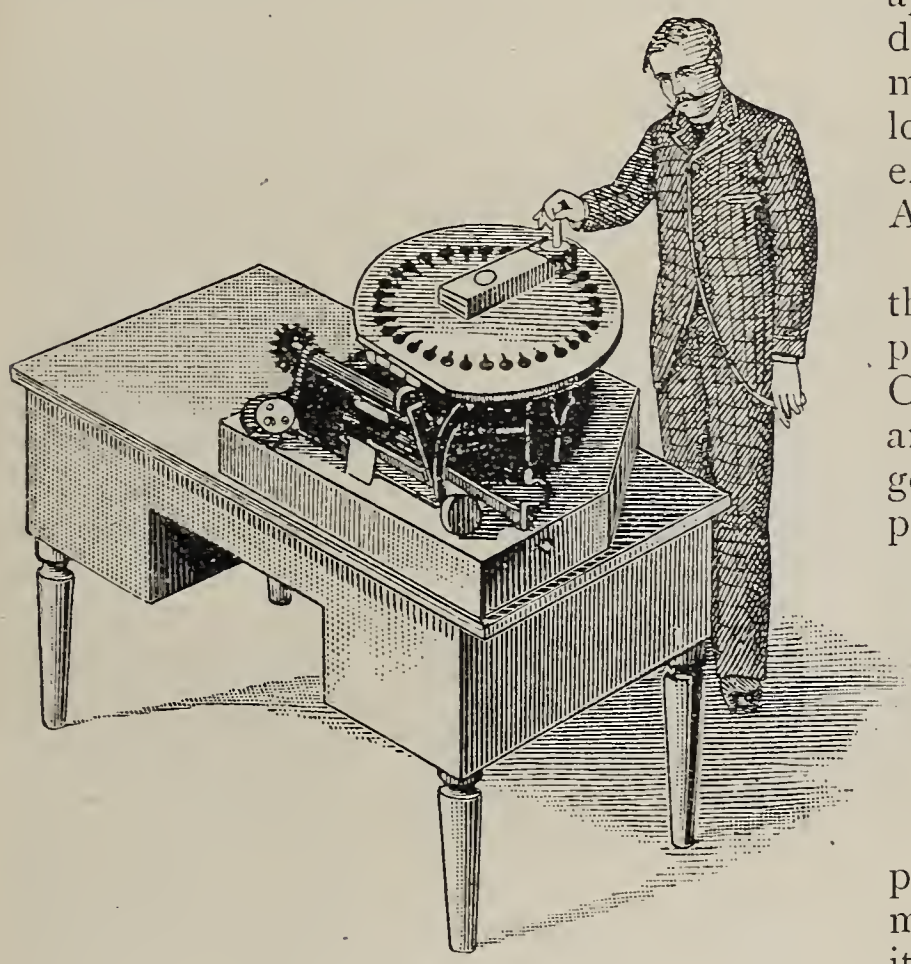
(To be continued.)

The Evolution of the Typewriter.

By C. L. McCluer Stevens.

IT will doubtless surprise most people to learn that the first typewriter ever produced was manufactured, not in America and at a comparatively recent date, but nearly two centuries ago, and in England.

On January 17th, 1714, there was granted to a gentleman named Mills, an engineer in the employ of the New River Company, a



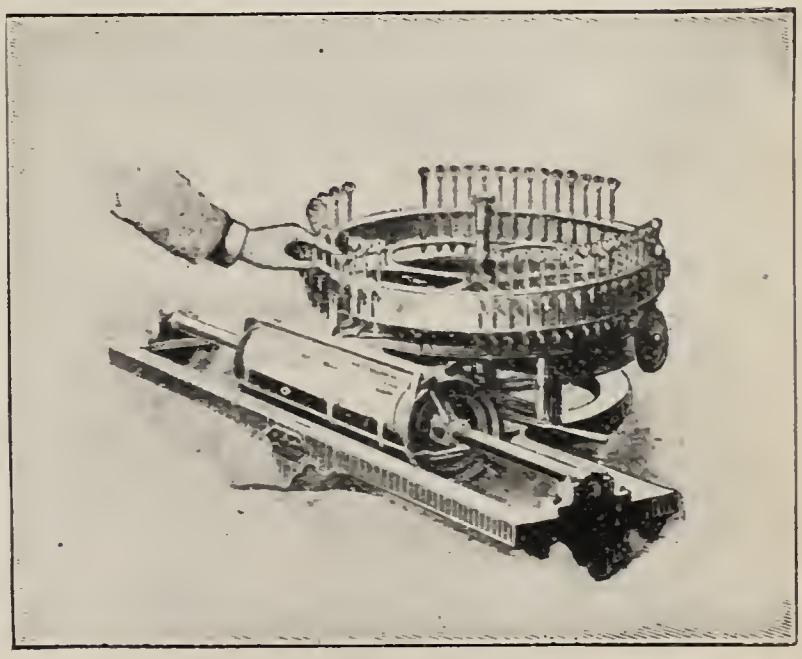
A TYPEWRITER OF 1836

patent for an invention described as follows: "An artificial machine, or method, for the impressing or transcribing of letters, singly or progressively, one after another, as in writing, whereby all writings whatsoever may be engrossed on paper or parchment, so neat and exact as not to be distinguished from print."

Thus was the typewriter born. No drawings were submitted with the specifications, so that it is now impossible to tell how the machine was constructed or what kind of work it performed. From notes found among the private papers of the inventor, however, after his death, it is assumed that it was intended to print embossed letters for the use of the blind.

A similar machine, also for the use of blind people, was patented in France in the year 1784; but with these two exceptions no other effort seems to have been made to construct a writing-machine until 1829, when Mr. Austin Burt, an American, patented his "Typograph." This was a very pretty and exceedingly ingenious piece of mechanism, but, viewed from a commercial point of view, it was a decided failure. The same remark applies to the extraordinary-looking machine delineated here, the operator of which most certainly wears a decidedly worried look; as well as to Mr. Littledale's machine, exhibited in 1844 at a meeting of the British Association at York.

But these and other similar attempts, for the most part crude and ill-conceived, set practical men thinking. Among others, Charles Thurber, an American, went to work and constructed a machine, which is now generally admitted to have been the first practical typewriter ever put together. It was large. It was clumsy. And it was capable of being driven only at what would now be regarded as a ridiculously low rate of speed. But it embodied most of the mechanical devices common to nearly all modern machines, and to it was applied for the first time the paper-carrying roller, together with suitable machinery for line and letter spacing. That it was far from perfect, however, is evident from the specimen of its work shown on the next page. Thurber's machine, moreover,



CHARLES THURBER'S TYPEWRITER.

NORWICH 8. FEBRUARY 1840

GENT.

WE HAVE, AT LENGTH COMPLE-
TED ONE OF THURBERS MECHANICAL CHIROGRAPHERS. ALTHOUGH YOU
WILL NOTICE IMPERFECTIONS IN THE FORMATION OF THE LETTERS
IN THIS COMMUNICATION, YET THERE IS NOT A SINGLE DEFECT
WHICH DOES NOT ADMIT OF AN EASY AND PERFECT REMEDY. I
AM PERFECTLY ~~SATISFIED WITH IT BECAUSE I DID NOT LOOK FOR~~
PERFECTION IN THIS FIRST MACHINE.

BELEVE ME

YOURS, TRULY. CHARLES THURBER.

MESSRS. ~~KELLER & CREENOUGH~~
PATENT ATTORNIES.

WASHINGTON. D. C.

FACSIMILE OF PART OF THE FIRST LETTER EVER TYPEWRITTEN—EXECUTED ON THE THURBER MACHINE.

like Littledale's, and indeed all the early typewriters, was intended solely for the use of the blind. So far the need of a machine to supersede the pen had not even been thought of.

After Thurber came many other inventors, notably Beach and Pratt, both of whom spent considerable sums of money and an immense amount of time and labour in improving the typewriter. In 1867 Mr. Pratt's machine was exhibited in London before the Society of Arts, and, as was only natural, attracted a great deal of attention. Most of the leading engineering and scientific papers devoted considerable space to descriptions and illustrations of the strange-looking piece of mechanism; and suggestions were not wanting to the effect that the inventor who could produce a successful machine of the kind, intended not only for the use of those whom misfortune had deprived of sight, but for mankind in general, would secure a fortune for himself, and confer an almost inestimable boon upon humanity at large.

Probably a couple of million people either saw the machine for themselves, or read the description of it as published in the Press. To the vast majority it merely formed an object of idle and somewhat languid curiosity. A very small minority examined the thing closely, and—pooh-poohed the idea as ridiculous and impracticable. One man, and one only, Mr. C. Latham Sholes, of Wisconsin, U.S.A., recognised the vast possibilities that lay hidden in the tangled collections of cams and cogs and levers.

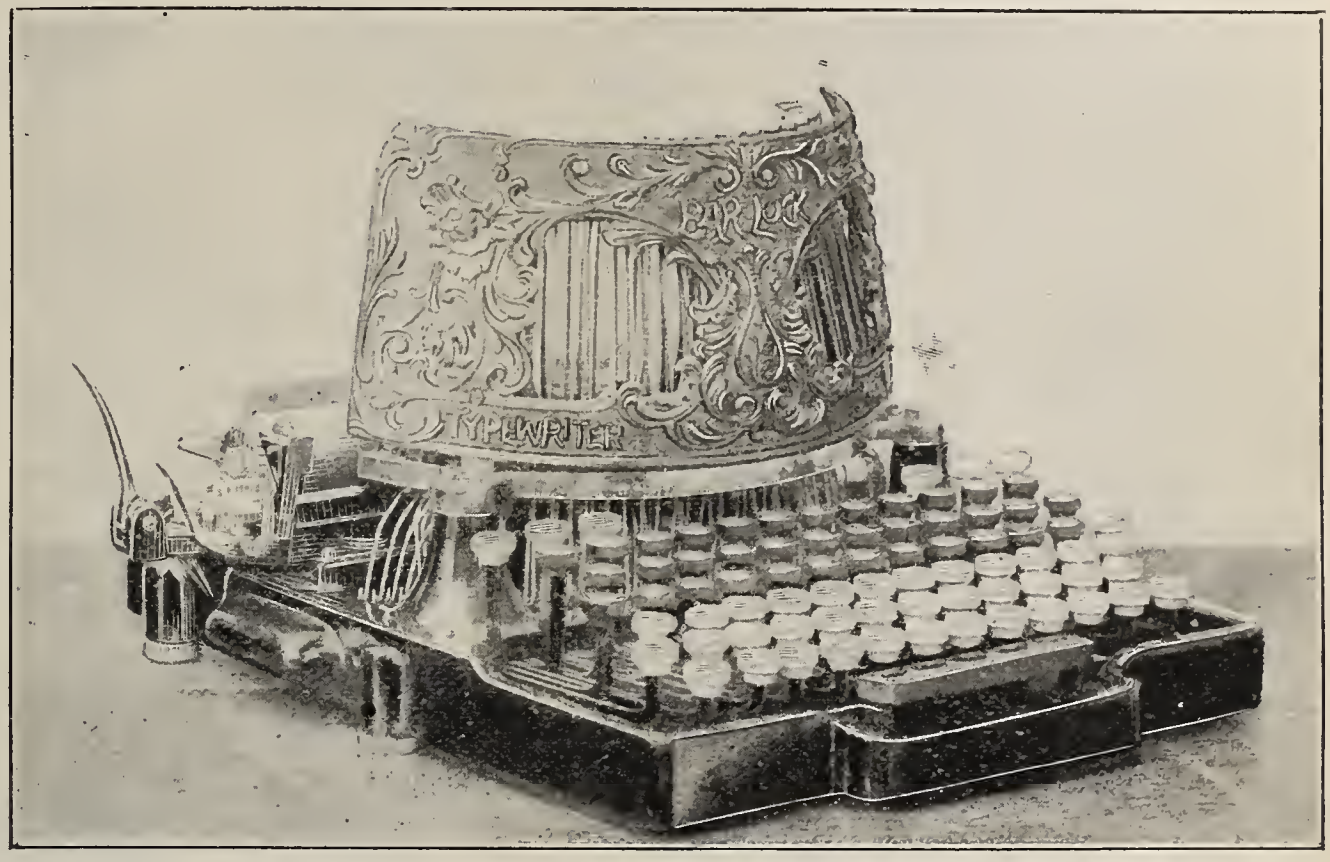
Gifted with an indomitable will, shrewd business aptitude, and a sublime faith in his own powers which no failure was able to daunt nor any rebuff discourage, this man, the real inventor of the modern typewriter, saw at once that there was "something in" the idea, and laid his plans accordingly. Sholes was not a wealthy man himself, and his first difficulty lay in finding a capitalist who was willing to embark with him in the enterprise. This initial stumbling-block overcome, he set to work with a will and, between 1867 and 1873, turned out some twenty-five typewriters, all of which were theoretically perfect, and all of which went to pieces with depressing regularity after a more or less prolonged spell of practical work. But each model was a little better than the preceding one, and thus at length a fairly efficient machine was produced.

The manufacture of the finished and so far perfected article was intrusted to the Remington Manufacturing Company, Ilion, U.S.A., the makers of the famous rifle which to this day bears their name; but for a long time the demand was very small. Even after the lapse of nine years, not more than 1,500 machines were being sold per annum. This was in 1882. Since then, however, the popularity of the Remington typewriter has become such, that at the present time a finished machine is being produced for every five minutes of the working day.

Naturally the success achieved by Mr. Sholes induced both inventors and capitalists

to turn their attention to the production of other and, if possible, more perfect typewriters; the result being that within the last decade there have been placed upon the markets of the world nearly 100 different types of machines. Each of these claims some distinct advantage over its rivals, but upon this point, comparisons being proverbially odious, the writer does not care to express any opinion.

There is one peculiarity that immediately strikes the inquirer engaged in elucidating the history of the typewriter. With one solitary exception—the "North"—all the best-known machines are made in America. The question is often asked: "Why not manufacture typewriters in England?" One reason is that there is a very heavy duty on all machines imported into the United States, and as America still continues to take about three out of every five typewriters made, the advantage to be derived from manufacturing them on the spot is obvious. Another reason is that anyone establishing a typewriter factory in England would be obliged to train his own workmen; whereas in America, on the contrary, he would find trained workmen applying to him for employment. This is one of the disadvantages of our free-trade policy. If the Government were to decide to-morrow to clap a 25 per cent. *ad valorem* duty on all foreign-made typewriters, there is not the slightest doubt that factories for manufacturing machines on English soil would quickly be established. "We might not like it, but it would be a case of 'Hobson's choice,'" was how the manager of one of the leading typewriter companies put it to the writer, one day recently.



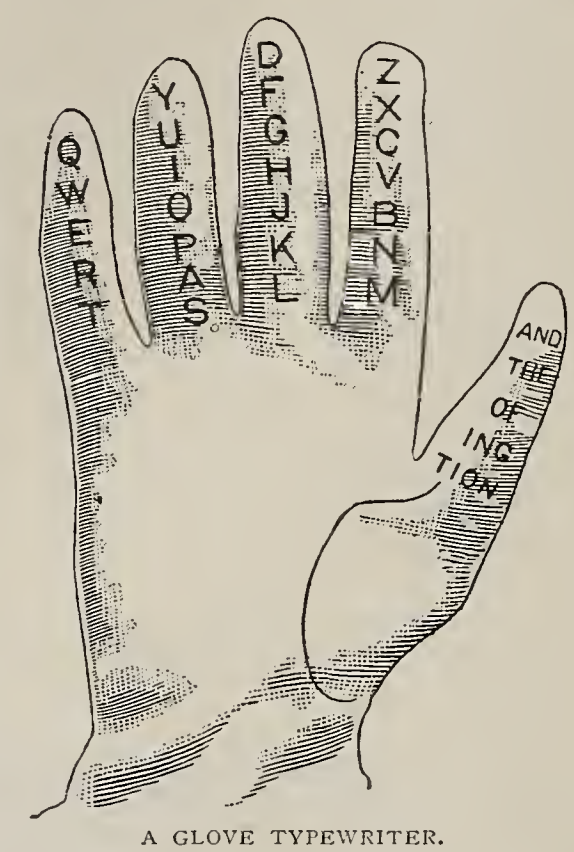
BAR-LOCK TYPEWRITER, SPECIALLY MADE TO THE ORDER OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Of course, there have been many curious and beautiful machines constructed from time to time to the order of various people, or for presentation. Perhaps the most elaborate typewriter ever produced was that made for the Czarina of Russia, by the Remington people. All parts of the machine ordinarily black were enamelled blue, and those portions of the frame-work usually outlined in gold were inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The keys were of African ivory, and the bright parts of solid gold. A similar machine was presented on her wedding-day to the Duchess of York; and another was recently made to order for the Khedive of Egypt. The Queen also possesses an exceedingly elaborate typewriter. It is a "bar-lock," ivory-keyed, gold-plated throughout, and very beautifully engraved.

An extraordinarily curious machine was that made by the "Hammond" Company for Li Hung Chang. It was fitted with twenty sets of characters—eighteen hundred in all—each of which, as no dies were available, had to be engraved by hand. *Apropos* of this remarkable machine, its introduction into Pekin was promptly followed by the appearance in London of an enterprising Celestial, bent upon forming a company for placing typewriters on the Chinese market. According to this gentleman, it is quite possible to write the Chinese language, or at all events a sort of modified phonographic version of it, with as few as 250 characters. The machines he proposed to manufacture, and for which he asserted there would be a ready sale in the Flowery Kingdom, were to have been about five times the width of an ordinary typewriter, and the sale price was to have been one thousand pounds apiece. The English capitalists, however, failed to "bite," and China still does its writing in the old-fashioned way.

A somewhat expensive machine was recently built by the "Williams" Company

for the use, at Eton, of the young son of the Countess of Carnarvon. It writes the Greek alphabet, and is used by the lad, whose eyesight is somewhat weak, in preparing his exercises. This is believed to be the only Greek typewriter extant; but machines for writing Russian are fairly common, while typewriters have been built to order writing Arabic, Sanscrit, and even old black-letter English. This latter machine was made, at a cost of nearly one hundred pounds, for a mysterious individual who paid cash in advance, and declined to furnish either his name or his address. What he wanted with it, it is perhaps best not to inquire too closely.



A GLOVE TYPEWRITER.

But after all, leaving for awhile these "fancy machines" and going back to the "common or garden" typewriter of commerce, the question naturally suggests itself—"*cui bono?*" "What is the use of spending time and energy in learning to work a machine when the pen will do the same work well enough?" Aye, but will it? There's the rub. Even a moderately quick writer with the pen will find considerable difficulty in keeping up, for many hours at a stretch, a speed of more than twenty words a minute. An ordinarily quick operator will easily treble that record, and that, too, without experiencing any undue fatigue.

Then, again, there is the great question of legibility. There is an old tale of the Duke of Wellington returning one of his *own* despatches to a member of his head-quarter staff, accompanied by the angry remark that he (Wellington) could make nothing of it, and that the writer had better attend school again. This incident could not have happened had Wellington been able to click off his despatches on a typewriter, as Sir Robert Low did during the Chitral campaign. For literary men, of course, the typewriter is almost a *sine quâ non.*

It need scarcely be said that the "boom" which of late years has taken place in typewriters, both in this country and America, has produced the usual crop of "cranks"—of the human variety. Some of the contrivances introduced by these gentry have certainly not been lacking in ingenuity. Take, for instance, the typewriter glove, a contrivance of wash-leather, upon which were embossed a set of rubber types. "Caps" were on the left hand. Small letters on the right. The ink was supplied by a couple of pads, fixed to the palms of the gloves; and the alternate opening and shutting the hands was supposed to bring it in contact with the type. Then, all that was necessary was for the operator to dab the impression of the particular letter he desired to use upon the paper in front of him. How the alignment was to be preserved, with even a tolerable degree of accuracy, the inventor did not deign to explain.

Another curious machine was to be driven by electricity, the operator manipulating one key only, which, in turn, conveyed the power to the various types. There is something to be said for this idea, but up to now it has been found entirely unworkable. Typewriters designed to imitate the natural handwriting of the operator are continually being brought forward. There is nothing impracticable in this notion. It would be quite an easy

MISS VIOLET POTTER, THE FASTEST LADY OPERATOR IN ENGLAND, AND WINNER OF LAST YEAR'S SOCIETY OF ARTS GOLD MEDAL FOR SPEED AND ACCURACY.
From a Photo. by A. & G. Taylor.

(201 words)

Now is the time for all good men and true to come at once to the aid of the party
Now is the time for all good men and true to come at once to the aid of the party
Now is the time for all goodmen and true to come at once to the aid of theparty
Nowis thetime for all good men and true to come at once to the aid of theparty
Nowis the time for all goodmen andtrue to come at once to the aid of theparty
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Now is the time for all good men andtrue to come at once to the aid of theparty
Now is the time for all good men andtrue to come at once to the aid ofthe party
Now is the time for allgood men and true to come at once to the aid of the party
Now i

The above was written in the presence of the undersigned by Chas.H.Mc Gurrin, at Kalamazoo,Mich., June 18th 1892, in one minute, timed by stop-watch .

N. A. Forbes E. H. Ponske

County Clerk, Kalamazoo county. Prosecuting Attorney, Kalamazoo county.

Albert Burson

Circuit Court Crier, Kalamazoo county.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of June 1892.

Walter R. Taylor

Notary Public, Kalamazoo county, Mich.

FACSIMILE OF THE FASTEST PIECE OF TYPEWRITING EVER EXECUTED—201 WORDS IN ONE MINUTE.

matter to construct machines which should reproduce written characters. What special advantages they would possess, however, over those now in use, is not altogether obvious.

Of the host of improvements constantly being suggested by amateur inventors as applicable to existing types of machines, the most common is some device or other designed to automatically return the carriage when it has travelled to the end of a line. This is, of course, only perpetual motion under another guise.

The marvellous speed and accuracy attained by some professional operators can be judged of from the fact that Miss Violet Potter, the fastest lady typewriter in England, finds no difficulty in keeping up an average speed of ninety words a minute when writing from dictation. Of course, much higher rates than this have been recorded by operators who have made a speciality of writing the same sentence over and over again. The actual record is held by Mr. Charles H. McGurrin, an American, with 201 words a minute.

Pictures drawn entirely with the typewriter are somewhat of a novelty in this country, although they have long been known to our cousins over the water. An excellent specimen of one of these machine-drawn pictures is that of Mr. Gladstone defending himself from the onslaught of a too pertinacious agent. The G.O.M., as is well known, detests typewriters. Note the affable expression of the enterprising Yankee, and the enraged countenance of the venerable statesman. Note also that the artist has reproduced, probably because of the number

of straight lines it contained, a caricature by Mr. Harry Furniss which appeared in THE STRAND some time back.

No one who has not tried to make these pictures on a typewriter can understand how difficult they are to do. In comparison with the pictorial designs, ornamental borders, as shown in the peacock drawing, are fairly easy, being simple combinations of the figures, dashes, and numerical signs found on every keyboard. In this drawing, for instance, the single border on the extreme outside is made of the sign for "cents"—an oblique line running through a small "c." The other details are easily distinguishable. The tail of the peacock is made of small o's and small parentheses inside of large parentheses, combined with straight and oblique lines, while the base of the tail is made of

THE G.O.M. DEFENDING HIMSELF. DRAWN ON A WILLIAMS TYPEWRITER.

PEACOCK, DRAWN WITH A TYPEWRITER.

A STUDY IN STILL LIFE. DRAWN ON A TYPEWRITER BY MISS FLORENCE STACEY.

a mass of small o's and parentheses. On the wings of the butterfly we again have this combination, and may rightly marvel at the result if we remember that everything depends upon skilful manipulation of the paper, a correct eye for pictorial effect, and a delicate appreciation of the possibilities of every bit of type on the machine.

It is somewhat remarkable, by the way, that this extreme delicacy of touch seems to be, almost exclusively, the prerogative of the fair

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. DRAWN ON A BAR-LOCK TYPEWRITER BY MISS FLORENCE STACEY.

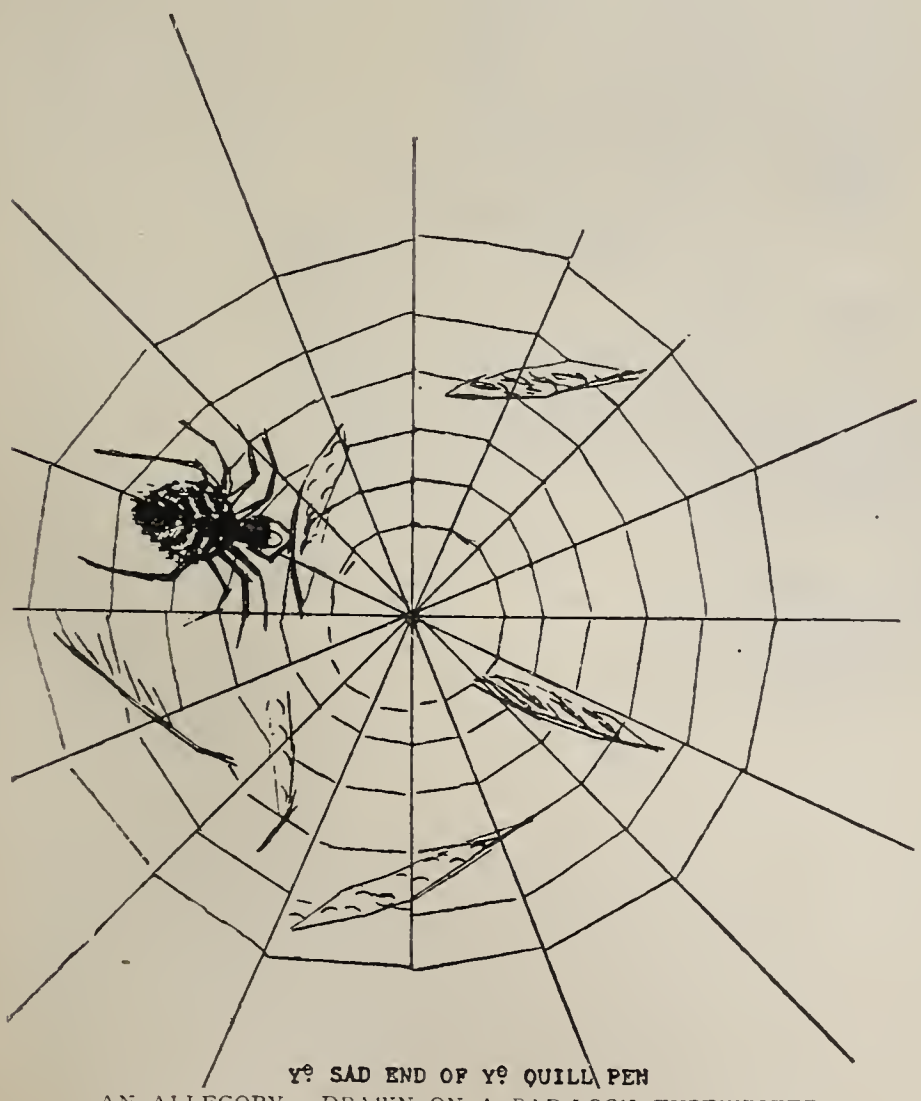
sex. So expert, indeed, do some lady operators become as to be able to discriminate automatically between the degree of force requisite to print, say, an "M," an "I," and a full-stop. The writer saw recently a machine driven at the rate of between seventy and eighty words a minute, the "I" having been purposely sharpened to a razor-like edge and the full-stop filed until it resembled the point of a needle; and yet, so perfectly trained were the hand and eye of the operator, that the characters in question neither cut nor pierced the paper. The remarkable nature of this feat will be appreciated by all typists, no matter what machine they use.

The three pictures on this page, particularly that of the cat's head, show that almost any subject is, to the art-typist, possible of execution. The drawing of St. Paul's is harder to do than it looks. It is exceedingly difficult to get correct perspective on the typewriter. In fact, it might be said that it is quite as difficult to draw even a straight line; and in this drawing there are scores of straight lines. In the drawing of "Ye Sad End of Ye Quill Pen," the mere construction of the spider's web is no mean feat. The "spokes," as it were, are run through a common centre (which requires skilful turning of the paper), and the cross bars are then put in with

CAT'S HEAD. DRAWN ON A TYPEWRITER BY MISS FLORENCE STACEY.

straight parallel lines, beginning with the outer rim and working towards the centre or *vice-versâ*. On the cat's head, the hair is made with countless parenthesis marks. This drawing was a work of much minute labour. In the drawing of the *Santa Maria*, each curved line of the sails is the result of countless small lines, the curves being obtained by manipulation of the paper. In "The Royal Arms"—one of the finest and most intricate designs ever worked on the typewriter—note how effectively the lower inscription is bordered with a scallop of v's.

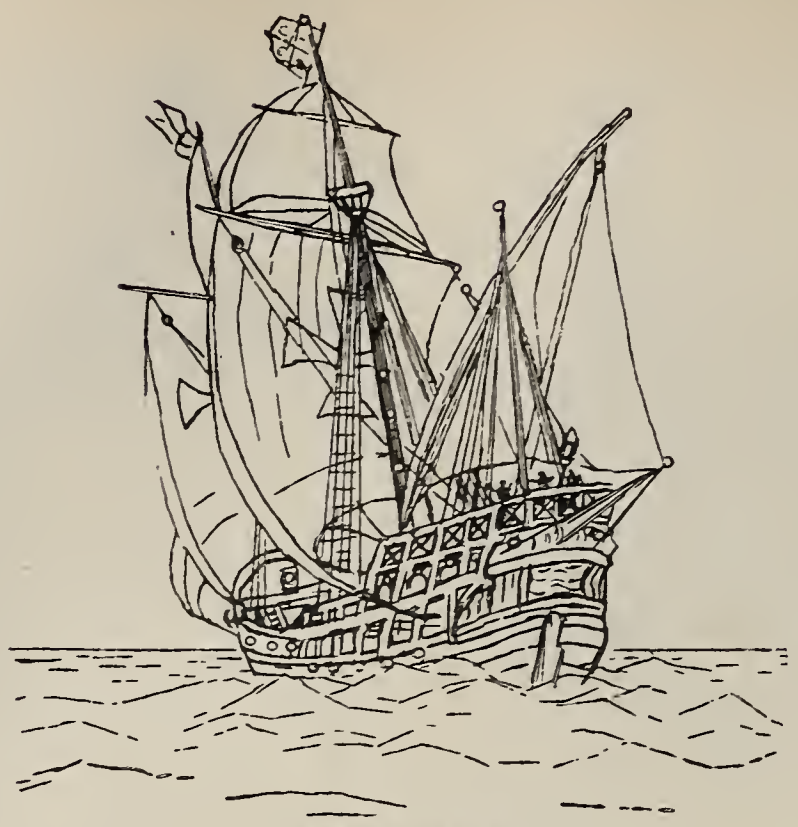
It is not necessary to be exactly an enthusiast on the subject to be able to foresee a great future for the typewriter. In America it is being used in the schools at this present moment to teach the young the elements of their mother tongue, and its use is considered obligatory by every up-to-date business



Yº SAD END OF Yº QUILL PEN

AN ALLEGORY. DRAWN ON A BAR-LOCK TYPEWRITER.

man. In this country, on the other hand, we are only just beginning to appreciate its immense possibilities. It has had to contend against the prejudices, almost the ill-will, of a naturally conservative people. Even now there are scores and hundreds of old-fashioned firms where a writing-machine is absolutely tabooed; while only quite recently a distinguished barrister, well known on the home circuit, declined to receive a type-written brief.



THE SANTA MARIA.
DRAWN ON A BAR-LOCK MACHINE BY MISS STACEY.

This, of course, is mere blind, unreasoning prejudice, and can no more prevent the general adoption of the typewriter than the refusal, in the early forties, of certain old-fashioned people to make use of trains stopped the introduction into England of railways.

Is the pen then doomed? By no means. The fact of the matter is that the typewriter is to the pen what the sewing-machine is to the needle. Needles are still manufactured by the hundred million, despite the fact that a sewing-machine is an indispensable adjunct to every well-regulated home. It will be the same with the pen when a "writing-machine" is as common a sight in a middle-class house as is a sewing-machine to-day.

One word in conclusion. It is often urged that the typewriter is useless for original work. The writer does not find it so. A very little practice renders its use as automatic as that of a pen—nay, far more so, for it is easier to tap keys than to wriggle a scratchy point over paper. Just as it is easier to play a piece of music than to write it, so it is easier to play out one's ideas than to scribble them.

THE ROYAL ARMS. DRAWN ON A TYPEWRITER.

The Holding Up of the Alhambra.

By S. Frances Harrison (Seranus).

MY father was Silas Bond—Silas P. Bond, banker, of New York—a millionaire in his time, and my mother was a teacher of drawing in the State schools when my father married her. I was twenty years of age on the 17th of October, 1887. On that night, a Monday, Lord Brabazon dined with us, and my dear mother invested her thousand dollars in orchids, palms, and roses, in honour of the occasion and my engagement. We had met in Europe some months before, and had fallen in love with unusual promptitude.

With us dined that night a person of whom everybody must have heard—Abram Lemark, a Professor of Sanskrit. I believe he was a Jew; at any rate, he was a true cosmopolite. An admirable linguist, keen critic of art and music, good conversationalist, and not a controversialist, as too many men of learning are, he was a favourite at New York dinner-tables, and especially at ours. Harry was beaming with happiness as he placed in my lap, just before we went in to dinner, a case containing a necklet of old pink topazes, a gift from his lady-mother. He said that, as I already had everything I wanted, and much more than I could ever wear, he had been hard put to find a suitable present; but you can imagine how I appreciated those antique jewels.

Professor Lemark begged to examine them, and immediately launched into an interesting dissertation on the jewellery of the Persians. The topazes, he declared, were set in purely Oriental fashion, and were worth a good deal, "though not so much," he said, "as that smallest of those three big diamonds on your finger. Let me see that ring, Miss Cynthia."

I took it off and handed it across Harry to

"I TOOK IT OFF AND HANDED IT ACROSS."

the Professor, who valued it for us very cleverly, and, before he returned it, gave us a vivid picture of the diamond cutting and polishing industries in Amsterdam. Then we went to dinner, and Professor Lemark was particularly brilliant. He and Harry

found a mutual acquaintance in the person of old Da Levy at Oxford, a specialist in Oriental languages.

Then the Professor treated us to sketches of famous criminals he had met or read about, including reminiscences of Louise Michel, and at last the talk touched upon Socialism at large, whereupon my Aunt Delia, who lived with us, and was supposed to be a strong-minded, progressive person, gave us some of her ideas, which exactly coincided with those of the Professor. We were a happy party over our orchids and champagne, even if we did talk of the "alien population," and the "social problems" of the day, and when dinner was over we discussed the theatres, and agreed to make a theatre-party for the "Alhambra" on the coming Saturday. The Professor was particularly keen in his amusing criticisms of the "Great American play" of "Progress," and said that he had heard of twenty or thirty families who would be present on that night, the 365th performance.

Next day we discovered that the Professor was rightly informed. Everyone was going on Saturday to see the last representation of "Progress." There was to be some kind of national celebration between the acts, and General Johnson would probably make a speech. Harry was delighted, and said there must be more than four hundred people of position in New York after all.

Saturday, the 22nd, finally arrived. I wore Harry's pink topazes and a low-cut gown of white brocade. When the carriage was announced, my father, turning me around under the drawing-room electric light, made a feeble protest against the jewels. There was a moment's hesitation. My mother, attired in a new and costly wrap of ermine, velvet, and lace, said there was no time to change anything now. Harry saw nothing remarkable in the number and quality of my ornaments, for, he remarked, London women were wearing much more jewellery than ever before. "You're a set of Anglomaniacs anyway," said my father, good-naturedly. Then, just as it was striking eight, we moved out to the carriage.

"Where's the Professor?" said Harry. "Wasn't he to come with us?"

"He was to have come to dinner," replied my father, "but I met him in town, and he said he was too busy to join us until half-past eight. He'll find his way to the box."

The Alhambra was a singularly beautiful building. It was designed in Moorish style, and had nothing of the look of a theatre about it. Two or three squares off, you could see its gleaming walls studded with many small windows of stained glass. The walls were bronze-coloured, and partly hidden under dull blue, silken plush hangings. Our box was strewn and decorated with roses—my mother had given the order to her florist; others had done the same. The 365th performance of "Progress," an essentially American play, written by an American, and produced by an American company at the most elegant and luxurious of American theatres—national pride ran high! Everywhere waved, and was draped, the Star-Spangled Banner. We proudly took places in the box, and Harry was gently instructed in the mysteries of New York society, for the boxes were crammed with beautiful women and distinguished men.

Mr. and Mrs. Strickland Gage, with their two daughters, and not long after them the Professor, now arrived, and our party was complete. As for Harry, being a lord, he was a great centre of attraction, although I hardly think he knew it. We showed him General Johnson in the box opposite ours, and his questions about the Civil War were answered for us by the Professor, who returned full and animated answers, crammed with statistics and facts, altogether surprising in a man who could not have known that he would be asked just those questions.

No doubt it was an exceptional evening, although the play did not merit, I thought, the success it had achieved, and this was the Professor's view. He kept up a running fire of critical remarks, which were in his cleverest and most amusing vein. A Socialist in the play afforded him a capital peg to hang his satire on, while the highly melodramatic style of the diction convulsed him. In short, he gave us a complete treatise on the "modern drama," its origin, history, defects, and probable early collapse.

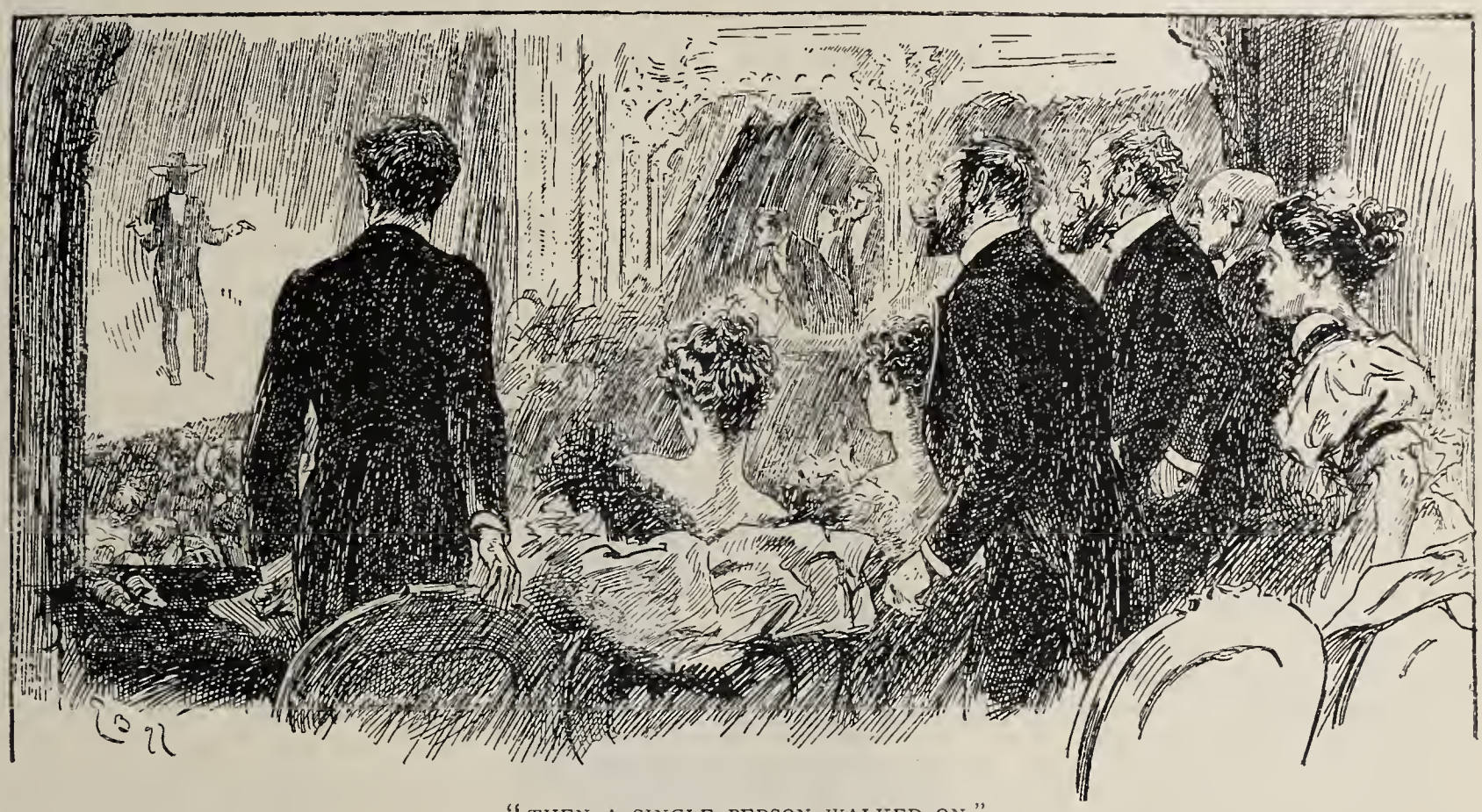
After the second act, Mr. Gage, my father, and Professor Lemark went out, leaving Harry as our guardian, and we retired to the back of the box. It struck me as an unusually long wait, and without our versatile Professor, conversation flagged. They were, doubtless, preparing the national interpolation I have alluded to.

At last, most of the gentlemen who had gone out returned to their seats, including my father and Mr. Gage, but not Professor Lemark. In answer to our queries, Mr. Gage said he had missed him in the lobby—how or when he could not tell; but that, no doubt, he would be back in plenty of

time for the national demonstration. The orchestra being hidden at the top of the stage, under large banks of American laurel, we could not see them as they made their entrances and exits, but we looked at our programmes and waited for the selection of national airs to begin.

But the wait was really very long, and we yawned and fluttered our fans, and the people in the galleries shouted, and stamped, and whistled—to no effect. Presently, our party partook of the general annoyance. Gage was half of a mind to stand up and request the house to keep quiet, as the management would presently reassure us. Just as he was arguing with his wife as to the wisdom of this step, the curtain slowly rose upon an empty stage.

Did I say the stage was empty? So it was—for a couple of seconds. Then a single person walked on—a man; and immediately, as if at a given signal, other men appeared, as if by magic, all over the theatre, and they were *all masked!*



"THEN A SINGLE PERSON WALKED ON."

"This is scandalous," said my father, when a good half-hour from the time of his re-entering the box had elapsed. Aunt Delia hazarded the opinion that some member of the cast was ill or hurt. We were all leaning out over the velvet edge of the box, when suddenly I caused some excitement by starting up and then back.

They demanded to know what was the matter, but I could not be prevailed upon to tell. For this was what I had seen, or thought I saw. At the back of the house, standing half out from behind the plush hangings, I had caught sight of a man, with such a strange, dark, square shadow over the upper part of his face, that I had fancied for the moment he was *masked!*

The next moment I laughed at the absurd notion, and tried to regain my composure. The noises all around went on as before, indeed, increasing momentarily. By this time we were all certain that something must be wrong behind the scenes, and Mr.

I had not made a mistake. My eyes had not deceived me. One of these men I had seen but a few minutes before at the back of the house, and that hard, dark, square shadow upon the upper part of his face *was* a mask. And each man held out two revolvers, including the man, motionless and disguised, in the centre of the stage.

Now, this being a matter of history, you may not doubt my word as to the singular situation in which we found ourselves. Yet I fear that I can hardly make you understand the extraordinary emotions which possessed the house, when these masked and armed men were revealed—some at the flies, where they were but dimly seen, peering blackly out upon us, some guarding the doors and lining the walls of the ground floor; others in the aisles of the galleries, thus cutting off every exit.

At first there was only stupefaction. Not a woman screamed—which I have since thought to have been very remarkable, and

caused, no doubt, by the fact that we were in a place of public amusement, and that nothing of a serious or tragic nature could possibly be apprehended. It may even have been that some fancied these apparitions were part of the play. Mr. Gage and my father looked at one another, and I noticed that while none of the ladies in our party had changed colour, the men were white. Not a word was spoken. Still the awful tension lasted, and how long we might have sat there staring out at that empty stage and its masked intruder, I do not know, had it not been for a simple incident which broke the spell. Somebody let fall an opera-glass, and the noise, slight at any other time, appeared to us like a thunder-clap. The storm of panic broke. Women turned, and, seeing those silent, ominous figures surrounding them, clung to their escorts and to each other, screamed, fainted, wept aloud in terror. Men swore and stamped, and the entire house rose to its feet.

"My God," said my father, under his breath, drawing my mother's hand on his arm, "we're in for it. It's come at last."

"What's come?" said my mother, shivering under her cloak of fur. "What's come, Silas?"

"The theatre is 'held up,' madam!" said Strickland Gage, in her ear, "and it's a bad business, but for God's sake, ladies, keep cool. Keep quiet, and all may be well. If not——" and he made an expressive gesture.

We then saw that no direct struggle had taken place. Despite the excitement and emotion of the vast audience, the masked men at the back and on the stage had apparently not moved a muscle. Their cue, whatever it was, was being stolidly adhered to.

"Isn't there a detective anywhere in the house?" whispered Harry to my father. "Can we not give an alarm?"

"Hargrave is down there at the side," returned Mr. Gage, in the same tone, "and although in plain clothes, he is doubtless armed, and probably the only armed man among us. But what is one to fifty?—and there are fifty of those scoundrels, I'll swear, counting their leader and those back of the stage. What, in Heaven's name, has become of the management?"

"Most likely gagged, if not murdered," whispered my father.

At that instant the uproar around us subsided into a silence almost as shocking. The man occupying the stage slowly advanced to the footlights—still with those revolvers pointing at us—and addressed us.

And although he was well disguised with false beard and wig, felt hat and mask, and took some pains to alter his voice, we knew him at once. It was Abram Lemark, the versatile Professor of Sanskrit, our Professor, who had only left us about three-quarters of an hour before, and had never appeared more friendly or more brilliant.

"GENERAL JOHNSON REMAINED AS HE WAS."

"Be seated, please, ladies and gentlemen," said he, in a calm, almost indifferent tone, and instantly that house obeyed—with one exception. General Johnson remained as he was, with one hand in his breast, and a smile upon his weather-beaten old hatchet face. At that sight, a thrill ran through us, and many men stood up to keep the General company. This the Professor did not permit. In distinct and contemptuous tones he commanded the enforcement of his wishes.

"One man has shown himself my equal. I allow General Johnson to remain on his feet. The others will take their seats."

The men sat down.

"Be so kind, General, as to withdraw your hand from your breast-pocket. Thanks."

He lowered his own revolvers and stood as before. You can imagine the suspense; but, no—you cannot, you cannot imagine it.

Trapped—we sat there, awaiting pillage, death, perhaps ferocity, inhuman treatment. My mother, Mrs. Gage and her daughters, and myself were at the back of the box, some of us with our hands over our eyes. Aunt Delia, however, sat boldly out in front, with her eyes upon Abram Lemark; he still had his fascinations for her.

The General had obeyed. Slowly and politely he removed his right hand, continuing to stand in an easy, unfaltering position, and with a curious smile upon his face—the poor General, the dear, dear, General! My old eyes fill with tears when I think of it—when I think of it!

Then Lemark spoke.

"General Johnson—a man whom I am assured you all honour and admire—does me the favor to rise in his box and confront me, thereby, as I take it, representing in himself this audience. I have no personal quarrel with General Johnson. He is free to depart this instant from this house, and go to his home in safety, providing he raises no alarm. The last hero left of your Civil War is the last person I should wish to see hurt. It is not against such as he that we wage our war."

As he paused, my father whispered to me to watch the man Hargrave. He sat in the stalls, not very far from us, underneath our box, and he, catching my father's eye, cautiously telegraphed a shake of the head, as if he considered the situation hopeless. Still, there was that in his eye which made us watch him.

"I repeat, ladies and gentlemen," resumed the Professor, "that I have no desire to injure General Johnson, nor anybody present. You were here assembled to see a play called 'Progress.' You will see no more of it than you have seen. The actors in it are now helpless. The officials of this house are helpless. All communication is cut off. If you stir, you die—most of you; and consider, would life be worth living to the remainder? Our object is merely to separate from you the various articles of value—watches, diamonds, and money—with which your persons are loaded. Many of you are my acquaintances, some my friends. Nevertheless, all thought of resistance or parleying will be useless. My emissaries are in all parts of this house. They are chosen men and true—to me and to the Order to which they belong. That Order has sworn to control the wealth of the community, and to check the monopoly of riches which exists to-day. We make to-night the first organized attempt in America to free the poor man from the tyranny of the rich."

We eyed each other in silent consternation, for the audacity of the scheme was awful. My mother, Mrs. Gage, and other women present began unclasping bracelets, tearing off rings, laying jewelled watches on the box-ledges in front of them. As for the men, they preserved a dogged silence. My father afterwards told me that, if he thought of one plan of escape, he thought of a thousand, and that probably the other men present did the same. But he could see no way out of the difficulty. There was no sign from the flies or lobby of distress or struggle. The thing had come about so quietly, so smoothly—the building was so completely in the hands of a well-organized gang of Socialists and robbers, that there seemed no opportunity for the men present to exercise their courage. This was what gave such a dark, sullen, dogged look to the countenances of men like my father, Strickland Gage, Rufus Hart, Judge Marriott, Augustus Weir, Stennett (of the *Courier*), and others. They were literally trapped.

And now the General spoke. He stood, still facing Lemark, and addressed him politely:—

"Will you inform this house—I, acting as its representative—whether your emissaries here, as you call them, are native-born Americans?"

"No doubt some of them are."

"But not the bulk?"

"No."

"These others are, then——?"

"From all climes, all races," answered Lemark, sharply. He wished to end the business, while the General, we saw, was trying to gain time, hoping that some assistance might yet reach us from outside.

"All I say is this," resumed the General, "if there be one free-born native American citizen here to-night among these masked and armed plunderers, frighteners of women, insulters of old age, defiers of God and justice, I had rather die at once with all my sins and imperfections on my head than live, like him, with the memory of such a night's shameful work, to be a hundred.

"I appeal," said the General, in thin and tremulous, but ringing, tones; "I appeal to the native element among this dishonourable force. By the memory of your homes—by that flag which waves there over your head——"

He got no further, for hysterical sobs broke

from all the women. How could we help it? The men got up and sat down again; electrical shivers ran through the audience. Lemark was motionless and controlled any retort he might have made.

Then it was we noticed Hargrave, the detective in plain clothes. He had changed his seat. Taking advantage of the confusion resulting from the swoon of a lady further along in the same line as himself, he had moved into a vacant place exactly facing the Professor.

"I tell you to watch Hargrave," whispered my father again. "He hasn't made that move for nothing."

Almost as he spoke, three separate shots were heard, and the first was fired by the detective. He hoped to pick off the leader of the gang, and thus cause panic among the followers. The second shot was fired by General Johnson, and from the front of the gallery had come the third. A tall, ungainly figure, with a sombrero on its head, was leaning excitedly forward — ex-Governor Compton of Texas.

"THE FIRST WAS FIRED BY THE DETECTIVE."

These three men were presumably the only armed men in the audience, and the same idea had occurred to them all—that there was only one course to be taken, and that a desperate one. To kill Lemark might throw the house into such confusion that escape for the majority would result.

But the Professor was not dead. When we looked again, we saw that Hargrave's shot had struck him in the leg, I think it was. It had been difficult to aim correctly from the peculiar level of the stalls. The Texan had aimed too low, and his bullet whizzed into the floor of the stage. As for the General, old age had rendered his shot totally wide of the mark.

Lemark reeled, but did not fall. Then we saw him cover the General with his cruel right hand—fire—and the brave old man, the fine old soldier, the honest citizen and devoted patriot, fell. He fell on the ledge of his box, shot through the heart.

Immediately the scene changed. Wild uproar succeeded. The men at the flies rushed to the assistance of Lemark. Har-

grave and the Texan were overpowered and pinioned.

"Why did they fire?" groaned Strickland Gage. "What are a few baubles worth to the life of such a man as Johnson?"

Lemark, though wounded and staggering, retained his indomitable spirit. His voice rose over the roar of execration and moaning. We heard him shout some order we could not understand, but Delia understood and came to us. She was a very calm person, and a good linguist, having been in the habit of conversing with Abram Lemark in various languages.

"Shooting is bad enough," she said, in a guarded but desperate kind of way, "but I prefer it myself to dynamite. We had better lose no time in setting a good example."

My mother rose, and taking off her new cloak poured all her jewels into it. The rest of us did the same, and my father, advancing, held the cloak out in front of our box. Rufus Hart and others followed. The house had surrendered. Some of the gang, still masked and provided with sacks, marched down the aisles and waited in front of the boxes. They worked quietly but swiftly. Watches, rings, eardrops, bracelets, were passed along in solemn silence, and consigned to the stout sacks held by Lemark's followers. The value of the booty must have been enormous. In a few cases, the men refused to leave until pockets were turned inside out, and pocket-books searched. The only humorous side to this gloomy scene that I can remember, was the extraordinary eagerness which most people displayed in yielding up their possessions. Half-dollars, letters, car-tickets, memoranda of all kinds, were feverishly fished up by those who stood in fear of the deadly revolvers. One man handed over, with a complacent air, a large wad of bills, apparently over a thousand dollars. The holder of the sack took them, looked them over, brought one close up to his eyes, fingered it knowingly, and then returned the entire package. Of course, they were counterfeits, and their owner looked around with an exceedingly sheepish smile.

As for me, the pink topazes had to go.

"THE REST OF THE HOUSE MOVED OUT IN DEATHLY SILENCE."

Abram Lemark was no respecter of persons. The fact that he had dined with us the Monday before did not trouble him in the least. Fifteen or twenty minutes were all that was necessary for Lemark's followers to make the tour of the house. At a sign from their leader, they stopped when the first gallery had been done with. Retaining to the last his voice and self-possession, he again addressed us, and told us we were free to go. Two men entered the General's box and guarded the dead body. Hargrave and Colonel Compton were restrained in like manner, but the rest of the house moved out in deathly silence, many women being supported. The dressing-rooms were in charge of masked men. The plush portières leading to the long corridor were drawn aside for us by others. The reception-room at the end of this corridor, the manager's room, the box-office, the vestibule, were deserted. Without any hindrance, it is true, but still without the means of giving an alarm, we reached the street. We found ourselves on Broadway. It was too early for the private and other carriages, but the usual crowd jostled us. We seemed to walk mechanically, blindly, in any direction whatever. We were like ghosts. The stir, the life of the bustling, brilliant street made no impression upon us; we appeared to have no part in it. We had come through a singular and awful experience, and we now appeared plunged in some unnatural spell we could not shake off. By degrees a kind of frenzy spread among us. Our peculiar looks and actions attracted attention. Several cabs were signalled, into which fainting women were put. Gradually we formed the nucleus of an excited crowd. People began to divine that something was wrong. The Alhambra doors, now closed and locked on the inside, were surrounded by men—swearing, furious, vindictive, and by women in magnificent toilets, but forgetful of wraps and head-covering. Cries for the police were next heard, and we were swept by the crowd up the street, till at the corner of ——th Street, my father and mother got into a car with much difficulty, and so disappeared. Harry and I followed. The last I saw and heard of Strickland Gage, he was beating his hands together as he tried to make an elderly policeman understand the situation.

"Act—act—do something! Tear the walls down! They have killed General Johnson, I tell you. Hargrave, the detective, is there helpless. Every moment is precious."

I tried to retrace my way, battling with the excited people around me. I had gone, I suppose, about three blocks from the theatre when the end came. Deafening noises, underground rumblings, violent detonations occurred again and again. I was thrown into the middle of the street, and became insensible.

Such was the end of that terrible night's work. Hargrave and Colonel Compton both perished with the building, from which Lemark and his men, with their booty, escaped in time to save their lives. The actors and orchestra were freed, and it afterwards transpired that very few of the officials of the theatre had been present on the occasion—no doubt the night had been carefully chosen. Both Colonel Parr and Hindlay Vincent, the Alhambra's owner and manager, were in Chicago, where the burning of another theatre (they controlled five) led to suspicions of Lemark's agents. Three of the ushers had been members of the Order. The business manager—a Pole—was another; indeed, the majority of the gang were proved to be foreigners of idle and corrupt habits. A few had been secreted behind the plush hangings from before the time for performance. Others had occupied seats in the gallery and stalls during the first and second acts. But the brunt of the affair rested upon Abram Lemark, the audacious and original Professor. He was traced to New Orleans, where he died of the effects of that wound given him by the detective.

Illustrated Interviews.

No. LIV. — SIR W. MARTIN CONWAY.

By Framley Steelcroft.

WE are not nearly so much concerned with Sir Martin Conway the Art Professor, ex-Chairman of the Authors' Society, and fellow or member of no end of learned bodies, as with Sir Martin Conway the famous mountaineer and explorer—the hero of two hundred peaks. We would even rather think of him washing up the crockery with snow in the bogs of Spitzbergen than producing his work on the Arts of Chaldæa and Assyria. It is our light-hearted way.

The ordinary person who seldom attains a higher altitude than his own bedroom floor may well stand aghast at the mountaineering exploits of men like Conway, Whymper, and Mummery—poor Mummery whose passion for "high places" ultimately cost him his life in the Himalayas. The dreadful hard work, the sufferings and inconveniences, and the really awful perils to be encountered by the mountaineer—these we hope to shadow forth in this brief sketch.

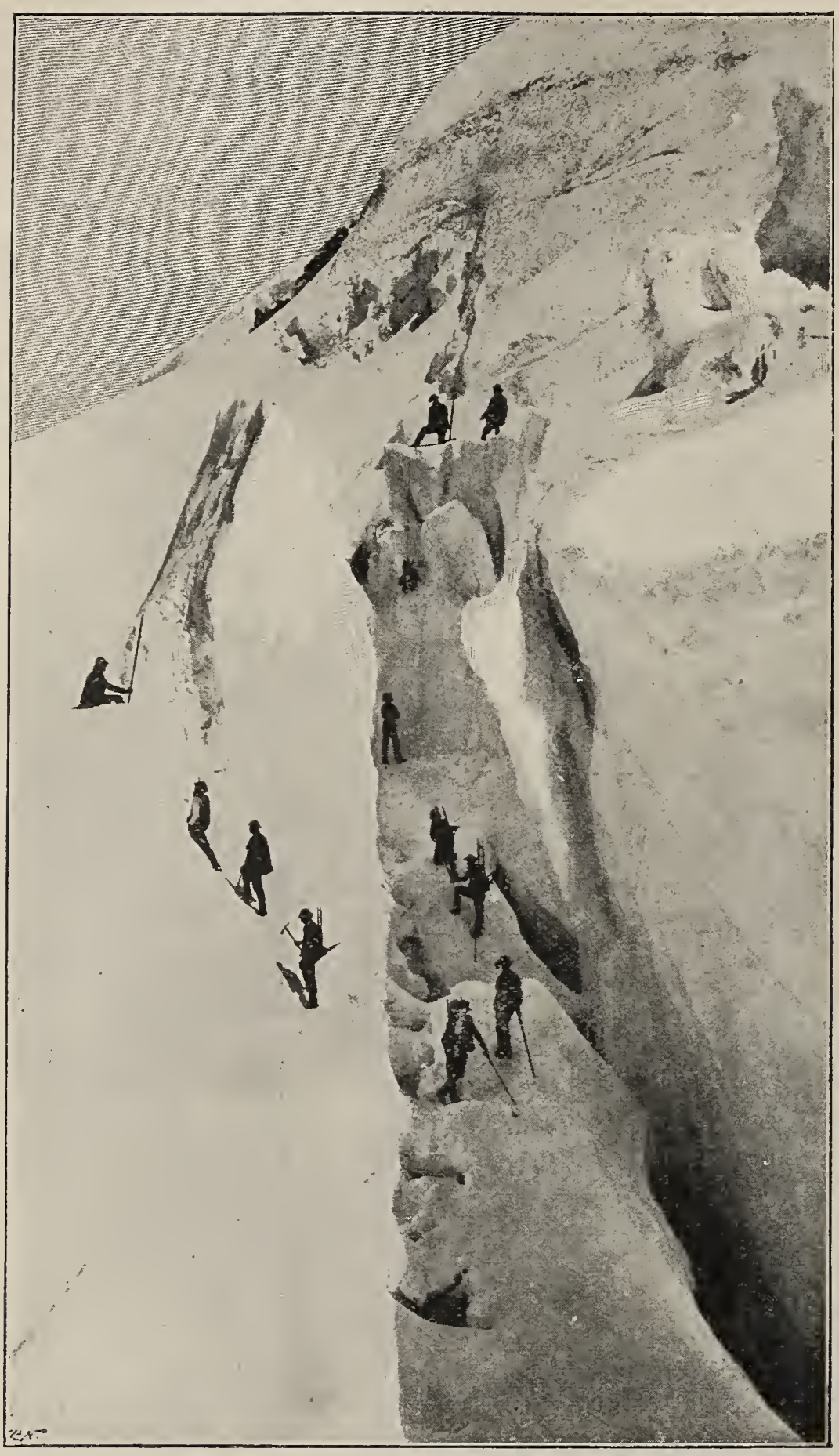
SIR MARTIN CONWAY.
From a Photo. by J. Thomson.

I first met Sir Martin Conway in an artist's studio, where he was sitting for his portrait. We bothered each other a little—artist, sitter, and interviewer—but we managed to do what was required of us.

At the age of seven, it seems, Sir Martin climbed Snowdon; and in later years he spent his vacations in the Alps, where he acquired his taste for and skill in mountaineering—on which science, by the way, he prepared the very first guide-book. As a mere tyro, he ascended the Breithorn, which mountain might well be called the "Greenhorn," since it is the happy hunting-ground of the raw amateur, and the tripper who loves to play at climbing.

"I was accompanied by a casual acquaintance," Sir Martin said, "but the weather was bad, and he left me to return alone. I had to get back to Zermatt, and I came to grief in the forest, losing my way and tumbling about here and there. My friends were in an awful state. Search parties were sent out in all directions, but I turned up at midnight, twelve hours overdue." Surely not an auspicious beginning!

But mountaineering was very different in those days from the science as now understood. Then, people who grasped their alpenstocks and ventured some little way up an important mountain went in large parties, so as to minimize risk. And here is reproduced a photo. (one among thousands in Sir Martin Conway's possession) showing an early ascent of Mont Blanc.



AN EARLY ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.
From a Photograph.

Now, as Sir Martin Conway's climbing career extends over twenty-five years, and contains adventures which would require a pretty portly volume to do them anything like justice, it is obviously futile to attempt an adequate account in these pages. Therefore I propose to deal only with his three great achievements—in the Himalayas, in the Alps, and in Spitzbergen. These we will take *seriatim*.

On Friday evening, February 5th, 1892, Conway started from Fenchurch Street Station, and arrived at Karrachi on March 7th. The caravan that started from Srinagar (Kashmir) consisted of seven Europeans, three Gurkhas, three servants, and two *shikaris*, or huntsmen. These, with eighty-nine coolies, made up a total of 104 men, seven nationalities being represented.

"Our camp," Sir Martin said to me, as he walked hastily up and down his study at Campden Hill, "was a perfect Babel. Besides English and Hindustani of sorts, Zurbriggen spoke with Bruce in French, and with me as the humour took him, in Italian or German, for he lives astride of the linguistic frontier. Then among our followers were spoken Gurkhali (of two sorts), Persian, Pashtoo, Kashmiri, Punjabi, Yeshkun, Shina, and Balti. At least five of these tongues were always going at the same time."

"Bruce" was Lieut. the Hon. C. G. Bruce, of the 5th Gurkhas, son of Lord Aberdare; Mattias Zurbriggen, of Macuguaga, also mentioned by Sir Martin, is the prince of Alpine guides. It was he who, as principal guide in Mr. E. A. Fitz-Gerald's party, so recently reached the summit of Aconcagua, in the Chilian Andes. Zurbriggen's portrait is next reproduced, for he has taken a very prominent part in Sir Martin Conway's mountaineering expeditions. Sir Martin may be congratulated on having "discovered" Zurbriggen. That remarkable man is unlike all other Alpine guides. He doesn't suffer from home-sickness, and he has not yet developed symptoms of the prospective hotel-proprietor. His caution equals his all-round ability, which is amazing.

"Nearly all my guides have been killed," Sir Martin remarked, in tones of reminiscent sadness. "I joined the Alpine Club in 1876," he went on. "The following year my guide was Nicolas Knubel, of St. Nicolas. He perished *with his two brothers*, Johann and Peter Joseph, and two English barristers, Mr. Noel Patterson and Mr. Lewis, the whole party having fallen from the Lyskamm *arête*, on September 6th, 1877, just a week after I had paid Nicolas off. Ferdinand Imseng, my guide in 1878, was killed on the

MATTIAS ZURBRIGGEN, PRINCE OF ALPINE GUIDES.
From a Photo. by J. Thomson.

Monte Rosa; and Petrus perished in 1880 with Prof. Frank Balfour."

But to return to the Himalayan expedition. Thousands of miles of practically unknown country were traversed. Once, on the way from Bandipur to Burzil Kothi, the track was bordered with the skeletons of animals and men —"more than 100 persons having met their deaths from exposure a few months before we passed."

I should remark here that Sir Martin Conway had a great deal of scientific work to do, his expedition having been subsidized by several of the learned societies. But let him speak again. "Frequently I would have to stop to secure a flower, butterfly, or insect, or to take photographs, measurements, and observations. And every specimen or photo. had, of course, to be immediately registered in my note-book."

Conway spent in all eighty-four days in the regions of eternal snow and ice. He traversed for the first time the three longest known glaciers in the world, outside the Polar regions. He reached the summit of a peak 23,000ft. high (more about this hereafter); he brought back great collections of plants and seeds, insects, and human skulls, besides about a thousand photos. With the party was Mr. A. D. McCormick, and that well-known artist made about 300 water-colour drawings, and filled five volumes with pencil sketches.

Now, considering the circumstances under which this vast amount of work was done, we must surely award the palm for industry to this most strenuous of expeditions. Every member of the party possessed an extraordinary amount of energy; they *had* to be doing something, even when the weather was atrocious. The accompanying photograph shows Mr. McCormick and his friend, Mr. Rondeboush, making a snow bust of Sir Martin. By way of explanation I take this extract from Conway's own diary: "Crossing the Burzil Pass to Astor, April 23rd. Wretched

MCCORMICK AND RONDEBOUSH, MAKING A SNOW BUST OF SIR MARTIN.
From a Photo. by Sir Martin Conway.

weather; clouds enveloped us, snow fell savagely. Fingers so cold could hardly hold pen. McCormick and his friend faced the storm and modelled a bust of myself in snow, planting it on a well-proportioned snow pedestal, with cherubs climbing up at the angles. They played various pranks with it; they crowned it with a Pathan cap, and then turned it into a Roman Emperor—with a pipe in his mouth. Finally a thaw took it in hand. The head fell slowly backwards, and the last remaining eye gazed stupidly at the zenith."

Soon the troubles commenced. The coolies were constantly throwing down their loads and trying to bolt. When brought back they would go on a few yards and then sink down wailing, "We will die here." Others would suddenly remember it was one of their great feast days; might they go down into the valley to pray? Sometimes the sun would shine out furious and scorching upon the wilderness of ice. The travellers' faces became badly burnt and swollen; some suffered from frightful headaches and mountain sickness when at great altitudes; and as there were not enough dark glasses to go round, snow-blindness began to work havoc among the expedition. The photo. here reproduced shows the whole party on the march. Certainly the sublimity of the spectacles atoned for much. "We would sit and watch the evening light upon 16,000ft. of ice and snow." But then things would happen which took the glory even from these scenes. Let Sir Martin himself tell the melancholy story of the partial destruction of his very best camera.

ON THE MARCH.
From a Photo. by Sir Martin Conway.

"I was sitting at the edge of a long plateau, 13,980ft. high, taking photographs. Afterwards, I put the camera on the ground, intending to work at the plane-table (a kind of drawing-board, used for surveying purposes). The nature of the ground cramped my movements, and I inadvertently touched the camera with my foot. Away it slid in its leather box, crashing and bounding down the precipice like a wild thing. I saw it well on its way and then resumed work, not wishing to see it smashed up before my eyes. Zurbriggen went down after it, however, and found it caught by its strap in a tree, about 1,000ft. below. Its sides were cracked and its brass angles wrenched away. It was a serious misfortune."

It was, but the resourceful Zurbriggen set to work on the thing and patched it up with cobbler's wax. It still leaked a little and let in light, but the results were good enough for topographical purposes. Zurbriggen was a treasure. He might have been seen of an evening on some dizzy peak, surrounded by coolies whose boots he was mending with raw sheepskin and copper clamps. He was even an animated barometer. "My feet are cold," he would say to Sir Martin, "and that is a good sign, for now I know that fine weather is at hand."

But often more hardships would be at hand also. The cold was sometimes so intense that Conway couldn't turn the screws of the theodolite with his frost-bitten fingers. And there were stupendous avalanches, preceded by awful thunderous booms. One avalanche brought a severe fusillade of snow-dust which "peppered us all over, and soaked us to the skin." Another destroyed a herd of ibex, and in going down after this

meat one of the Gurkhas, Amar Sing, lost his footing and his axe, and fell into the icy trough of the avalanche. After glissading 200ft, however, he was fortunately cast into a snowdrift.

Then it turned out that the postal service was in keeping with the country. Things that had been sent back to Bandipur were pillaged and found in a ruinous condition. Beetles, negatives, and the like, procured with infinite difficulty and danger, had been stolen in transit for the sake of the tin boxes.

BRUCE AND ZURBRIGGEN ON THE SUMMIT OF PIONEER PEAK.
From a Photo. by Sir Martin Conway.

Pretty well every living soul met with had an axe of his own to grind. The Rajah of Nagyr had rheumatism, and wouldn't believe that Sir Martin had not some magical remedy with him which would cure that painful complaint. He became so importunate at last that Conway gave him *a tube of lanoline*, with instructions that his *munshi* was to rub the stuff well into his (the Rajah's) joints every morning. As a *quid pro quo*, His Highness ordered a *tamasha*, or festival, in Sir Martin's honour. On the way from Mir to Hispar, a mud avalanche occurred—an inconceivably horrible thing, 40ft. wide and 50ft. deep; it travelled at the rate of seven miles an hour. This and mosquitoes swarmed in the valleys, so that even Sir Martin's inkpot was filled with them. "At every dip I drew out two or three transfixed on the nib."

The crowning achievement, literally and figuratively, of Sir Martin Conway's career is depicted in the photo. here reproduced. It shows Lieut. Bruce (on the right) and Zurbriggen on the summit of Pioneer Peak, in the Karakoram-Himalayas. Pioneer Peak is as near as possible 23,000ft. high. Thus this ascent is the highest ever reached by man—except in a balloon. The leader of the expedition is not shown, for the excellent reason that it was he who took the photo.

Certainly this altitude is not much greater than previous records, but it must be remembered that after 20,000ft., almost every additional foot is exceedingly difficult of achievement. Mr. Whymper's record is the ascent of Chimborazo, which mountain is 20,475ft. high.

Prior to Conway's ascent of Pioneer Peak, the highest *authentic* mountain ascent was made by Herr Schlagintweit, who was employed by the Indian Government to survey in Nepal. He reached 22,230ft.

Few of Sir Martin's followers went beyond Upper Plateau Camp, 20,000ft. Here the leader himself gave up smoking, as it caused a fluttering of the heart. And here too it was discovered that some thief had got at the quart bottles of liqueur brandy, and substituted the ghastliest fire-water of Asiatic commerce. But Sir Martin shall tell the tale of his greatest exploit :—

"On August 25th we struggled out of our sleeping bags and into our boots, first greasing our feet with marmot fat, as a protection against the cold. Every movement was a toil. One had to take a rest before lacing the second boot. At 21,350ft., Amar Sing was overtaken with mountain sickness and had to be left in a sheltered nook. The sun's rays burned and scorched. We were in the midst of utter aerial stagnation, which made life intolerable. The observing faculties were dulled. I was only semi-conscious of a vast depth down below on the right. The tortured glacier was filled with gaping crevasses of monstrous size. I pictured the frail ice-steps giving way. . . . At last we held the rope tight, whilst Zurbriggen climbed to the top. He found a firm place where all

could cut seats for themselves, and at 2.45 p.m. we entered upon our well-earned repose. We ceased to pant for breath the moment the exertion was over, but all felt weak and ill, like men from beds of sickness. Zurbriggen, however, was able to smoke a cigar. After photographing the sublime panorama and ascertaining the height, I took tracings with the sphygmograph of my own pulse and Zurbriggen's. I found that whilst our breathing apparatus was working well enough, our hearts were being sorely tried.

"We might have climbed a thousand feet higher, or even more, had the climbing been easy, but Zurbriggen said he couldn't cut another step. We remained on top till nearly four o'clock, gazing away to the infinite distance, behind the mountains of Hunza, possibly to the remote Pamir."

Then came the descent, which is shown in the next photograph. This gives an excellent notion of the wild grandeur of the region. During the descent an ice-step gave way, and one of the Gurkhas fell headlong over a precipice that went sheer down 2,000ft. "He swung round at the end of the rope like a pendulum, spread-eagled against the icy wall." But he gradually cut steps for himself and got back in safety.

After the ascent of Pioneer Peak, Sir Martin turned his face once more towards Srinagar. The way back was diversified with many strange incidents, and it lay along queer routes. Look at the truly awful "road" shown in the accompanying photo. It is Mr. McCormick who is seen. This is actually part of a high (very high!) road—the Indus Road, in fact—above Tarkutti. "The precipices hereabouts," said Sir Martin to me, "were the worst we had met with. They presented sheer faces to the river, and were mounted or traversed by giddy paths, galleries, and staircases. The galleries often overhung the river at great heights, and the waters far down below could be seen through the loose logs and stones.

THE DESCENT FROM PIONEER PEAK.
From a Photo. by Sir Martin Conway.

Often enough a single branch, wedged into the face of the rock, virtually supported the whole road. And yet one's pony would always insist on trotting round these awful places!"

Later came visits to Buddhist monasteries, where the weird devil-dancers gyrated in the courtyard, and the superintendent gravely brought his visitors gifts of *potatoes and turnips on a dish!*

By this time the appearance of the travellers was not prepossessing. As a matter of fact, when McCormick's pony strayed into a mountain village, the people

THE MOST WONDERFUL "ROAD" IN THE WORLD.
From a Photo. by Sir Martin Conway.

fled to the hills in utter terror at the sight of so strange an apparition.

We must now pass to Sir Martin Conway's Alpine work. The photo. here shown depicts Conway himself descending the Grivola (12,000ft.), in the Graian Alps. Above is Mummery, to whom Sir Martin is roped. Sir Martin Conway has "done" the Alps more fully than any other man since Alpine exploration began; and this period, by the way, is commonly dated from an ascent of the Wetterhorn, in 1847, by Mr. Justice Wills. In 1894, Conway conceived the idea of traversing the Alps from end to end, switchback fashion — surely "a large order." But listen once more to this wonderful man: "The route selected had to be one which could be gone over within three months of average weather. The Colle di Tenda, over which goes the road from Turin to Ventimiglia, is regarded as the southern limit of the Alps: and our final goal was the Ankogl, the last snowy peak in the direction of Vienna, and about 200 miles from that city. In 86 days we had traversed over 1,000 miles, and climbed 21 peaks and 39 passes."

Sir Martin was accompanied by Mr. E. A. Fitz-Gerald, the well-known mountaineer, and the guides Aymonod and Carrel, both of Valtournanche, a village near the south foot of the Matterhorn. Carrel had previously accompanied Mr. Whymper to the Andes. And for the first part of the journey the redoubtable Zurbriggen was among the party. Two of Sir Martin's Himalayan Gurkhas, Amar Sing and Karbir, were also taken.

Of course, the whole party were often regarded as spies. The Italian officers thought the Gurkhas "French soldiers from Tunisia." Again: "A ghostly captain emerged from the mist. We might go anywhere else — yes, indeed — but this fortified circle of hills was closed to all the world. He continued to assure us of his 'distinguished consideration,' and sent three soldiers

SIR MARTIN CONWAY AND MR. MUMMERY DESCENDING THE GRIVOLA.
From a Photograph.

ON THE BIONASSAY ARÊTE, MONT BLANC.
From a Photo. by Sir Martin Conway.

with loaded rifles to watch us off the premises."

The above photo. shows the party climbing the Bionassay *arête*, or ridge of Mont Blanc. On the right is Amar Sing, the Gurkha, and then comes Mr. Fitz-Gerald, who after this expedition was advised by Conway to go in for mountain exploration; which he did. The height of the Bionassay *arête* is about 13,300ft. "Fitz-Gerald's habit," remarked Sir Martin, "is to carry no knapsack, but to fill his capacious pockets with things. Then, when he gets up some momentum, all he has to do is to keep pace with his pockets."

Sir Martin speaks indignantly of the "Grand Hotel des Touristes chez Revial Florentin." The story of this hostelry is really funny, considering its imposing name. "Cows were stabled in the kitchen and dining-room. There was not a chair in the house; and nowhere was there a clean square inch. Sour bread, rancid butter, deformed knives and forks — these were placed before us, with meat of strange aroma and a chicken that reminded me of the ancient rooster of a village in the Lepontines, which, sacrificed and cooked for me, came to the table a semi-transparent mass of muscle, from which even an ice axe rebounded in dismay!"

And yet so sublime are the spectacles on which the expert mountaineer is privileged to gaze, that these inconveniences are altogether forgotten. The next photo. was taken by Sir Martin Conway on the very summit of Mont Blanc, 15,781ft. high. "The first thing we looked at," said Sir Martin, "was not Europe at our feet, but M. Jansen's hideous observatory hut. It was built with money provided by the Rothschilds, but has never been got into working order, and is a dreadful disfigurement. The last time I stood here," added Sir Martin, mournfully, "the surface of the majestic dome was one unbroken curve of snow; but now man has rooted evidences of his activity deep into the icy summit of Mont Blanc and strewed its surface with shavings and paper, so frozen down that the storms of a year have not sufficed to remove them."

One of the most curious incidents occurred as the party were making their way one evening to the Munschen shepherd's hut. The sheep saw them coming, and took it into their silly heads that the visitors were bringing them salt. They bore down upon the expedition from the mountain side, 1,700 strong. Fortunately the place was flat, or there might have been a disaster. The sheep in the front turned back when beaten off, but were pressed forward by the mass behind. Carrel, the guide, was overwhelmed. He was lifted off his feet and hundreds of sheep surged over him.

THE SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC.
From a Photo. by Sir Martin Conway.

The party then went on to the Martinsloch, which is one of the most curious natural phenomena in the Alps. It is a great opening, 72ft. high

A FOREST FLATTENED OUT BY THE WIND FROM A FALLING AVALANCHE.
From a Photograph.

and 46ft. wide, pierced by natural causes in the sheer rock wall. It is a stupendous arch, through which the sun shines once a year, down on to the little village church of Elm.

It was upon the little village of Elm that a whole mountain fell on September 11th, 1881. Ten million cubic mètres of rock shot across the peaceful valley, and 115 persons were buried. The edge of the avalanche was so sharply defined that it cut a house exactly in halves. This disaster was due entirely to the persistently careless way in which certain concessionnaires worked the slate-beds on the mountain. For years before the actual catastrophe the tortured mountain had given ominous warnings in the shape of great rifts and cracks; but yet the blasting operations went forward merrily. There were three falls, the third consisting of the great mass of the mountain. As this fell, Sir Martin tells me, "the forest upon it bent like a field of corn, and the mighty trees were huddled together like sheep." This brings me to the subject of Alpine avalanches generally; and I am able to reproduce here two very interesting photographs, illustrating the awful effects of one of these catastrophes. These photos. were taken by Dr. Tempest Anderson, of 17, Stonegate, York, to whom our grateful acknowledgments are due for permission to reproduce them.

On September 11th, 1895, an enormous avalanche fell 4,000ft. from the Altels mountain and overwhelmed a large pasture; it destroyed six men and 150 cattle. The first photo. shows the effect of the "fore-wind" created by the enormous descending mass. A whole forest seems literally to have been flattened out. "The tops of the trees," writes Dr. Anderson, "all pointed radially away from the direction of the *couloir*, down which the avalanche descended. This same 'fore-wind' actually caused monstrous boulders to rock violently. Big trees were torn up by the roots a quarter of a mile away."

The second photo. shows the ruins of the châlets. "These," says Dr. Tempest Anderson, "though partly protected by a hill, were utterly destroyed, and their materials distributed over a hundred yards. The place was a wilderness of broken wood and dead cattle. Four bodies were taken from the ruins of the châlets seen in the photo., and two more were buried beneath the avalanche itself."

The avalanche is a fascinating subject. We are here enabled to reproduce two other very interesting photos., taken by Mr. Charles A. Phillips, of Davos House, Penrhyn Road,

RUINS OF THE CHÂLETS, ALTELS AVALANCHE.
From a Photograph.

CHURCH NEAR DAVOS, WITH AVALANCHE-BREAKER.
From a Photograph.

Colwyn Bay. The first depicts a church situate between Davos and Wiesen, in Eastern Switzerland. The back of the edifice has been built facing up the side of a steep mountain, and it has an "avalanche-breaker," like the ram of a battleship. This is a wedge-shaped mass of solid masonry, which, when the snow begins to rush or slide down the mountain, parts the advancing mass and causes it to glide harmlessly on either side. Of course, if this church were built "four-square," and without its avalanche-breaker, it would be swept away altogether.

The second photo. shows an avalanche which has been tunnelled through to permit the passage of sleighs and other vehicles. This particular avalanche fell in a wild, picturesque gorge known as The Züge, not far from the church just described. The diligence was performing its daily journey when it stuck fast in a small drift on the road. The horses were taken out and the passengers alighted. These latter were proceeding to dig the vehicle out when, with barely enough warning to enable the workers to escape by the skin of their teeth, down came thousands of tons of snow, smashing the coach into matchwood.

AN AVALANCHE TUNNELLED THROUGH.
From a Photograph.

Sir Martin Conway's own narrow escapes make thrilling reading. He is loth to speak of them himself, for the curious reason that he thinks them in no way remarkable. "I'm *sure*," he says, "I run more risk in the London streets—particularly in a hansom cab."

But as we sat together in his study at "The

THE GUIDE AMAR SING, ON A TOOTH OF ROCK.
From a Photo. by Sir Martin Conway.

Red House," Campden Hill, he touched casually on many close shaves. Sometimes it was a falling boulder, or a collapsing snow-bridge over some frightful abyss, as in the Himalayas.

"I remember once," said Sir Martin, "sitting next to a Mr. Gabbett at *table d'hôte* in the Monte Rosa Hotel, Zermatt. Mr. Gabbett turned to me, and said, 'Will you come up the Dent Blanche with me to-morrow?' I replied, 'I haven't been up the Dent Blanche. I think I *will* go.' He went away and made arrangements. Next morning, however, a party of friends—ladies and others—begged me to join a pic-nic. I protested, in view of my engagement, but they insisted, and I had to excuse myself to Mr. Gabbett. He went alone—or, rather, with two guides. They never returned, and a search party found the bodies of all three at the foot of an awful precipice!"

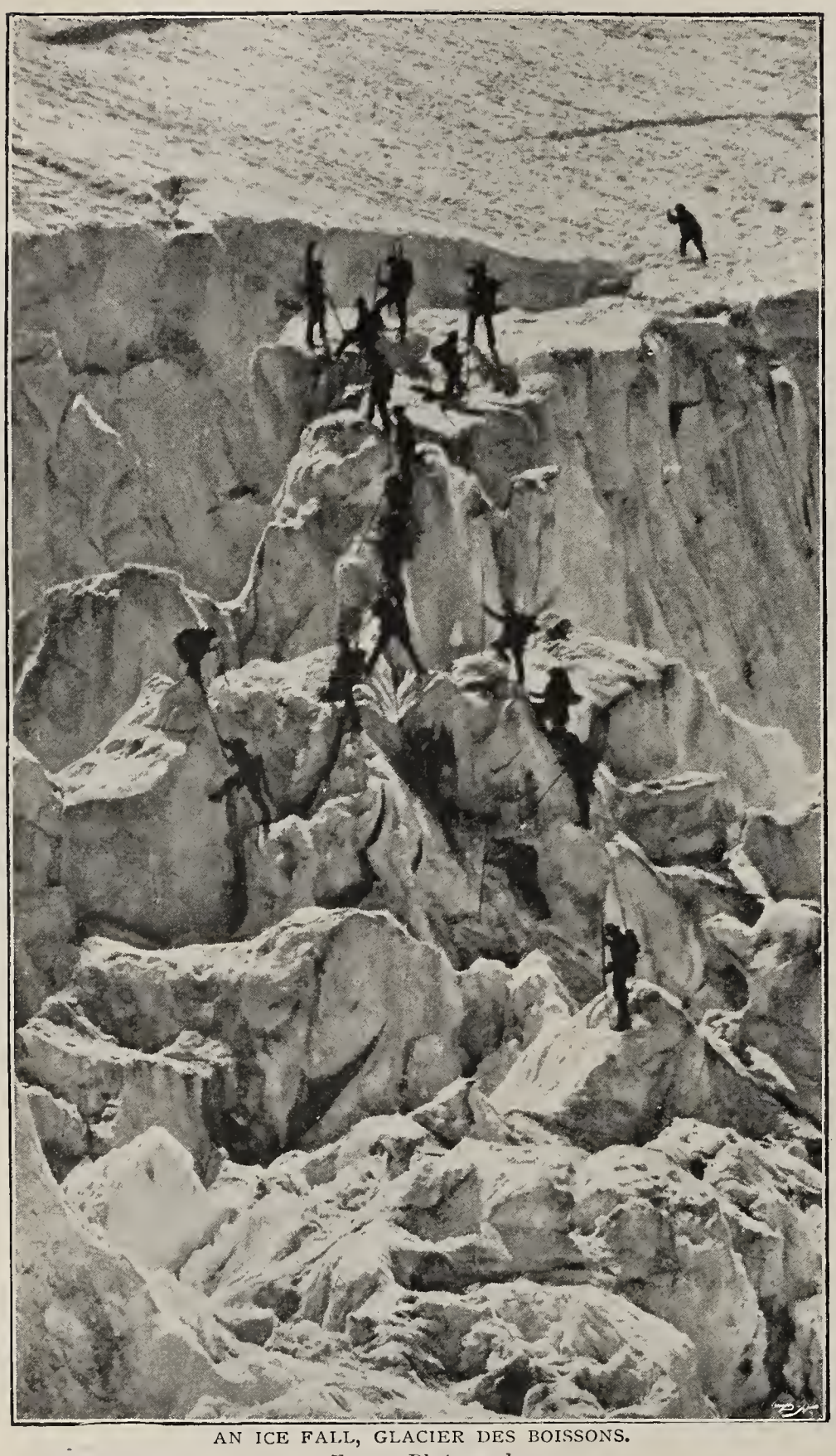
The next photo. shows Sir Martin's Gurkha guide, Amar Sing, standing on a "tooth" of rock near the village of Elm. The precipice on the left is 1,000ft. deep. "The Gurkhas," remarked Sir Martin, "are inquisitive little people. They always want to be investigating things; and whenever we came to a spur of rock they would take a deal of trouble to reach its summit."

I have said that Sir Martin Conway knows the Alps as no other man knows them. He will tell you of a place in the streets of Brescia where, at the joint between two flagstones, the slope of the Alps visibly commences. And he has much to say about the humours of life in the Alpine shelters. Here is a passage from the printed rules posted up in the Schamella Hut: "We reccommend to the Travellers . . . . in general to take in consideration by every direction for the most attentive management and keep cleanliness of the shelter-hut itself, like as the next surrounding of it." 'Tis a hard saying, truly, and we give it up.

The photo. here reproduced shows three of Sir Martin's fellow-climbers ascending the Hochfeiler in a strong gale, which, catching up the fresh snow, whirled it up and around in blinding and dangerous fashion. The Hochfeiler is easily reached from Sterzing, and is about 11,000ft. high. "There was brilliant sunshine when I took this photo.," remarked Sir Martin, "but the thermometer was down to zero. The wind struck us like a solid thing, and we had to lean against it or be overthrown. The Hochfeiler may be the easiest mountain in the Alps, but that day it would have killed us all."

Some days after came the birthday of the Austrian Emperor, and an old photographer insisted on posing everybody outside the hut-door—cook, porters, Gurkhas, climbers, and all; he wanted a picture of the entire party drinking the health of the Emperor, Franz Josef. "The poor man had much trouble, and snatching a pipe out of a porter's mouth, he exclaimed, wrathfully: 'Blockhead! how can you be supposed to be drinking the Emperor's health with a yard of pipe-stem in your mouth?'"

CLIMBING THE HOCHFEILER IN A GALE.
From a Photo. by Sir Martin Conway.



AN ICE FALL, GLACIER DES BOISSONS.
From a Photograph.

The last of Sir Martin's impressive Alpine photos. to be reproduced here shows a large mountaineering party climbing an ice-fall on the Glacier des Boissons, which is on the Chamounix side of Mont Blanc. Just at this spot the great glacier has met a considerable depression, which has caused enormous masses to break off from the edge.

Over and over again Conway's observations are those of the art professor rather than the mountaineer and explorer. A Kashmiri native at Gilgit reminded him of a fifteenth century Florentine S. Giovanni, posing for "A Holy Conversation"; only his conversation wasn't holy at all. Again, at the Biafo Glacier, the square dark face, upstanding black hair, and powerful peasant form of a Balti coolie recalled one of the attendant shepherds in a Nativity by the great Brammantino, which hangs in the Ambrosiana Gallery at Milan.

Here is another interesting photo. It shows one of Sir Martin Conway's Tromsöe ponies stuck in the snow-covered bog in the wilds of central Spitzbergen. The animal is smelling the bog on the farther side of a streamlet to see if it is safe to drag the sledge on to the opposite bank.

On June 23rd, 1896, Sir Martin and his friend, Mr. E. J. Garwood, started inland from Advent Bay, Spitzbergen, taking two ponies and sledges. It was nothing but bog, and time after time the two men had to drag the sledges themselves, one pony being used to "lug" his fellow out of the treacherous mire.

"The streams, too, were innumerable at this time of energetic thaw. In one mile, near the head of

ONE OF SIR MARTIN'S PONIES STUCK IN THE BOG IN SPITZBERGEN.
From a Photo. by Mr. E. J. Garwood.

Advent Vale, Dr. Gregory counted fifty-two which had to be waded, besides a number narrow enough to be jumped. All were rapid, and some were so deep and turbulent as to roll the sledges over and over, tangling up the traces in the ponies' legs.

"Sometimes we had to advance on all-fours. At one point I tumbled into a deep pool of snow-slush. After plodding on till we couldn't go another step, we lay down in a hollow between two walls of snow, with nothing in the way of covering but our thin mackintoshes, which we wrapped about our legs. Icy rains fell on us at intervals."

SIR MARTIN SURVEYING AT MIDNIGHT ON THE SUMMIT OF FOX PEAK.
From a Photo. by Mr. E. J. Garwood.

Sir Martin himself is seen surveying in the next photo., on the summit of Fox Peak (3,180ft.), in Spitzbergen. He named this mountain "Fox" Peak, because he followed the tracks of a fox up it. And, by the way, it was a number of fulmar petrels that piloted the party up the Sassendal. This photo. was taken *at midnight* by Mr. E. J. Garwood. There were many curious things about this exploration of Spitzbergen by Sir Martin Conway. The vessel that carried his party also took out a wooden *hotel*, which was to be erected by speculators on Advent Point. Again, Sir Martin came upon some Norwegian reindeer hunters, who had been compelled to remain on the island by reason of the ice having cut off their retreat. Two of the men had died, and their bodies were placed in a big barrel, burial being out of the question owing to the hardness of the ground.

DR. GREGORY AND SIR MARTIN DESCENDING THE IVORY GLACIER.
From a Photo. by Mr. E. J. Garwood.

The last photo. shows Sir Martin and Dr. Gregory descending the ice-wall of the Ivory Glacier to the east coast of Spitzbergen. This glacier is three miles long, one mile wide, and 600ft. high. "Twenty years ago," said Sir Martin, as we studied the photo. together, "a green valley existed where the glacier is now." It was Mr. Garwood who took this photo., and in it Sir Martin is seen below Dr. Gregory. It must have been amusing, by the way, to see the last-named scientist putting radish and other vegetable seeds in a hole on the sunny side of the bog, in the hope of reaping a welcome crop on the way back.

"We returned to Advent Point," said Sir Martin, "thirty-six days after leaving it. The tourist inn we had brought was built and was being painted."

The expedition made in all thirteen mountain ascents, and surveyed 600 miles of hitherto unknown country. About 600 photographs were taken, and a selection of these appears in Sir Martin's fascinating book, "The First Crossing of Spitzbergen," which has just been published.

An Earth-Girdler.

By George Dollar.

GLOBE-TROTTING is now so common that no one pays much attention to any plan of putting "a girdle round about the earth" unless that plan possesses daring originality and seems impossible of execution. The plan of Mr. "Paul Jones," who recently became the most-talked-of man in Boston, the "Hub of the Universe," fulfilled the two requirements. It certainly was daringly original, and the chances seemed dead against its accomplishment. Moreover, the fact that Mr. "Paul Jones" was, owing to the nature of the plan, forced to hide his identity under an assumed name, lent a lustre to the exploit that clinched public attention at the outset.

The plan, in short, was as follows: "Jones" had made a wager that he would start out on a trip around the world as Nature made him—that is, naked. He guaranteed that he would make the trip in a year, starting without a penny in the world, and without begging or borrowing on the way. He also stipulated that he would make five thousand dollars (£1,000) during the trip, although he was not compelled to bring that amount back with him. If he won he was to get £1,000, and if he lost he was to pay that amount. The minor details of the wager were completely overshadowed, however, by the first clause in the agreement, which made it imperative that he should start out in the "altogether." How would he do it, and wouldn't he be arrested? These were some of the questions that were asked.

PAUL JONES, IN HIS PAPER-SUIT.
From a Photo. by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

But the man who made the wager had a surprise in store. A Monday night was appointed for the start, and the Boston Press Club, which had taken a keen interest in "Jones," offered its rooms for the occasion. At the appointed time, Jones found himself the centre of a large gathering of newspaper men, sports, men about town, politicians, and others interested. As the moment approached when he was to make the start, the interest grew intense. A committee took him into a private room, removed all money from his person, and Jones, himself, quickly stripped. A placard was now placed on the closed door as follows:—

PAUL JONES
STARTS FROM THIS ROOM.
ADMISSION ONE CENT.

Of course, the fee was quickly paid, and the tall, athletic frame of a handsome man dressed on the Garden of Eden plan was now visible to the spectators.

The crowd wondered what Jones would do next. They did not wait long in suspense. With the money that had been taken at the door, Jones sent out a paid messenger for some wrapping-paper and pins. The wrapping-paper soon came in, and with a big pair of scissors the ingenious man set to work. A few deft movements of the scissors, and the paper began to assume the form of trousers. The legs of these were joined together with pins. Then a covering for the waist was quickly made, and a sort of cape to cover the shoulders. The progress of the work was followed with immense interest, and the spectators were lost in amazement at the cleverness and rapidity with which the man worked.

In the illustration on this page we see him as he stood before the Press Club and its guests—a paper man, without a penny to his name, except those which, in a few short minutes, he had collected by the exercise of his mother wit.

At the end of the first evening Jones was

two pounds richer than when he began. He sang an original song, and a small admission fee was charged to hear it. He also made copies of the song and sold them to the Pressmen and others who would buy. He sold his autographs for five cents apiece. He also let the spectators feel his muscle, for a nominal sum, and offered to spar anybody for a stake. Nobody, however, accepted. He had several offers for his paper-suit, but would accept none of them. The clever man knew that when the morning papers came out with the account of the previous night's doings, that suit would have a money value far in advance of the prices offered. So, in his paper-suit, he went out to one of the best hotels—and went to bed.

The next morning everybody in the city knew of Jones's feat. He spent the early part of the day in making a new suit out of blankets which he had bought from the proceeds of the previous night. This suit served a temporary need for warmth, as it was a cold winter's day, and, as one may see from the illustration, the suit was somewhat like pyjamas. As yet, Jones had no shoes. The night before he had hastily manufactured a pair of sandals out of two pieces of purchased leather, and these he wore until he had collected money enough to buy some shoes. The purchase of the blankets left him 5½d. short on his breakfast, but a reporter gave this to him for an interview. He now struck the proprietor of the hotel for a job, and got a dollar for one hour's work. For carrying placards on his back advertising the hotel restaurant he got £2. Thus his morning's work brought him in 44s.

A clothing-house now came to the front with an offer of £2 for the paper-suit, which they prominently exhibited in their window. They also hired him as salesman for the afternoon—a *coup* that attracted a large number of people into the shop to see the man in the blanket-suit. The autograph business still went on with profit, and with the proceeds Jones bought a large quantity of new and shiny cents, which he sold as souvenirs at a fancy price. He paid for his supper by working forty minutes as a waiter in a restaurant, and everywhere he went in his blankets, he was followed by large crowds.

After supper he added materially to his store by inviting people to a "smoker" in the hotel. It cost nothing to get in, but lots to remain. To sit on the bed for five minutes cost a halfpenny. A chair was let at the rate of a halfpenny a minute, and standing-room was sold for a halfpenny per half-hour. The crowd was large and enthusiastic, so Jones bought a box of cigars and liberally passed them round. No one, however, was allowed to expectorate without paying a halfpenny! This brought in a large profit. Jones now announced that he would sing his original song at 2½d. per head. The audience then unanimously and gratuitously paid him a like amount to quit. At the end of the evening Jones was £20 to the good.

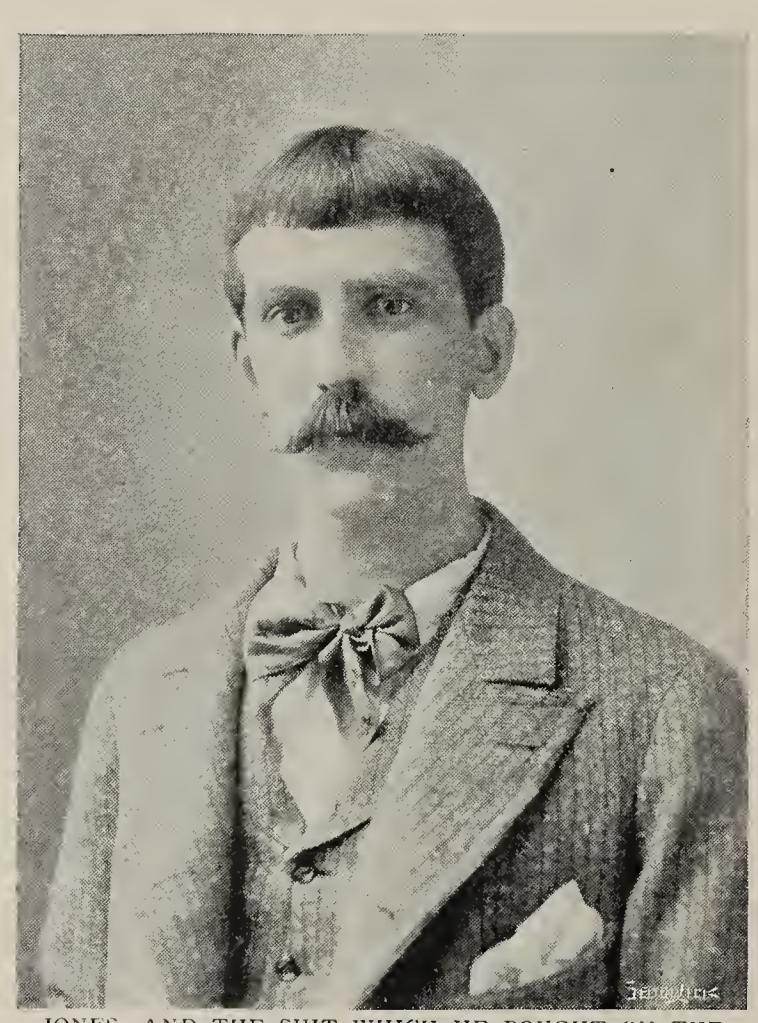
THE SUIT MADE OF BLANKETS.
From a Photo. by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

The next day he made preparations for leaving Boston. His plan was to visit several of the Eastern cities, which, through the Press reports, had already been apprised of his wager and the remarkable events of the first two days, and, in these cities, collect enough money to buy a steamship ticket to the Old World. He expected little success in Europe, but would push on steadily to the East, and when he arrived in San Francisco, would begin a lecturing tour in all the principal cities of the United States. Already, indeed, offers for lectures were pouring in upon him. Commercial houses, also, made arrangements with him to advertise them on tour, and to peddle their wares. For this he was promised astonishing sums, and on the second day his thousand pounds were assured.

But before he left Boston he bought a good

suit of clothes and a necktie out of the proceeds of the previous day. The remainder he put in the bank. He got shaved, paid £1 for a pair of shoes, and 30s. for an overcoat. He made his breakfast by shining an admirer's boots, and this gave him the idea of hiring a bootblack's outfit for a few hours, by which means he made a good sum quickly. Previously he had had photographs of himself taken in his three suits. These he sold at good prices in the various cities he visited. He regularly charged 2½d. for a hand-shake, and thus loaded his pockets with loose "nickels."

The first city he visited, after leaving Boston, was Providence. He arrived in his quadruple capacity as travelling salesman, advance agent, lecturer, and "globe-trotter." The Providence Press Club entertained him, and he entertained them by repeating his Boston experiences. In the evening he was advertised to appear at the Pawtucket Opera House, to be examined by a mind-reader. The house was crowded. He had also made an engagement to appear in Boston the same evening, and to get to Boston in time, he was compelled to hire a special train. He appeared on the stage promptly, before an overflowing audience, and made a speech, for which he was paid, it is said, £30. He also sang his song and gave an exhibition of sawing wood.



JONES, AND THE SUIT WHICH HE BOUGHT ON THE THIRD DAY OF HIS TRIP.
From a Photo. by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

Jones now left for New York, and having banked all his money, arrived in the Metropolis with little cash, except the souvenir coins, and a stock of photographs. He paid for his breakfast by writing a few lines for a newspaper. A job to distribute handbills for an auction-shop then came to him, and brought him £2. He registered at one of the best hotels, and attended to his correspondence, which had by this time become enormous, necessitating the frequent employment of an amanuensis. His first day in New York netted him over £3. He had moved so quickly that a lot of additional offers came from Boston and Providence to go back for various purposes, and he accordingly returned to Providence to tend a "soda-fountain" and sell cigars at £1 an hour. Here he also blacked three pairs of boots at £1 a pair. He also did a rattling trade in photographs, and, by the various firms for which he worked, was widely advertised, to his own and their advantage. Money, meantime, was flowing in rapidly, and he was inundated with various schemes for turning his notoriety into rapid profit.

From Providence he went to Springfield, and here repeated his success. He gave a lecture to a large crowd, sang his song, and sawed wood. An enterprising haberdasher hired him to tend in a shop for an afternoon, and a chemist drew a large trade by getting him to stand at a soda-fountain, draw fruit syrups and lemonade, and sell cigars and tobacco. One of his customers was a police-inspector who had come to arrest him for the non-payment of a debt contracted in Boston before he made the wager. This debt Jones paid. Two days after a claim for £10 was made against him by a firm which had secured him a position as teacher in a Massachusetts town. Another claim for £17 was later produced. Jones paid neither claim, and was locked up. The newspapers then investigated the whole affair, and found that "Jones's" real name was Pfeiffer, that he had had a college education, and that, being in hard straits, he had invented the story of a wager, and had hoodwinked the Press into giving it publicity. His success was enormous, but short. Strange to say, also, the very people who had become tired of the name of "Paul Jones" were the first ones to express sorrow over his untimely end.

How Buildings are Moved.

By James Walter Smith.

A TRUE story is told of an enterprising town in Kansas, which, after trying to induce a new railway company to run their line through the town, woke up one morning to find that the railway had been located ten miles away. A town-meeting was immediately held, and with desperate enthusiasm the citizens unanimously decided that, if the railway would not come to the town, the town must go to the railway. The next day operations were begun. All the houses, shops, churches, and lager-beer saloons were put on rollers, and, headed by dozens of pulling horses, a brass band, two clergymen, and the Mayor, the long procession of property started slowly across the prairie. The story does not tell how long the procession took, but it finally reached its destination, and with a prayer by one of the clergymen and general jubilation, the town was deposited in its resting-place by the railway, where it stands to this day.

The ingenuity of the Yankee is, indeed, of just repute. There was another house-moving feat three winters ago, near Damariscotta Mills, in Maine. A man in Muscongus wanted to take his house to Damariscotta Mills, by way of a lake. The house was placed on heavy "shoes," in order that the building might slide easily over the ice and snow, and twenty oxen were attached. The building was hauled to a hill overlooking the lake, the oxen detached, and the building given a slide down hill for a quarter of a mile. It went down with considerable rapidity, and out upon the frozen lake. The oxen were again attached, and the journey down the lake was accomplished with speed.

A like interesting story can be told about the pretty wooden mansion shown on this and the following page, and the operation

From a Photo. by] TOWING A HOUSE FOR EIGHT MILES ON HUMBOLDT BAY, CALIFORNIA. *[E. S. Chase.*

was certainly one of the most picturesque and scientific feats of modern house-moving. The house belongs to Mr. Ernest Sevier, a prominent lawyer of Eureka, California. It was raised from its foundation in Arcata, a small town near Eureka, and moved on rollers to a marsh on the edge of Humboldt Bay. Here, two large lighters or flat barges, each competent to sustain 300 tons, were in waiting, securely joined together. A square opening had been cut into the edge of the marsh, and in this the lighters were supported with piles, so as to be perfectly stationary at low tide. The house was then shifted to the lighters, and at high tide the piles were withdrawn, and the house and lighters were afloat on Humboldt Bay.

From a Photo. by] THE HOUSE AFTER REMOVAL FROM THE LIGHTERS. *[E. S. Chase.*

In this fashion, it was towed for eight miles with perfect safety. The house weighed over 100 tons, contained ten rooms, an outside chimney, and was hard-finished throughout. When it reached Eureka, it was transferred from the lighters to the land, in the presence of a crowd of spectators, and then rolled a half a mile within the limits of the City of Eureka. The first photo. on this page shows the house immediately after it was removed from the lighters, and the second photo. shows it rolling prettily along the street behind a donkey-engine, near its destination. The house was placed on pine timbers, 12in. by 14in., running fore and aft, and these again were crossed with other timbers running transversely. "The plastering," writes Mr. Sevier, "was broken in places, but two men repaired it all in one day. Not a panel was started, not a pane of glass broken, and not a brick displaced." The contractors who moved the house were Messrs. H. M. Mercer and William Berry, and the work was finished in about two months.

Buildings, it may be added, are not always

THE HOUSE BEING PULLED ON ROLLERS TO ITS DESTINATION IN EUREKA, CAL,
From a Photo. by J. Vansant, Junr.

BRICK HOUSE IN BROOKLYN MOVING ON GREASED WAYS—HORSES AND CAPSTANS AT LEFT.
From a Photograph.

moved on wooden rollers. In 1832, the first building raised and moved, so far as can be ascertained, in the United States—a fair-sized frame-house in Boston—was moved on iron balls, operating in grooves or channels. The building was moved but a short distance, and at that time was considered a triumph of engineering. Previous to that time, small structures had been moved on greased slides, the idea having probably been copied from the process of launching vessels on lubricated ways. This method is still in existence, and still proves effective, as is shown at the top of this page.

This large square brick building was lately moved in Brooklyn by Messrs. B. C. Miller and Son. Large timbers, about 3ft. apart, were placed under the ground-floor joists, running through the building. Under these came a second row at right angles, and under these last timbers strong lifting jack-screws on timber foundations or "cribs" were placed, as shown in the small photo. at the bottom of the page. The ground over which such a building is moved is made perfectly level, and in many cases covered with boards upon which tracks of heavy timber are laid The motive power, except in the case of very heavy structures, is furnished by horses. Heavy ropes or chains and pulleys are so arranged between the building and a capstan as to gain the greatest amount of power with the least expenditure of force. The horse is then attached to the long wooden or iron bar of the capstan, and starts on a tour around the capstan, threading his way with trained feet over the ropes and chains, and leaving behind him a gradually deepening path. When rollers are used, each roller, as it comes out at the back of the house, is placed at the front, and when the house is near the capstan, the capstan is moved forward and again secured to the ground with strong spikes.

Thus the operation continues until the structure is near its destination. The new foundation is built up between the timbers or "needles," as they are often called. After the foundation walls are finished and have dried, the timbers are drawn out one by one, and the holes filled in.

From a] LIFTING THE ABOVE HOUSE BY MEANS OF JACK-SCREWS. *[Photograph.*

It often happens that ordinary house-moving operations in the United States, such as those with horse and capstan, no longer arouse any interest in spectators, so familiar have these operations grown. The building passes along through the principal streets, sometimes for miles, without drawing

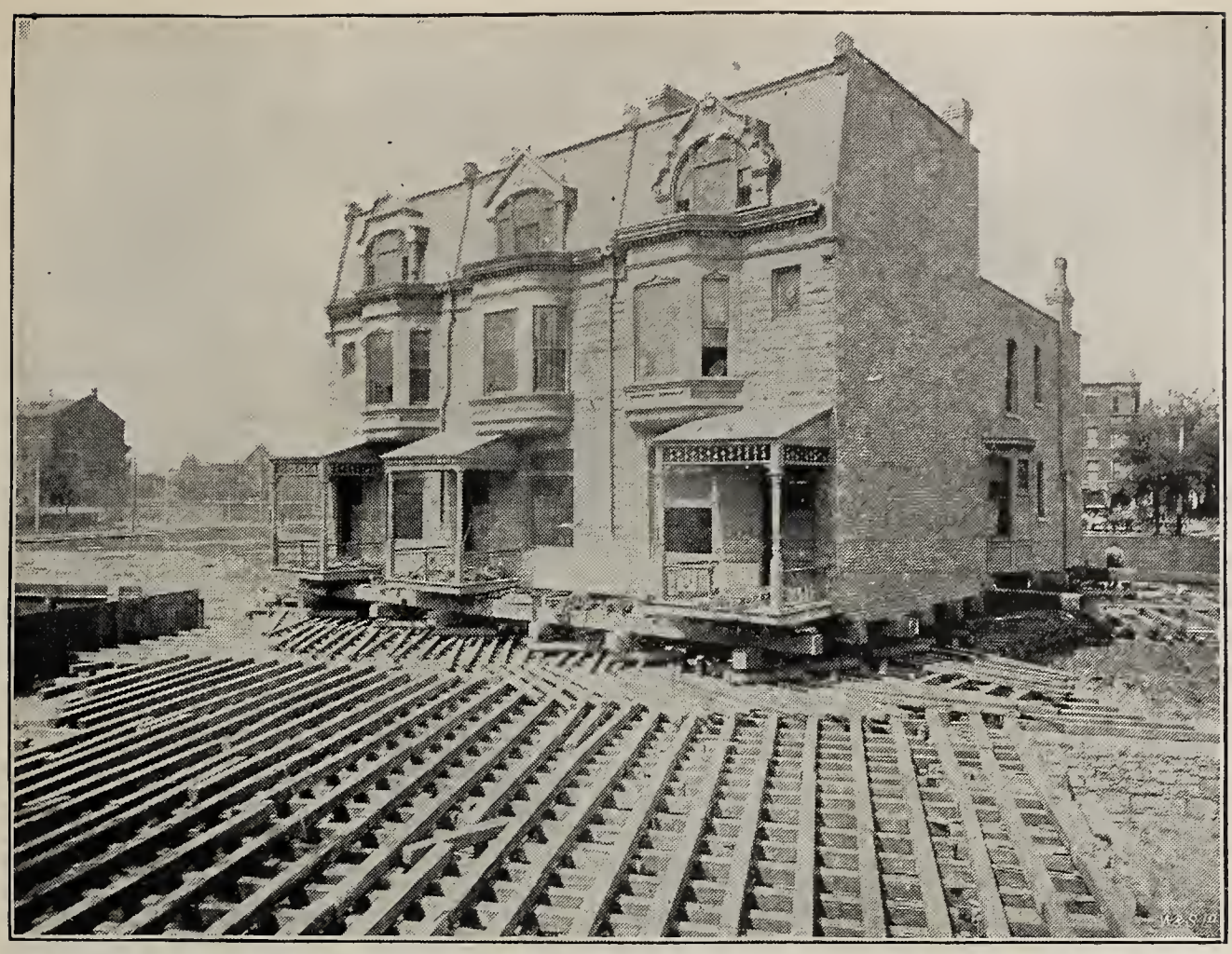
crowds or disturbing traffic. When, however, the large savings bank at Newton, Massachusetts, was moved by Mr. John Soley, of Boston, across the local electric railway, traffic was entirely suspended, and large crowds witnessed the removal. The operation was particularly difficult, on account of the length of the building, the number of projections allowing little opportunity to truss the building securely. As here shown, the bank was moved on rollers.

MOVING A BANK 300FT. AT NEWTON, MASS., ACROSS ELECTRIC RAILWAY.
From a Photograph.

The handling of immense structures in the United States is no less a surprise to Americans than to foreigners, and people often travel long distances to see the moving carried on. The daily papers devote considerable space to a description of the process, and visiting engineers from England, France, and Germany continually marvel at its ease and seeming simplicity. The industry is purely American, although the appliances and the principles of the wedge, screw, cannon-ball, and roller are as old as the hills. It is the combination of these devices applied to the moving of buildings upon which the American house-mover prides himself for originality. And, as the coming pages will show, no structure of brick, stone, or iron, however large, has any terrors for him, so long as there are plenty of jack-screws in the market, and trees in the forests to get his timber from.

The remarkable thing about it all is that the buildings do not get damaged, and that when fine residences are being moved, the people still occupy their accustomed apartments, eat their dinners without the sliding of a plate, and when the job is finished, find themselves looking at the sun set from the very place where they once saw it rise. The handsome stone block of three buildings shown at the top of the next page was turned from south to north by Mr. L. P. Friestedt, one of the leading house-movers of Chicago, to whom we are indebted for this and the three following photographs of enormous buildings successfully moved in Chicago. The noticeable thing about the first Chicago photograph is Mr. Friestedt's method of laying timber foundations and of making the turntable. The exact direction of the timbers upon which the rollers are to run is calculated to a nicety, and we catch the building just upon the turn.

In the lower corner of the next page is shown the Normandy apartment building, formerly standing on Laflin Street, Chicago. It is supposed to be the largest building ever moved and turned round on rollers, the total weight being about 8,000 tons. Twenty-four men, with eight hundred jack-screws and six hundred rollers, were at work for ten weeks in 1893, and, without counting the turn, the whole distance travelled was 350ft. The lifting screws were divided between the men, so that each man had a certain number of screws to turn, the signal to turn being given by the foreman's whistle. Each man gave one turn to the screw each time the whistle sounded. The screws were tightened up in this way until the walls began to separate from the foundation, and when the structure had been lifted 3ft. 6in., blocking was laid across the cribs, and 4 × 5 hickory skids were laid lengthways of the building, the rollers being placed on top of these.



BLOCK OF THREE BUILDINGS BEING TURNED FROM A SOUTH TO A NORTH FRONT, WITH PEOPLE IN OCCUPATION—SHOWING TURN-TABLE AND OLD FOUNDATION IN FOREGROUND.
From a Photograph.

The building was then propelled to the turn-table by a very interesting method. When horses are useless, it is customary to push the building along by means of jack-screws placed parallel to the ground at the rear of the building, one end of each screw abutting against a piece of heavy timber secured to the ground-ways by heavy chains, while the opposite end of each screw works in a hollow log called a "pump," which presses against the timbers on which the building rests. In moving the structure, the men take their position at the screws, and, at the foreman's signal, the screws are given a quarter or half turn. The building moves forward with each turn, and when the screws are run out to their full length, the chained logs are moved forward, and the operation begins again.

The turn-table upon which the Normandy partially revolved was a level mass of timber work, 132ft. square and 4ft. deep, built of 200,000ft. of 6 × 6 timbers, laid on ground that had been scraped and levelled. The ground was sprinkled with sand, and then paved with planks laid closely together, as seen in the photo. The building was propelled on to this floor, and the rollers pointed toward the centre of the building. Here a pivot had been placed, on which the building revolved.

As Mr. Friestedt, the mover of these enormous structures in Chicago, points out,

APARTMENT BUILDING OF 8,000 TONS IN CHICAGO BEING MOVED TO MAKE WAY FOR AN ELEVATED RAILWAY.
From a [*Photograph.*

MAKING WAY FOR THE METROPOLITAN ELEVATED RAILWAY IN CHICAGO—NEW FOUNDATIONS IN FOREGROUND.
From a Photo. by] [E. L. Clements, Chicago.

the rapid growth of cities in the United States, the necessity for cutting new streets through old sections of towns, the tendency of railways to pierce the heart of a metropolis, as well as the necessity for great sewers, canals, viaducts, and elevated railways to meet the demands of increasing population and business, account for the rapid improvements in the science of house-moving. Either the buildings had to be torn down, as they have lately been torn down in London to make room for underground stations or great railway termini, or they had to be moved to a more remote locality. The destruction of this vast amount of property would have amounted into the millions, and although house-moving was costly, it was cheaper than complete destruction. The large building shown at the top of this page, with the new foundation in the foreground, was removed to make way for an elevated railway. The Normandy was moved for a like reason. In the view below, which represents a double brick residence being turned from a north to a south front, while people are residing in it, the method by which the building is shoved along with a screw braced against chained timbers is clearly shown, especially at the near corner.

The material used in handling these heavy structures is selected for its strength, timber being used for light brick structures, and steel beams where the strain is great. The weight of the whole building is first estimated, which means separate estimates per cubic foot of the different materials of which the

DOUBLE BRICK RESIDENCE IN CHICAGO BEING TURNED FROM NORTH TO SOUTH FRONT, WITH PEOPLE IN OCCUPATION.
From a Photo. by] [E. L. Clements, Chicago.

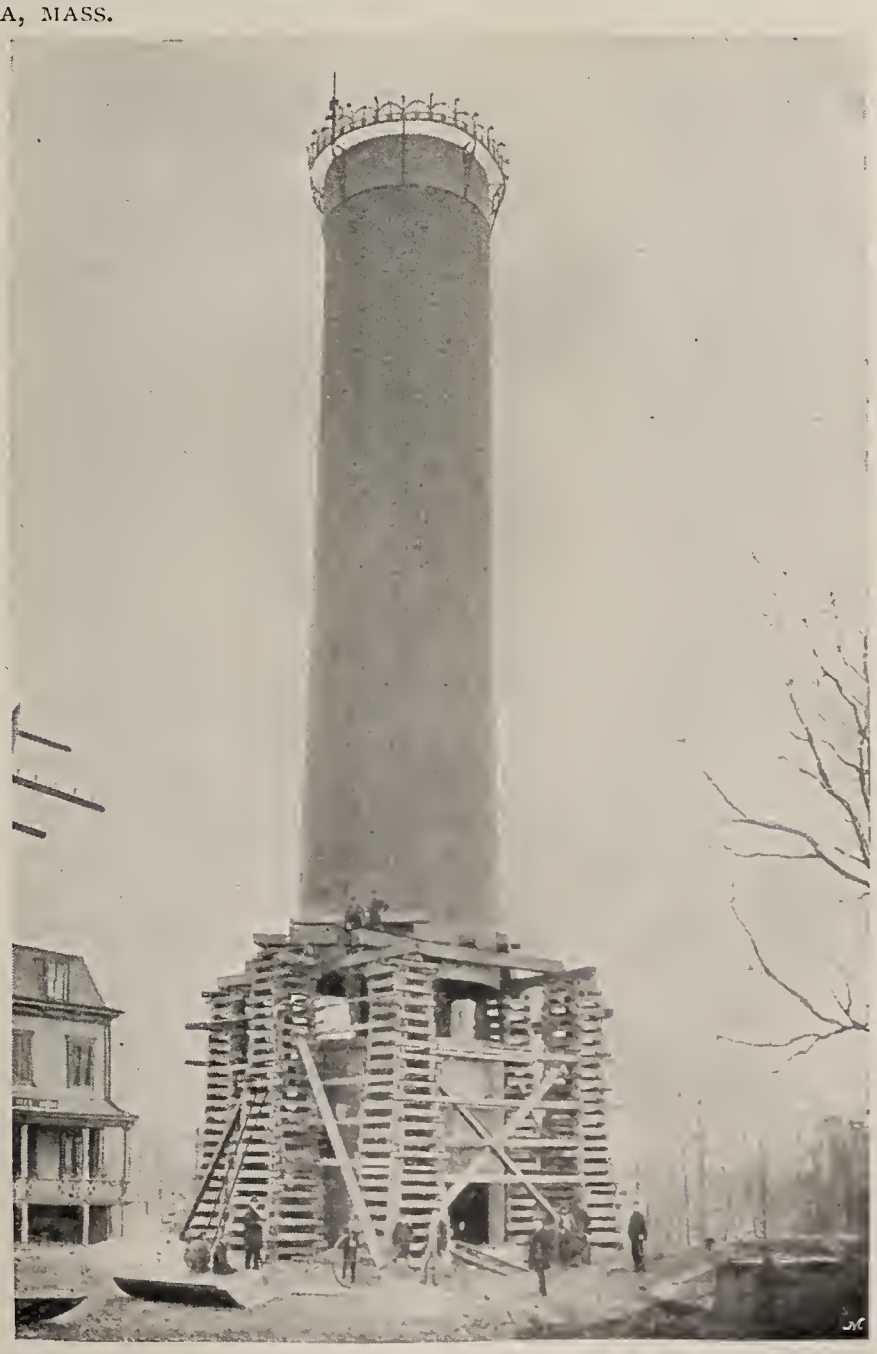
CHIMNEY 125FT. HIGH MOVED ACROSS A STREET IN CHELSEA, MASS.

From a Photo. by C. Hayden, Chelsea, Mass.

building is constructed, whether of wood, brick, stone, iron, or steel. When the maximum weight is obtained, an estimate is made of the tension or fibre strength of the steel beams, timbers, and blocking upon which the structure is to rest. The lifting capacity of the jack-screws is then estimated, the number of screws necessary to lift the weight being thus ascertained. Accidents are guarded against by rigid tests of the material. The breaking of a beam from overstrain might mean the wrecking of the structure and the death of a number of men.

A house-mover must needs have a large capital behind him. His yard is usually full of timber, iron, capstans, derricks, pulleys, chains, ropes, clamps, rods, etc., etc., all of which represent an amount of money not easily to be reckoned up. This mass of material is rarely in disorder, but when a big job has been completed, the yard often looks as if a playful cyclone had danced through it, juggling with jack-screws, ladders, and derricks. The necessity of capital is proved by the fact that nearly all house-movers are required to furnish bonds for the speedy and safe performance of their work. Before he was allowed to move the Immanuel Baptist Church in Chicago, Mr. H. Sheeler gave a bond for 50,000 dollars, scheduled from his own property. Special contracts are also made for removals within a certain time, which means the hiring of an extra number of men and the ability to pay their wages.

Certain American movers make a speciality of raising and moving chimneys, which are particularly wobbly in their tendencies. The chimney shown in the top left corner was 125ft. high, and was successfully taken across a wide street in Chelsea, Massachusetts, the power being obtained from a horse and capstan.



RAISING A WATER-TOWER AT MOUNT VERNON, NEW YORK.

From a Photograph.

A huge water-tower in Mount Vernon, New York, was also raised by Messrs. Isaac Blair and Co., of Boston. The structure was 100ft. high, and weighed about fifty tons. It was raised bodily by means of screws, and although the high winds caused it to sway slightly, it was strongly held by steel guys. The object of the work was to secure additional force to the water supply. The tower was 20ft. in diameter, and was raised about 4ft. a day until it was 125ft. high.

"Scarcely a perceptible crack in any part of the building." Thus wrote a reporter

From a] MOVING RAILWAY STATION BACK 50FT. AT MOTT HAVEN, NEW YORK. *[Photograph.*

about the moving in 1893 of the big 1,700 ton railway station at Mott Haven, in the suburbs of New York City. The building, as shown in the accompanying photo., was 185ft. in length, with a tower 80ft. in height, and was successfully carried back by Miller a distance of 50ft. The station was pushed to its new foundation on skids or ways, in the manner already described.

A more remarkable feat — one which may be said to mark an epoch in the history of American house-moving — was the removal of the Brighton Beach Hotel in 1888. The hotel was raised from its foundations, placed on flat trucks, and by means of locomotives hauled one-tenth of a mile back from the sea. The hotel was first opened to the public in July, 1878. It stood 600ft. away from the water, but it was soon threatened by the encroaching Atlantic, which gradually washed its way under two-thirds of the hotel. The total loss of the structure was predicted. It was first thought possible to move the building

From a Photo. by] MOVING THE BRIGHTON BEACH HOTEL, IN 1888, AWAY FROM THE ENCROACHING ATLANTIC— SHOWING THE TRUCKS UNDER THE HOTEL. *[J. H. Beal, New York City.*

back, but its enormous length of 460ft., its five large towers six and seven stories high, and its weight of 5,000 tons, strongly pointed to a failure.

A contract to move the hotel was, however, soon signed, and on April 3rd, 1888, Messrs. B. C. Miller and Son had the huge building ready to start. The hotel had been raised, twenty-four lines of rails had been placed under it, and upon the rails rested 112 flat trucks. The arrangement of these trucks, or cars, is shown in the illustrations. Huge timbers were then laid from end to end of each line of trucks, and upon these timbers transverse beams were stretched. It was carefully arranged that no part of this platform of timber could be moved unless the movement was common to the whole. The locomotives were on two lines, or tracks, three on each line, and the cables attached to the hotel extended from the locomotives like the ribs of a fan.

To witness the moving of this immense structure, crowds of people came from the neighbouring cities, and great enthusiasm reigned. Nothing like it had ever been known before in the United States, and when the engines were ready to start, the excitement was at its highest point. Mr. Miller gave the signal to start, and, in the glowing words of a Metropolitan reporter, "simultaneously six throttles were thrown open—first gradually, then to their full. The music of the guy-ropes and tackle was weird and Wagnerian; then the tug of war began. Panting and puffing, the iron horses strained every fibre of their mechanical muscle. For a moment, and a moment only, they tugged in vain; their immense drive-wheels revolved with perceptible swiftness; then, as if with a mighty effort, they forged ahead. Slowly, but surely, the mammoth structure followed. The puzzling problem as to what was to be the fate of Brighton Beach Hotel had been solved. Shouts of joyous approval and triumph arose from the small army of workmen and spectators, which were caught up and echoed by six brazen throats in shrill and prolonged blasts."

SIX LOCOMOTIVES PULLING THE BRIGHTON BEACH HOTEL BACK FROM THE OCEAN, APRIL 3RD, 1888—THE ENTIRE BUILDING RESTING ON 112 FLAT TRUCKS.

From a] [*Photograph.*

THE TELEGRAPH MESSAGE

BY

ROBERT BARR.

JOHN SANDYS, local manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company, in the city of Disapolis, sat in his office one afternoon, when there was brought to him the card of a lady. Most of Mr. Sandys' visitors were masculine, and the manager, a grizzled man of fifty, arched his brows in surprise as he glanced at the card.

"Ask the young lady to come in," he said, briefly. He whirled round in his swivel-chair and rose from it as a sweet-faced girl entered, dressed in black, her whole attire having neatness as its distinguishing characteristic. Pausing for a moment at the door, she came swiftly forward to him, extending her hand.

"I don't suppose you will remember me, Mr. Sandys," she began, somewhat breathlessly, "but I thought—perhaps——"

The manager interrupted her, speaking in kindly tones.

"Indeed, Miss Elinor, I remember you very well, although you were only a little girl when I last saw you. You have been so long at school and abroad, that a man might well be excused if he failed to recognise you. Many things have happened since last we met, you know."

The manager was a laconic man, and he now spoke at greater length than was his custom, for he saw that his visitor had evidently keyed herself up to this interview, and was scarcely able to conceal her agitation. A glance at the dark costume she wore recalled to his mind the recent death of her father, and then he felt that his last remark had been somewhat infelicitous, but being an unready man, and not knowing how to remedy it, he made no attempt to do so, contenting himself by pushing forward a chair, and asking the girl to sit down.

When Miss McClintoch had seated herself, Sandys resumed his position in the swivel-chair somewhat uneasily, and for a few moments there was silence between them.

"Yes," she said at last, not looking up at him; speaking in a low voice and trying to keep command over it, "many things have happened since then. I came home to find my father dying, and since his death we have learned — doubtless everyone in the city knows it now—how disastrous had been his transactions on the Board of Trade. I have no doubt the worry, caused by his fear of leaving mother and me unprovided for, did much to hasten his death."

Mr. Sandys, not knowing what to say, murmured that probably this was so.

"It is now three months since father's death," continued the girl, "and immediately after, mother and I moved to a small cottage on Sixteenth Street, where we now live, and to-day I resolved to come up here and have a business talk with you, Mr. Sandys."

For the first time since she sat down, the girl looked up at him, and he saw that her eyes were wet, and that she was trying to force a faint smile to her tremulous lips.

"I found I had to earn my own living,

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and so two months ago I bought a telegraph instrument and learned telegraphing."

"But, surely," said Mr. Sandys, "with your accomplishments you do not need to be a telegraphist."

"My accomplishments, although expensive to buy, are not very saleable on the market"

"My dear Miss Elinor," said the manager, "telegraphing is the very last profession I would advise a young lady to take up. I warn everybody against telegraphing. I never open a morning paper but I expect to see an account of some new invention that will abolish telegraphy altogether; in fact, when the telephone was perfected, I rather expected it would render us all superfluous, and I am not sure but that eventually will be the case, for the long distance telephone is only in its infancy. What on earth caused you to learn telegraphing?"

"I will confess the reason with a frankness I ought to be ashamed of," said the girl, with a real smile this time. "I learned it because my father's oldest friend is manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company in this city."

"Oh, I see," said the manager, with a twinkle in his eye. "You thought I would give you a situation?"

"I knew you would, Mr. Sandys," replied the girl, confidently.

Her certainty did not seem to be shared by the manager, who knitted his brow, and drummed nervously on the desk with his fingers.

"You said a moment since that this was a business visit. Now, Miss Elinor, do you want me to talk to you as a business man would talk to an applicant, or am I to treat you as the daughter of a valued and regretted friend?"

"From now on," cried the girl, eagerly, "this is straight business. I only relied on your friendship for my father to gain me admittance here."

"Very well, then I will begin by saying that the woods are full of telegraphers. Up to a certain point it seems to me that telegraphers are as common as the sands on the sea-shore; beyond that point telegraphers are few. It is like shorthand, and, I presume, like a great many other things. Telegraphing — that is, expert telegraphing — is a very difficult art, Miss Elinor."

"I know you will excuse me for contradicting you," exclaimed the girl, with animation, "and it isn't a bit polite to do so, but telegraphing is the easiest thing in the world. If you had ever played Robert Schumann or Liszt on the piano, you would know what difficulty is."

"Really?" said the manager, drily. "You are the first person I have heard say that telegraphing was an easy accomplishment. However, there is nothing like a practical test. Do you think you know enough of telegraphing to fill a situation as operator if I had one to offer you?"

"I think so," answered the girl, with confidence.

"Well, we shall see. Would you mind sitting over at this table?"

The girl rose, peeling off her gloves as she approached the table. The manager, placing his finger on the key of a telegraph instrument, rattled off a quick, nervous call, which was answered. Then he proceeded to chatter forth a message to the operator at the other end.

"Oh, no, no, no, no!" interrupted the girl. "Don't say that."

"Don't say what?" asked the manager, in astonishment, forgetting for the moment that what was mere instrumental chatter to the lay mind was intelligible to her.

"Don't tell the operator to begin slowly, but ask him to send the message as fast as he can."

The manager smiled.

"Oh, very well," he said.

A moment later the sounder was dinning away its short, brazen monotone, as if it were a clock-work mechanism that had gone wrong and was rapidly running down. The fine, firm, pretty hand of Miss McClintoch flew over the paper, leaving in its train a trail of writing, the letters heavily made but as plain as print to read; the style of the writing being that now taught to girls throughout Europe, which is as different as possible from the hair-line, angular hand which ladies wrote twenty years ago.

The manager stood by with folded arms watching sheet after sheet being rapidly thrown off. The silence in the room was unbroken save by the tintinnabulation of the jabbering machine. At last he reached forward his hand and interrupted the flow of dots and dashes.

Miss McClintoch looked up at him and said, with some trace of anxiety in her voice:—

"Of course, I could write faster if I had a fountain pen. I always use a stylo, and the dipping into the ink-stand delays me, as I am not accustomed to it."

The manager smiled, but said nothing. He examined sheet after sheet in silence, then put

them on the table. Taking up one of the newspapers that lay on his desk, he folded it once or twice, and placing his hand on the key, he rapidly transmitted an order to the unseen operator to write out what was about to be telegraphed to him, and bring the sheets to the manager's room.

"Now, Miss Elinor," he said, "would you mind telegraphing part of this column, and do it as fast as you can?"

The girl placed her right hand on the ebony knob of the brass lever, holding the folded paper with her left in such a manner that she might read clearly the small type on the sheet before her. Under her expert manipulation the words flew over the wire, until at last there came a break.

"Hold on," jabbered back the man at the other end of the wire. "Don't be in such a deuce of a hurry."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the young woman, with a shade of annoyance in her voice, as if she feared the pausing would be attributed to her lack of clearness. The manager said nothing, but indulged in a silent inward laugh, as was a habit with him, for, ruling many, he had to keep a stern face to the world, and enjoy what mirth came his way without outward semblance of it. After several breaks, the manager said:—

"That is quite enough, thank you," and a few minutes later a young man entered the room with the sheets in his hand, which he gave to the manager, opening his eyes somewhat when he saw seated at the table a slim young girl, bewilderingly pretty. When the young man had left them once more alone in the room, the manager said:—

"I must admit I am astonished at your expertness. It may not be strictly business-like to acknowledge so much to one whom I am about to make the hardest bargain I can with, but perhaps you will not take advantage of the confession. You are a very good telegraphist indeed, Miss Elinor. I must express my admiration of the way in which you have faced the realities of life. We like to think our girls so resourceful that they can fill, with credit to themselves, any position which fate assigns to them, whether it is in the office of a merchant or the parlours of the White House. You have been suddenly confronted with a very difficult problem, Miss Elinor, and you have set about its solution in a way that commands my deepest respect."

"Oh, Mr. Sandys!" exclaimed the girl, blushing deeply, and drawing a long, quivering breath, but quite evidently glowing with gratification at the praise of a man whom she knew to be sparing in his commendation.

"Now, I am not sure," he continued, "but your coming here to-day has settled in the right way a matter that has been troubling me for some weeks past. There is a telegraphic situation in this city which has been the cause of more worry to me than any of the other hundreds under my control; it is the office of the Board of Trade."

"At the Board of Trade!" echoed Miss Elinor, looking at him in some alarm.

"Yes," he answered. "That situation demands qualities, aside from those of key or pen, which I should be loath to think unobtainable, but which I, of

"A YOUNG MAN ENTERED THE ROOM."

late, have had some difficulty in securing. What we need there is absolute secrecy. There must be no suspicion even of any leakage from the wires, because messages come there that make and unmake fortunes. Of course, many of the messages are in cipher; but, nevertheless, cipher or not, the utmost caution must be observed, so that none save those to whom the messages are sent shall get the slightest inkling of their contents. I have changed operators there three times in as many months, and while against the present man I have no direct proof—if I had I would discharge him—there have been complaints and vague rumours of leakage, which are, to say the least, most annoying. I have made up my mind, in any case, to remove that young man to the interior of the State, and the only reason he has not been removed before now is, that I can't for the life of me tell with whom to replace him. Until you came in it never occurred to me to give the situation to a woman. It doesn't quite jump with our preconceived notions of things, that a woman, of all persons, should be the one to keep a secret; but most of our preconceived notions are wrong, and if you are willing to try the experiment, I am. Of course, you would be dealing entirely with men, but I am sure you would meet with nothing but the utmost courtesy from all."

"Oh, I am sure of that," said Miss McClintoch, earnestly. "If you give me the opportunity, I don't think you will have reason to regret it."

"Very well; then we shall look on it as settled. Call here to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, and I will myself escort you to the Board of Trade. I shall leave one of my assistants with you in the office for a week, and by that time you will probably be familiar with your new duties. Anything you do not understand, he will be at hand to explain."

Promptly at the appointed hour Elinor waited upon the manager at his office, and together they walked to the tall building in which was housed the Board of Trade; the only legalized gambling place in the city, where methods differed somewhat from those at Monte Carlo; these differences being entirely in favour of the Mediterranean resort, for there, the unscrupulous gambler obtains no advantage over his comparatively innocent competitor, and lies have no special market value. Every city in the land holds up its hands in horror at the mention of Monte Carlo, but points with just pride to its Stock Exchange building. Thus do we honestly acquire the reputation of being a humorous people.

Mr. Sandys was silent during the greater part of the walk, and Elinor's mind was busy picturing the new life about to open before her, so greatly dissimilar to the old. The crisp freshness of the air, and the bracing influence of her long walk to the manager's office, had exhilarated the girl, who experienced, without knowing it, the glorious prerogative of youth. Added to this was the delicious sense of being about to earn honestly what money she needed. Blessed independence! the greatest boon that can be bestowed upon any living creature.

Sandys had pretended the day before that their conference had been based entirely on business principles, but no question of salary arose between them, which would have been one of the first points to be discussed with anyone else by the manager, after the question of skill was settled. The girl had felt no anxiety on this score, being content to leave the amount to her father's old friend, and her confidence was not misplaced.

"That is the Board of Trade building," said her companion, speaking for the first time since they set out together.

"Yes," she replied, "I walked round to see it after my talk with you, but I did not go in."

"Well, we will go in now. I hope you have weighed well what I said to you yesterday. There is no doubt in my mind that, after you learn the ways of the office, you will prove quite competent to fill the situation; but you must never forget that the great qualification, equal in importance to your speed at the key, is secrecy; absolute secrecy. Not even in the sanctity of your own home, to your own mother, must you breathe a hint of anything that comes over the wires. You understand that thoroughly, I trust?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Sandys. You need never have the least fear about that. I feel as if I had joined some awful society and taken a most terrible oath, with perfectly dreadful penalties. I thought about it last night until I fell asleep, and then I dreamed the most frightful things: that masked men with red-hot pincers were trying to make me tell what your occupation was, and what you had said to me, but, although I screamed and awoke myself, all in a tremble, I never told."

The manager smiled grimly, and said, seriously:—

"That is the right spirit; and here we are, at the door of the Inquisition."

At the end of a large hall, wide and lofty,

double doors standing open gave a view of the interior of an immense room, in which several men were walking about with their hands in their pockets. A man in a sort of uniform guarded the door and sharply scrutinized all comers. Sandys, however, did not enter the huge room, but opened a small door at the right, and went in to the telegraph office, Elinor, with fast-beating heart, following him.

The telegraph office was comparatively small, and was practically an alcove of the ample apartment used by the Board of Trade, divided from it by a counter, whose broad, polished, oaken top was littered with telegraph forms, and splashed here and there with ink. In the centre of the office was a wide table, halved longitudinally by a partition of glass, while cross-wise were other glass bulk-heads, parcelling out the table-top into sections, in each one of which a telegraph instrument occupied the centre. As a usual thing, one operator was enough to do the business of the office, but in times of stress, caused by a flutter in the market, help had to be called for from the central office, and sometimes the six compartments were in chattering activity.

"Now, Miss Elinor," said the manager, "this is your work-room. Johnnie Fielders, here, will be in charge for a week, or as much longer as is necessary, and you will be his assistant. As soon as you are ready to take full control, I shall remove him elsewhere, for he is a most useful young man."

Sandys left the room and strolled into the Board of Trade, the door-keeper nodding to him, for the head of the Western Union was a privileged individual. The spacious chamber of commerce was rapidly filling up, and a rising murmur of conversation quivered in the air. Now and then some exuberant person, with a silk hat on the back of his head, yelled out a startling exclamation, which made Miss McClintoch jump the first time she heard it, little dreaming of the pandemonium to which she would later become accustomed. She thought there had been a dreadful accident, but nobody paid the slightest attention, and she learned that this was merely the preliminary sparring for the contest that was to come after, just as athletes in a field limber up before the game commences.

"Halloa, Sandys!" said a young man, greeting the head of the Western Union. "Acting the unaccustomed part of the squire of dames, eh? Who is the beauty?"

"WHO IS THE BEAUTY?"

"The beauty, Mr. Howard, is a friend of mine," answered the manager, coldly.

The young man laughed.

"So I surmised, curmudgeon; otherwise, I would not have sought enlightenment from you. I never deal in second-hand information, as some of my distinguished fellow-citizens on this floor are beginning to find out."

"Yes, I understand you are exceedingly successful in your struggles here. Let me advise you to be content with that."

"Content? No man is ever content with anything. But I say, Sandys, you are surely never going to place so pretty a girl in the telegraph office?"

"I have already done so; and I have told her, furthermore, that she would find every man she met here a gentleman."

"Oh, you always were an optimist, Sandys. I think, you know, you are stretching it a bit to call old Grimwood, who is now about to honour us with his presence, a gentleman. Merely my own opinion, of course."

There was entering, as he spoke, a man who stooped slightly. His smoothly shaven face made it impossible, at a distance, to guess his age, but closer inspection left no doubt that he was fully entitled to the adjective the young man had bestowed upon him. The lid drooped over the left eye, and gave a sinister expression to an impassive face that was at best saturnine. The left arm hung limply by his side, and, with the sinking eyelid, gave token of a "stroke" that many regretted had, like themselves, encountered the old man in vain. Someone had said that confidence would never be restored in business circles until a second attack grappled old Grimwood with more success than the first, for it had been quickly proven that what was left of the seasoned old speculator was a match for the combined intellect and shrewdness of the others in the grain-pit. Grimwood's workable eye quickly, but furtively, ranged the room, and finally rested on the fair head of the girl, just visible over the polished surface of the counter, as she sat at the telegraph instrument. His face showed no astonishment; it was always expressionless; but his eye remained there.

"I thoroughly believe, Sandys, that old Grimwood has bribed you to place the girl here. Such a withered ancient branch, as he is, will be the only man unaffected by her presence. It isn't fair to us youngsters, who have to contend with his lifetime of villainy, anyhow. I confess I don't want my mind distracted from the wheat quotations just at present."

"I shall give you every assistance to concentrate your mind on that subject, Howard."

"Thanks, old man; I'm infinitely obliged," replied Howard, with a laugh; "but who is she, anyhow? We are bound to know, sooner or later."

"She is one entitled to the respect and protection of every man here," said Sandys, slowly. "She is the daughter of your old chief, Silas McClintoch."

"Good heavens! You don't mean to say so?" cried the young man, sobering. "By Jove, there is a sort of poetic justice in her being here: this inferno which ruined the father now supporting the daughter."

"The Western Union will look to her support," returned the manager, without enthusiasm.

"Quite so, and we help support that grinding monopoly. The consumer always pays, you know. But I say, Sandys, I want you to introduce me to Miss McClintoch."

"I don't see the necessity. She is not here socially."

"Oh, that's all nonsense. We're all social equals, and it will do her no harm to have a friend on this side of the counter. You can't be always here, you know; besides, if you don't introduce me properly, I shall certainly introduce myself."

"Miss McClintoch has set out very bravely to earn her own living, and I don't want her interfered with."

"Exactly. I am earning my own living myself, and I not only won't interfere with her, but I will prevent others doing so."

The manager looked keenly at the speaker for a moment, but met merely the clear gaze of a very honest pair of eyes. At that instant there was a wild rush to the centre of the room, as if the human atoms had been caught in a sudden whirlpool, as indeed many of them were. They gesticulated and shouted all together. It seemed as if a mad-house had unexpectedly debouched its contents. Young Howard wavered a moment, apparently drawn by some unseen force to plunge into the maelstrom; then his gaze wandered towards the telegraph office, where he saw the girl standing with wide-open eyes, looking at the turmoil, while Johnnie Fielders was quite evidently explaining that there was no danger, and that it was not a free fight, nor the beginning of a football match.

"Come," said Howard, "now is the time."

The manager, still with visible reluctance, turned and led the way to the telegraph office.

"Miss McClintoch," he said, making his voice heard with difficulty above the din, "may I introduce you to a friend of your father's, Mr. Stillson Howard?"

The girl, raising her eyes, saw before her a young man who might be conventionally described as fine looking, with a dark moustache, and a firmly moulded, self-reliant chin.

"I am pleased to meet anyone who knew my father," she said.

"I not only knew him, Miss McClintoch, but I am indebted to him for many kind words and much encouragement, at a time when I had no great stock of either. I was once a clerk in his office. If there is anything I can do to help you here, I hope you

will let me know, for I would esteem it a privilege to make, at least, partial return for the debt I owe your father."

"Thank you," replied the girl, simply.

"Telegram, miss, if *you* please," said the falsetto voice of old Grimwood, as he leaned against the counter, holding in his hand a written message, and fastening his fishy eye on the group. "I take it, Mr. Sandys, that this young lady is going to do us the honour of sending and receiving our despatches, and that will be very nice indeed."

There was something in his tone which said, as plainly as words could have done, "I should be much obliged if you would all attend strictly to business."

Sandys frowned, but said nothing. Fielders sprang forward, took the message, and rattled it off to Chicago. Miss McClintoch sat down before her compartment at the table, and young Howard left the room, followed by the manager, who, once outside in the hall, touched his friend on the arm and spoke in a low voice seriously:—

"If I may say it in all kindness, Howard, I think you will only be a hindrance, and not a help, to Miss McClintoch, if this acquaintance goes further."

Howard's reply was an impatient malediction on old Grimwood, more terse than polite.

"Oh, no," continued the manager; "Mr. Grimwood is quite within his rights. Our old friend's daughter is there to do her duty, and is anxious and well qualified to do it, if, as I said before, she is not interfered with."

"I'll break old Grimwood's neck for him yet!" growled Howard, still harping on the interruption; "in a Stock Exchange sense, of course," he added, seeing the other's look of alarm. "I'm not going to assault a crippled man, you know, but I'll give him a lift in wheat some of these days, see if I don't."

"The Bankruptcy Courts have been kept busy for years with men who have endeavoured to give Mr. Grimwood a lift, as you term it. Better proceed with caution, Stillson."

"That's all right," cried Howard, with the supreme confidence of a young man in his accent.

Shaking hands with the manager, he entered the Board of Trade room and was speedily absorbed in the tumult there, but, nevertheless, found occasion now and then to direct his eyes briefly towards the telegraph office.

As days went on, Elinor McClintoch's new occupation became less and less strange to her. She quickly mastered the details of her calling, and Fielders departing, not without a manly sigh, the whole duty of the office devolved upon her. Messages, code or plain, passed rapidly to and fro under the nimble manipulation of her pretty fingers, and there were no complaints that information now reached ears not intended for it. But even had she done her work less honestly, or less expertly, he would have been a brave man who found fault with her conduct of business, for the whole Board of Trade, with the possible exception of old Grimwood, was avowedly in love with her. Some of the older men said they liked her for her father's sake; but, popular as he had undoubtedly been, this hardly accounted for the universal admiration bestowed upon his daughter, and the Stock Exchange would have risen as one man to protest against her removal, had Mr. Sandys proposed such a thing. For the first time in history an action of the Western Union received unstinted approbation; but they all recognised that Howard had the lead as far as the fair telegraphist was concerned, and that he was the man to keep it.

The reluctant introduction which he had practically forced from the manager had given him an advantage at the beginning, and many of his young rivals maligned their luck that this advantage had not been theirs. Howard sent many telegrams, and lingered over the counter as he handed them in, turning away often to find the cold, critical eye of old Grimwood fastened upon him, which made him rave inwardly, and wish the ancient broker would attend to his own business; a complaint which few had ever urged against the hardened speculator.

One evening, as Elinor was walking home, young Howard met her at a street corner, and expressed great surprise at the coincidence. He told her he was on his way to see a sick friend, who lived on Sixteenth Street, and was quite taken aback when he learned that she also lived on Sixteenth Street. He made the brilliantly original remark that "this was a small world, after all," and asked if he might walk with her, as their paths lay in the same direction. He was further amazed to hear that she rarely took a street car, even when it rained, for she was fond of walking, and it turned out that he, too, was a devoted pedestrian. She believed what he said, as women will when they have a liking for a man, and if his conscience did not check him for his mendacity, it must be remembered that his was a conscience nurtured in the wheat-pit, and perhaps somewhat out of

working order because of the jars received there. And before we, who are happily perfect, blame him overmuch, it is well to take into account the fact that he was already deeply in love with the girl, and much may be forgiven a young man in that disturbing but delightful condition.

The illness of Howard's friend proved to be a case that apparently baffled the medical skill of Disapolis, for the young man was compelled often to visit him, and, of course, as the hours when he was free to do so coincided with those when Miss Elinor was on her way home, it is not surprising that the two often met and walked towards Sixteenth Street together. At first the girl was seriously alarmed about the illness of the ill-fated friend, for her memory was better than Howard's, and she was astonished when the invalid developed several new maladies each week, bidding fair to become the most complicated instance of human misfortunes that ever appealed to harassed physicians in vain. But at last the hapless patient became no longer necessary, and was allowed to depart to the oblivion from which he had been conjured; the pleasure of meeting and walking together forming its own excuse for doing so. Once they encountered old Grimwood taking his shuffling constitutional stroll, ordered by his medical advisers, and he leered at them, lifting his hat as they passed, with polite ostentation; but nothing he could do seemed acceptable to Stillson Howard, who scowled at Grimwood's perpetual wink and neglected to return his salutation.

"HE LEERED AT THEM AS THEY PASSED."

"I suppose it is wicked of me," said Elinor, "but I cannot help disliking that man. Perhaps it is because I know it was his opposition that caused the bankruptcy of my father, although that should be no excuse for me."

Howard replied in a rhapsody which need not be here recorded, for he was prejudiced against Grimwood, and made no real effort to do justice to the distinguished talents of the shrewd old man; talking, instead, of the impossibility of angels having anything but loathing for beings of an exactly opposite nature, whom it would not be polite to specify.

One day there appeared to be a little flurry in the wheat market, and Elinor was kept more than usually busy in the receiving and sending of telegrams. Most of them were in cipher, and the others might as well have been so, for all the impression they made on the mind of the fair operator. But once, when excitement on the Board was at its highest, and the noise at its loudest, two words caught her attention, as an obtruding nail arrests a trailing garment. She found herself writing the words "Stillson Howard" as the instrument clicked off the letters. Then she read the finished despatch, and for a moment her breathing stopped.

"C. T. Grimwood.

"Board Trade,

"Disapolis.

"Induce Stillson Howard to buy wheat in large quantities. Then we have him foul."

The signature was that of Grimwood's agent in Chicago, from which city the message came. Many times every day since she had been there the same signature had come over the wires.

For one brief instant arose the temptation to suppress the despatch, but with trembling hands she quickly folded it, put it in the envelope and wrote the name of Grimwood.

She stood and watched the telegraph-boy threading his way through the excited throng to give the message to the old man, who read it, crushed the paper in his hand, and thrust it into his pocket. Then his malign eye rested on young Howard with an expression of such intense hatred, that Elinor shivered as she saw it. Howard, the centre of a seething mob, a head taller than his fellows, had his right hand upraised, and he shouted, in a triumphant voice, that rang through the hall :—

"I'll take ten thousand bushels."

He was buying, then, the girl knew that much, and he needed little inducing. Old Grimwood watched him, keeping aloof, and taking no part in the struggle. And many others watched Grimwood, whose immobile face told them nothing.

"You look a little tired, Miss McClintoch," said a member, coming up to the counter. "Does the hubbub worry you?"

"Oh, no, I'm used to that. What is it all about?"

"There's a little flutter in the wheat market; some queer rumours floating about. I've thrown up my hand myself. Somebody's going to get nipped, and I think it's a first-rate time to go fishing."

"I don't understand these operations. Which side is Mr. Grimwood on?"

"Well, now, for a person who hasn't learned the game, that's not bad. You've turned up the right bower first time. We'd all like to know where the old man stands. Grimwood seems to be lyin' low and sayin' nuffin'. I don't think it will be much of a shower myself, but that's what the other fellow said to Noah, and authorities now are convinced he was wrong."

The insistent electrical machine called to the girl, and she turned to it, but all the while the abhorrent phrase kept tapping at her mind, "Then we have him foul." If she could, without telling what she knew, give him a hint; but that would merely be doing indirectly what she had promised not to do directly, yes, or indirectly either, for Sandys had trusted her completely. Even if she resigned immediately and warned her lover, it would be a breach of confidence to reveal what she learned while in the employ of the telegraph company. There was nothing she could honestly do, but resolutely hold her peace, and let the lightning strike where it would. She had foreseen no such test as this when she gave her promise to the manager. Old Grimwood himself came to the counter with a message, and his baleful eye seemed to search her conscience as it fell upon her. He made no remark, and turned away as she took the telegram. It was to his Chicago agent, and was terse enough. "Everything going our way," it said. She sighed as she sent the four words flying over the wire.

Elinor hoped her strength would not be put to a strain it could not stand, and on leaving the building she went up the avenue and across the town, walking rapidly, and avoiding her accustomed route so that she might not meet her lover. As she turned out of the wide avenue into a by-street she heard quick steps following her, and was greeted by a well-known voice, that sent a tremor through her frame :—

"Halloa, Elinor! What is the meaning of this? Are you trying to escape me? I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw you go up the avenue."

"I—I thought," murmured the girl, breathlessly, "that you had such an exciting day, you might not—might not be at the corner."

"The corner!" he cried, his eyes opening wide, and she thought she saw a trace of alarm in them; but the next moment they danced again, and he laughed. "Oh, yes, of course, the street corner. I wouldn't miss that spot for all the wheat in America—unless you went the other way round, as you have done; but I tell you it was a day to be remembered, and yet nothing to what to-morrow will be. Wheat! I'll fairly bristle with wheat to-morrow. I'm going to buy all in sight, and out of sight. You can hear the rattle of wheat in my pockets now; but just wait till to-morrow! It's make or break with me; in fact, I'm up to the neck as it is, but there's a plunge coming that will astonish the natives, especially my Christian friend, old Grimwood."

The girl drew a long, quivering sigh, as the jubilant, enthusiastic young man, the excitement of the day still upon him, gesticulated and poured forth the torrent of words.

"*Warn him! Warn him!*" said her heart. "*Remember your promise,*" said her conscience.

"I would rather," she spoke slowly and with effort—"I would rather be the poorest labourer in the poorest cottage on this street, than live such a life."

"So would I; but I'm not going to live it. I quit to-morrow nignt—a rich man, or dead broke. No half-measures for me; no hanging on year by year to be smashed at the last. Elinor," his voice lowered, "I don't care that, for riches, on their own account,"

he raised his hand and snapped his fingers; the gesture she had seen when he bid for the ten thousand bushels; "but I want them to bring comfort and luxury to—to someone else."

"*Tell him! Tell him!*" said her heart. "*What is all the world to you compared to this man?*"

"*You gave your word of honour!*" said her conscience.

They stopped at a cross-street to let the rocking, bounding car go swiftly past. "Secrecy, secrecy, secrecy," hissed the runner on the overhead wire, spasmodically spurting electricity. Elinor spoke, not daring to raise her eyes to his:—

"Please don't come any farther. I want to go home alone."

"Why, Elinor; my dear girl, you're looking white. What's the matter?"

"I am a little tired. It has been a hard day for me too."

"Of course it has. I'm a brute to have babbled about my own affairs when—but all the more reason I should see you home."

"No, no. I want to be alone. Won't you, please——"

"I'll do anything you ask, Elinor."

"Then let me say good-bye now."

He stood watching her until she disappeared at a turning, never looking back; then he hailed a trolly car, sprang on board, and was jolted swiftly to the business portion of the city.

It was old Grimwood himself who began hostilities next day on the floor of the Stock Exchange. He wanted to sell wheat, it seemed, and the moment that was apparent no one wished to buy, except Howard, who announced himself ready to take all there was on the market. Frantic telegrams were hurled at Chicago, beseeching reliable information; the one thing of all others Chicago was unable to supply. No one was buying but Howard. Those who did any business followed the lead of old Grimwood, and sold, just as timid players at Monte Carlo put their money on the colour of the man who has broken the bank. At last, even Grimwood began to waver, and finally ceased to offer further lots, while Howard, in stentorian voice, and uplifted right hand, looked like a modern Ajax defying the lightning, which, everyone knew, was bound to strike somewhere, and that soon, for the financial sky was becoming exceedingly lowering.

"I want wheat!" he roared. "*Wheat! Wheat!* All done at that? Who's got any? Mr. Grimwood, did I have a nod from you?"

"I hope you'll be able to pay for what you've got," muttered Grimwood, but he did not offer to sell.

"Come, Mr. Grimwood, surely you can

"I WANT WHEAT!"

shake another ten thousand out of your sleeve at least? I'll jump the price a point, if that will be of any assistance!"

There were no more offers.

No one knows who was the first to get the truth from Chicago; but telegrams began to pour in. The name of Hutchinson—"Old Hutch"—thrilled the crowd like an electric shock. The biggest, strongest, most unbreakable wheat corner the United States had ever known had been formed, with "Old Hutch" at the head of it. Wheat went up like a balloon, and the price of the poor man's loaf was raised throughout all the land, so that a group of Chicago speculators might become rich.

The moment Howard saw the cereal cat was out of the bag, all his excitement vanished, and he thrust his hands in his pockets, casting a quick glance at the telegraph office. He was a millionaire now if the corner held, which, as everyone knows, it did.

Grimwood was hard hit, but no emotion showed itself on his face. He approached Howard with something almost like a smile hovering about his lips, and said, in a squeaky whisper:

"You seemed to be very sure of your information, Mr. Howard. I thought we had kept the secret better."

"We? Are *you* in that deal?"

"Yes. Didn't you know it? Then you weren't so well informed as I thought. My agents were buying elsewhere, while I was selling here. I tell you this so that you may not waste any sympathy on me. Besides, you'll lose all you've gained before long, anyhow. I've seen many a plunger in my time."

"I may lose the money, Mr. Grimwood, but it won't leak into your pockets. Did you ever hear of the nigger who got religion in the midst of a poker game? No? Well, he did. He won ten dollars and a half, and then, suddenly realizing the beauty of a better life, he announced his conversion and fled, before his comrades got at their razors. I'm like that nigger, Mr. Grimwood: I'm going to quit; and as soon as you and the rest of the boys walk up to the Captain's office and settle, I'm off to Europe on my wedding tour."

"Then she didn't tell you?"

"Who didn't tell me, and what didn't she tell?"

"I thought, perhaps, you might get a hint from the pretty telegraph operator, but I judge you didn't."

"SO YOU'VE BEEN UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS, HAVE YOU?"

Howard took a step forward, and his fists involuntarily clinched. He spoke so low there was no chance of his words being heard by anyone but the man he was addressing.

"If you so much as mention her name, I'll throw you out of the window into the alley, and say we quarrelled on the wheat deal. So you've been up to your old tricks, have you? Getting bogus telegrams sent to you in the hope she'd tell me. Well, we'll both forgive you, because of your lavish generosity. I'll take an amount out of the sum you pay me equal to her father's fortune, and give it to her as a wedding present. Good-bye."

The room was now almost empty. Howard crossed rapidly to the telegraph counter. Elinor had her hat on, and was ready to leave.

"Will you send a despatch for me, Miss McClintoch?"

"Oh, certainly," she answered.

He wrote the message, and she took it, turning towards the instrument.

"But read it first," he cried.

She looked at the paper.

"Dear Mr. Sandys," it ran, "I beg to resign my position as telegraph operator. I am to be married shortly, and am going to Europe with my husband. — ELINOR MCCLINTOCH."

"I think," she said, smiling, and crumpling the paper in her hand, "that, as Mr. Sandys has been so kind to me, I will resign more formally and in person. It seems to have been right to buy wheat after all?"

"Exactly right—on this occasion. As right, Elinor, as keeping one's word."

Their eyes met caressingly.

"I am glad that you know," she said, with a little sigh of contentment.

From a] AGE 2. *[Daguerreotype.*

STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.

BORN 1857.

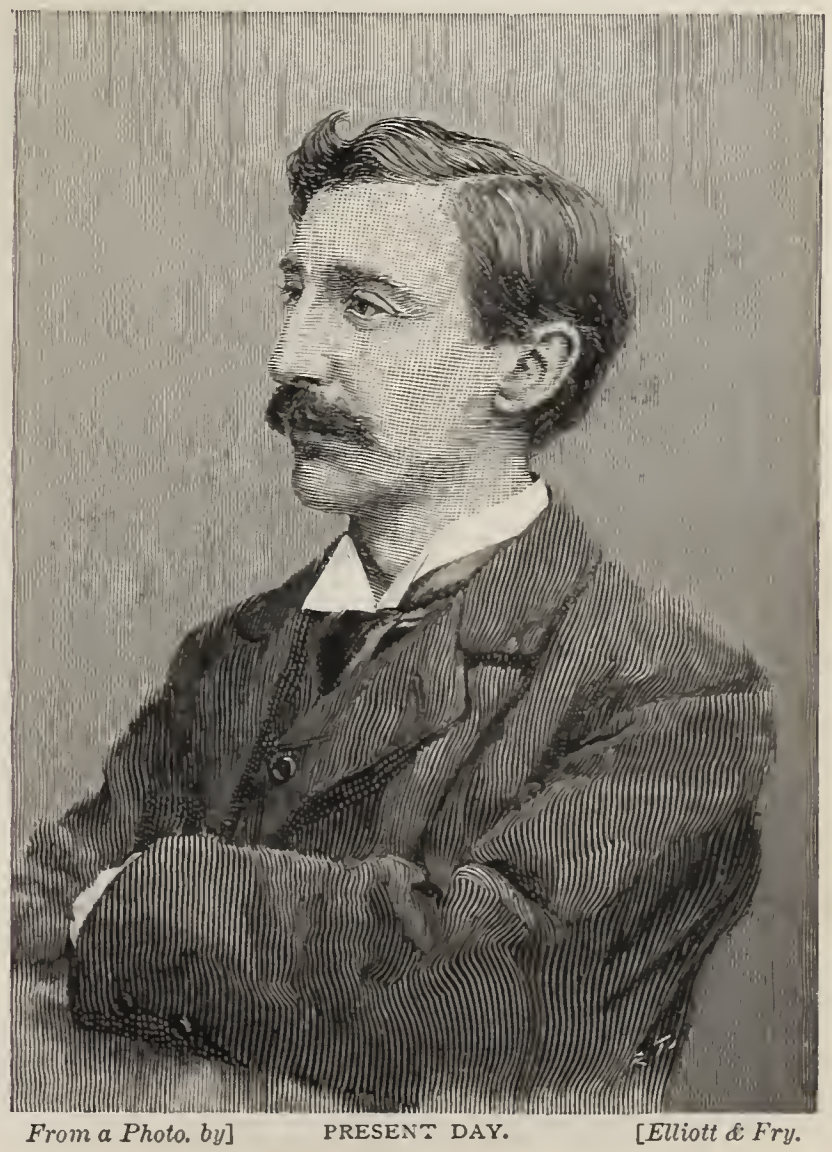
MR. STANHOPE FORBES, one of the most brilliant of the younger Associates, was born in Dublin, and belongs to a family well known in the railway world. He was educated at Dulwich College, and became a student at the Royal Academy, and studied also in Paris under Bonnat, the celebrated portrait painter. He has now been an exhibitor at the R.A. for over fifteen years. His first out-of-door picture, painted in Brittany, was bought by the Walker Art Gallery of Liverpool. Some of his principal works are: "A Fish Sale" (his first Newlyn picture), now in the Guildhall Exhibition, painted ten years ago, since which Mr. Forbes has lived and worked in the little fishing village, which is now a large colony of artists; "The Health of the Bride";

AGE 10.
From a Photo. by Géruzet Bros., Brussels.

AGE 24.
From a Daguerreotype.

"The Village Philharmonic" (which gained him a first-class gold medal at the Paris Exhibition); and "By Order of the Court," which obtained the gold medal at Berlin. "The Salvation Army," "Forging the Anchor," and "The Lighthouse" are well known; whilst this year's picture, "Christmas Eve," further goes to show that his election to an R.A. Associateship was a wise one.

From a Photo. by] AGE 7. *[W. E. Debenham.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

AGE 11.

AGE 12 MONTHS.

AGE 49.
Photo. by D. Jansson.

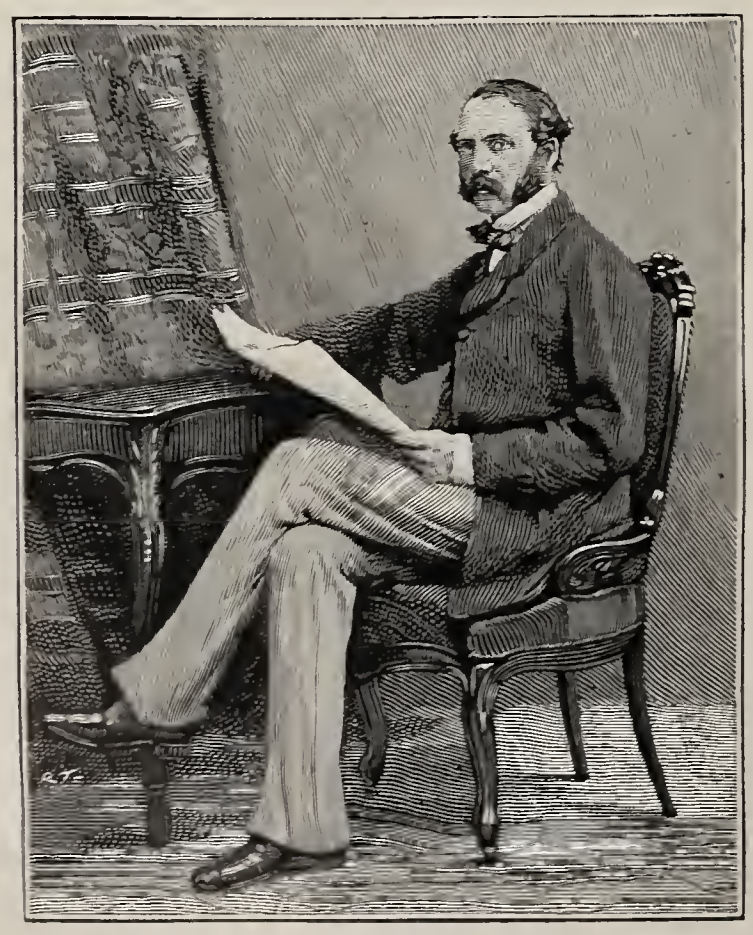
THE KING OF DENMARK.

BORN 1818.

CHRISTIAN IX. OF DENMARK was, before his accession to the Crown, Commander-in-Chief of the Danish Cavalry. On his accession, in November, 1863, the position of affairs in Schleswig-Holstein was completely changed. The independence of these provinces was hotly espoused by the German Diet, and, on the intervention of Prussia and Austria, Christian IX. renounced all his rights to Schleswig-Holstein and Lauenburg. A new Constitution was inaugurated in 1866, when the King opened his first Rigsdag. Since then His Majesty has done much to develop the interior resources and popular institutions of his country. On May 26th, 1892, the King and Queen of Denmark celebrated their golden wedding amid many demonstrations of loyalty and popular rejoicing.

AGE 24.

AGE 74.
Photo. by Hohlenberg, Copenhagen.



AGE 35.
From a Photo. by E. Lange, Copenhagen.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Company.

THE QUEEN OF DENMARK.

QUEEN LOUISE, daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, was married to Christian IX. in 1842. To us, however, she is more than the Queen of Denmark—she is the mother

AGE 25.

and it will be much regretted that the venerable Royal couple will not be in this country when Her Majesty, who is the younger of the

From a Photo. by] AGE 60. *[Hohlenberg, Copenhagen.*

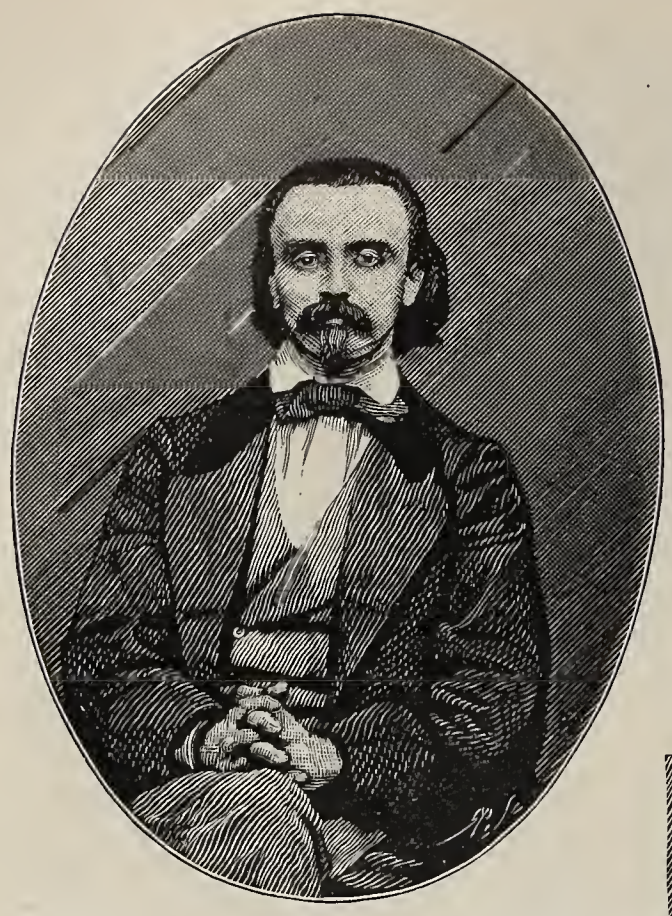
three, celebrates the sixtieth anniversary of her reign.

AGE 35.
From a Photo. by Hermann Ohm, Copenhagen.

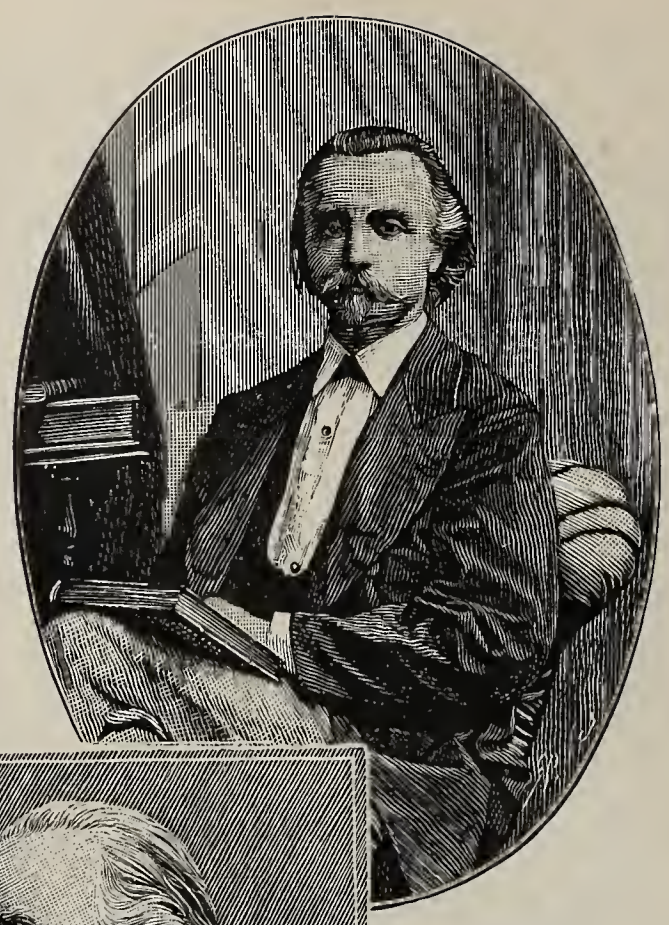
AGE 50.
From a Photo. by D. Jansson.

of our own Princess of Wales. From this happy union came six children, among them the King of Greece, the Princess Alexandra of Wales, and the Princess Dagmar — married to the late Czar of Russia. Her grandson, Prince Carl, married Princess Maud of Wales a short time ago. The King and Queen were present at the wedding of the Duke of York in July, 1893,

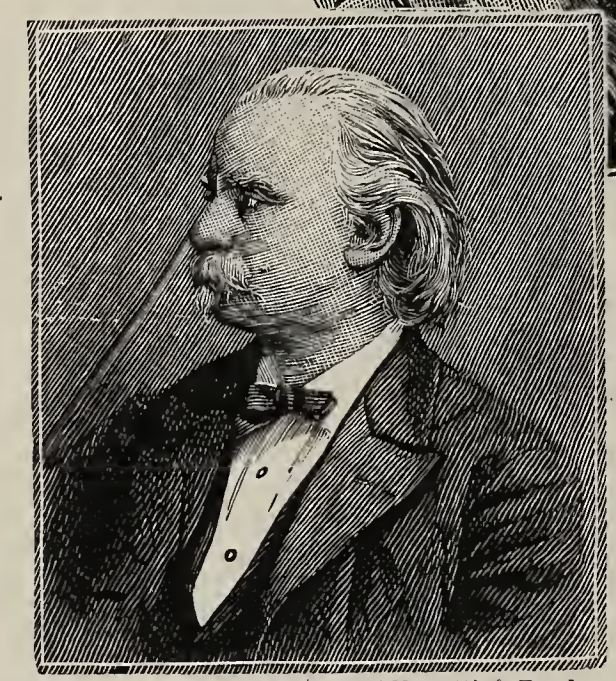
From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Hansen & Weller.*



From a] AGE 29. [*Photograph.*



AGE 43.
From a Photo. by Negretti & Zambra.



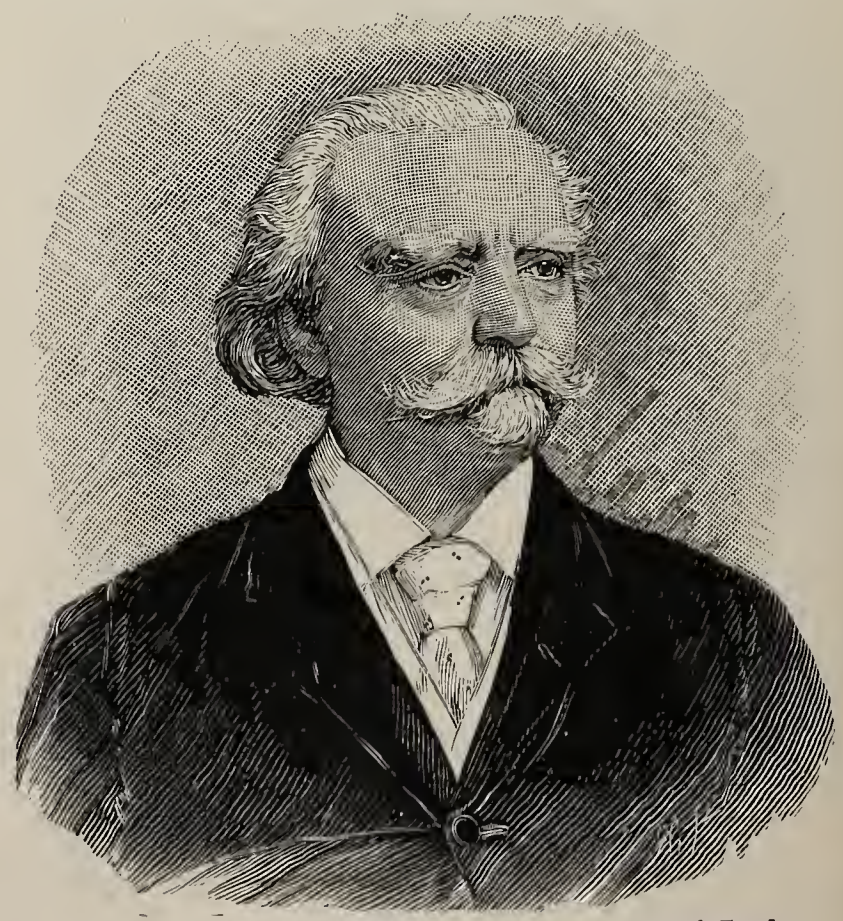
From a Photo. by] AGE 60. [*Negretti & Zambra*

MR. AUGUST MANNS.

BORN 1825.

THE veteran musician whose name is so closely associated with the Crystal Palace was the son of a glass-blower, and learned the violin, clarionet, and flute from the local musician at Stolzenburg, in Pomerania, his birth-place. He showed such great ability in conducting a military band as to be appointed, in 1855, Musical Director at the Crystal Palace, where, for over forty years, he has wielded the bâton at the famous Winter and Spring Saturday Concerts. In 1883 Mr. Manns became conductor to the Handel Festival in succession to Sir Michael Costa, since when he has conducted at all the subsequent Handel Festivals.

From a Photo. by] AGE 36 [*Negretti & Zambra*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [*Negretti & Zambra.*

From a] AGE 13. *[Photograph.*

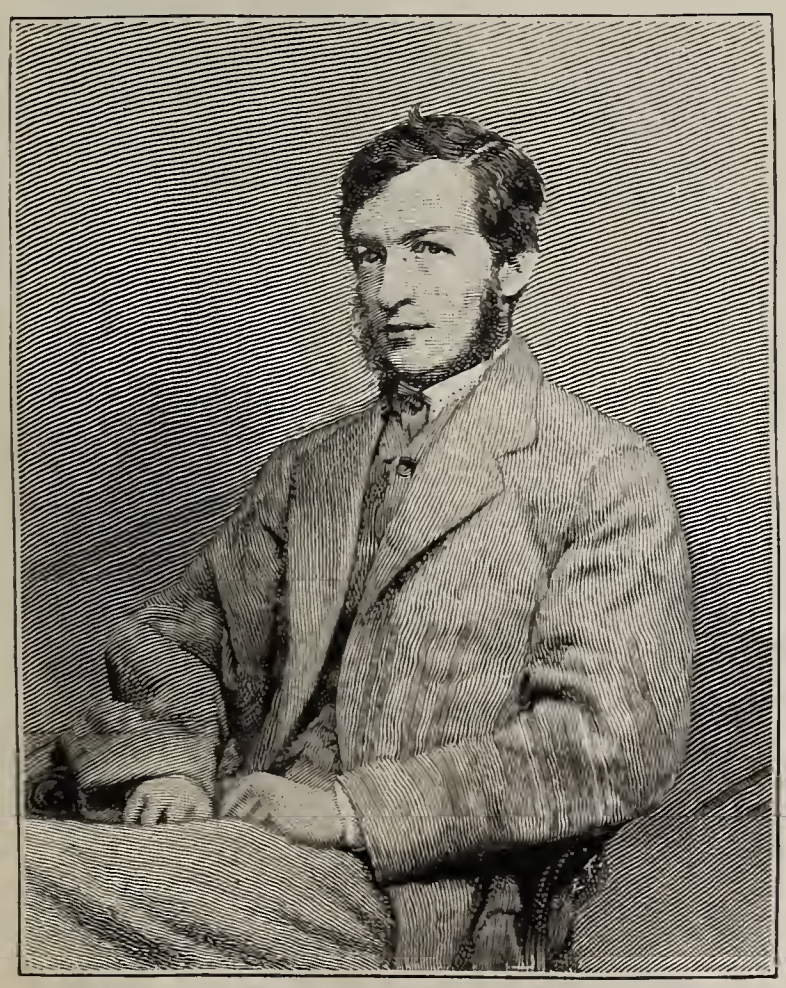
SAMUEL PIERPONT LANGLEY, PH.D., LL.D.

BORN 1834.

PROFESSOR S. P. LANGLEY, the inventor of the successful flying-machine so interestingly described by himself in this number, was born in Boston, and abandoned civil engineering and architecture for astronomy. In 1863 he was made assistant in the Harvard Astronomical Observatory. He became Professor of Astronomy in the Western University of Pennsylvania in 1867, and in 1887 he was chosen Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. In 1886 he received the first Henry Draper Medal awarded by the National Academy of Sciences, and in 1887, the Rumford Medals from both the Royal Society of London and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Professor Langley has accompanied several parties sent

From a] AGE 45. *[Photograph.*

out by the U.S. Government to observe eclipses of the sun in different parts of the world, and his studies in this subject possess great scientific value. The degree of LL.D. was conferred by Harvard University in 1888. His flying-machine is the result of long study in the problem of man-flight, the solution of which was foreshadowed



From a] AGE 27. *[Photograph.*

From a] PRESENT DAY. *[Photograph*

in 1891 and 1894 by his two notable books, "Experiments in Aërodynamics" and "The Internal Work of the Wind."

From a] THE AËRODROME IN FLIGHT—SEEN FROM ABOVE. [*Drawing.*

The New Flying-Machine.

By Professor S. P. Langley.

(Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.)

With illustrations made directly from Professor Langley's machine, and approved by him.

I HAVE been asked to prepare an account of my flying-machine, which has actually flown for considerable distances, and thus, at last, solved the problem of aerial flight. There is in preparation a description of this work for the professional reader, but in view of the great general interest in it, and of the numerous unauthorized statements about it, it has seemed well to write provisionally the informal and popular account which is now given. The work has occupied so much of my life that I have presented what I have to say at present in narrative form.

By "flying-machine" is here meant something much heavier than the air, and entirely different in principle from the balloon, which floats only on account of its lightness, as a ship in water. Nature has made her flying-machine in the bird, which is nearly a thousand times as heavy as the air its bulk displaces, and only those who have tried to rival it know how inimitable her work is, for the "way of a bird in the air" remains as wonderful to us as it was to Solomon, and the sight of the bird has constantly held this wonder before men's eyes and in some men's minds, and kept the flame of hope from utter extinction, in spite of long disappointment. I well remember how, as a child, when lying in a New England pasture, I watched a hawk soaring far up in the blue, and sailing for a long time without any motion of its wings, as though it needed no work to sustain it, but was kept up there by some miracle. How wonderfully easy, too, was its flight! There was not a flutter of its pinions as it swept over the field, in a motion which seemed as effortless as that of its shadow.

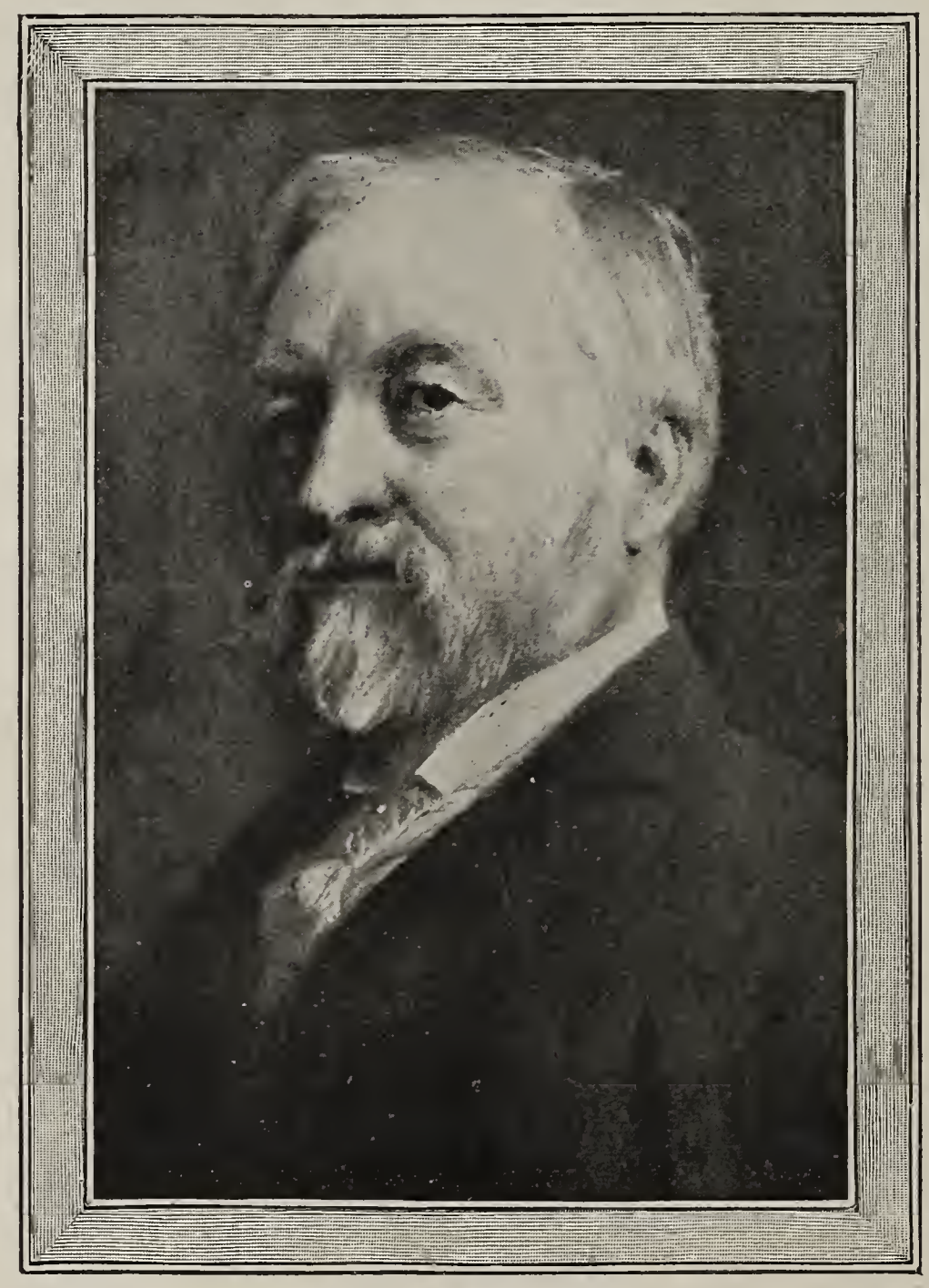
After many years and in mature life, I was brought to think of these things again, and to ask myself whether the problem of artificial flight was as hopeless and as absurd as it was then thought to be. Nature had solved it, and why not man? Perhaps it was because he had begun at the wrong end, and attempted to construct machines to fly before knowing the principles on which flight rested. I turned for these principles to my books, and got no help. Sir Isaac Newton had indicated a rule for finding the resistance to advance through the air, which seemed, if correct, to call for enormous mechanical power; and a distinguished French mathematician had given a formula showing how rapidly the power must increase with the velocity of flight, and according to which a swallow, to attain a speed it is now known to reach, must be possessed of the strength of a man.

Remembering the effortless flight of the soaring bird, it seemed that the first thing to do was to discard rules which led to such results, and to commence new experiments; not to build a flying-machine at once, but to find the principles upon which one should be built; to find, for instance, with certainty by direct trial, how much horse-power was needed to sustain a surface of given weight by means of its motion through the air.

Having decided to look for myself at these questions, and at first hand, the apparatus for this preliminary investigation was installed at Alleghany, Pennsylvania, about ten years ago. It consisted of a "whirling table" of unprecedented size, mounted in the open air, and driven round by a steam-engine, so that the end of its revolving arm swept through a circumference of two hundred feet, at all speeds up to seventy miles an hour. At the end of this arm was placed the apparatus to be tested, and, among other things, this included surfaces disposed like wings, which were hung from the end of the arm and dragged through the air, till its resistance supported them as a kite is supported by the wind. One of the first things observed was, that if it took a certain strain to sustain a properly disposed weight while it was stationary in the air, then not only to suspend it but to advance it rapidly at the same time took less strain than in the first case. A plate of brass weighing one pound, for instance, was hung from the end of the arm by a spring, which was drawn out till it registered that pound weight when the arm was still. When the arm was in motion, with the spring pulling the plate after it, it might naturally be supposed that, as it was drawn faster, the pull would be greater, but the contrary was observed, for under these circumstances the spring *contracted*, till it registered less

than an ounce. When the speed increased to that of a bird, the brass plate seemed to float on the air; and not only this, but taking into consideration both the strain and the velocity, it was found that absolutely less power was spent to make the plate move fast than slow, a result which seemed very extraordinary, since in all methods of land and water transport a high speed costs much more power than a slow one for the same distance.

These experiments were continued for three years, with the general conclusion that by simply moving any given weight of this form fast enough in a horizontal path, it was possible to sustain it with less than one-twentieth of the power that Newton's rule called for. In particular it was proved that if we could insure horizontal flight without friction, about two hundred pounds of such plates could be moved through the air at the speed of an express train and sustained upon it, with the expenditure of one horse-power — sustained, that is, without any gas to lighten the weight, or by other means of flotation than the air over which it is made to run, as a swift skater runs safely over thin ice, or a skipping stone goes over water without sinking, till its speed is exhausted. This was saying that, so far as power alone was concerned, mechanical flight was theoretically possible with engines we could then build, since I was satisfied that boilers and engines could be constructed to weigh less than twenty pounds to the horse-power, and that one horse-power would, in theory at least, support nearly ten times that if the flight were *horizontal*. Almost everything, it will be noticed, depends on this, for if the flight is downward it will end at the ground, and if upward the machine will be climbing an invisible hill, with the same or a greater effort than every bicyclist experiences with a real one. Speed, then, and this speed expended in a horizontal course, were the first two requisites. This was not saying that a flying-machine could be started from the ground, guided into such flight in any direction, and brought back to earth in safety. There was, then, something more than power needed—that is, skill to use it, and the reader should notice the distinction. Hitherto it had always been supposed that it was wholly the lack of mechanical power to fly which made mechanical flight impossible. The first stage of the investigation had shown how much, or rather how little, power was needed in theory for the horizontal flight of a given weight; and the second stage, which was now to be entered upon, was to show first how to procure this power with as little weight as possible, and, having it, how by its means to acquire this horizontal flight in practice—that is, how to acquire the *art* of flight or how to build a ship that could actually navigate the air.



PROFESSOR S. P. LANGLEY.
From a Painting by Robert Gordon Hardie.

One thing which was made clear by these preliminary experiments, and made clear nearly for the first time, was that if a surface be made to advance rapidly, we secure an essential advantage in our ability to support it. Clearly we want the advance to get from place to place, but it proves also to be the

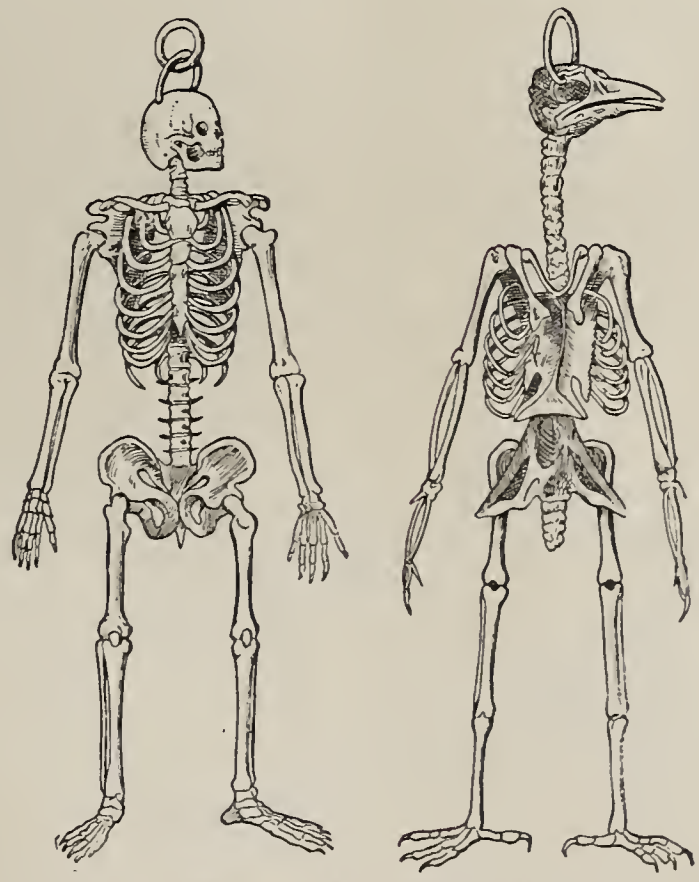
only practicable way of supporting the thing at all, to thus take advantage of the inertia of the air, and this point is so all-important that we will renew an old illustration of it. The idea in a vague sense is as ancient as classical times. Pope says :—

Swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

Now, is this really so in the sense that a Camilla, by running fast enough, could run over the tops of the corn? *If* she ran fast enough, yes; but the idea may be shown better by the analogous case of a skater who can glide safely over the thinnest ice if the speed is sufficient.

Perhaps we may more fully understand what is meant by looking at a boy's kite. Everyone knows that it is held by a string against the wind which sustains it, and that it falls in a calm. Most of us remember that even in a calm, if we run and draw it along, it will still keep up, for what is required is motion relative to the air, however obtained.

It can be obtained without the cord if the same pull is given by an engine and propellers strong enough to draw it, and light enough to be attached to and sustained by it. The stronger the pull and the quicker the motion, the heavier the kite may be made. It may be, instead of a sheet of paper, a sheet of metal even, like the plate of brass which has already been mentioned as seeming, when in rapid motion, to float upon the air; and, if it will make the principle involved more clear, the reader may think of our aërodrome as a great steel kite made to run fast enough over the air to sustain itself, whether in a calm or in a wind, by means of its propelling machinery, which takes the place of the string.

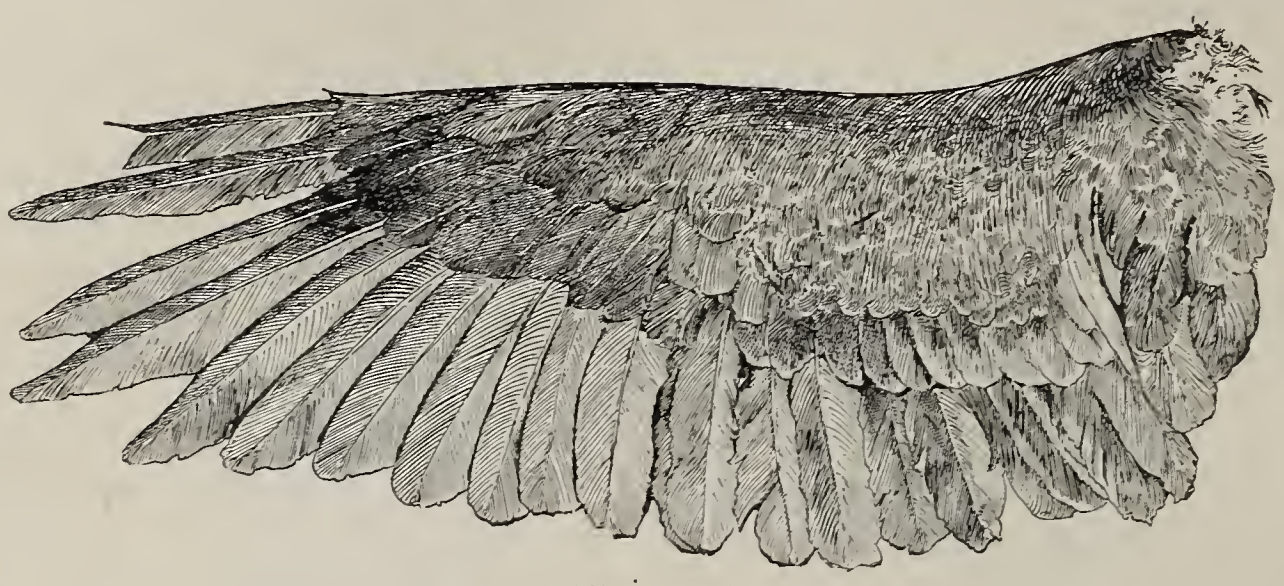


SKELETONS OF A MAN AND OF A BIRD.

And now, having the theory of the flight before us, let us come to the practice. The first thing will be to provide an engine of unprecedented lightness that is to furnish the power. A few years ago an engine that developed a horse-power weighed nearly as much as the actual horse did. We have got to begin by trying to make an engine which shall weigh, everything complete, boiler and all, not more than twenty pounds to the horse-power, and preferably less than ten; but even if we have done this very hard thing, we may be said to have only fought our way up to an enormous difficulty, for the next question will be how to use the power it gives so as to get a horizontal flight. We must then consider through what means the power is to be applied when we get it, and whether we shall, for instance, have wings or screws. At first it seems as though Nature must know best, and that since her flying models, birds, are exclusively employing wings, this is the thing for us, but perhaps this is not the case. If we had imitated the horse or the ox, and made the machine which draws our trains walk on legs, we should undoubtedly never have done as well as with the locomotive rolling on wheels; or if we had imitated the whale with its fins, we should not have had so good a boat as we now have in the steamship with the paddle-wheels or the screw, both of which are constructions that Nature never employs. This is so important a point that we will look at the way Nature got her models. Here is a human skeleton, and here one of a bird, drawn to the same scale. Apparently Nature made one out of the other, or both out of some common type, and the closer we look, the more curious the likeness appears.

Here is a wing from a soaring bird, here the same wing stripped of its feathers, and here the bones of a human arm, on the same scale. Now, on comparing them we see still more clearly than in the skeleton, that the bird's wing has developed out of something like our own arm. First comes the humerus, or principal bone of the upper arm, which is in the wing also. Next we see that the forearm of the bird repeats the radius and ulna, or two bones of our own forearm, while our wrist and finger-bones are modified in the bird to carry the feathers, but are still there. To make man, then, Nature appears to have taken what material she had

in stock, so to speak, and developed it into something that would do. It was all that Nature had to work on, and she has done wonderfully well with such unpromising material; but anyone can see that our arms would not be the best thing to make flying-machines out of, and that there is no need of our starting there when we can start with something better and develop that. Flapping wings might be made on other principles, and perhaps will be found in future flying-machines, but the most promising thing to try seemed to me to be the screw propeller.



A BIRD'S WING.

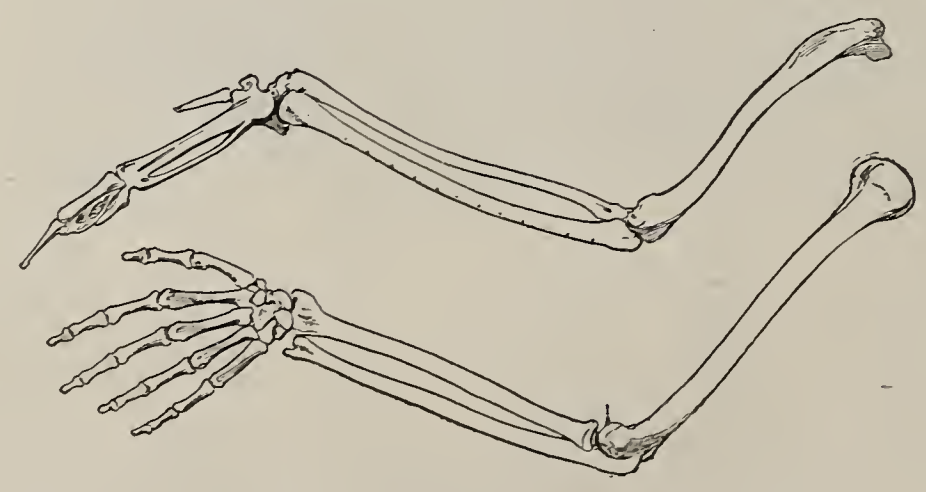
Some twenty years ago, Penaud, a Frenchman, made a toy, consisting of a flat, immovable, sustaining wing surface, a flat tail, and a small propelling screw. He made the wing and tail out of paper or silk, and the propeller out of cork and feathers, and it was driven directly by strands of india-rubber twisted lamp-lighter fashion, and which turned the wheel as they untwisted.

The great difficulty of the task of creating a flying-machine may be partly understood when it is stated that no machine in the whole history of invention, unless it were this toy of Penaud's, had ever, so far as I can learn, flown for even ten seconds, but something that will actually fly must be had to teach the art of "balancing."

When experiments are made with models moving on a whirling table or running on a railroad track, these are *forced* to move horizontally, and at the same time are held so that they cannot turn over; but in free flight there will be nothing to secure this, unless the air-ship is so adjusted in all its parts that it tends to move steadily and horizontally, and the acquisition of this adjustment or art of "balancing" in the air is an enormously difficult thing, and which it will be seen later took years to acquire.

My first experiments in it, then, were with models like these, but from them I got only a rude idea how to balance the future aërodrome, partly on account of the brevity of their flight, which only lasted a few seconds, partly on account of its irregularity. Although, then, much time and labour were spent by me on these, it was not possible to learn much about the balancing from them.

Thus it appeared that something which could give longer and steadier flights than india-rubber must be used as a motor, even for the preliminary trials, and calculations and experiments were made upon the use of compressed air, carbonic acid gas, electricity in primary and storage batteries, and numerous other contrivances, but all in vain.



SKELETON OF A BIRD'S WING AND OF A MAN'S ARM AND HAND.

The gas-engine promised to be best ultimately, but nothing save steam gave any promise of immediate success in supporting a machine which would teach these conditions of flight by actual trial, for all were too heavy, weight being the great enemy. It was true also that the steam-driven model could not be properly constructed until the principal conditions of flight were learned, nor these be learned till the working model was experimented with, so that it seemed that the inventor was shut up in a sort of vicious circle.

However, it was necessary to begin in some way, or give up at the outset, and the construction began with a machine to be driven by a steam-engine, through the means of propeller wheels, somewhat like the twin screws of a modern steamship, but placed amidships, not at the stern. There were to be rigid and motionless wings, slightly inclined, like the surface of a kite, and a construction was made on this plan which gave, if much disappointment, a good deal of useful experience. It was intended to make a machine that would weigh twenty or twenty-five pounds, constructed of steel tubes. The engines were made with the best advice to be got (I am not an engineer), but while the boiler was a good deal too heavy, it was still too small to get up steam for the engines, which weighed about 4lb., and could have developed a horse-power if there were steam enough. This machine, which was to be moved by two propelling screws, was laboured on for many months, with the result that the weight was constantly increasing beyond the estimate until, before it was done, the whole weighed over 40lb., and yet could only get steam for about a half-horse power, which, after deductions for loss in transmission, would give not more than half that gain in actual thrust. It was clear that, whatever pains it had cost, it must be abandoned.

This aërodrome * could not then have flown, but having learned from it the formidable difficulty of making such a thing light enough, another was constructed which was made in the other extreme, with two engines to be driven by compressed air, the whole weighing but five or six pounds. The power proved insufficient. Then came another with engines to use carbonic acid gas, which failed from a similar cause. Then followed a small one to be run by steam, which gave some promise of success, but when tried indoors it was found to lift only about one-sixth of its own weight. In each of these the construction of the whole was remodelled to get the greatest strength and lightness combined; but though each was an improvement on its predecessor, it seemed to become more and more doubtful whether it could ever be made sufficiently light, and whether the desired end could be reached at all.

The chief obstacle proved to be not with the engines, which were made surprisingly light after sufficient experiment. The great difficulty was to make a boiler of almost no weight which would give steam enough, and this was a most wearying one. There must be also a certain amount of wing surface, and large wings weighed prohibitively; there must be a frame to hold all together, and the frame, if made strong enough, must yet weigh so little that it seemed impossible to make it. These were the difficulties that I still found myself in after two years of experiment, and it seemed at this stage again as if it must, after all, be given up as a hopeless task, for somehow the thing had to be built stronger and lighter yet. Now, in all ordinary construction, as in building a steamboat or a house, engineers have what they call a factor of safety. An iron column will be, for instance, made strong enough to hold five or ten times the weight that is ever going to be put upon it, but if we try anything of the kind here, the construction will be too heavy to fly. Everything in the work has got to be so light as to be on the edge of breaking down and disaster, and when the breakdown comes, all we can do is to find what is the weakest part and make that part stronger, and in this way work went on, week by week and month by month, constantly altering the form of construction so as to strengthen the weakest parts, until, to abridge a story which extended over years, it was finally brought nearly to the shape it is now, where the completed mechanism, furnishing over a horse-power, weighs collectively something less than seven pounds. This does not include water, the amount of which depends on how long we are to run; but the whole thing, as now constructed—boiler, fire-grate, and all that is required to turn out an actual horse-power and more—weighs something less than the one-hundredth part of what the horse himself does. I am here anticipating; but after these first three years something not greatly inferior to this was already reached, and so long ago as that, there had accordingly been secured mechanical power to fly, if that were all—but it is not all.

After that came years more of delay arising from other causes, and I can hardly repeat the long story of subsequent disappointment, which commenced with the first attempts at actual flight.

Mechanical power to fly was, as I say, obtained three years ago; the machine could lift itself if it ran along a railroad track, and it might seem as though, when it could lift itself, the problem was solved. I knew that it was far from solved, but felt that the point

* Aërodrome, from words signifying air runner, the running over the air being the essence of its plan.

was reached where an attempt at actual free flight should be made, though the anticipated difficulties of this were of quite another order to those experienced in shop construction. It is enough to look up at the gulls or buzzards, soaring overhead, and to watch the incessant rocking and balancing which accompanies their gliding motion, to apprehend that they find something more than mere strength of wing necessary, and that the machine would have need of something more than mechanical power, though what this something was, was not clear. It looked as though it might need a power like instinctive adaptation to the varying needs of each moment, something that even an intelligent steersman on board could hardly supply; but to find what this was, a trial had to be made. The first difficulty seemed to be to make the initial flight in such conditions that the machine would not wreck itself at the outset in its descent, and the first question was where to attempt to make the flight.

It became clear without much thought that, since the machine was at first unprovided with any means to save it from breakage on striking against the ground, it would be well, in the initial stage of the experiment, not to have it light on the ground at all, but on the water. As it was probable that, while skill in launching was being gained, and until after practice had made perfect, failures would occur, and as it was not desired to make any public exhibition of these, a great many places were examined along the shores of the Potomac, and on its high bluffs, which were condemned partly for their publicity, but partly for another reason. In the course of my experiments I had found out, among the infinite things pertaining to this problem, that the machine must begin to fly in the face of the wind, and just in the opposite way to a ship, which begins its voyage with the wind behind it. If the reader has ever noticed a soaring bird get upon the wing, he will see that it does so with the breeze against it, and thus whenever the aërodrome is cast into the air, it must face a wind which may happen to blow from the north, south, east, or west, and we had better not make the launching station a place like the bank of a river, where it can only go one way. It was necessary, then, to send it from something which could be turned in any direction, and taking this need in connection with the desirability that at first the air-ship should light in the water, there came at last the idea (which seems obvious enough when it is stated) of getting some kind of a barge or boat, and building a small structure upon it, which could house the aërodrome when not in use, and from whose flat roof it could be launched in any direction. Means for this were limited, but a little "scow" was procured, and on it was built a primitive sort of a house one story high, and on the house a platform about 10ft. higher, so that the top of the platform was about 20ft. from the water, and this was to be the place of the launch. This boat it was found necessary to take down the river as far as thirty miles from Washington, where I then was (since no suitable place could be found nearer), to an island having a stretch of quiet water between it and the main shore, and here the first experiments in attempted flight developed difficulties of a new kind, difficulties which were partly anticipated, but which nobody would probably have conjectured would be of their actually formidable character, which was such as for a long time to prevent any trial being made at all. They arose partly out of the fact that even such a flying-machine as a soaring bird has to get up an artificial speed before it is on the wing. Some soaring birds do this by an initial run upon the ground, and even under the most urgent pressure cannot fly without it.

Take the following graphic description of the commencement of an eagle's flight (the writer was in Egypt, and the "sandy soil" was that of the banks of the Nile):—

"An approach to within eighty yards aroused the king of birds from his apathy. He partly opens his enormous wings, but stirs not yet from his station. On gaining a few feet more he begins to *walk* away, with half-expanded but motionless wings. Now for the chance, fire! A charge of number three from eleven bore rattles audibly but ineffectively upon his densely feathered body; his walk increases to a run, he gathers speed with his slowly waving wings, and eventually leaves the ground. Rising at a gradual inclination, he mounts aloft and sails majestically away to his place of refuge in the Libyan range, distant at least five miles from where he rose. Some fragments of feathers denoted the spot where the shot had struck him. The marks of his claws were traceable in the sandy soil, as, at first with firm and decided digs, he forced his way; but as he lightened his body and increased his speed with the aid of his wings, the imprints of his talons gradually merged into long scratches. The measured distance from the point where these vanished, to the

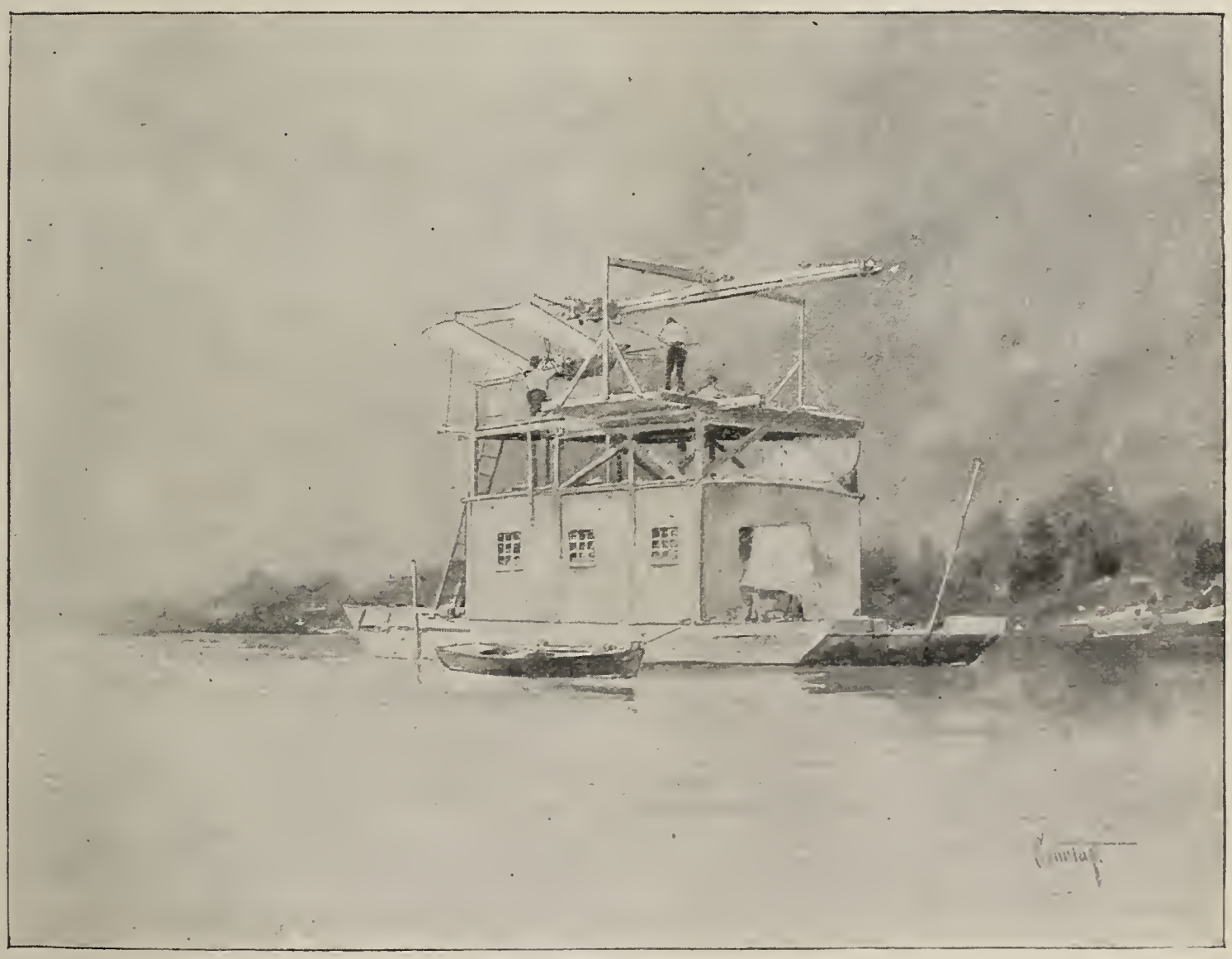
place where he had stood, proved that with all the stimulus that the shot must have given to his exertions, he had been compelled to run full twenty yards before he could raise himself from the earth."

We have not all had a chance to see this striking illustration of the necessity of getting up a preliminary speed before soaring, but many of us have disturbed wild ducks on the water and noticed them run along it, flapping their wings for some distance to get velocity before they can fly; and the necessity of the initial velocity is at least as great with our flying-machine as it is with a bird.

To get up this preliminary speed, many plans were proposed, one of which was to put the aërodrome on the deck of a steam-boat and go faster and faster, until the head wind lifted it off the deck. This sounds reasonable, but is absolutely impracticable, for when the aërodrome is set up anywhere in the open air, we find that the very slightest wind will turn it over, unless it is firmly held. The whole must be in motion, but in motion from something to which it is held till that critical instant when it is set free as it springs into the air.

The house-boat was fitted with an apparatus for launching the aërodrome with a certain initial velocity, and was (in 1893) taken down the river and moored in the stretch of quiet water I have mentioned, the general features of the place being indicated on the map (see page 717), and it was here that the first trials at launching were made under the difficulties to which I have alluded.

Perhaps the reader will take patience to hear an abstract of a part of the diary of these trials, which commenced with a small aërodrome which had finally been built to weigh only about 10lb., which had an engine of not quite one-half horse-power, and which could lift much more than was theoretically necessary to enable it to fly. The exact construction of this early aërodrome is unimportant, as it was replaced later by an improved one, of which a drawing will presently be given; but it was the first outcome of the series of experiments which had occupied three years, though the disposition of its supporting surfaces, which should cause it to be properly balanced in the air, and neither fly up nor down, had yet to be ascertained by trial.



PREPARING FOR A LAUNCH.
From a Photograph by Professor Graham Bell.

What must still precede this trial was the provision of the apparatus for launching it into the air. It is a difficult thing to launch a ship, although gravity keeps it down upon the ways, but the problem here is that of launching a kind of ship which is as ready to go up into the air like a balloon as to go off

sideways, and readier to do either than to go straight forward, as it is wanted to do; for though there is no gas in the flying-machine, its great extent of wing-surface renders it something like an albatross on a ship's deck —the most unmanageable and helpless of creatures until it is in its proper element.

If there were an absolute calm, which never really happens, it would still be impracticable to launch it as a ship is launched, because the wind made by running it along would get under the wings and turn it over. But there is always more or less wind, and even the gentlest breeze was afterward found to make the air-ship unmanageable unless it was absolutely clamped down to whatever served to launch it, and when it was thus firmly clamped, as it must be at several distinct points, it was necessary that it should be released simultaneously at all these at the one critical instant that it was leaping into the air. This is another difficult condition, but that it is an indispensable one may be inferred from what has been said. In the first form of launching-piece this initial velocity was sought to be attained by a spring, which threw forward the supporting frame on which the aërodrome rested; but at this time the extreme susceptibility of the whole construction to injury from the wind, and the need of protecting it from even the gentlest breeze, had not been appreciated by experience. On November 18th, 1893, the aërodrome had been taken down the river, and the whole day was spent in waiting for a calm, as the machine could not be held in position for launching for two seconds in the lightest breeze. The party returned to Washington and came down again on the twentieth, and although it seemed that there was scarcely any movement in the air, what little remained was enough to make it impossible to maintain the aërodrome in position. It was let go, notwithstanding, and a portion struck against the edge of the launching-piece, and all fell into the water before it had an opportunity to fly.

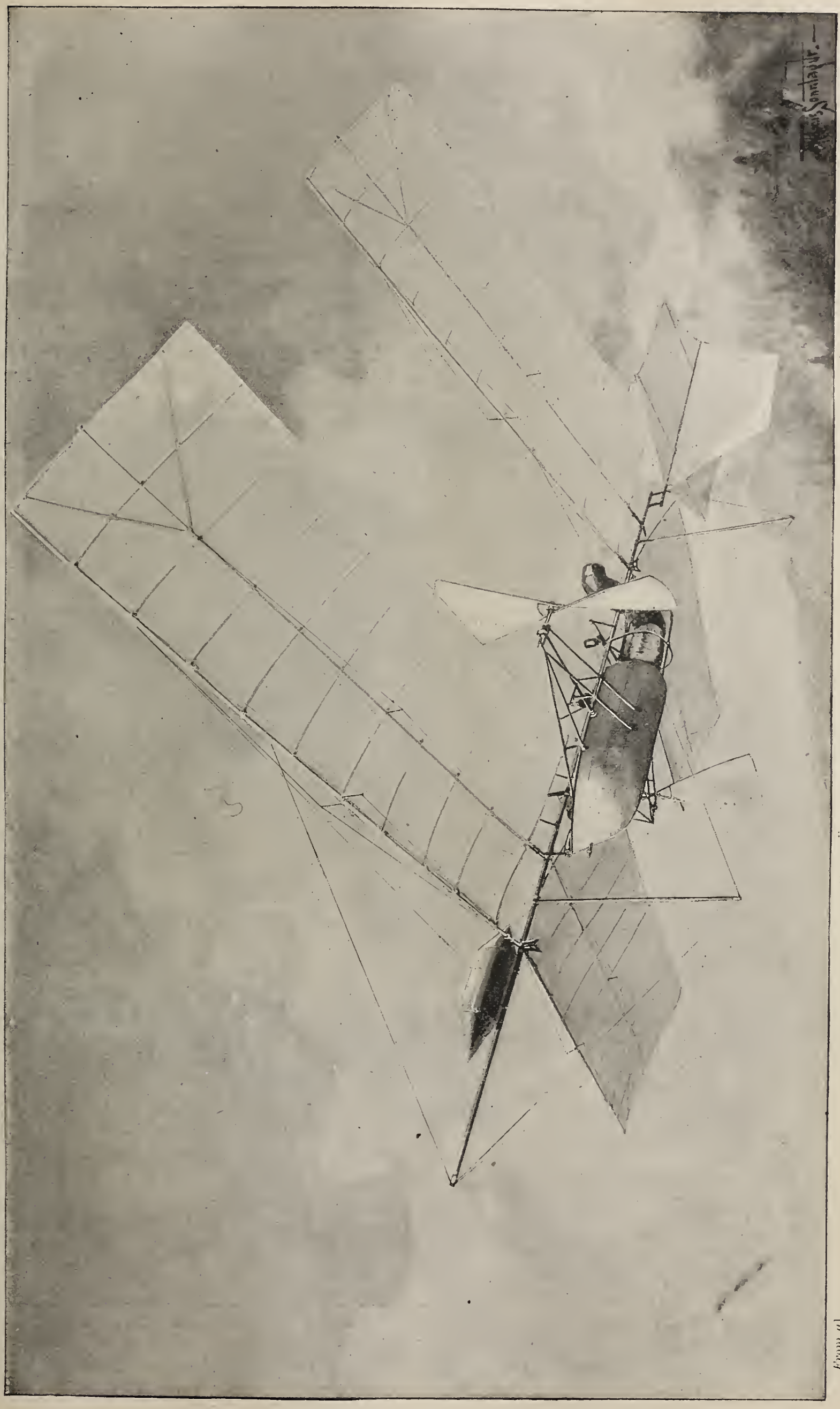
On the twenty-fourth, another trip was made, and another day spent ineffectively on account of the wind. On the twenty-seventh there was a similar experience, and here four days and four (round-trip) journeys of sixty miles each had been spent without a single result. This may seem to be a trial of patience, but it was repeated in December, when five fruitless trips were made, and thus nine such trips were made in these two months, and but once was the aërodrome even attempted to be launched, and this attempt was attended with disaster. The principal cause lay, as I have said, in the unrecognised amount of difficulty introduced even by the very smallest wind, as a breeze of three or four miles an hour, hardly perceptible to the face, was enough to keep the air-ship from resting in place for the critical seconds preceding the launching.

If we remember that this is all irrespective of the fitness of the launching-piece itself, which at first did not get even a chance for trial, some of the difficulties may be better understood, and there were many others.

During most of the year of 1894 there was the same record of defeat. Five more trial trips were made in the spring and summer, during which various forms of launching apparatus were tried with varied forms of disaster. Then it was sought to hold the aërodrome out over the water and let it drop from the greatest attainable height, with the hope that it might acquire the requisite speed of advance before the water was reached. It will hardly be anticipated that it was found impracticable at first to simply let it drop, without something going wrong; but so it was, and it soon became evident that even were this not the case, a far greater time of fall was requisite for this method than that at command. The result was that in all these eleven months the aërodrome had not been launched, owing to difficulties which seem so slight that one who has not experienced them may wonder at the trouble they caused.

Finally, in October, 1894, an entirely new launching apparatus was completed, which embodied the dozen or more requisites the need for which had been independently proved in this long process of trial and error. Among these was the primary one that it was capable of sending the aërodrome off at the requisite initial speed, in the face of a wind from whichever quarter it blew, and it had many more facilities which practice had proved indispensable.

This new launching-piece did its work in this respect effectively, and subsequent disaster was, at any rate, not due to it. But now a new series of failures took place, which could not be attributed to any defect of the launching apparatus, but to a cause which was at first obscure, for sometimes the aërodrome, when successfully launched, would dash down forward and down into



THE AËRODROME IN FLIGHT—SEEN FROM BELOW.

[Drawing. From a]

the water, and sometimes (under apparently identically like conditions) would sweep almost vertically upward in the air and fall back, thus behaving in entirely opposite ways, although the circumstances of flight seemed to be the same. The cause of this class of failure was finally found in the fact that as soon as the whole was upborne by the air, the wings yielded under the pressure which supported them, and were momentarily distorted from the form designed and which they appeared to possess. "Momentarily," but enough to cause the wind to catch the top, directing the flight downward, or under them, directing it upward, and to wreck the experiment. When the cause of the difficulty was found, the cure was not easy, for it was necessary to make these great sustaining surfaces rigid so that they could not bend, and to do this without making them heavy, since weight was still the enemy; and nearly a year passed in these experiments.

Has the reader enough of this tale of disaster? If so, he may be spared the account of what went on in the same way. Launch after launch was successively made. The wings were finally, and after infinite patience and labour, made at once light enough and strong enough to do the work, and now in the long struggle the way had been fought up to the face of the final difficulty, in which nearly a year more passed, for the all-important difficulty of balancing the aërodrome was now reached, where it could be discriminated from other preliminary ones, which have been alluded to, and which at first obscured it. If the reader will look at the hawk or any soaring bird, he will see that as it sails through the air without flapping the wing, there are hardly two consecutive seconds of its flight in which it is not swaying a little from side to side, lifting one wing or the other, or turning in a way that suggests an acrobat on a tight-rope, only that the bird uses its widely outstretched wings in place of the pole.

There is something, then, which is difficult even for the bird, in this act of balancing. In fact, he is sailing so close to the wind in order to fly at all, that if he dips his head but the least he will catch the wind on the top of his wing and fall, as I have seen gulls do, when they have literally tumbled toward the water before they could recover themselves.

Beside this, there must be some provision for guarding against the incessant, irregular currents of the wind, for the wind as a whole —and this is a point of prime importance— is not a thing moving along all-of-a-piece, like water in the Gulf Stream. Far from it. The wind, when we come to study it, as we have to do here, is found to be made of innumerable currents and counter-currents which exist altogether and simultaneously in the gentlest breeze, which is in reality going fifty ways at once, although, as a whole, it may come from the east or the west; and if we could see it, it would be something like seeing the rapids below Niagara, where there is an infinite variety of motion in the parts, although there is a common movement of the stream as a whole.

All this has to be provided for in our mechanical bird, which has neither intelligence nor instinct, and without it, although there be all the power of the engines requisite, all the rigidity of wing, all the requisite initial velocity, it still cannot fly. This is what is meant by balancing, or the disposal of the parts, so that the air-ship will have a position of equilibrium into which it tends to fall when it is disturbed, and which will enable it to move of its own volition, as it were, in a horizontal course.

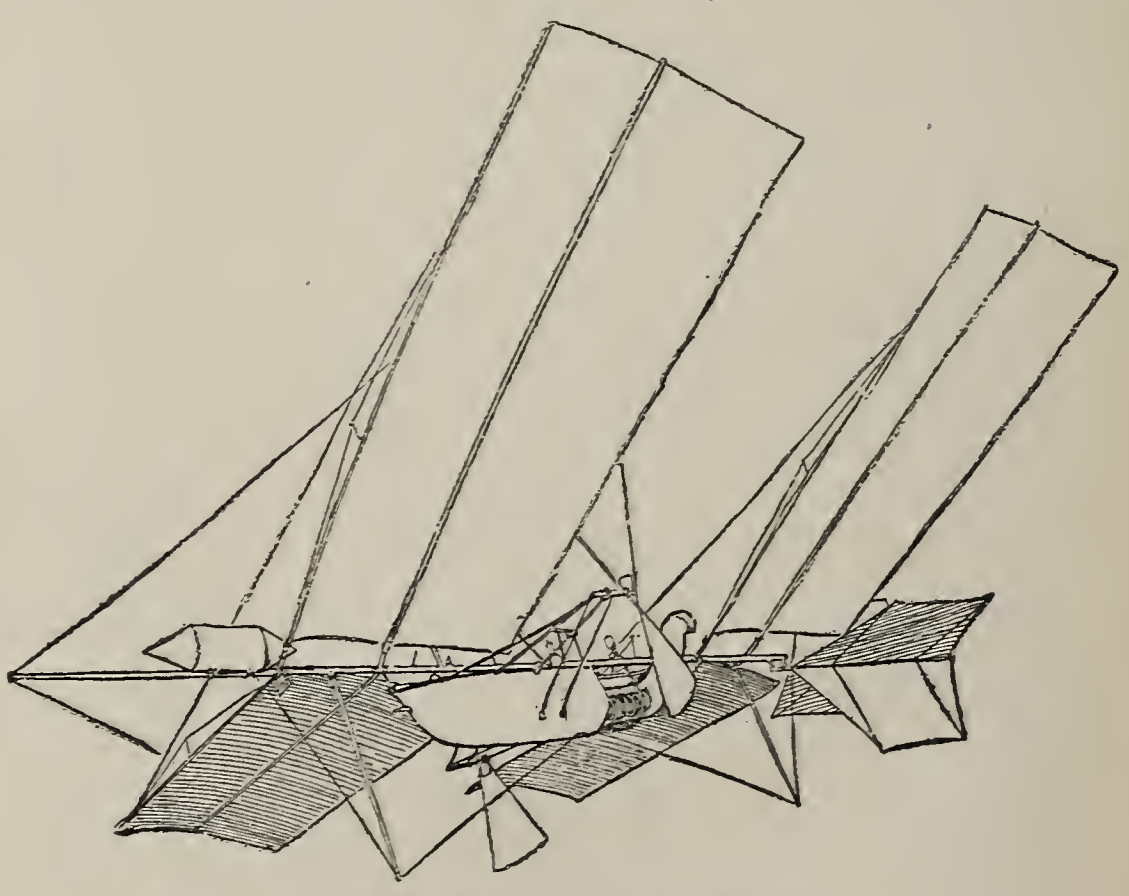
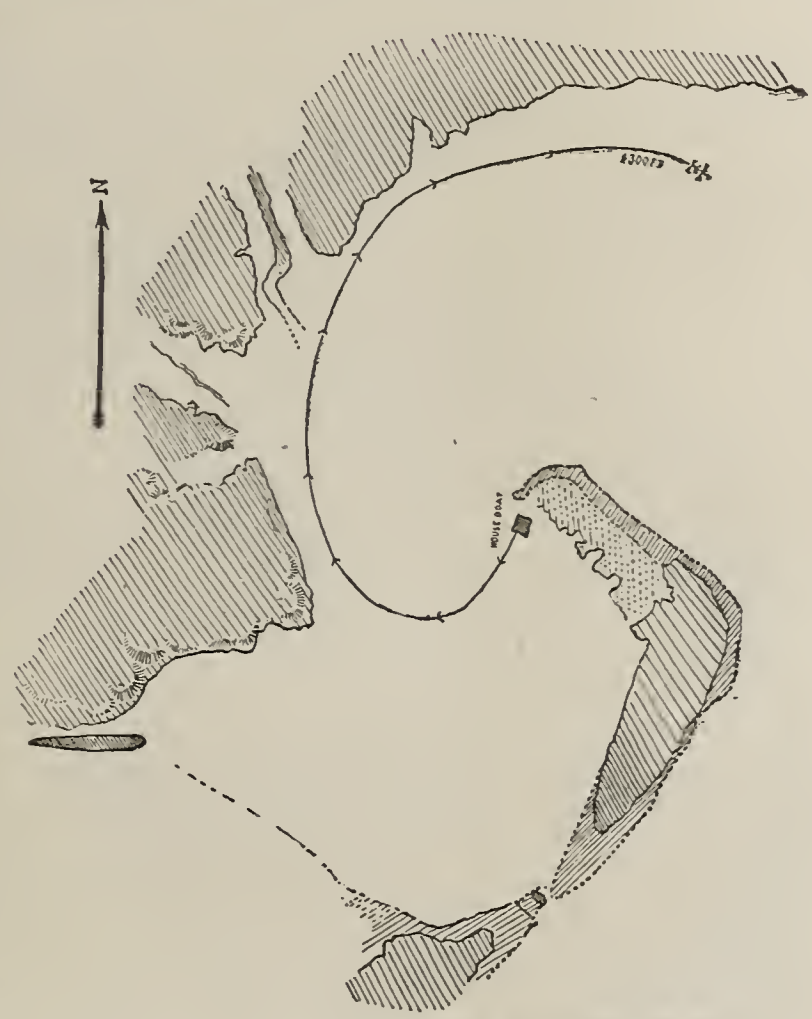


DIAGRAM OF THE FLYING-MACHINE.

Now the reader may be prepared to look at the apparatus which finally has flown.

In the completed form we see two pairs of wings, each slightly curved, each attached to a long steel rod which supports them both, and from which depends the body of the machine, in which are the boilers, the engines, the machinery, and the propeller wheels, these latter being not in the position of those of an ocean steamer, but more nearly amidships. They are made sometimes of wood, sometimes of steel and canvas, and are between 3ft. and 4ft. in diameter.

The hull itself is formed of steel tubing; the front portion is closed by a sheathing of metal which hides from view the fire-grate and apparatus for heating, but allows us to see a little of the coils of the boiler and all of the relatively large smoke-stack in which it ends. The conical vessel in front is an empty float, whose use is to keep the whole from sinking if it should fall in the water.



COURSE TAKEN BY THE FLYING-MACHINE ON MAY 6TH, 1896.

This boiler supplies steam for an engine of between one and one and a half horse-power, and, with its fire-grate, weighs a little over 5lb. This weight is exclusive of that of the engine, which weighs, with all its moving parts, but 26oz. Its duty is to drive the propeller wheels, which it does at rates varying from 800 to 1,200, or even more, turns a minute, the highest number being reached when the whole is speeding freely ahead.

The rudder, it will be noticed, is of a shape very unlike that of a ship, for it is adapted both for vertical and horizontal steering. It is impossible within the limits of such an article as this, however, to give an intelligible account of the manner in which it performs its automatic function. Sufficient it is to say that it does perform it.

The width of the wings from tip to tip is between 12ft. and 13ft., and the length of the whole about 16ft. The weight is nearly 30lb., of which about one-fourth is contained in the machinery. The engine and boilers are constructed with an almost single eye to economy of weight, not of force, and are very wasteful of steam, of which they spend their own weight in five minutes. This steam might all be recondensed and the water re-used by proper condensing apparatus, but this cannot be easily introduced in so small a scale of construction. With it the time of flight might be hours instead of minutes, but without it the flight (of the present aërodrome) is limited to about five minutes, though in that time, as will be seen presently, it can go some miles; but owing to the danger of its leaving the surface of the water for that of the land, and wrecking itself on shore, the time of flight is limited designedly to less than two minutes.

I have spared the reader an account of numberless delays, from continuous accidents and from failures in attempted flights, which prevented a single entirely satisfactory one during nearly three years after a machine with power to fly had been attained. It is true that the aërodrome maintained itself in the air at many times, but some disaster has so often intervened to prevent a complete flight that the most persistent hope must at some time have yielded. On the 6th of May of last year I had journeyed, perhaps for the twentieth time, to the distant river station, and recommenced the weary routine of another launch with very moderate expectation indeed, and when on that, to me, memorable afternoon the signal was given and the aërodrome sprang into the air,* I watched it from the shore, with hardly a hope that the long series of accidents had come to a close. And yet it had, and for the first time the aërodrome swept continuously through the air like a living thing, and as second after second passed on the face of the stop-watch, until a minute had gone by, and it still flew on, and as I heard

* The illustration, from an instantaneous photograph by Mr. Bell, shows the machine after Mr. Reed, who was in charge of the launch (and to whom a great deal of the construction of the aërodrome is due), has released it, and when it is in the first instant of its aërial journey.

the cheering of the few spectators, I felt that something had been accomplished at last, for never in any part of the world, or in any period, had any machine of man's construction sustained itself in the air before for even half of this brief time. Still the aërodrome went on in a rising course until, at the end of a minute and a half (for which time only it was provided with fuel and water), it had accomplished a little over half a mile, and now it settled rather than fell into the river with a gentle descent. It was immediately taken out and flown again with equal success, nor was there anything to indicate that it might not have flown indefinitely except for the limit put upon it.

TWO VIEWS OF FLIGHTS TAKEN MAY 6TH, 1896—FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS.

I was accompanied by my friend, Mr. Alexander Graham Bell, who not only witnessed the flight, but took the instantaneous photographs of it which are here given. He spoke of it in a communication to the Institute of France in the following terms :—

Through the courtesy of Mr. S. P. Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, I have had on various occasions the privilege of witnessing his experiments with aërodromes, and especially the remarkable success attained by him in experiments made on the Potomac River, on Wednesday, May 6th, which led me to urge him to make public some of these results.

I had the pleasure of witnessing the successful flight of some of these aërodromes more than a year ago, but Professor Langley's reluctance to make the results public at that time prevented me from asking him, as I have done since, to let me give an account of what I saw.

On the date named, two ascensions were made by the aërodrome, or so-called "flying-machine," which I will not describe here further than to say that it appeared to me to be built almost entirely of metal, and driven by a steam-engine which I have understood was carrying fuel and a water-supply for a brief period, and which was of extraordinary lightness.

The absolute weight of the aërodrome, including that of the engine and all appurtenances, was, as I was told, about 25lb., and the distance, from tip to tip, of the supporting surfaces was, as I observed, about 12ft. or 14ft.

The method of propulsion was by aërial screw propellers, and there was no gas or other aid for lifting it in the air except its own internal energy.

On the occasion referred to, the aërodrome, at a given signal, started from a platform about 20ft. above the water, and rose at first directly in the face of the wind, moving at all times with remarkable steadiness, and subsequently swinging around in large curves of, perhaps, 100yds. in diameter, and continually ascending until its steam was exhausted, when, at a lapse of about a minute and a half, and at a height which I judged to be between 80ft. and 100ft. in the air, the wheels ceased turning, and the

machine, deprived of the aid of its propellers, to my surprise did not fall, but settled down so softly and gently that it touched the water without the least shock, and was in fact immediately ready for another trial.

In the second trial, which followed directly, it repeated in nearly every respect the actions of the first, except that the direction of its course was different. It ascended again in the face of the wind, afterwards moving steadily and continually in large curves, accompanied with a rising motion and a lateral advance. Its motion was, in fact, so steady that I think a glass of water on its surface would have remained unspilled. When the steam gave out again, it repeated for a second time the experience of the first trial when the steam had ceased, and settled gently and easily down. What height it reached at this trial I cannot say, as I was not so favourably placed as in the first ; but I had occasion to notice that this time its course took it over a wooded promontory, and I was relieved of some apprehension in seeing that it was already so high as to pass the tree-tops by 20ft. or 30ft. It reached the water one minute and thirty-one seconds from the time it started, at a measured distance of over 900ft. from the point at which it rose.

This, however, was by no means the length of its flight. I estimated from the diameter of the curve described, from the number of turns of the propellers as given by the automatic counter, after due allowance for slip and from other measures, that the actual length of flight on each occasion was slightly over 3,000ft. It is at least safe to say that each exceeded half an English mile.

From the time and distance it will be noticed that the velocity was between twenty and twenty-five miles an hour, in a course which was constantly taking it "up hill." I may add that on a previous occasion I have seen a far higher velocity attained by the same aërodrome when its course was horizontal.

I have no desire to enter into detail further than I have done, but I cannot but add that it seems to me that no one who was present on this interesting occasion could have failed to recognise that the practicability of mechanical flight had been demonstrated.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL.

On November 28th I witnessed, with another aërodrome of somewhat similar construction, a rather longer flight, in which it traversed about three-quarters of a mile, and descended with equal safety. In this the speed was greater, or about thirty miles an hour. The course of this date is indicated by the dotted line on the accompanying map. We may live to see air-ships a common sight, but habit has not dulled the edge of wonder, and I wish that the reader could have witnessed the actual spectacle. "It looked like a miracle," said one who saw it, and the photograph, though taken from the original, conveys but imperfectly the impression given by the flight itself.

And now, it may be asked, what has been done? This has been done: a "flying-machine," so long a type for ridicule, has really flown; it has demonstrated its practicability in the only satisfactory way—by actually flying, and by doing this again and again, under conditions which leave no doubt.

There is no room here to enter on the consideration of the construction of larger machines, or to offer the reasons for believing that they may be built to remain for days in the air or to travel at speeds higher than any with which we are familiar; neither is there room to enter on a consideration of their commercial value, or of those applications which will probably first come in the arts of war rather than those of peace; but we may at least see that these may be such as to change the whole conditions of warfare, when each of two opposing hosts will have its every movement known to the other, when no lines of fortification will keep out the foe, and when the difficulties of defending a country against an attacking enemy in the air will be such that we may hope that this will hasten rather than retard the coming of the day when war shall cease.

I have thus far had only a purely scientific interest in the result of these labours. Perhaps if it could have been foreseen at the outset how much labour there was to be, how much of life would be given to it, and how much care, I might have hesitated to enter upon it at all. And now reward must be looked for, if reward there be, in the knowledge that I have done the best I could in a difficult task, with results which it may be hoped will be useful to others. I have brought to a close the portion of the work which seemed to be specially mine—the demonstration of the practicability of mechanical flight; and for the next stage, which is the commercial and practical development of the idea, it is probable that the world may look to others. The world, indeed, will be supine if it does not realize that a new possibility has come to it, and that the great universal highway overhead is now soon to be opened.

By J. Laurence Hornibrook.

IT began to rain early that evening, I remember: not a feeble drizzle, either, but a driving, splashing downpour that smote upon the flags with a hissing sound, and gurgled down the gutters in turbid streams. By rare good luck I had got through my full round of professional visits just in time; the first heavy drops were dashed in my face as I sprang from my Ralli car and made for the door. Fortunately I had no very grave cases on hand that day, and looked forward with the keen anticipation gendered by fatigue to the luxury of slippers, a dressing-gown, the latest number of the *Lancet*, and a comfortable arm-chair by the study fire. Of course, there was an off-chance of my being routed out again at any moment, for a doctor in one of these wretched little country towns, whose practice dips eight or ten miles into the surrounding country, may consider himself lucky if, on an average, he gets four undisturbed nights out of the seven, and doubly lucky if those nights upon which he is called out do not prove the very worst in the whole week.

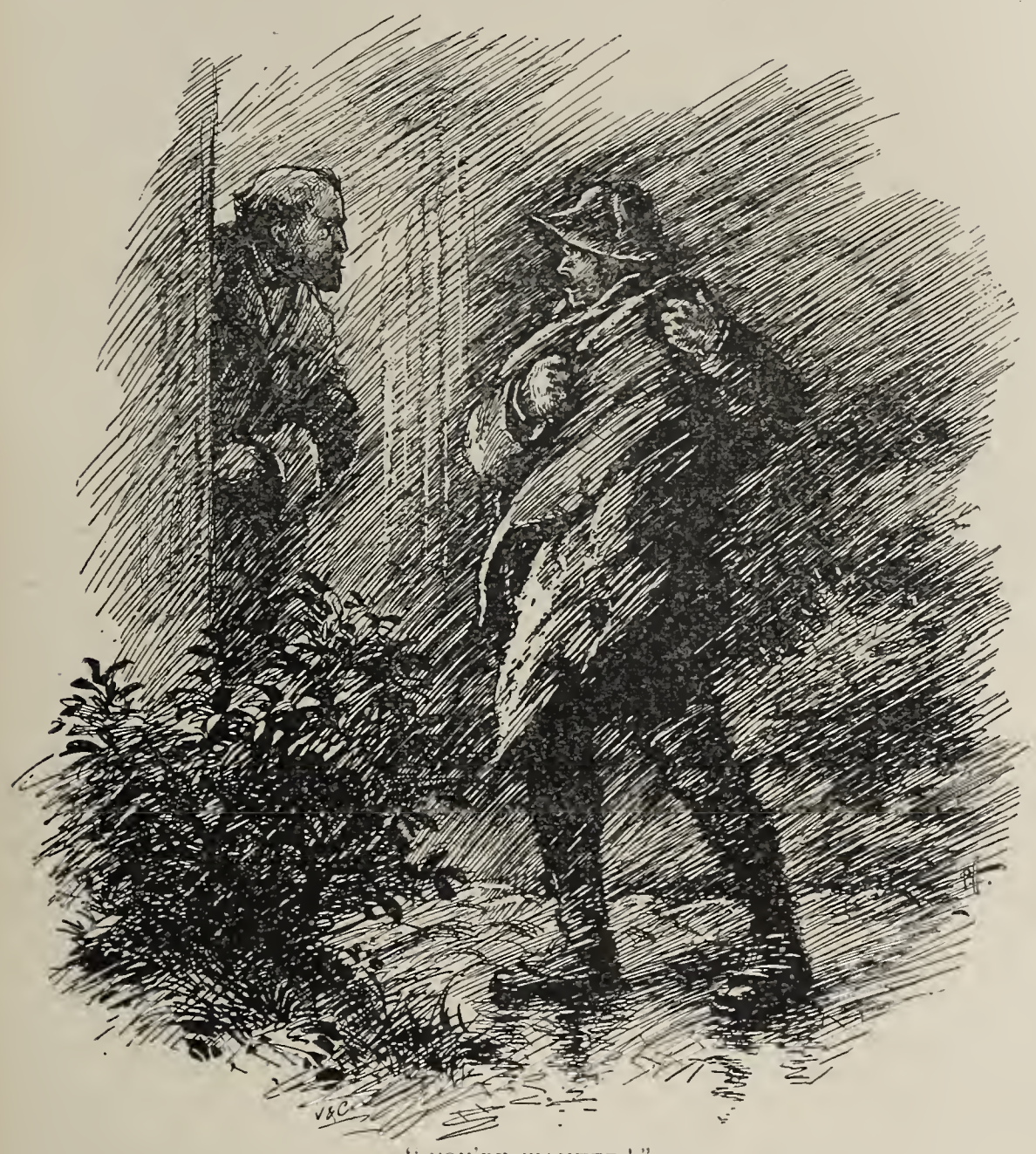
Somehow, when I had settled down to my paper, I found it impossible to give myself up to a thorough appreciation of its contents. From the very first I had a sort of intuitive feeling that an urgent case would crop up, perhaps far out in the country. Once or twice I got up, walked over to the window, and drew aside the blind. What a night!—black, wet, the wind howling, and great sheets of water collecting in the deserted street. With a cold shiver, which involuntarily seized upon me, I went back to my arm-chair by the fire.

I think it was getting well on for midnight, when, in one of the fitful lulls of the storm, a sound reached my ears which caused me to lay aside my paper, and sit up in expectation. It was the steady, lumbering trot of a farm horse: long experience enabled me to recognise it at once. A few yards from my door the trot changed into a slow, heavy walk; then there was an impatient "Whoa!" a clatter of hobnailed boots on the flags, a jerk of the bell-handle, and a peal loud enough to have wakened me if I had been fast asleep in the most distant part of the house.

I went to the door myself, for the house was locked up and the servants had gone to bed an hour ago. The instant I opened it, in came the wind and rain with a rush and a roar, as if bent upon giving me a sample of

what I might expect should I dare to venture out on such a night. So fierce was the gust, it made me gasp for breath as it swept in along the hall, rattling the pictures on the walls, and eddying round the lamp until I expected every moment to find myself in total darkness. I peered out into the wet, and discerned a slouching figure, with a sack wrapped around the shoulders as a protection from the storm, a miller's hat jammed upon the head and tied down over the ears with a piece of string.

"Roydon Mills," came a voice from beneath the hat: "you're wanted!"



"YOU'RE WANTED!"

With that, the hobnails clinked upon the flags again, and the messenger straightway retreated towards the spot where the horse stood, steaming and blowing, with his head between his forelegs.

"Hi! Here!—wait a moment, will you?" I called out after him. "What's wrong at the Mills, eh?"

The fellow already had one foot in the stirrup, and barely condescended to turn his head as he flung back over his shoulder the two words, "Child sick!" Without further parley, he swung himself into the saddle, hammered the horse's sides with his heels, and jogged off into the darkness.

Roydon Mills?—five good miles, if it was one! I shut the door, and stood there in the hall, weighing the matter carefully. As I listened to the splashing of the rain outside, a vision of the bleak, storm-swept road rose before me, and I confess I shuddered at the prospect. On the one hand, there was the certainty of a drenching—for at that time I had not attained to the luxury of a brougham, and must perforce perform the journey in an open vehicle—and the almost equal certainty of a heavy cold resulting therefrom. On the other, duty, of course, ranked first, and—well, if the truth must be told, the inducement of a substantial fee next. I called to mind, too, with what intense anxiety Miller Hopgood and his wife must await my coming, for the homely couple were simply wrapped up in that little boy of theirs — an only child, as it happened. The upshot of it was, though I was not without doubts as to the urgency of the case, I felt there was nothing for it but to face the storm.

As ill-luck would have it, my groom was laid up, so I had to turn to and harness the mare myself. I don't know whether she objected to a night journey in such weather, but certainly she was so restless and fidgety that I thought I would never get her between the shafts. Once out into the storm, I set my teeth hard, and let her go. We tore along at a spanking pace through the wind and rain, and in little less than half an hour I saw the light from the mill-house twinkling through the wet, like a great shining eye watching for my coming. No sooner had the wheels crunched upon the gravel than the door was thrown open, and there stood the miller himself, with his head thrust out into the storm.

"That you, doctor?" he cried.

"Yes."

"Thank God!"

I was scarcely given time to get rid of my

dripping cloak before being hurried off upstairs. Of course I might have known how it would be! In spite of all this fuss and hurry, there was nothing really wrong with the child—a feverish cold, that was all. The little fellow lay in his mother's arms, flushed and fretful, wailing out the childish complaints which had so distressed his parents. I did not keep them long in suspense; and the look of relief which stole into those drawn, anxious faces compensated me to some extent for my midnight journey.

I have been led to dwell upon these details—homely and trivial as they may seem—because, in looking back upon that night, they stand out in sharp and striking contrast to the strange events which happened on the way home. Though more than two years have elapsed since then, I can recall every incident as if it occurred only yesterday. Even now, if the wind rises suddenly in the night, and the rain begins to dash against the windows, I start out of sleep with the horror of those scenes fresh upon me.

I was driving back to Ulverton at two o'clock in the morning, wet, cold, and in anything but an amiable mood. The wind had gone down a little, and the clouds had broken up into dark, irregular patches, that swept across the stormy sky as if speeding to some unknown destination in the far East. The rain still continued to beat in my face and patter upon the oilskin rug across my knees. Whenever I happened to raise my head, I was chilled by the dreary aspect on every side: not a living creature was in sight; even the few stray cattle in the fields were stuck away under shelter of the hedges.

I had reached a spot where the road dipped down into a rocky glen, known as "Pedlar's Hollow," from a tradition that a pedlar had been murdered there in bygone years and robbed of his pack. At the opposite side of the glen there was a pretty stiff ascent, which I knew from experience had to be taken easily.

I had just pulled in the mare at the foot of this incline, when, upon lifting my head, I thought I saw a dark blotch on the white face of the hill. The next instant it seemed to merge into the surrounding gloom. Fixing my eyes steadily upon a point just beyond it, the object, whatever it was, took a more distinct shape, and I became convinced it was moving rapidly towards me. I am not given to be superstitious—we medical men generally lean more to the material than to the spiritual—but really, on the present occasion, I felt a cold thrill creeping up my spine, for my thoughts involuntarily turned to the defunct pedlar, and the possibility of his restless spirit having returned to visit the scene of his tragic fate.

My apprehensions on this point, however, were speedily set at rest. As the figure loomed out of the darkness, I saw that not only was it a creature of flesh and blood, but a very substantial one, too—a tall, powerfully-built man, as far as I could make out. But who could it be?—and what on earth brought him out on this lonely country road at such an hour, on such a night? As I asked myself these questions, an idea suddenly occurred to me, scarcely less startling than the first. Could it be possible there was any truth in the strange rumours current among the country people, and that this was the "mysterious stranger," of whom I had heard so much of late?

How these rumours had originated I had never troubled to inquire, for at the time I regarded them as mere idle gossip. They were to the effect that a man—a gentleman, from all accounts—was in the habit of roaming about these roads at all hours of the night, and in all kinds of weather. The strange part of it was, no one ever remembered having seen him in the daytime; but of his nocturnal wanderings there appeared to be abundant evidence. Belated farmers, returning home from distant markets, had frequently encountered him upon the high road; the inmates of wayside cottages had grown accustomed to hearing his heavy footsteps in the dead of night; a drowsy carrier, stretched on the top of his load, had more than once been startled by his approach, and watched him go striding past with a feeling of superstitious awe. Some asserted that he occasionally muttered to himself as he went on his way; others declared they had heard him cry out, as if in sudden pain.

While all this was passing through my mind, the stranger had rapidly approached, until the light from my lamps began to play upon his tall figure. Suddenly he stopped short, and drew aside towards the hedge, shading his face with his hand, as if the glare dazzled or hurt his eyes. I looked at him in surprise and wonder. What struck me most in his appearance, I remember, was the fact that he was dressed in an ordinary shooting suit—Norfolk jacket, knickerbockers, and peaked cap—without coat, cloak, or covering of any sort, to protect him from the tempestuous weather. He was evidently drenched through and through by this time,

for judging by the way he was splashed with mud he must have been on the road for hours. Just as my wheels were on a line with him, he faced round slowly, and glanced up at me from under his hand.

"Pardon me," he said, politely, "can you tell me if I am on the right road for Ulverton?"

"HE GLANCED UP AT ME."

"You certainly are," I replied—somewhat testily, I am afraid—"but if you wish to reach Ulverton to-night, I would recommend you to turn round and face that hill."

"I am going in the wrong direction, then?"

"Exactly."

He looked at me steadily for a second or two, glanced back doubtfully over his shoulder, and then let his gaze wander on ahead, as if half disposed to question my statement. Presently his eyes came round to me again. I felt rather ashamed at having been so abrupt, and said:—

"I am driving into Ulverton myself; if you care to take a seat, it will save you a disagreeable walk."

He thanked me in an abstracted sort of way, came round behind the trap, and was some little time groping for the step. When he got his foot upon it at last, I could hear the shafts and springs creaking as they bent under his weight. He dropped into the seat at my side, lowered his head, and folded his arms across his massive chest.

Not a word was spoken as we climbed the hill. The stranger sat there, gazing fixedly out into the darkness ahead, apparently buried in his own gloomy thoughts, regardless of the driving rain, and seemingly as unconscious of my presence as if I had been miles away. Once or twice I was on the point of making some casual observation, but somehow, when I glanced round at that silent, motionless figure, the words died upon my lips. I felt an awkwardness, a constraint—a shrinking into myself, if I may so describe it—that made me half regret having taken him up. Once, when the wheel passed over a stone, my arm jogged against his, and instinctively I drew away from him as far as possible. I noticed that at times he suddenly pressed his hands over his eyes, and felt the seat tremble under us as if a spasm had shot through his frame.

Not until we had got over the hill, and were rattling along the level road, did my companion venture upon a remark of any kind. Then he seemed to rouse himself from his abstraction, and turning his head towards me, said:—

"Might I ask if you live in Ulverton?"

"I do."

Though I did not pretend to notice it, I could see he was looking at me very earnestly, as if wondering who and what I was.

"You are out late to-night," he remarked, after a pause.

"That is nothing unusual with me, unfortunately. We medical men——"

Scarcely were the words out of my mouth than he started up, leaned forward in his

seat, and clutched the reins. The mare, feeling the tug, stopped short.

"A doctor?" he cried, eagerly. "Do I understand you to say you are a doctor?"

I replied that I was.

"What an extraordinary coincidence!" he exclaimed, with surprising animation. "Would you believe that my sole object in starting for Ulverton to-night was to search for a medical man?"

"Indeed!"

"Will you come back with me to the house?" he urged. "It is not more than a mile from the cross-roads we passed just now. You will render me a great service, I assure you."

"Is it a serious case?" I asked.

"Yes; very serious."

"Might I ask of what nature?"

He was just about to reply, when, without the slightest warning, he suddenly fell back in the seat, and clapped his hands to his eyes. A groan, such as could only have been wrung from him by excruciating pain, broke from his lips. He rocked himself to and fro in the intensity of his suffering.

"What is the matter?" I cried, in surprise and alarm.

"Drive back to the house," he moaned. "For God's sake, don't delay! Take the turning to the left when you reach the cross-roads, and keep straight on."

I wheeled round immediately, and, as I did so, he lurched forward, letting his head fall upon his hands. He remained in this position, never once raising his head, until we had branched off from the main road, and had covered the best part of the distance to the house. Then, as if the paroxysm which had seized upon him had passed, he drew a hard breath, and raised himself slowly. He looked about him in a confused sort of way, like a man just awakened out of sleep, not yet fully conscious of his surroundings.

Right in front of us the road was lined on either side with a row of immensely tall trees; and the branches, meeting overhead, formed a long, dark tunnel, through which the wind moaned dismally. As we drove into it, there was a fluttering and cawing in the topmost boughs as a flock of rooks, disturbed by the light, took wing, circling round and round until we had passed. Every gust of wind sent a shower of huge drops down upon us from the trees.

Presently we came to one of those immense, old-fashioned gateways — with massive pillars, surmounted by stone figures, on either side—which impress one with their gloomy yet imposing grandeur. I drew up before it, and glanced inquiringly at my companion.

"Ah! here we are at last!" he said. "Rather a dismal-looking place on a night like this. Might I trouble you to open the gates?"

We drove up a long avenue, shaded with trees, and, sweeping round a bend, came in sight of the house. So far as I could make out, it was a great, bare, solid-looking building, more like an institute of some sort than an ordinary country mansion. Under my companion's guidance, I backed the horse and trap into an out-house, and following him round to the front ascended a flight of broad stone steps. Instead of knocking, he took a heavy key from his pocket, unlocked the door, and standing aside motioned me to enter.

On getting inside, my first impression was that I had stepped straight into one of the reception-rooms. There was a shaded lamp on a table in the centre, a huge fireplace at one end, with a log-fire blinking and flickering in the grate. The stranger advanced to the table, and turned up the lamp. I then saw that I stood in an immense square hall, so lofty that the ceiling was almost completely lost in shade. The furniture was of massive black oak, embellished with quaint designs, upon which the firelight played with a weird effect. The polished oaken floor was strewn with costly skins; and whenever I happened to look down, the extended jaws and gleaming white teeth of a tiger, or some other savage brute, met my gaze. High up in front, and extending round both side walls, was a gallery, from under the dark shade of which skeleton heads of stags, with their great branching antlers, stared out at me.

While I was making a mental note of these particulars, my companion strode to the fire, threw on some fresh logs, and motioned me to a seat. All the time he kept his head slightly turned away from me, as if anxious to avoid my gaze. I drew my chair forward and warmed my numbed fingers at the blaze, waiting for him to open the conversation. Instead of doing so, however, he began to pace up and down the hall, with his hands clasped behind his back. At every step I could hear the water squelching in his boots.

I watched him intently over my shoulder. Gradually his manner changed; he appeared agitated and distressed: his fingers worked nervously, and a half-stifled exclamation broke from him more than once. His movements, too, betrayed the conflict which was

raging in his mind; at times his step was slow and halting, then so rapid that he crossed from end to end of the hall in a few hasty strides. It seemed to me as if he was fighting against some impulse, which he strove to keep down, and yet I could see it was gradually asserting its influence over him. I waited in silent expectation, wondering what was coming.

"Perhaps you will be good enough to tell me——," I began at length.

Pausing in the midst of a stride, he turned quickly round, and for the first time looked me full in the face.

"Yes, I will tell you," he broke in, vehemently. "You want to know the cause of my suffering? It is this: *I am possessed by a devil!*"

I do not think it was this extraordinary assertion, startling as it undoubtedly was, which made me catch my breath with a quick gasp. It was the horror, the anguish of mind, depicted on his face. And the eyes! Good heavens! how their look has haunted me! How often since I have seen it in my dreams! They were set in a fixed stare—not *at*, but *beyond*, me—as if he had lost the power of focusing his sight. And still he seemed to be making painful yet hopeless efforts to concentrate his gaze, as if striving to read my expression, when my features must have appeared blurred and dim to him. I have looked upon many distressing sights in my time, but none that filled me with such cold horror as that. I believe I must have shuddered as I turned away my head.

"This is no childish fancy, I assure you," he went on, gravely; "it is a horrible reality! I have striven to keep it secret; I have tried to bear the torture of mind and body in silence. But of late my sufferings have grown intolerable; I feel that I must speak, must reveal that which I thought no power on earth would have drawn from me—or go mad! Hear what I have to say, in patience, for I tell you beforehand you will need to exercise self-control; and then, if you see one gleam of hope in the dark future, speak, for Heaven's sake! and save me from this lingering death."

"I AM POSSESSED BY A DEVIL!"

He sat down opposite me at the other side of the great fireplace, and rested his head wearily upon his hand. Sometimes starting up to pace the floor, sometimes leaning moodily against one of the pillars which supported the gallery, he told me his singular story.

"I will not attempt to disguise the facts," he began, "even when they tell most strongly against me. It is my desire that you should know the naked truth. Let me again entreat you to hear me out in silence.

"My father was a colonel in the service of the old East India Company, and in the troublous times before the Mutiny held a responsible post in a district notorious for crime, conspiracies, and outrages of all kinds. In dealing with these offences he seems to have been in his element. I don't know whether a long residence in such an isolated spot, where scenes of this sort were of daily occurrence, hardened his nature: but certainly he appears to have grown as harsh, as despotic, and as cruel as any of the native princes, whom, it would

seem, he strove to emulate by living in semi-barbaric state.

"Much to the surprise of his few friends—he had made enemies of most of his fellow-countrymen out there—he married late in life. As in many cases of the kind, he chose a wife at least five-and-twenty years younger than himself. If the union ever was a happy one—which I very much doubt—the first twelve months sufficed to bring about a separation. What the exact cause of the quarrel was I never learned; it may have been due to a violent and tyrannical temper on one side and a proud, haughty spirit on the other. Be this as it may, the separation took place soon after I was born; my mother went from us, and I was left to the tender mercies of native servants. I have been told that she died shortly afterwards.

"If my father ever had a particle of affection for me, he kept it entirely to himself. For the most part he appeared utterly indifferent to my existence, but as I grew up there were times when he drove me harshly from his presence, as if he could not endure me within sight. In some respects I followed in his footsteps, for even at that early age I was a petty tyrant among the host of servants.

"In the course of his administration my father had amassed a considerable fortune; and before retiring, determined to visit England in order to settle his affairs. I was left behind; I believe the thought of having me tacked on to him during the voyage home was intolerable. In his absence, the Mutiny broke out. I went through the horrors of that awful time; I witnessed the bloodshed; I saw many a gaping wound, many a mutilated corpse. I took my share in the fighting whenever I got the chance; I stood by when the captured rebels were blown from the guns; but through it all I was conscious of a callousness, an indifference to suffering, which appalled me at times. I have looked unmoved upon sights from which even grey-haired veterans turned away with a shudder.

"When it was all over, my father's Indian agents sought me out, and I was sent to join him in England. On my arrival he grimly remarked that, as I had shown such an aptitude for fighting, I could not do better than adopt it as a profession; in other words, he suggested I should enter the Army. I fell in readily with this proposal. My father had bought this place and settled down here, but never relented towards me—always kept me at a distance. Though I remained in England ten years, I never once set foot inside these doors. On his death, as no will was forthcoming, I inherited the bulk of his fortune. Even then I shunned the house and all connected with it; as you may imagine, it had no pleasant associations for me. Not until the last few weeks, when circumstances drove me here, did I ever inhabit it for a single night.

"My life in the Army was such as might have been expected from my early training. I cared nothing for society, I hated its hollow shams, I found the monotony of the ordinary garrison town irksome in the extreme. But wherever there was fighting, wherever there was fierce excitement, I was sure to be in the thick of it. I mixed with a rough set; and the instincts—brutal, if you like to call them—which had been developed in me from boyhood, got a firmer hold over me. I believe I was shunned by most, feared by many, and liked by few. All this gave me little concern, however.

"It was soon after I had got my company, and was serving with my regiment in India, that an event occurred which altered the whole course of my life. I was present one day at a race meeting, which was held at a quiet, up-country station. There was a good attendance, in spite of the scorching heat.

"Just before the principal race I noticed a stir among the fashionable throng in the inclosure. Whispers were exchanged, and heads turned towards the entrance. I looked round, wondering what it was all about. Walking by the side of an elderly lady I saw a beautiful girl—evidently a stranger—whose appearance was quite enough to account for the sensation. I found myself joining in the general admiration and eagerly inquiring her name. I was told she was a Miss Egerton, a new arrival, who was staying on a visit at the station.

"When the race was over, the company began to file off to the refreshment-tents. A fair sprinkling still remained upon the ground. I happened to be standing near Miss Egerton, when I heard someone yell 'Look out!' Instantly there was a rush for the gates, shrieks and shouts filled the air, and the utmost confusion prevailed. I saw at once what had occurred.

"A horse belonging to one of the stewards, which had been tied to the railings, had broken loose, and came charging madly across the inclosure, scattering the people to the right and left. The brute must have been maddened by the heat, for he snapped viciously at everyone he passed who only

just managed to avoid him. He was making straight for the spot where we stood.

"I had taken one step aside, when I saw to my horror that Miss Egerton did not move, though all the rest had fled. She seemed to be paralyzed with terror. The horse was almost upon her; I could see the ears laid flat against his head, the red glare in his eyes, and the savage jaws open—ready to crunch the girl's shoulder. With a spring I was at her side, and shot out my arm between them. The brute's teeth closed upon it; he swerved slightly, dragging me

"THE BRUTE'S TEETH CLOSED UPON IT."

with him, and worrying me like a dog. My arm was frightfully mangled when they got me free, but the girl had escaped uninjured. She had fainted, I was told, and had gone home with her friends.

"She insisted, however, upon returning to the ground immediately, and stood by all the time the surgeon was dressing my arm. She even assisted him with the bandages, for it seems she had some experience as a nurse. When I felt the gentle touch of her hand, when I looked at the fair face, quivering with emotion, and saw the beautiful eyes dimmed with tears, a thrill of rapture went through me. I spoke to her, I begged her not to distress herself on my account, I assured her the pain was nothing. Pain! I would have borne it twenty times over to have her near me!

"When I got back to my bungalow, my whole thought was—when should I see her again? I could not rest; night and day her face was before me. I heard she was staying with an officer's wife—the lady who had accompanied her to the races—and that they drove round daily to inquire for me. After that, I used to listen for the sound of the wheels every evening; it was something to look forward to during the weary hours.

"At the end of the first week I began to feel the restraint intolerable. Though the surgeon declared that if I ventured out in my present state, he would not answer for the consequences, I paid little heed to his caution. That evening, with my arm in a sling, I made my way across to the bungalow where Miss Egerton was staying.

"How well I remember the bright smile with which she greeted me, and how tenderly she gazed at my crippled arm, as if to remind me that it was for her sake I had suffered the injury! I went home that night with fever in my veins — the fever of a fierce, overwhelming passion. I was desperately — madly — in love with this girl. Before the week was out I had told her of it. I believe she was almost frightened at first by the vehement manner in which I declared my love for her, but I went away and gave her time to think the matter over. Next day she consented to be my wife.

"When the engagement became known, one or two of those with whom I was on intimate terms ventured to hint, in a friendly sort of way, that I ought to ascertain something of the girl's family. It appears she was an orphan, and her friends at the station knew little or nothing about her relations. But this did not trouble me much; what the world might say or think was a matter of

perfect indifference to me. We were married at Umballah a month later.

"In the two brief, happy years that followed I was a changed man. My old pursuits had lost their power to attract me; my old associates dropped off one by one. I no longer thirsted for the excitement of a tiger hunt; though, formerly, if a terrified native had come in to report that there was a man-eater in the neighbourhood, I often sallied forth alone in search of the brute. A new life had opened up for me; the softening and refining influence of home—the only one I had ever known, remember — was weaving its spell around me. I was never happy away from it—always longing to get back to my beautiful wife.

"When our little daughter was born, there seemed to be nothing left for which I could wish. I was conscious of new hopes, new aspirations, new emotions; it seemed as if out of my stony nature a tender shoot had sprung up, which grew and flourished under the warm sunshine of love until it bore these fruits. Sometimes, in the hush of an evening, as I stole into my wife's room, and bent over the tiny cradle there, I have felt a mist dim my sight—I, whose eyes, even in childhood, were never wet except with the burning tears of passion.

"It all changed! There came a time when the light went out, and darkness settled upon my soul. That tender growth which had taken root in my heart was blasted by the stroke of fate, and withered like Jonah's gourd. It happened when we were on a visit to a hill station during the hot season.

"Soon after we arrived there, I began to notice a change in my wife's manner. She no longer greeted me in the old affectionate way; she was often silent and preoccupied in my presence, failing to respond to, if not actually shunning, my caresses. It seemed as if she was keeping something back from me—something which no effort of mine could draw from her. As the days went on, I grew restless and irritable; a gloomy foreboding that our happiness was in jeopardy preyed upon my mind. And then, one morning, the blow fell! It came in the shape of an anonymous letter, and contained these words: '*Take a friend's advice and keep a sharp eye on your wife.*'

"That was all; but it was quite enough. The iron had entered into my soul, and rankled there. Without waiting for her to appear, I left the breakfast untouched, and walked straight out of the house. I stalked off through the burning heat, maddening thoughts surging through my brain. Heedless of the scorching rays that beat down upon me, I wandered on and on, until I had left the station far behind. It was late in the afternoon when I returned, outwardly calm, but with a thirst for vengeance in my soul. Every gentle feeling seemed to have died out during that walk.

"I said nothing, but determined to keep a strict watch. I soon discovered that, wherever my wife went, she invariably met a certain stranger, with whom she eagerly conversed. Imagine what I felt, when I saw her face brighten at his approach—I, who begrudged every look, every word, she bestowed upon another!

"I found, on inquiry, that this man was a Government official, named George Noble. He was well known at the station, and seemed to be a universal favourite, for he was commonly referred to as 'Noble George.' One morning, in a sudden burst of rage, I strode up to him, and taunted him in a way that I thought none but a coward would have stood. He looked surprised and indignant, the wretch, but kept perfectly cool, merely remarking that I must be mad. But for the fact that one or two officers who knew me happened to be present, and interfered to prevent a scene, I believe I would have killed him on the spot. After that, he was very careful to avoid me.

"A few nights later there was a ball at the Residency, to which we were invited. Noble was there, but studiously avoided us all the evening. Just as we were leaving, however, I saw him approach my wife through the crush, and slip a packet into her hand. She gave him a grateful look, and thrust it under her cloak.

"On the way home, I never opened my lips to her. I left her at the door, though she begged me to come in—said there was something she wished to tell me—but I turned from her harshly, and strode away. I ordered my servant to saddle my horse, told him I might not be back for a day or two, and galloped off through the sultry night. Once only I turned my head; and there, in the light of the doorway, I saw the dim outline of her figure.

"Hour after hour I rode on madly—recklessly, for my brain seemed on fire. When morning came, and the blazing sun got up, I was still on the dusty road. In every village the astonished natives flew out of the way, on seeing an officer, in undress uniform, go tearing past on a horse reeking with foam. Never once did I draw rein, not even when

"I RODE ON MADLY."

the exhausted brute which bore me was catching his breath in great spasmodic gasps. He dropped under me at last. Drawing a revolver, which happened to be in the holster, I bent down and put a bullet through his brain. Then I started to walk home.

"I did not get back until late that night. Though there was a brilliant moon, I managed to approach the house unobserved, and let myself in quietly. I paused to listen; not a sound, save that of regular breathing, reached me from any part of the building. I made my way to the dining-room, and poured glass after glass of brandy down my parched throat. I flung myself into a chair, and tried to collect my thoughts. One thing I vowed—solemnly vowed: she should never look that man in the face again.

"But how was I to prevent it? If I forced her away, it was open to him to follow; and they might easily contrive means of meeting when my back was turned. It was then, as I sat there in the silence and solitude, striving to devise some way of accomplishing my end, no matter at what cost: it was then that I seemed to become suddenly conscious of an invisible presence. I heard the words—or rather they appeared to burn themselves into my brain—*The Five Destroyers!*

"I knew well what they meant, those three terrible words. I did not shrink from the idea they suggested; I did not thrust it from me as horrible and revolting, for the devil had already taken possession of my heart. I got up and walked across the room to a cabinet. Out of a secret drawer I took five small phials, each labelled with a different name. I selected one and replaced the rest.

"Let me explain to you briefly what these phials contained. As I daresay you know, there are strange secrets in Indian pharmacy, which, for the most part, are very jealously guarded. Some of the Fakirs tell you there is no function of the human body which they cannot destroy with their drugs. They can blot out a man's memory; they can reduce him from the full possession of his mental powers to a state of hopeless idiotcy.

"Once, when travelling through a wild district in the North-West Provinces, I happened to come across one of these Fakirs, who was renowned for his knowledge of drugs. I chanced to render him some slight service, for which he was intensely grateful. It was from him I obtained (not without considerable difficulty, though) the drugs known as 'The Five Destroyers,' each of which, he declared, would destroy one of the five senses.

"There is no need for me to tell you which of the phials I selected. I held it up in the moonlight, and gazed at it with fierce exultation. Then I stole out, and groped my way into my wife's bedroom. I stood in the shadow of the wall, for the moon's beams filtered through the blinds. She was in a restless, troubled sleep. I saw her lips move. I held my breath and listened. There was a low, indistinct murmur; and then the word '*husband*' came floating across the room to me. For an instant my resolution wavered. But the next second, in clear, rapturous tones, I heard the exclamation, 'Noble George!'

"I hesitated no longer. I went from the room, and returned with a bottle of chloroform. I let her inhale the powerful fumes; and then—then—Oh, my God!"

He was on his feet in an instant, his head thrown back, and his hands clutching his brow as if to keep it from bursting.

"Yes! yes! I did it!" he moaned. "I poured one drop of the sight-destroyer into each eye, and rushed from the house. I waited outside, waited till the day dawned, waited till I heard shriek after shriek come from her room; and knew that the drug had done its work—that she was blind! blind! blind!"

Strong man as he was, I saw him lurch forward, and fall prone on the floor. With a shuddering horror, which made me reluctant even to touch him, I went to his assistance. I lifted him up, and guided him back to his seat.

"I RETURNED WITH A BOTTLE OF CHLOROFORM."

"I can tell you little of what occurred afterwards," he added, presently. "I believe I was found wandering about in the sun that day without a hat. Brain fever followed. Whether it was weeks or months that elapsed before I pulled through, I don't know. My memory is not very clear upon these points.

"I have an impression regarding that man Noble, though how I got it I cannot say. The story may have been actually told to me; it may have come to me in my delirium, or in a dream.. It is entirely opposed to the idea that there was any intrigue between him and my wife. It explains the secret of their intimacy in this way. Her brother, who was never a credit to his family, had been guilty of forgery and fraud. Noble was the principal sufferer; but for her sake (it appears he had known her from childhood) he determined to shield the culprit from exposure. Not only so, but he sent him out of the country at his own expense, so as to give him a chance of making a fresh start. The packet he had slipped into my wife's hand that night contained nothing more than the evidences of her brother's guilt; and she intended to reveal the whole story to me when we got home.

"I did not—I *could* not—accept this version of the affair. I felt no sting of sorrow, no compunction for what I had done. I wandered about from place to place, seeking rest, but finding none. And, it is strange, but I have a sort of vague idea that wherever I went I was followed by my blind wife and little daughter.

"I think it was about a year afterwards, as I was sitting alone one day, brooding over the past, that I felt a sudden dart of pain shoot through my eyes. It was just as if two red-hot needles had been driven into them. It passed off quickly, but my sight appeared blurred for some little time. I put it down to the glare of the sun, for I had just come in from a long walk, and thought no more of it.

"A month or so later, however, I had an attack of a similar kind. After that, I grew alarmed; I began to dread a return of that burning pain, and made up my mind to consult an oculist. I came back to England for this purpose. The specialist assured me he could discover nothing wrong with my sight, but advised me to remain for the next few weeks in a darkened room. I did so, and it made no difference. The piercing, burning pangs sought me out there. It was then I knew that I was doomed—doomed by an inexorable fate which demanded 'an eye for an eye.'

"I found, too, that I could not sleep at night. No sooner did I begin to doze than I started up in horror, roused by a woman's piercing shriek. I looked forward to the hours of darkness with positive terror, for it was then my torments were most acute. In despair I determined to turn the day into night, and the night into day.

"And yet, in spite of all this, I did not repent. I strove to do so, strove with all the power of my soul, for I felt that repentance alone might save me from this awful fate. But it was too late—too late! My stubborn heart never yielded. I would have welcomed the acutest pangs of remorse, but remorse was far from me. I longed for one solitary tear-drop — one trace of moisture to cool these burning eyes — but tears would not come. And now I have lost all hope!"

When he ceased to speak, there was a painful silence, for I knew not what to answer. His extraordinary story had made a profound impression upon me; it had been told in such a way that he seemed to carry me with him step by step. Once, as we sat there facing each other, I thought I heard a light footstep in the gallery overhead.

"If what you have told me is true," I said, at length, "my belief is, that your sufferings are purely imaginative."

"They are not; I tell you they are not!" he cried.

I stood up, and began to button my coat.

"Well, if you call upon me to-morrow, I will examine your eyes," I went on. "At present I fear I can do nothing for you."

"There is one thing you can do," he said, with strange significance.

"What is it?"

"Destroy my sight at once. It would be infinitely preferable to this slow torture. Besides, I should then be on a level with *her*."

For answer, I simply walked towards the door. But he was before me, and confronted me with fierce determination.

"Will you do it?" he cried.

"Certainly not."

"You must! I say you must!"

"You are mad!"

With a sudden spring he was upon me, and bore me to the ground. I felt his knees crushing my chest; I felt his iron fingers gripping my throat. Good heavens! He was strangling me!

"Will you consent?"

I shook my head.

His grip tightened. I gasped for breath—I was choking! My tongue was hanging out, and the eyes seemed to be starting from my head.

Just then, when I had given myself up for lost, I felt his fingers relax slightly. Slowly, as if he were being drawn back by some invisible power, he released me. I heard a sound of sweet melody somewhere overhead. I looked up to the gallery, and there I saw, or thought I saw, a child——a lovely, golden-haired little thing, clad in a long white robe. She was warbling a childish hymn, which seemed to breathe a calm, to soothe the troubled spirit. Was it imagination, or did I really see the white face of a beautiful woman in the back-ground?

"HIS GRIP TIGHTENED."

As I struggled to my feet, I saw my companion kneeling on the floor, his head bowed, and his face hidden in his hands. I left him so. How I got out of the house, how I got home, I scarcely remember. It was weeks before I was able to resume my duties, for my nerves were badly shaken.

I have never seen that man since. I heard the house was shut up again, and no one knew where he had gone. Was his strange story true? If so, did the tears for which he yearned come to him that night? I hope so.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

XXXVII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THE QUEEN AND PARLIAMENT.

IN this month that marks the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's reign it becomes certain that never again will Her Majesty seat herself on the Throne in the House of Lords to greet her faithful Parliament on its opening day. On the 17th of next month it will be sixty years since Her Majesty first appeared in the House of Lords. The occasion was not to welcome the coming guest in the person of a new House of Commons, but to speed the parting guest—the last Parliament of the reign of William IV. All London flocked forth to greet the girl-Queen as she passed through the streets on her way, for the first time, to sit in Parliament. She captured the crowd with her grace and beauty, her progress being accompanied by a salvo of cheering. It is noted in contemporary record that she was dressed in a white satin robe decorated with jewels and gold, the Garter on her arm, a mantle of velvet over her shoulders.

A gay summer garb this, compared with the sombre habiliments in which the Queen made her final entrances to the House of Lords. But it is not nearly so pretty as that described by Miss Wynn, the very first in which the new Queen presented herself to her subjects.

AN EARLY MORNING VISIT.

It was the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain who were privileged to behold the vision of loveliness. William IV. died just before the dawn of the 20th of June, 1837. The Primate and the Lord Chamberlain were in attendance waiting the end. When it came they posted off to Kensington Palace, where the girl, straightway become a Queen, lived with her mother.

It was five o'clock in the morning when they reached the Palace. Naturally no one was up. Archbishop and Lord Chamberlain took turns in thumping at the gate, and at length brought up the porter. He thought the courtyard was near enough access to the house for elderly gentlemen out at such time in the morning. The Archbishop and his companion, after forlornly hanging round, found their way into a room off the courtyard. Here at least was a bell, which, being in good training with their exercise at the door, they vigorously rang. After long delay they saw the Princess's maid, who said her mistress was fast asleep and could not be disturbed. Their message, they urged, brooked no delay. So the Princess was awakened, and Miss Wynn writes: "In a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white night-gown and shawl, her night-cap thrown off, her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified."

I wonder some great artist has not transferred this simple picture to imperishable canvas. It does not seem too late to begin even in the sixtieth year of the reign which opened in this room off the courtyard.

HER MAJESTY'S LAST VISIT TO WESTMINSTER.

The last time the Queen opened Parliament in person was on the 5th of February, 1880. Through her long reign Her Majesty has rigorously observed the condition pertaining to constitutional monarchy that the Sovereign shall not pose as a political partisan. The Queen is, after all, human, and surely may have her preferences in common with the humblest of her subjects. One of these ruled her conduct in the matter of opening Parliament in person. Never once through Mr. Gladstone's succession of Premierships was the Queen seen at Westminster. In 1876, the third Session of the first Parliament in which Mr. Disraeli was seated as Premier, she broke through the habitude of long years and went down in State to open Parliament. In the following year she again bestowed this mark of special favour upon Mr. Disraeli, now transformed into the Earl of Beaconsfield.

In the Royal procession that entered the crowded House on this dull February day,

1877, the Commons crowded at the Bar saw their old leader disguised in red cloak, tipped with ermine, walking before the Queen, bearing aloft the Sword of State in jewelled scabbard. After Lord Beaconsfield's death the Queen again relapsed into the custom of abstention broken through two successive years. In January, 1880, the Ministry established by Mr. Disraeli, led now by Lord Salisbury, into whose hands Lord Beaconsfield had bequeathed the staff of office, was crumbling to a fall. It had nearly completed its sixth year. Dissolution could not be long postponed, and Ministers girded up their loins with intent to make a spurt that should give them some impetus through the General Election. The Queen graciously consented to lend the grace and dignity of her presence to the occasion of the setting forth of the programme of what must needs be their last Session.

It was noted at the time as a curious incident that in the course of the proceedings the Queen very nearly lost her crown. Seating herself on the throne, the long white ribbon pendant from the back of the cap on which the crown was set caught in her dress. But for the presence of mind of the Princess Beatrice, who deftly released the ribbon, the least that would have happened would have been that the Queen would have presented to the brilliant assembly the curious effect of the Crown askew on the top of her head, portrayed in the melancholy design of the coinage struck a few years later.

A RARE SCENE.

The ceremony of the opening of Parliament by the Queen in person is worthy of the occasion, and has been only too seldom seen by the present generation. There is nothing in Court proceedings, whether at Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, or Marlborough House, that approaches it in dignity and importance. The stage is the historic one of the Houses of Parliament. The *dramatis personæ* are men who govern the greatest empire in the universe. All foreign States are represented by their Ministers in official array. The judges come in their wigs and gowns. The Church is represented by bishops in full canonicals. The peers are robed. The galleries are garlanded with rows of fair women dressed all in their best. The peeresses have given up to them all but the front row of the benches on one side of the floor of the House. (It is, of course, purely by accident that the custom has been established on occasions of this rare concession of Parliamentary right of seating ladies on the Opposition side.) The Prince and Princess of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family appear in State. The Queen with the blue ribbon of the Garter across her shoulder, a miniature crown of diamonds flashing on her head, other diamonds glistening like stars on her breast, approaches, preceded by four gorgeously clad heralds, escorted by a peer bearing the Cap of Maintenance, another holding aloft the Sword of State, whilst Norroy King-of-Arms, Clarenceaux King-

A ROYAL COMMISSION.

of-Arms, Garter King-of-Arms, follow as rear-guard.

At the Bar stands the Speaker, with his chaplain on one hand and on the other the Sergeant-at-Arms. Behind the Speaker seeth the mass of Commons, straining their eyes to catch glimpses of the scene.

SIMULACRE.

That is magnificent, and it makes all the more ludicrous the maimed performance that takes place at the inauguration of recurrent Sessions when the Queen does not come to Westminster. This is known as opening Parliament by Royal Commission. The Commissioners are the Lord Chancellor and four other noble lords of Ministerial standing. Alone among their peers, they wear their robes—also cocked hats, which play a prominent part in the puerile ceremony. Seated all in a row on a bench before the Woolsack, they are irresistibly suggestive of preparations for an Easter-day game on Hampstead Heath.

Even non-sportive members of the House of Commons, clustered at the Bar, instinctively close hands over an imaginary stick, and think how they would willingly give more than a penny for three shies at the cloaked figures with intent to knock off their cocked hats.

GENERAL BIDDULPH—THE NEW BLACK ROD.

THE ROYAL ASSENT.

But there are always lower depths, and the House of Lords survives something even more ludicrous than the ceremony of opening a new Session of Parliament by Royal Commission. This is known as giving the Royal Assent to Bills. It is ten or fifteen times worse than the opening ceremony, since through a Session it is repeated as often. Trouble begins at the very outset. Black Rod is dispatched to the House of Commons to invite the attendance of members of that honourable House to hear the Lords Commissioners give their assent to certain Bills. The treatment of Black Rod in the course of his mission is deliberately contumelious. As soon as he is spied crossing the outer lobby, arrayed in uniform with an undertaker's wand on his shoulder, and an expression of woe on his face that would make his fortune in professional circles, the door of the House of Commons is closed in his very face. Three times he knocks. A wicket is withdrawn. The janitor inquires, "Who's there?"

"Black Rod!" replies the emissary of the House over the way.

The door is straightway opened, and the doorkeeper advancing to the Sergeant-at-Arms' chair, shouts at the top of his voice, "Black Rod!" It may happen, and it frequently did, that this brusque interruption falls at a moment of serious business in the Commons. Once Mr. Gladstone was shut up in the middle of a sentence, and a little later in the same Session Mr. Balfour underwent similar discipline.

These were the last straws that broke the back of the long-tried patience of the Commons. Arrangements were made whereby Black Rod's entrance should be less inopportune. At best, he has a bad time of it. It is no joke for a gentleman, usually well-advanced in years, who has spent an honourable life in quite other associations, to walk up the floor of the House of Commons amid dead silence, conscious of being stared at by four hundred pairs of eyes. Worse still is the ordeal of retirement to be accomplished only by walking backwards.

The first time the present esteemed incumbent of the office of Black Rod appeared in the House of Commons, he having safely reached the table suddenly bethought him how he was to get back. The consequence was a sudden access of paralysis. Instead of delivering his message he stood mutely staring at the Speaker, whilst for two minutes by Westminster clock—it seemed two hours—the House looked on. Black Rod is an old soldier, not to be cast down by defeat howsoever momentarily disastrous. Next

time he came on duty he deftly carried, in the recesses of his cocked hat, a card, on which his "part" was fairly written out. When time to speak, a cocked eye was strategically brought in line with the cocked hat, and all went well.

A SERIO-COMEDY.

Under the best of circumstances, with brusqueness of interruption reduced to a minimum, the ceremony of the Royal Assent to Bills being given by Commission is a waste of time for which there is no compensation. It is required that the Speaker should leave the Chair in the House of Commons and, escorted by the Sergeant-at-Arms, accompanied by at least one Minister and as many members as care to go, repair to the House of Lords. They find the Lords Commissioners in accustomed array on the bench before the Woolsack. Three times the figures solemnly raise their cocked hats in acknowledgment of the presence of the Speaker and the Mace. The Clerk of Parliament advancing midway along the table reads the Royal Commission, a prolix document appointing "Our trusted and well-beloved counsellors" to their distinguished office. At the name of each Commissioner the Clerk bows low towards the five cloaked figures. Whereat the one named discloses his identity by raising his hat.

BLACK ROD'S MANŒUVRE.

The Commission read, the process of giving the Royal Assent to what may be an interminable list of Bills is ground out, as if with the assistance of a crank wheel. A fellow clerk—he of the Crown—in wig and gown steps forth and takes his place on the Opposition side of the table. By the right hand of the Clerk of Parliament is a pile of Bills which have passed successive stages in both Houses. One of these the Clerk of Parliament takes up and, turning to face the figures on the Woolsack, bows almost to his feet. The Clerk of the Crown on the other side of the table makes similar obeisance. The more simultaneous the action the safer on its basis stands the British Constitution.

Having read the title of the Bill, the Clerk of Parliament wheels round to the right. The Clerk of the Crown on the other side of the table turns on his heel to the left, and thus the two face each other. The Clerk of the Crown in solemn voice intones "*La Reyne le veult.*" That is the cue for the Clerks to turn their several ways so that again they face the five cloaked figures, before whom they once more profoundly bow. Then they turn back as before. The Clerk of the Crown takes up another Bill, reads its title, and through the abashed chamber rings again the solemn chant, "*La Reyne le veult.*"

If, as sometimes happens, there are a hundred Bills, public and private, awaiting the Royal Assent, this gravely comic performance goes on for the space of fifteen or twenty minutes, the cloaked figures on the bench sitting impassive, the Speaker in wig and gown standing at the Bar. For all practical purposes the business of giving the Royal Assent to Bills would be equally effective, and would be accomplished with much simpler dignity, if the Lords Commissioners performed their task in the privacy of the Lord Chamberlain's office.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

In this column in the April number of the STRAND of last year appears the following passage: "Within the walls of the Palace at Westminster, and on the grass-plots in its immediate neighbourhood, statues are appropriately raised to great Parliament men. The muster will surely be incomplete if place be not found for a counterfeit presentment of Lord Randolph Churchill . . . . . The House of Commons will not always refrain from doing honour to one of its most brilliant, if one of its most wilful, sons."

This was a very obvious suggestion, needing only to be thrown out to find acceptance. During the recess some correspondence privily took place among members, and as soon as the Session opened a small committee got to work and threw the project into practical shape. It was wisely resolved to have, not a full-length statue with the inevitable stone legs and marble fringe to a

modern frock-coat, but a bust, to be placed in one of the passages of the House, where it might be seen by members going to and fro on their ordinary business.

The subscription, limited to a guinea, is open only to members of the House of Commons who were contemporaries at one stage or other of Lord Randolph's meteoric career. The list is of itself striking. If it were possible to engrave the names in columns on the pedestal it would add considerably to the historic value and interest of the monument. How much has happened since Lord Randolph sat in the House as member for Woodstock is found in conjunction of the two simple matters of fact that Mr. Gladstone sent his subscription from Cannes, where, far removed from the vortex of political life, he was making spring holiday in a green old age; and that the plain Drummond Wolff of Fourth Party days sent his tribute from Madrid by the cheque of his Excellency the Right Hon. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., Her Majesty's Minister to Alfonso XIII., King of Spain.

"OLD MORALITY."

If Lord Randolph's esteemed successor in the Leadership of the House of Commons were still alive, there is no doubt that, forgetful of some bitter memories, his guinea would also be forthcoming with intent to keep green the memory of *l'enfant terrible* of his troubled times. By a happy chance Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. W. H. Smith, sometimes divided in life by sharp turns of controversy, united in death, will in memories of future Parliaments live together in close companionship. It is arranged that, when completed, Lord Randolph's bust shall have an honoured place found for it in the corridor leading out from the lobby, by the main staircase, where the placid face of "Old Morality" looks out on the stream of members hurrying to and from the House.

THE PORTRAIT.

Another indication of the wisdom that prevails in the councils of the committee in charge of the bust is found in the fact that they have determined the face reproduced shall be that familiar to the House of Commons prior to Lord Randolph's journey to South Africa. The Lord Randolph who set forth in quest of sport and gold and health carried the face familiar in the House of Commons, on public platforms, and in a thousand illustrated journals. He was closely shaven with the exception of a heavy moustache, the tugging of which during debate in the House of Commons was an appreciable assistance in concentrating his thoughts and shaping his replies. He came back almost unrecognisable, with short, thick, brown beard, cultivated amid the exigencies of life on the veldt.

I am the fortunate possessor of a portrait for which Lord Randolph sat in the year 1891. It was painted in his library at Connaught Place, and is admitted to be the most faithful presentment of the living man.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.
Sketched by F. C. Gould from the Painting by E. A. Ward.

When in the year following Lord Randolph set out on his travels through South Africa he commissioned the artist, Mr. E. A. Ward, to paint a replica. This, on the eve of his journey, he presented to his mother, the Duchess of Marlborough, with whom it

remains a precious possession. It is the face here pictured, mature, resolute, in the very prime of life, that the sculptor will carve in indelible marble.

NEWSPAPERS IN THE HOUSE.

When, the other day, an Irish member read long extracts from a Cork paper, alleging iniquity against a Government official, proceeding thereupon to put a question to Mr. Gerald Balfour, the Speaker ruled him out of order. If, the Speaker said, he were prepared on his own responsibility to affirm belief in certain statements published in a newspaper, he might thereupon put a question to the Minister. But a question might not be so addressed merely upon the authority of a newspaper report.

MR. CURZON IGNORES THE PRESS.

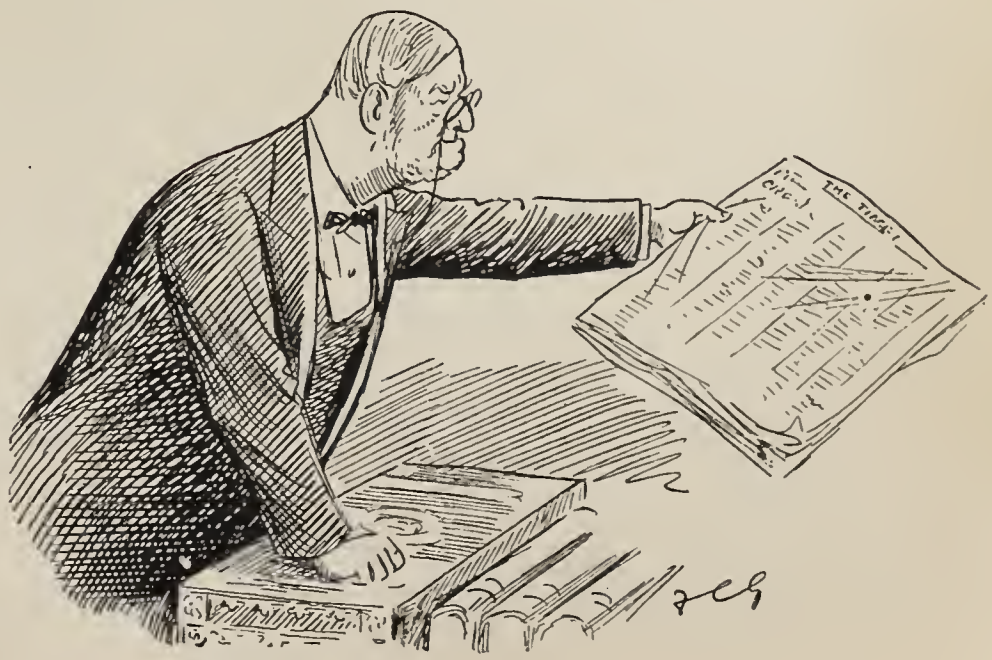
Mr. Gully is so habitually accurate and sound in his rulings that he, doubtless, has with him in this judgment the authority of the law and the support of the prophets. It is, nevertheless, a little startling to people familiar with the ordinary usage of the House. It is no exaggeration to say that one-third of the total of questions put in the course of a Session, an alarming aggregate, are avowedly based upon newspaper reports. In most instances the newspaper is named as the authority, the Minister being definitively questioned as to whether he has seen it.

CONTRABAND GOODS.

The rule, doubtless, had its birth in times when newspapers were not, or only furtively existed. To this day newspapers remain under a bann. A member dare no more take one out of his pocket and glance at it whilst the House is in Session than he dare take off his coat and sit in his shirt-sleeves. Strangers, safe in the panoply of ignorance, have been known in dull passages of debate to produce an evening newspaper, spread it forth, and propose to themselves a study of its contents. None has lived to repeat the indiscretion. The manner in which the offender is pounced down upon by janitors from either side of the gallery is in its vehemence sufficient to shatter the strongest nerves.

One of the most important debates which have taken place this Session on affairs in Crete was opened ostensibly and exclusively upon a newspaper report. In the morning the *Daily News* published exclusive information of the bombardment of the Cretan camp by the allied fleets of Europe. The Foreign Office had not, as yet, come up with the activity of the newspaper arrangements. Mr. Balfour had no particulars to give, and for three hours, apparently in dissonance with the Speaker's ruling quoted above, the debate followed the course of the newspaper telegrams.

On the same night Sir William Harcourt, wanting to illustrate a pet point, sent to the reading-room for a copy of the *Times*. It was pretty to see the Leader of the Opposition, conscious of disorderly proceedings, endeavouring to turn over the big sheet under the table, where it might not catch the Speaker's eye. He apparently succeeded in the attempt. Later, carried away by the excitement of debate, he brandished the paper across the table in the face of Mr. Balfour, a scene never witnessed before by the oldest member. So demoralizing was the effect, that an hour later Mr. Darling brought in a copy of the *Westminster Gazette* and, unashamed, unrebuked, read passages from it to the House.



HE BRANDISHED THE PAPER ACROSS THE TABLE.

These are matters trivial in themselves. To some minds, cultured in the earlier traditions of the House, they will mark signs of the deterioration of the Mother of Parliaments.

"ANOTHER PLACE."

Another quaint House of Commons' ordinance coming down from ancient times forbids direct reference to the House of Lords or any of its works. The rule is evaded by cautious reference to "another place." But that device may not be pushed far without risk of reproof from the Chair. In existing circumstances, not only with the Premier in the other House but with his lordship exercising the functions of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the rule has obvious inconveniences. These are sharpened by a pleasant habit, native to Lord Salisbury's mind, of ignoring the existence of the House of Commons, treating the House of Lords to confidences which at the very moment he is speaking may, under his instructions, be denied to the Commons by the representative of the Foreign Office in that House. The effect of such procedure on the placid mind of Sir William Harcourt is easily imagined. The consequences are aggravated since the rule of debate in the House of Commons precludes him from giving full expression to his feelings.

Oddly enough, the rule does not extend to the House of Lords, where not only are debates and proceedings in the Commons discussed with untrammelled freedom, but members accustomed to the stately rotundity of personal reference in their own House are startled to hear themselves and others alluded to, not in connection with their respective constituencies, but bluntly by name. On the whole, the restriction is well devised and worth keeping. Life is short and debate is long. What would happen if members of the House of Commons were at liberty at recurring political crises to say all they thought of the House of Lords, is a prospect from which the dazed eyeballs shrink.

LORD MELBOURNE—1837.

LORD SALISBURY—1897.

TWO PRIME MINISTERS.

EXTREMES MEET

By

Mary E. Johnson.

EVERY morning in the Gardens their perambulators met precisely at the same moment and on the same spot. At first they just glanced at each other, but after three days' acquaintance, the Little Baby, as they met, delightedly threw up her chubby hands, and laughed and crowed right into the Big Baby's face. Then the Big Baby smiled, and feebly waved his umbrella. Daily, for months, this salutation took place.

One day, at last, a heavy shower came on just when their perambulators were nearing the usual meeting-place. Simultaneously their respective caretakers made for the shelter of the likeliest tree. They were close together, and Little Baby spoke.

"I'se seen oo before," she said, insinuatingly.

"So have I you," he answered, in his thick, quavering voice. There was something in her fresh, shell-like beauty that comforted as well as attracted him.

"Was oo here always?" she pursued.

He gave a sort of gurgle which was meant for a laugh.

"Since you came, and long before that."

"Ah! Den dat is why oo is so big!"

"So big!" echoed the Big Baby, looking down on his shrunken hands and limbs. In his youth and early manhood the smallness of his stature had been one of his crosses.

"Iss; and your pwam so big. There's a lot of big babies and their pwams about. They's all growed, of course. Me an' my pwam'll grow like that some day, sha'n't we, Nannie? Oo was as small as me once, Mr. Baby, dear, wasn't oo?"

"I suppose so. What was that you called me just now? I fear she is mistaking me for someone else," he said, uneasily, to his caretaker.

"No, I isn't," answered the little one, promptly. "I know oo, an' I calls oo Mr. Baby, *my* Mr. Baby. Oo doesn't aject?"

"Object, she means," explained the nurse.

"No, no, not at all." He laughed a little hurriedly and nervously, not being accustomed to this sort of conversation. Twelve —six months ago he would have thought it incredible that he could ever come down to bandy pleasantries with a child of two years old, he, the scholar, the eminent man of letters, the scientist, the classic so deeply learned in all the mysteries and intricacies and dry-as-dustnesses of languages long ago dead.

The "scholarly stoop" was painfully accentuated in him, and his eyes had grown to have that abstracted look as if they saw nothing but cuneiforms, runes, or Sanscrit. Yet the Little Baby looking into them loved them. Perhaps it was because they were so different from everybody else's. Long, brown, almond-shaped they were, set slantwise in his head, and when closed the slit reminded one of a cat's. Moreover, there was a slight cast in one eye which added to the singularity.

No, the Big Baby was no beauty, never had been even in his palmiest days, not even on that spring morning, decades ago, when, as the second master in a school, he had fallen in love with the head-master's pretty daughter, and had asked for her hand in marriage. It was angrily refused, and then he left and turned misogynist, child-hater, and resolutely devoted his life to philology and its kindred sciences. Never, so far as he could remember, had he dandled a child on his knee, never kissed one, hardly ever noticed one. If he thought of children at all, it was as necessary elements in the continuance of humanity. As for petting and making much of them, it was a question whether he so much as remembered what petting or being petted was like.

But this little woman was bent on noticing him. There was no resisting her.

Not that he particularly wished to resist her sweet fascinations, either—five months' paralysis of hand and brain had wrought a change in him. Hot, bitter tears had coursed down the thin, sunken cheeks when the pen fell from his nerveless hand, and the familiar Chaldean characters were little better than a blur. His caretaker, a respectable, gaunt, elderly woman, read the papers to him daily, and wrote at his dictation, but the light of his life had gone out. The great intellect had received a cruel blow, felled down almost to the level of childishness. Perhaps, nothing but the fingers of this little child could soothe, heal, or in any way restore it. Perhaps her tender heart and soul were to be its best and only remedy.

Day by day, Little Baby continued her flattering attentions, until she was able to get out of her carriage and toddle quite briskly and steadily by the side of it. She spied the Big Baby resting in his "pwam" under the shade of a spreading cedar, gleefully trotted up to him, and laid her dainty little white silk glove on his seal-skin covered hands.

"I DO YIKE OO, MR. BABY."

"Here oo are again. Oh! I do yike oo, Mr. Baby." And she lifted up her rosebud of a mouth to be kissed.

The Big Baby leaned forward, laughing—not a pretty laugh, but that of one in his dotage—and with a part of his face somewhere in the region of the ear, touched the little one's cheek.

"Ah! oo picky man, oo picky man!"

cried she, drawing back hastily, frowning and colouring with vexation.

"You, what do you say, Miss Gwennie?" asked the nurse.

"Oo picky man!" she repeated, her jet eyes flashing, and the curls beneath the white satin bonnet quivering with rage.

The caretaker giggled. "She means 'pretty,' doesn't she?"

"No," said nurse, doubtfully. Then, the word flashing upon her, "She means 'pricky man,' I think. Isn't that it, Babs?"

"Iss," nodded the child, pouting.

"Of course, that's it. We don't shave master every day, and his cheek was rough. It scrubbed and pricked her, I suppose."

It was new and somewhat embarrassing to the Big Baby to have his personal appearance so freely discussed in his presence. He sat vacantly staring at the indignant little lady and mutely trying to understand.

"I see, I see," he said, at last; "it sha'n't happen again."

"For the future, Mrs. Burbage, I'll shave every morning, if you please," he said, when they got home.

Next day Gwennie ran up to him again, eyed him closely and gravely without saying a word. Then, with an air of business, she drew off her gloves, and standing on tip-toe cautiously, caressingly passed her fingers over the Big Baby's face. At the touch of her baby fingers he laughed loudly and idiotically. But he was mightily pleased.

Satisfied that Mr. Baby's face was sufficiently smooth, she said, graciously:—

"I fink oo'll do vis time," and solemnly tendered a kiss, which landed, however, on the tip of her nose. The Big Baby being quite unused to such operations had, out of sheer nervousness or ignorance, put down his head at an angle lower than the mathematics of kissing allow The respective caretakers stood by, amused and smiling. Gwennie was in good humour. So was the invalid.

Then began a series of interviews and conversations equally enjoyed by both "babies." When the meeting was over the rest of the day was brightened by the anticipation of a like pleasure on the morrow.

This continued all through the summer months. In the long hours of early morning, when the July sunlight was streaming in through the half-closed Venetian blinds, the Big Baby would lie awake thinking.

Those dark, winsome eyes, those fresh, rose-tinted cheeks that he saw yesterday and would see again to-day, of what did they continually remind him? Of Jessie's, surely, Jessie's—his master's daughter so long ago. Could it be possible? Her child? No. Grandchild, more likely. But why should it be so? Why such dreams? Should he make inquiries? No, he had no energy to do so. He had not heard of her for nearly fifty years. . . . . How had his life been lived since then? All alone in that high, narrow, dreary London house, which, soon after his unfortunate love affair, his uncle had bequeathed to him together with a comfortable income. Here he had spent the years with his two servants, and latterly Mrs. Burbage, with his dearly-loved books and papers.

In his own line and to a certain extent he had won fame. He had several letters after his name, was entitled to be dubbed "Professor of Philology," had written seven or eight learned treatises, and had gained some reputation as a lecturer.

Yet what of that, when there was no one to care? He had been very lonely. He admitted it was through his own fault. Why had he so shunned society in general? Not so much because he despised it, but because it was thoroughly uncongenial to him. Now and then, indeed, he would come across a kindred spirit. Some elderly, spectacled professor would find his way to the house, and would sit with the master far into the night. Nay, once when the housemaid went in next morning to open the shutters, there were the two grey heads poring over impossible hieroglyphics. They had forgotten to go to bed. They had forgotten there was such a thing as bed to go to.

A flash of consolation fell on the old man's mind as he remembered this. Yes, at least he had worked hard and enthusiastically. But would his work live? Would his books and pamphlets ever be widely read? No, he was sorrowfully forced to admit; they had long been out of print. And if the result of his labours lived in the minds of others by his spoken words, what availed it? Had he done much after all? He questioned with all the humility of true wisdom.

His brain cleared this morning as he reviewed his life. Some long-forgotten lines came to him:—

. . . . What am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry.

He lay weeping as he passed through some of those bitter moments, mercifully rare, when old age realizes its weakness, and helplessness, and infirmities, with all the agony of sensitive youth.

It was well. He was comforted. He had not been gentle enough, perhaps. He had a heart, he knew, but it had been encased by a hard crust of scientific facts, data, and research. The little one should teach and lead him—he knew not whither—but somewhere into that land of love and tender trustfulness with which he was so unfamiliar.

Gwennie soon grew old enough and big enough to discard her perambulator altogether, and one day, with nurse, was trotting proudly along by the side of "Mr. Baby's carriage."

They stopped occasionally to admire the flowers in the well-laid-out beds. The Big Baby's memory now and then came back like a gleam of sunlight, and to-day he discoursed learnedly to Gwennie on the orders of plants, bringing out lovingly, and at their full length, all the long Latin names.

Of course she understood not a word, but she thought it very grand. "I do yike to hear oo talk," she murmured, admiringly. "Tell me s'more. Gwon. Oo is so clever."

"Am I, my dear? Ha, ha! So you think so, do you? Then it must be so."

"Iss; and when I grow up, I mean to marry oo."

"T—to, to what, my dear, what?"

"Marry oo, Mr. Baby. I'se been finking all about it. And we must fix a day to go to the shops togesser like Aunt Isobel and Uncle Sam do . . . . And, and——"

"And what, my dear?" demanded the Big Baby, interested and curious.

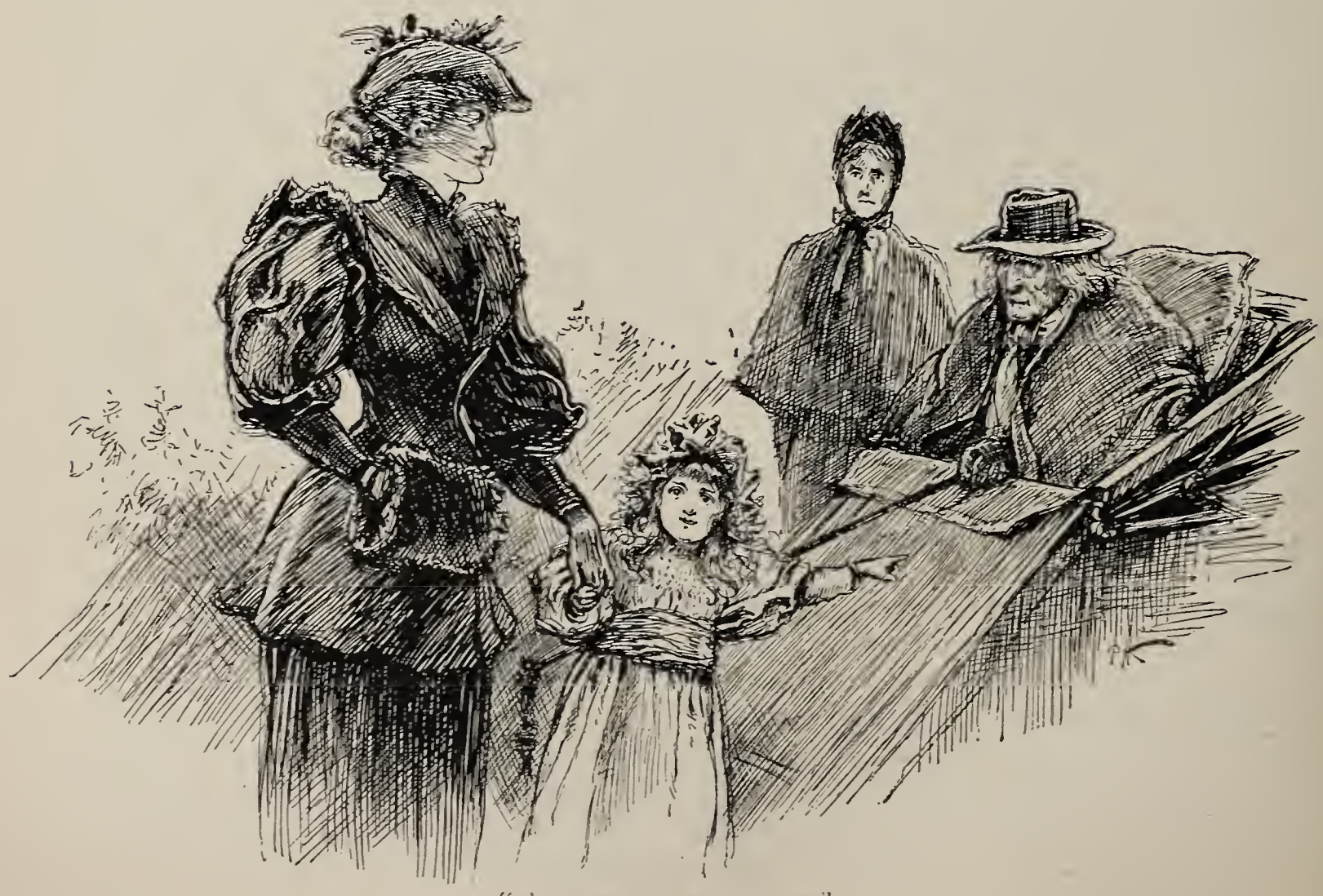
"And Nannie and I'se been reading a paper this morning, an' I'se looked through the 'vert'sments an I'se found out all sorts of chairs and kettles and pokers and tea-pots an' fings we must have. Here, Nannie, give it me, please."

The little maiden took the paper, and it was her turn now to discourse volubly over the advisability of this or that article of furniture presented so temptingly on the advertisement page.

After this fashion the Big Baby quite entered into the spirit of it all, from time to time laughing and guffawing in his own pleased, half-idiotic way.

Gwennie sometimes babbled of her new friend at home. "Muvver," she said at one of those few, far-between times when they had "confidences," "you must come and see Mr. Baby. He's such a vewy nice man, and so clever, as clever as daddy, nearly. An' he tells me all about the fowers an' plants an' fings, an' looks so wise, and his eyes are like pussy's, muvver. And, do you know, he wears pussy gloves all in ze hot weazzer."

"Who is this queer old man to whom Miss Gwennie has taken such a fancy?" the mother inquired of the nurse. "I'm not sure that I like her talking to complete strangers like this. You're certain he is quite respectable and clean?"



"I'SE GOING TO MARRY HIM."

"Yes'm, he lives just near the Gardens, No. 18 in the Square'm. He's as mild and quiet an old gentleman as ever lived'm, his caretaker told me, but he had a bad stroke of paralysis a few months ago, and it has made him peculiar'm."

"Oh, well, if he's quite respectable, I'll come with you to-morrow, Babs, if I can, for I must say I should just like to see what there is in him that pleases you so."

Naturally the little one was delighted. She led her mother, her pretty, young, sweet little mother up to Mr. Baby's chair, skipping and dancing in ecstasy.

"This is Mr. Baby, muvver. I'se going to marry him, do you know, muvver. We've looked in the paper and got it all arranged."

It must be confessed that "muvver" glanced at her elected son-in-law with no very approving eyes. She approached him, however, and held out her hand with something of Gwennie's charm and graciousness. "My little girl has told me so much about you," she said, "I felt I must come and thank you for making her walks so very enjoyable. She thinks so much of you."

Gwennie's mother always knew the correct thing to say and do. She was an acknowledged leader, as well as belle, in her particular social set. Society, in fact, was her life. She loved it. Had it not been so, perhaps Gwennie would not have been so ready for an interest beyond her own "muvver," whom she so worshipped, but who was so often away, and always seemed so busy with dressing and calling.

The Big Baby did not show himself to advantage after this pretty speech. He mumbled something inarticulate, and the poor drawn face looked more expressionless than ever. How truly unattractive, she thought, was that utterly vacant stare. She should soon be quite frightened. She should make her excuses to get away as soon as possible. In his best days he had always felt filled with stupidity in the presence of brilliant society women, and now to this exceptionally brilliant and beautiful one he had not a word to say.

There was meaning in his apparent vacancy, however, and though he heard little enough of what she was saying, and gave monosyllabic answers wide enough of the mark, he was carefully noting every inflection of her voice.

"Strange," ran through his brain—"it cannot be—and yet—what a likeness in the way of speaking; I wish she would raise her veil."

"I cannot imagine what our Gwennie sees in that old fossil," said the Little Baby's mother to her husband that evening before dinner. "It's a most curious infatuation. Our Babs' in love with an imbecile! Can you explain it, you cynic, you philosopher, you man of the world?" she asked, laughing.

"Yes," he said. "Extremes meet. The helplessness at the beginning and the helplessness at the end of life have in this case drawn each other. Our baby is lonely. I daresay that, owing to the claims 'society' has upon us, and the homage we think we owe to it, we have never tried to be so very companionable to our only child." He laughed bitterly.

"The old man, too, is lonely. He has lived his life out and has nothing in common with humanity but helplessness, and desire for sympathy. He finds these in Gwennie."

"Well, it's all harmless enough," said the wife, lightly. "But I hope he won't put any antiquated nonsense into her head."

"Antiquated fiddlesticks!" he returned. "Let them go on enjoying each other, in the name of all that's refreshing."

By-and-by there came a great disappointment for Gwennie. One morning "Mr. Baby" failed her. What could be the reason? Not the weather—it was perfect. On their way home they thought they would call at the door of No. 18, just to inquire.

The gaunt caretaker met them. "He's had another stroke," she said, "and the doctor says it'll be his last; but he's conscious just now, and I'll tell him you're here."

He sent word down that he should like to see the young lady and her nurse. They went upstairs into the darkened room, Gwennie trembling with a new awe. The house was so bare, so unlike her own home. There were no pretty things about, no evidence of a woman's hand anywhere: no flowers, no ornaments, no graceful comforts.

When, however, she saw the Big Baby in bed with a night-cap on, she laughed.

"Oo does look funny!" she said. "But I'm glad to see oo, Mr. Baby. Are oo very quite well sank oo?" This lengthened form of the ordinary greeting was a peculiarity Gwennie persisted in, especially when she was solicitous about anyone's health. She went up timidly to the bed.

"No, my dear, I'm not very well, I fear. Mrs. Burbage, would you kindly give me that box on my dressing-table? Thank you.

Now, open that third drawer and bring me the bunch of keys you will find inside."

He took the keys and the box, but let them fall on the bed, groaning. "I am so weak. Unlock it, please. That mended key is the one."

The box did not contain very much. When open it revealed a lady's kid glove, once white, now mildewed and discoloured; two or three little notes, also discoloured with age, and a morocco case containing an ivory miniature.

"That's for you, little girl, if you'd like to have it," he said, indicating the last. "It's the portrait of a lady I once knew. You and your mother have reminded me of her. Look at it sometimes when I'm gone."

"Oh, pretty, pretty!" exclaimed Gwennie. "Why, it's like Mum, Nannie, isn't it? Only she doesn't do her hair in such a funny way. Why, of course, I'se seen it before, often. Mum has it in her boudoir, hasn't she?"

Nurse looked. "Yes," she said, to Mrs. Burbage, "it is certainly meant for the same person, only mistress's copy is a little larger."

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Burbage.

"Mum's granny," said Gwennie, without hesitation. "She has told me so lots of times."

The old man lay back with a stare more vacant than ever. His brain was clouding again. He had taken it all in confusedly.

"I thought it might be so. . . Come and kiss me, Jessie. It's all the little one. Mine, mine at last!"

"THAT'S FOR YOU, LITTLE GIRL."

When his visitors left, he fell into a stupor, and never spoke again.

Next morning when they came to make inquiries, the blinds were all down.

Captains of Atlantic Liners.

By Alfred T. Story.

I.

"WHAT can you have to say about Atlantic liners?" said the captain of one of the largest of its class when I told him of my intention to write the present article.

"The subject is exhausted when you have said that they are the biggest ferry-boats in the world, and we the biggest ferrymen."

"But surely there is a little more in it than that?" said I.

"Well," replied this particular ferryman, "perhaps you may see more in it; but I confess that to myself I am nothing more than the commander of a rather large ferry-boat that takes a week in its passage."

"But"—so the conversation ran—"does it not require rather exceptional qualities to hold the command of such a ferry-boat, such as nerve, presence of mind, pluck?"

"Yes, it requires a good deal of that sort of thing, or you are not much good on one of our big ships. It does not do to lose your head when a risky moment comes. But, then, there is so little of that kind of thing."

"Are you, then, never bothered by fogs?"

"Oh, yes, we are troubled with fogs sometimes, and very dangerous they are to us while they last. Not infrequently, too, we get among shoals of floating ice, which keep you on the alert while it lasts."

"And what about broken shafts?"

"There used to be more broken shafts than there are now. They were at one time rather frequent; but now we make them of steel, and they wear better. There have been very few broken shafts or propellers of late years. The *Gascoigne*, of the French Transatlantic Line, was about the last. I had a shaft break once. That was in one of the Red Star boats. There was no danger attached to it—there seldom is. We proceeded along under sail, and in two days the engineers had the shaft all right again."

"And your boats?"

"They are everything that science and skill can make them. Every year we are making advances, every year improving upon what has been done. At present the *Campania* and *Lucania* beat everything else on the ocean, but as they have outdone other boats, so will they in turn be outdone, although, for myself, I cannot see how much advance can be made as regards speed with our present motor."

This chat was held with one of the captains whose portrait is first given, where some notes of his personal experience also appear. It is similar in character to a number of conversations I have had with other commanders of Atlantic liners during the last two or three months; that is, touching the general service. When it comes to personal experience, however, one meets with the greatest possible difference. One man, before reaching command, has boxed the compass of adventures; another seems to step with the regularity of a minuet from one grade to another.

All, however, are obliged to go through the mill to gain their experience before they can be intrusted with the command of a liner, with its valuable freight and hundreds of lives—and the experience has to be a very wide and a very thorough one, too. This is exemplified in the case of Captain W. H. P. Hains, up to within a few months ago Commodore of the Cunard Company's service, who counts 592 trips across the Atlantic—a record not to be beaten every day.

Captain Hains is of a race of sailors, both his father and his grandfather before him being in the seafaring line. He was born at Plymouth, and entered upon his salt-water career in 1838, when he joined the *City of Adelaide*, of London, as an apprentice, and continued in her, stepping up grade by grade, until he became master of the same vessel. Between that time and joining the Cunard service, in 1857, he went through a varied experience, coming out a thorough master of his profession. It is on record that he was once asked to describe a shipwreck, when he replied, "Bah! What do I know about shipwrecks?"

Fortunately, his experience has fallen short of that, though he did on one occasion come very near suffering such a collapse. It happened in 1850. He was master of the *Lalla Rookh*, barque, which during a terrific gale had all her sails blown away and ran a

narrow risk of going ashore off Worthing. However, his anchors held, and with some help from shore, Captain Hains was able to rig up some fresh canvas on his two remaining masts — he having had to cut away the main-stick—and so get into the Thames. The unfortunate part of the affair was that a boat that went out from Worthing to his assistance was capsized and every man in it drowned—sixteen in all.

"I started to send a boat to their assistance," said Captain Hains, speaking of the disaster; "but I saw that I should lose my men and do no good, and so I ordered them in again." An hour or two later another boat put off, and succeeded in rendering him assistance.

CAPTAIN W. H. P. HAINS, OF THE CUNARD S.S. "CAMPANIA."
From a Photo. by Brown, Barnes, & Bell, Liverpool.

That is about the only "hair-breadth escape" in his experience that Captain Hains will own to—not, of course, that he has not had his adventures, but all risk was taken away or minimized by his caution. He once said that whatever temptation there might be to make a fast passage he would never neglect to take soundings, or rely upon any patent apparatus, without repeatedly fortifying its results by absolutely stopping his ship to get up and down casts with the ordinary lead. Notwithstanding this caution—perhaps, indeed, by reason of it—he was one of the most go-ahead commanders of the Atlantic "ferry" service.

On one occasion, when in command of the *Abyssinia*, he was beset with one of the densest fogs that he had ever experienced, while trying to make the port of New York. He brought his ship to anchor, as in foggy weather he would never take his ship nearer in shore than twelve fathoms without sounding. Hearing a steamer whistle, he hailed her, and inquired as to the bearings she had got, and the course and distance she had travelled since then. From that basis he was enabled to approximate his own position, and reasoned that if he steamed a certain course he would be able to pick up the necessary "holes," as they are called, which stretch along the Jersey coast, and thereby find his way into port. Accordingly, the *Abyssinia* was gradually got under way, and picking up the first hole by dropping suddenly from nineteen to thirty-six fathoms, he felt his way to the next, and from that to others, and thus gradually reached Sandy Hook and brought his vessel safely into port.

It is this combination of caution and daring in its captains that has made the Cunard the safest and most successful of the Atlantic steamship companies. The first in the field, it has ever held, and still holds, the premier position, both by the speed of its passages and the number and size of its ships. In the latter respect the twin steamers *Campania* and *Lucania* still bear the palm, though it is doubtful how long they may continue to do so, with such competition on every hand. However, the company will be hard to beat.

The *Campania* was Captain Hains's ship until his retirement, and it is inspiring to hear his eulogy of her. But she only needs to be seen—and stepped upon—to win anybody's confidence. Indeed, after listening to the worthy captain's praise and that of his one-time bar-tender, one feels that if any cataclysm were to happen on land, we should be sure to fly to this or one of the same company's other ships for safety.

Apropos of the bar-tender, I may say that while chatting one day with Captain Hains, the former made his appearance, and was introduced to me as the "old man of the sea." Like the needy knife-grinder, he has no story to tell, and yet his record is one that it would be very hard to beat. His name is George Paynter, he is eighty-five years of age, he entered the Cunard service in 1851, has sailed in 30 of the company's ships, made 804 trips across the Atlantic, and travelled in all 2,931,912 statute miles, selling drinks all the time—when not sleeping. To make the record complete, we seem only to want to

know how many drinks he sold in the time, and how many of the company's ships they would have floated if thrown together in one basin. It speaks well, too, for the Cunard liners, as well as for his trade, that Paynter can boast never having had a day's sickness during all his passagings to and fro across the Atlantic, never had an accident worth speaking of, and never missed work a single day. After such a long and successful practice at the bar, one would think he ought to be made a judge.

But he has so much of the gravity and reticence of the judge that, after half an hour's talk with him, one finds one's-self speculating as to how strong a dose of old Scotch it would take to unlock the gates of his memory, and get at some of the stores of incident and amusement locked up there during those millions of miles of drink. What bets he must have witnessed as to the time of reaching New York, or *vice versâ*, as to whether they would sight a whale or an iceberg, and so forth! Many an ocean race, too, he must have participated in, some against time for the securing or making of a record, others against the vessels of rival lines. Possibly he may have been in the *Etruria* when Captain Hains raced her across the herring pond for a more substantial reason than the mere making or breaking of a record, and could tell the yarn better than it is here prosily set down.

GEORGE PAYNTER—"THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA."
From a Photo. by Fredricks, New York.

It was in the year 1890, when the McKinley tariff law was about to come into effect. It became operative at midnight on the 4th of October. The cargoes of vessels entered at the Custom House before that hour were not affected by the new Act, but after that hour they would be liable to double, or perhaps more than double, duty. The *Etruria*, heavily freighted with goods, was on her way to New York, and was making all the speed she could to escape the higher tariff. She reached and passed the bar at 9.35 on the night of the 4th; she sped past Sandy Hook, followed by a swell that looked like a tidal wave, so swiftly were her throbbing engines driving her huge hull through the water.

The news of the exciting race was flashed to the city, and crowds of people hurried down to the harbour to see the fun. Others —those more deeply interested, perhaps— made their way to the Custom House to see which would win, time or the ship.

As the hour neared midnight, the excitement became intense. People could hardly talk, so absorbed were they in the result— watching the clock on the one hand, and listening for news on the other. At length the report arrived that the *Etruria* was at the quay, and there was an excited shout. But now the question was: Would the captain arrive in time to declare his cargo?

Midnight approached, and still Captain Hains did not appear. Five minutes to the hour, and still no captain — four minutes—three minutes! Ah! the sound of wheels! It is a hack furiously driven—it brings up at the Custom House—out jumps a man with gold lace on his cap—it is Captain Hains! "Hurrah!" comes from a hundred lusty throats— the throats of bankers and brokers interested in the cargo—as the captain rushes up the steps with the papers of the *Etruria* in his hand and delivers them to the clerk, who has just time to enter the vessel before the stroke of twelve. Thus the tariff race was won.

"Yes," says Captain Hains, "it was a close shave, and rather exciting while it lasted. But for the most part running a liner is prosy enough." At the same time, and while he is saying so, he turns up from among a lot of papers a small photograph.

"The skeleton of a whale, surely?"

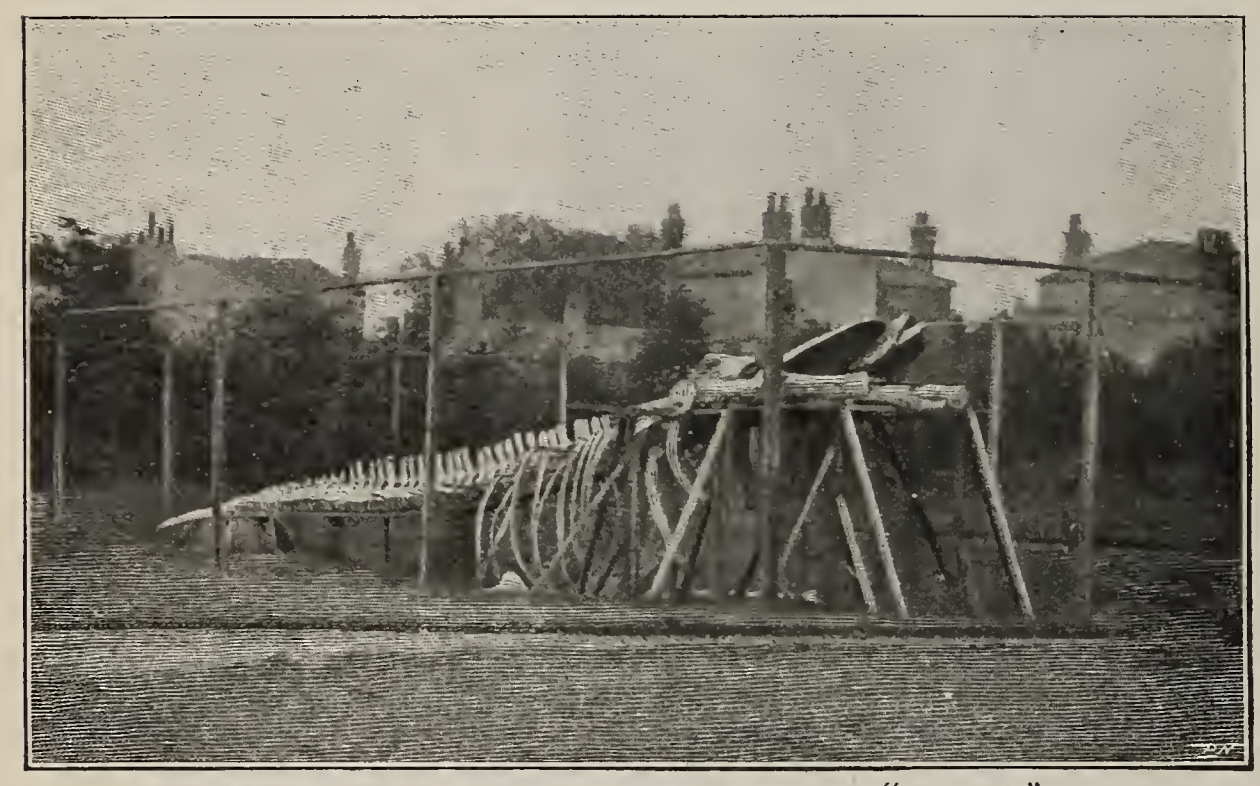
"Yes."

"Any story attached?"

"We struck it in July, 1875, on our way to Queenstown in the *Scythia*. It happened between Ballycotton Island and Roches Point, about three miles from land. We were going along in a smooth sea when the ship struck something which caused her to vibrate all over. Several of the passengers felt the shock, and on looking overboard, they saw a huge whale rise at the stern and leap over 10ft. out of the water. The

sea round about the propeller was seen to be stained with blood, and a gash 12ft. in length noticed in the side of the whale before it disappeared.

"On arriving at Queenstown I found that a blade of the propeller was broken, in consequence of which we were ordered to transfer our mails and passengers to another of our ships and return to Liverpool. The news, of course, got out before we arrived, and the papers made a great deal of fun about what they called the 'very like a whale' story. But, as it happened, we fell in with the carcass of the animal on our way back, and we towed it with us. It proved to be a sperm whale, 56ft. in length. It took forty men two



SKELETON OF THE WHALE RUN DOWN BY THE "SCYTHIA."
From a Photograph.

days to cut it up; the skeleton weighed three tons, and the blubber filled 65 casks." This is the worst accident that ever happened to Captain Hains, who is proud to be able to say that otherwise he never had £5 worth of damage to a ship under his charge.

Every captain of an Atlantic liner you meet will tell you that he not only has to know how to navigate his ship, but he has also to learn to steer with safety among the human craft committed to his charge. In other words, he must be something of a diplomat. Sometimes both his wit and his patience are tried in the effort to circumvent the humours and jealousies of passengers—especially those of the fair sex, who are apt to bridle up if more attention appears to be paid to one than another. Captain Hains tells an amusing story illustrative of this trait of ocean-travelling human nature.

On one of his trips he had Nilsson as a passenger, and as she was the most distinguished lady on board, he had her on his right hand at table, and otherwise gave her much attention. This occasioned the usual heart-burning among the lesser feminine lights, and the captain was reproached with the slights put upon them. It was a trying position; but Captain Hains proved himself equal to the occasion. He got up a bad storm—at least, there was a storm, and the captain possibly made it a little worse—when speaking of it afterwards, that is. Anyway, there was the storm, and while it lasted he had to be lashed to the bridge—seven long hours he was lashed there without a break. But he did not mind, for just beneath him, in his cabin, which was immediately below the bridge, there sat the fair cantatrice, singing her best and most inspiring songs; and the sound of her divine voice came up to him, amid the howling of the storm, through a convenient port-hole. So long as the storm lasted Nilsson sang.

Then, in the morning, when the sun shone once more, and ere the jealous ladies had got their courage up to complaining pitch again, the captain told them about the storm, and how they owed their safety as much to the divine Nilsson as to himself. For without her singing he could not so well have sustained the fatigue, etc. Whereupon it was universally voted that the cantatrice had deserved the place of honour at the commander's right hand for the rest of the voyage, and that place she enjoyed. Which shows that he is a poor captain who is not an adept in diplomacy as well as in navigation.

Captain Hains is an officer of the Royal Naval Reserve, as are most of, if not all, the Cunard commanders. It may not be generally known that four of the company's fastest steamers can be requisitioned at any time by the Admiralty for conversion into armed cruisers. These are the *Etruria*, *Umbria*, *Campania*, and *Lucania*. Most of the principal steamship lines stand in the same position in respect to the Navy, several of their vessels being on the Admiralty list for service as cruisers, if needed; but I believe only two ships have been so

called upon. One was the *Oregon*, belonging to the Cunard Company, which during the Russian scare of 1885 was in the hands of the Government, and cruised for three months on the south-west coast of Ireland. At the same time the *Umbria* of that day was armed, coaled, and provisioned, and lay for three months in dock at Liverpool, waiting eventualities.

There is generally a good deal of similarity in the early training of commanders of Atlantic ferry-boats. But in the case of Captain E. R. McKinstry, R.N.R., we have a slight variation. His first experience was obtained on the training-ship *Conway*. Here he spent two years. On leaving the *Conway* he received an appointment as midshipman in the Royal Naval Reserve, "which," says Captain McKinstry, "means being twenty-eight days every year with the mess on the *Eagle* gunnery-ship."

CAPTAIN MCKINSTRY, OF THE WHITE STAR SS. "GERMANIC."
From a Photo. by Falk, New York City.

After leaving the *Conway*, McKinstry served four years in the service of the British Shipowners' Company of Liverpool, during which time he enlarged his general practical knowledge of navigation and of the world. His subsequent experience is summed up in his own words, as follows :—

"After that I passed the Board of Trade examination as second mate. Then I went as second mate of a ship for fourteen months, and at the end of that time passed as first mate. After acting as first mate for something over a year, I passed as master. Having taken that grade, I entered the service of the Pacific Navigation Steamship Company as fourth officer. I was in that service for about a year and a half, and then was given an appointment as fourth officer by the White Star. This was in 1887. Gradually I worked my way up as vacancies occurred from fourth to third, from third to second, and from second to chief officer, and so to master. I was in the company's New Zealand service for nearly four years. I then succeeded to the *Teutonic* as chief officer."

Most persons who take an interest in the Navy will recollect the review at Spithead in the month of August, 1889, in which the *Teutonic* took part, and was naturally the observed of all observers, first and foremost amongst whom were the German Emperor and the Prince of Wales, who paid a visit to the new "mercantile cruiser," and greatly admired her fine proportions and her appropriate and very characteristic armament. On the occasion of this visit an incident took place which showed First-Officer McKinstry to be possessed of one of the best qualities of a seaman, "gallantry and humanity," as it is described on the medals of the Board of Trade. The training-ship *Exmouth* had put in an appearance at the review, and having approached very near to the *Teutonic* on the lee side, she found that the towering sides of the latter took her wind. This caused her boom to go over, and one of her quartermasters being in the way he was knocked into the sea. McKinstry, hearing the cry of "Man overboard," immediately jumped from the deck of the *Teutonic* and went to the man's assistance. The moment, it may be well imagined, was one of intense excitement, hundreds of persons, who were waiting for the arrival of the Kaiser and the Prince of Wales, being witnesses of the accident and the rescue. Nor is this the only instance of the kind in Captain McKinstry's career. On another occasion, when returning from church one Sunday morning while in New York, he heard the cry that there was a child in the water. In an instant his coat and hat were thrown off and he was in the water, and quickly brought the little one to land. My informant—for it must not be supposed that the hero of these rescues told me of them himself—in relating this incident

remarked, with a curious *malapropos*, "The water was so filthy that neither you nor I would go into it for any money."

But to proceed with Captain McKinstry's experience. From the *Teutonic* he went to the *Adriatic* as commander in December, 1892. "Since that time," says the captain, "I have commanded the *Runic* one voyage; the *Britannic* two voyages, and the *Adriatic* five voyages, while this ship—the *Germanic*—was being re-engined. The rest of the time I have been in the *Germanic*. I now hold a lieutenant's commission in the Royal Naval Reserve, and I have an extra-master's certificate. This is above the master's certificate, and the examination for it is quite voluntary. Since 1887 I have made one voyage to New Zealand in the *Ionic*. All the rest of the time I have been running between Liverpool and New York. We have the very worst weather that is to be had between here and New York. I never saw a worse sea than the one we experienced on the South Coast of Ireland the last time we came over."

CAPTAIN THOMAS P. THOMPSON, OF THE WHITE STAR SS. "GEORGIC."
From a Photo. by Robinson & Roe, New York.

In all my talks with captains of Atlantic liners, as well as with others, I have of late taken some pains to obtain their opinion on the British sailor question, for it is a "question," and bids fair ere long to become a very burning one. So I asked Captain McKinstry what he thought of the British seaman and of seafaring generally as a profession. Briefly stated, his reply was that on the White Star ships British sailors were chiefly employed.

"We may occasionally have a foreigner among the crew, but rarely more than one or maybe two. For myself, I prefer the Britisher."

I made the remark that in some quarters there was a preference for the foreigner, because, as some said, he was less troublesome. The reply I got was :—

"It is true an English seaman may be troublesome; but so may a Scandinavian, and if the Scandinavian is a troublesome one, he is generally very troublesome indeed. No, I prefer the Britisher all the time."

As to the general question, Captain McKinstry said :—

"If a boy is manly, plucky, and intelligent, the sea offers him a fair opportunity. There are plenty of chances of promotion. My father there"—he pointed to the photograph of a handsome military officer that hangs in his cabin—"thought all his sons ought to go into the Service, and I have two brothers in it; but I would not exchange positions with either of them."

Captain Thompson of the *Georgic*, another of the White Star boats, but one that is chiefly engaged in the cattle trade, is in very general agreement with Captain McKinstry on one point. He believes in the much-maligned British sailor. The *Georgic* is the largest cargo vessel in the world, being of 10,000 tons burden, and carrying live-stock and cargo. She is the latest new vessel of the White Star Line, and makes a voyage to New York and back every month, doing twelve trips to and from every year. Like the passenger boats, the *Georgic* is fitted up as perfectly as can be for her special work, and Captain Thompson speaks with pardonable pride when he says :—

"During ten voyages we have carried on an average 850 bullocks per voyage, and in the ten voyages we have lost but one, or it may be two, but certainly not more than two. They are landed in perfect condition. They are stalled up, well attended to, have plenty to eat and drink, and are carefully protected from the weather, so that they suffer no discomfort save in bad weather."

Captain Thompson lays claim to an experience which, one would fancy, is some-

what unique in a seafaring career. Though he has been twenty-seven years in the employ of the White Star Company, he has neither lost a vessel nor a life. He adds :—

"I never saw a real accident—that is, anything serious; and in the last twenty-five years I have not seen a man die at sea, although I have been in all countries and all climates."

It is enough to make one think with Jack of old that the sea is the real place of safety.

The last sailing vessel Captain Thompson commanded was the *Garfield*, the largest ship that had been built up to that time as a sailer. Notwithstanding his wide experience in both sailing vessels and steamers, Captain Thompson is in full agreement, as intimated above, with the commander of the *Germanic* as to the qualities of the British seaman. "We are all British sailors"—in the White Star ships—"and we do not want anything else," he says.

"And as to the foreigner, whose praises are being sung so much?"

"I want none of him," replied Captain Thompson. "He is, in some respects, more easily managed than the Englishman; but I like him none the more for that. I want the best sailor *for all weathers*, and in that respect the Englishman has not his equal anywhere. Of course, I do not exclude the Scotchman. There is nothing to choose between him and the Englishman. I'll tell you when it is you are apt to have a bit of bother with an Englishman—it is in fine weather. Then, you know, in a sailing ship there is not much to do except wipe paint and that sort of thing, and Jack doesn't like it; nor can I say that I blame him. At such times he is hard to manage. But let there be bad weather or danger of any kind, and the Englishman is all there. Your foreigner, on the contrary, is likely enough to have to be sought for. In bad weather you have never any trouble with an English sailor; and to have him as a stand by at such times, I am willing to put up with a little difficulty now and then. Besides, half the trouble that is experienced with Jack comes from a lack of fair play in treating him. He has a keen sense of what is fair, and while he will stand a lot if he gets that, he is apt to resent ill-treatment or anything that savours of injustice." A little light on this point was recently afforded me by a Swedish skipper. We were talking about British and foreign sailors. Said the Swede: "I want to have nothing to do with English sailors. They cause you too much trouble. A foreign sailor, if he misbehaves himself, you may knock down, and if that does not suffice, you may put him in irons till you get to the next port; but you can't do that with an Englishman." "Why?" "*Because your Government protects him.*" Another foreign captain complained that our Government coddles and spoils Jack so much that there is no end of trouble with him. "If you treat him a bit roughly, he is likely enough to bring you before a justice of the peace and get you fined."

The American Line is comparatively a new departure, its inception dating only some two years back. But its newness is chiefly a matter of name, the International Steam Navigation Company and the Inman Line, of which it is composed, having been long in existence. The company owns a number of first-class "liners," of which the *St. Paul* and the *Paris* are good types. They are mail steamers, subsidized by the United States Government, and run between Southampton and New York. But in connection with the same company runs the old Red Star Line of Belgian steamers, which carry the Belgian flag, of which I shall have more to say presently.

In a talk, not long ago, with Captain John C. Jamison, the commander of the *St. Paul*, I learned that the American Line gets its subsidy from the United States Government on condition—for one thing—that it trains a certain number of American boys to the sea, and always carries a stipulated proportion of American seamen, or seamen who are American citizens.

"In the *St. Paul*," said Captain Jamison, "we carry twelve cadets—one cadet for every thousand tons of the ship's measurement. We get a nice, well-behaved class of boys, and hope to turn them into good officers. We are making quarter-masters of them. But as the experiment has only been in operation two years, I can't say much as to its practical results." As regards the ship's company, Captain Jamison said one-half must be American citizens, and the proportion increases year by year. "We engage our sailors and stewards on this side; the engineers, firemen, and stokers are all taken on at New York. The heads of the different departments, doctors, pursers, etc., are all citizens."

Regarding the employment of foreigners on the American Line, Captain Jamison said he always preferred American or English

sailors; and for the British sailor he had a compliment that is worth repeating at the present time. He was speaking of him as a decreasing quantity. "English boys, like American boys," he remarked, "are finding something better to do on shore, and do not take to sea so eagerly as they used to do. For some things it is a pity," he added, "for there is not a better sailor in existence than the English sailor. His achievements in the past have been a glory to the nation, and he would do again what he has done before if the need came."

CAPTAIN JOHN C. JAMISON, OF THE AMERICAN LINE SS. "ST. PAUL."
From a Photo. by Chalkley, Gould, & Co., Southampton.

As to his own doings, Captain Jamison is hard to draw. He is a native of New York, and began his salt-sea career as an apprentice on board a Sandy Hook pilot-cutter. But after a year of that life — and there are not many harder—he came to the conclusion that he was not cut out for a pilot. For many years after that he knew the life of sailing ships only, in which he went nearly all over the world. His last sailing vessel, the *Charlotte*, of which he was first officer, was wrecked on the "still vext" Bermudas. This was the climax of a sort of record trip — for slowness — across the Atlantic, the *Charlotte* having taken a hundred and fifteen days from Leghorn to her funeral.

After this, Captain Jamison decided to have nothing more to do with sailing ships. "Steamships," said he, "are safer. You have more control of them. You can turn them as you like, while in a sailer you are at the mercy of the winds. Hence there is less danger in a steamer." He entered the service of the International Navigation Company in 1876, as second officer, and four years later was given his first command. This was the *Vaderland*, of the old Red Star Line. It ran between New York and Antwerp. He subsequently had command of other ships of the same line. When the *Paris* and *New York* were placed under the American flag he went to Liverpool and took charge of the latter on her last trip from that port. Finally, a year ago, when the *St. Paul* was being finished, he was appointed captain of her, and he has been on her ever since.

Captain Jamison is proud of the possession of a binocular glass, a present from the British Government for service rendered to the crew of an English steamship, which had been in collision with a boat belonging to the Hamburg-American Line. "She was one of the Dominion Line ships," said Captain Jamison. "I never saw such a ludicrous sight as she presented in all my life. Her bows had been completely cut off, and they had tried to cover up the opening with canvas and boards, and so get her home. It was a plucky thing to do; but they found she was unmanageable, and rapidly filling with water. Up to the last, however, they seemed loth to abandon her. But they were obliged to do so at last. There were some eighteen or nineteen men on board, and we succeeded in saving them all, although the sea was running so high that they had to jump one by one into the sea to be drawn by life-lines into the boat. Our men were out four hours rescuing them. The officer in charge of the boat had a present of a gold watch for the part he took in the rescue, and the crew got presents of money."

Regarding the speed of the *St. Paul*, Captain Jamison said, "We have made a number of voyages with an average speed of over 20 knots an hour, or, to be exact, 20¾ knots. But the *St. Paul's* record passage was done at the rate of 21·07 knots an hour."

(*To be continued.*)

A Long Shot.

By W. Buckley.

THE scenery between Bull's Toe and Jaggersville is not beautiful, its principal feature being a deep canyon running perilously near the railway track and intersecting a broad stretch of broken country, dangerous even in daylight, because of the gaping pits and fissures, half-hidden by long, rank herbage, marking the site of the once-famous Bull's Toe Claims ere the tide of perennial dupes with which the Old World so lavishly supplies the New had drifted away to other hunting-grounds.

Gold there never had been at Bull's Toe; but, nevertheless, it could boast an attraction nearly as potent, at this period of its decline, in the person of Miss Sarah Dubleek, a treasure far above nuggets, the sphere of her influence extending even to Jaggersville with its twelve dwelling-houses and railway station, through which no fewer than three trains ran daily.

Why that especial branch of the Grand National had ever been constructed few could tell. It is just possible it may have owed its existence to a pathetic faith in the golden promise of the time, but more probably it was simply an added feature in the gigantic farce which had ruined thousands and filled the pockets of the New York swindlers. However, it proved useful sometimes by relieving the main line of freight traffic for about two hundred miles, the length of its winding course, until it joined the Grand National again a little below Topeka.

Mr. Peter Jackson, the gentleman who discharged the duties of telegraph clerk and station-master, was naturally a person of considerable leisure, and as he soon made the acquaintance of Miss Dubleek, he quite as naturally spent much of the time in which he was so rich at Bee Ranch, a farm run by Seth Dubleek and his fascinating sister, under the supervision of their widowed mother, whose husband had been the straightest shot and toughest citizen of the Bull's Toe district, before a regrettable misunderstanding with an equally eminent celebrity, Nebraska Ben, obliged him to make a hurried, though dramatic, exit from the little stage whereon he had played so strenuous a part.

An acquaintance of this nature ripens rapidly into intimacy beneath the genial skies of Kansas, and so evident were Mr. Jackson's attentions that the sports of Jaggersville began to lay heavy odds on the probability of an early marriage; for it was clearly seen that he was first favourite, outdistancing even 'Kiah Dewberry, the minister's son, who had taught Sally to manipulate the banjo.

But what is the banjo to the bicycle which it had been Jackson's privilege to introduce to her notice. For if the mere act of instructing a pretty girl in the one accomplishment constitutes an "opportunity," what pen can do justice to the glorious possibilities involved in teaching her the other?

Sally's performances on the saddle, and the "vivacities" accompanying them, presently excited much comment, that finally bore its ripened fruit in a pointed allusion to "rocks of scandal" from the Rev. Mr. Dewberry some Sundays later, and Mr. Jackson was henceforth regarded as fair game for the local gossips—a circumstance which seemed only to give him fresh claims on the young lady's consideration, while his rivals, incensed beyond measure, openly mentioned bowie-knives in this connection; and no one expressed the least astonishment when, one dusky evening, the offending bicycle was found lying hopelessly ruined on the Jaggersville road, beside the body of its insensible owner; a lasso, still tightly stretched across the way, eloquently explaining the situation.

If Sally's other suitors were responsible for this, it simply accelerated the catastrophe they wished to avert, because, even before Mr. Jackson's arm was out of splints, it became generally known that the belle of Bull's Toe had at length chosen a mate, and that his first name was Peter.

The bicycle lessons were not resumed, but the bicycle lamp, having escaped the general wreck, suggested to the ingenious clerk another amusement, quieter, and more suited for the lengthening September evenings. It consisted in a flash-signal method of communication based upon a carefully-prepared code which Miss Dubleek learned rapidly, and ere long they were enabled to exchange soft nothings literally over their neighbours' heads, across the good half-mile of impracticable country separating them whenever the inclemency of the weather or the eccentricities of the train service kept Mr. Jackson a prisoner at the station.

"THE BICYCLE WAS FOUND LYING RUINED."

From this point onward all should have gone merry as the marriage-bell, if the course of true love had not been dammed by one of those misunderstandings which make, if not the fortunes, at least the stock-in-trade of novelette writers.

Some short time before, when Mr. Jackson was operating at Big Timbers, he, with many other prominent citizens, offered incense at the shrine of the local beauty, one Miss Rosie O'Grady, a girl of kingly and turbulent antecedents. She was employed on the telegraph service, and spent most of her time ringing up her numerous admirers in absolute contempt of Governmental regulations. Mr. Jackson had been admitted to a considerable degree of intimacy, and, indeed, had occupied a week or two before his transfer to Jaggersville the position of accepted suitor, for Rosie, though not an English maid, had mastered thoroughly the invaluable "engagement" system. Since his promotion she sent him several rallying messages over the wires, and judging from his replies that he meditated defection, the enterprising damsel, supported by her mamma, quietly made a voyage of discovery to Jaggersville, and descended one fine morning upon the unhappy clerk as he was engaged revising the before-mentioned signal code.

Prudence as well as politeness caused Peter to feign rapturous delight, and from that moment until the blessed one two evenings later when his visitors took their departure, he was in close attendance upon the Big Timbers' divinity, showing her over the flourishing town, and unfolding for her the natural beauties of Dead Dog Canyon.

Rosie professed herself much pleased with the trip, and they parted tenderly, though had Peter seen the look upon her face as the last Jaggerville signal-post glided past the darkening carriage-windows, he would not have felt quite so self-satisfied when flashing, five minutes after, to Bee Ranch: "Big freight. Detained on business again."

Intelligence of this visit having reached Miss Dubleek's ears, she promptly felt aggrieved, though with feminine subtlety she dissembled her indignation, and contrived presently to pick quarrels on various flimsy pretences, the gulf widening between Peter and herself until its dimensions were but faintly shadowed forth by those of the great canyon. Finally, to further mark her displeasure, she ceased even the signals they were accustomed to exchange every evening by the aid of the domestic paraffin-lamp.

Pride, and the consciousness that Miss O'Grady possessed painfully compromising

documentary evidence, withheld Mr. Jackson from demanding or making the "explanation" of tradition, and the odds against 'Kiah Dewberry sensibly diminished.

Things were in this posture when one evening, about half an hour before the arrival of the last train from Denver, as Mr. Jackson was quietly finishing his eighth pipe by the stove, he caught sight of a swift, sudden, shadowy procession of figures outside the window of his little two-story house, standing close to the track and about 400 yards above Jaggersville.

Considerably surprised, for no passengers left or arrived by that train, Mr. Jackson went to the door with the intention of making inquiries, but was spared the trouble by the rapid development of subsequent events.

The door was pushed open at that very instant by a firm, stealthy hand, and half-a-dozen masked armed men silently entered the small apartment. They were led by one who removed his disguise and, lifting his slouched hat, bade the telegraph clerk "Good evening" in carefully modulated accents. Mr. Jackson stared at him blankly and then, recollecting the clean-shaved face, recognised him as a quiet, rather unctuous, clergyman who had called at the station that morning with a code telegram for Big Timbers and had received almost immediately a similar reply. He was apologetic and exceedingly affable, and had lingered on the platform chatting with Jem, the porter, about his duties and responsibilities for nearly ten minutes, leaving that worthy a dollar tip when he took his dignified departure. Mr. Jackson set his teeth.

"Young feller," began the other, replacing his hat, "you an' me have met before to-day, so there ain't no need of any introduction. I'm mighty obliged about that telegram—see? There's no time for chat, but me and my pards here are willin' to give you a fair chance. There's been a bad old plant made on ye, sonny. We have information a train's expected here to-night, but we're not sure about the hour, an' we just want you to tell us or find out. We won't trouble you to go to that machine there, for my pard, Wily Bill, will work the wires for any message you care to send—see? My name's Nebraska Ben—perhaps you've heard it afore—an' to-night I'll be a man or a mouse, an' so'll every chap who sees me through! Will you stand in with us?"

Mr. Jackson was not a hero, and I fear I have inaccurately described him as a gentleman. He belonged to a type which forces the fact of its existence upon one in every tram-car and trottoir from San Francisco to New York; he is ground up by machinery, crushed by lifts, and cut asunder by electric cars all over the States with perfect impunity, for he is a cheap man, and there is only a small amount to pay for killing him "accidentally." At this especial moment, however, and in this lonely station, his representative rose to a courage as admirable, though certainly not so picturesque, as that displayed by the famous General Dillon on the scaffold, when he gaily stepped to the guillotine, out of his turn, so that the timid woman at his side might see how easy it was to die.

"I'm blowed if I do!" he cried, and rushed to the telegraphic apparatus standing at the opposite side of the room, but fell senseless ere he reached it, stricken down by the butt of Nebraska Ben's revolver.

"Tie the coyote up an' gag him, quick," whispered that worthy, hoarsely; "we must try to work the thing without him. Git the men in, too; there are plenty in Jaggersville 'ud blow the gaff if they saw 'em hangin' around."

He was obeyed immediately, and about ten men entered hastily, taxing the limited space so much that one of them stumbled over the prostrate form of Mr. Jackson.

"Take that feller away out o' the light," snarled the leader; "carry him upstairs, dump him down in the room above, an' lock the bloomin' door. He ain't likely to give trouble jest now, anyway."

There was a moment's confusion, as two men, bearing the limp body between them, obeyed the second order as silently as possible under the circumstances, and then came stumbling down the little stairs, softly cursing their narrowness.

"Silence there, gents, if you please," continued Nebraska Ben, "an' look to yer guns. Are the picks outside?"

"Yes, cap," replied one of the newcomers; "they're stacked in the waitin'-room along with the porter chap."

"Good, they'll be wanted in a hurry. Halloa, here's a wire. Now, then, Wily William, what's the news?" he added, as the telegraph bell tinkled.

"Jest in time, cap," replied a tall man bending over the keys, his pale, sinister face barred by the crape mask; "here's what they say"—and he slowly spelled out as the instrument clicked its message—"Freight suspended, gold express due Jaggersville by nine. Keep sharp look-out. Telegraph Big Timbers if anything unusual to-day."

"HE FELL SENSELESS."

"Our train, by gum!" exclaimed the captain. "Mighty smart, too, to send the dust round by this Rip Van Winkle place; they must ha' got wind of our little game up Nebraska way. Gad! That O'Grady girl's got sand, you bet! If I hadn't the wire Jeff Crimmins sent on to-day—she's engaged to him now—we were gonners. Anyway, she's even with that galoot upstairs over the Dubleek gal, for they'll sack him on this job, sure as candy. There ain't much margin left for mistakes. Now, then, to biz. You wire some sort o' answer, Billy, an' you boys take yer picks an' get the rails up quick at the canyon side. She must go over there, for, of course, there's no chance of her stoppin' at this yere station. The rest'll be easy as kissin' yer hand. How blamed close they kept everything even from their own clerk, till the last moment! If there's a dime there's a million in gold in that there train, an' if we only manage the trick proper we're made men!"

There was a low growl of satisfaction, and the greater part of the men trooped out immediately. Then came the muffled pat-pat of horse-shoes on the grass-grown road outside leading from the diggings, and a booted, armed man appeared in the little blurr of light thrown by one of the signal-lamps Jem Potts the porter, now lying bound in the tiny waiting-room, had lit just before being taken prisoner.

"Right you are, Pete—on time as usual," said Nebraska Ben, gaily. "How many have you got?"

"Seven, cap, counting myself," answered the other.

"That'll do. Jest send a couple to watch the Jaggersville road, an' a few more to patrol the canyon bridge. Hold up anything you meet, but don't fire, if possible. The quieter every move of this game's kept, the better—there's too many Vigilants knockin' around. You may slip on yourself to the gates where the road crosses the line, with some o' these. 'Twill be a good ambush, for if she pulls up at all it will be before passin' the station, an' jest there. It ain't likely, but we can't afford to take no risks."

"All right, cap. We'll make it lively for that escort if they get curious. There's sure to be troops along with the dust?"

Nebraska Ben nodded. The man beckoned some three or four others from within, and departed silently for the point mentioned, less than a quarter of a mile up the line. The leader looked at his watch.

"Time's passin', gents," he observed to those remaining, "an' we must get them lights in position. Flare up that candle there, boys. So. Now, Sam Willins, take that lamp yonder, an' put it on the bracket top o' that pole, outside, behind the piece o' glass on the arm—you'll find a ladder at the side. The train's comin', of course, from Denver, so the distance signal ought to be out from Jaggersville. I'll tote this up there myself. Then we've only got to pull the lever yonder the clerk showed me to-day, an' the arms 'll fall, an' the signal stand at 'clear.' I'll look after this, for everything's got to be done reg'lar, else they'll smell a rat. Rest yer eye on them telegraph keys, Bill, an' don't you boys fail to keep a sharp look-out neither."

And with this pleasantry, which provoked a suppressed guffaw, he hurried away into the darkness.

When Mr. Jackson was so roughly deposited upon the floor of his room he returned to consciousness almost immediately. For a while he remained perfectly still, endeavouring to collect his thoughts and listening to all that passed in the room below. But when he heard the telegram he knew prompt action was imperative.

The gag had not been securely fastened, and the roughness of his bearers had further loosened it at one side. Working his jaws furiously, he was soon able to clear his mouth of the felt bandage, and then lifting his numbed arms, he patiently bit asunder the cords binding his hands. A little care presently set his feet free also. He was suffering great pain, his ears ringing, his head aching from the effects of the blow, but he forced himself to concentrate his attention on the need of the moment.

Leaning against the wall, he stealthily struck a match and looked at his watch. Good heavens, he had not quite twenty minutes! What could he do in that time? Escape to Jaggersville was out of the question were he strong enough to attempt it. An active, unwounded man might succeed in tapping the telegraph wires which he knew passed close to the shingles overhead, but the message would indubitably arrive too late at Big Timbers. Whatever was to be done should be done at once—but what?

He almost groaned aloud in his impotence, and remembering Rosie, cursed her heartily. Then he thought of Miss Dubleek and included her in the anathema, for if they had not quarrelled she would probably be now at her window waiting, and he might, by signalling to Bee Ranch, get something accomplished.

"Why not do so instantly?" he asked himself, dreamily; anything was better than this awful inactivity, with every lost minute bringing the express nearer to her doom. The chance of attracting the girl's attention was sickeningly faint, but it was the only means of communicating with the outer world left him, and he resolved to try it.

Slipping off his boots he groped his way painfully to the window, and after some little search found the bicycle-lamp with which he used to signal, now lying idle for many weeks. He shook it—alas! there was not much oil left, but he prayed passionately there would be enough to serve his purpose. Still acting with the utmost caution, listening to the suppressed tones of the guards below, and hearing the dull, swift strokes of the picks upon the tract beyond the canyon, he lit it, and dragging himself to an upright position, though the effort cost him torture and might mean a bullet in his brain, he began to make the flash signals.

Miss Dubleek had just finished washing up the tea-things, and was moving about the kitchen singing "Rock of Ages," while her mother kept up a somewhat acrimonious monologue on the cussedness of having darters who didn't know their own minds and gave smart young fellars the shake jest because o' some fallal nonsense, for Mrs. Dubleek was a strong partizan of Peter.

Wishing to avoid a discussion, Miss Dubleek, whose hymn-singing always indicated or induced a condition of mild melancholy, presently retired to her own chamber under pretence of tidying it. She did not require a light, she said, the reflection from the kitchen being sufficient.

Partly through habit, she went directly to her window and looked out upon the young night — in the direction of Jaggersville. After a while a dull spark began to glow from what she knew must be the upper story of the station-house. It flashed brilliantly a few seconds, was obscured suddenly, and went out apparently only to shine more brightly a moment later. Miss Dubleek caught herself speculating on its significance, and then fiercely checking the thought, pulled down the blind. This reduced the room to darkness, since, inconsequently enough, she had shut the door on entering, and lest she should sprain her ankle by a fall over any of the furniture, as she opportunely

remembered her Aunt Martha had done under similar circumstances six years before, she lit her lamp.

The tidying of the trim little apartment did not progress very rapidly; indeed, it got no farther than taking the hand-glass from under the hair-brush. Observing a curl was out of place, she re-arranged it, and then fell to studying her own lovely face in the mirror. Involuntarily she smiled back at the coquettish reflection, and nodding her dainty head, stole to the window, lifting the blind cautiously once more.

Yes, there was the light still intermittently flashing, and evidently designed to attract her attention.

"SHE BROUGHT HER OWN LAMP TO THE WINDOW."

At first it seemed a meaningless jumble, but she was at last able to disentangle one word that looked like "help." Trying to smile, she openly brought her own lamp to the window now and signalled: "What's up?" Again the word "help" was repeated, and again the light sank. Her cheeks white as the sheets of the bed behind, she rushed to a drawer where she kept the code which she luckily had not destroyed, and returned with it to the window. The other light was there flashing its fateful message. Concentrating every energy of her soul upon the work, she at length grasped its tenor—"Wreckers—here—prisoner—stop Denver nine gold express," a very creditable performance, since the code was not designed for public service.

She could hardly trust her eyes. "Repeat," she signalled, mechanically. As if in answer the far-off flame flared up brightly an instant, and then smouldered down to a flickering gleam that presently died, nor did it shine again, for Mr. Jackson, who had succumbed to the deadly faintness creeping on him from loss of blood, was lying senseless by his window.

Miss Dubleek's feelings towards him underwent an immediate change, the O'Grady episode receding to proper perspective, or, more properly, to vanishing-point. The girl was, she decided, a low-down flirt, unfit for and undeserving of serious consideration; and in a word, Peter was restored to his pedestal.

In a moment Sally reached the kitchen. "Mother, where's Seth?" she asked, imperiously.

"Don't know," drawled Mrs. Dubleek, who still felt a little huffed by her daughter's withdrawal; "'spects he's not started from Tree Fork yet," a neighbouring village whither her son had gone on business earlier in the evening. Sally looked up at the clock. God! It was almost ten minutes to nine!

"Where's the men?" she cried, desperately.

"Pop Hopkins is at Arrowsfoot," her mother deliberately responded, "an' Josh is at Jaggersville by now, huntin' after that Kellowney gal, I dessay. You can't get much good o' a man like that; she refused him three times I hear, an' there he is follerin' her still! He ain't like others with fixed salaries as suffers in silence."

"Mother, for Heaven's sake stop. There's something awful goin' to happen," panted Sally. "Jaggersville station's held up an' they're on to wreck a gold train comin' Denver way. Peter's just signalled me. Oh, mother! Couldn't I take the mule an' ride to Jaggersville?"

"Yes, 'n crack yer neck before you were half way, or get held up by the road agents. Not if I know it!" the older woman replied, decisively. "You bet this is a big job, an' they're watchin' the roads, though what's

possessed the Grand National to tote the gold around here is beyond *me*."

The girl wrung her hands.

"Let's go out 'n have a look round, anyway," pursued the other; "perhaps someone 'ud be passin' along the road or somethin'."

Sally flung the door open, and both women hastily picked their way across the clearing in the immediate vicinity of the house, until further progress was arrested by a breast-high fence, a vantage point from which the shingle roofs of Jaggersville could be clearly seen by day. Now all this was blotted out, and only a red light, standing high against the inky background, indicated the position of the station. Instinctively Mrs. Dubleek shaded her eyes as she looked.

"Ah, they've got everything reg'lar," she observed, as a second light showed suddenly farther up, towards the distance signal. "This ain't no harum-scarum job, Sally, it's a deep game, an' the chaps who're in it are goin' nap for all they're worth!"

"Oh, God, what shall we do?" moaned the agonized girl.

"Pretty much nothing," replied the matron by her side. "Ah, the cunnin' devils," she continued, as the two lights changed colour, "there's the 'clear' signal, Sal. I ought to know—many's the time I've watched it from here. It's a reg'lar lure, my gal."

"Oh, but could nothing be done?"

"Well, we ain't birds, girlie," replied the mother, softly, "but if we were, I guess I'd fly across an' put that distance signal out: 't'ould be the best thing for the train."

Sally had drawn herself up again and was putting her hair behind her ears—"Put the light out?" she echoed.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Dubleek; "'twould be a kind of warnin' that ail wasn't right, though, of course, the guard should be on the jump, as this one's bound to be."

Sally was silent.

"Your father could do it from this spot—it ain't quite three-quarters of a mile—with his Winchester; I've seen him do as fly things," pursued the other, placidly.

Sally clapped her hands, and darted back into the house. Presently she was in Seth's room, holding aloft a lighted pine splinter. Ah, yes, thank Heaven! there was his repeating rifle on its hooks—there, too, the cartridge belt. She seized both and hurried downstairs. In the kitchen she paused to extract the ammunition. There were only ten little cylinders in the metal clips—the exact number the weapon's magazine took. She charged it quickly, praying for a steady hand. She inherited her father's gift of straight shooting, but as she had never attempted what she now intended doing, she felt nervous, hence the spasm of piety. A minute after she was at Mrs. Dubleek's side, aiming for the distant light.

Bang, bang, bang, the reports ringing out one after the other with startling distinctness, and again, more slowly, bang, bang, bang, bang; but yet no change in that yellow spot glittering against the night. Sally muttered what might have been an imprecation, and shifted her position, as she prepared to sight the rifle once more. But Mrs. Dubleek touched her arm.

"Sal," she said, "you're too nervous, that's where it is. Jest you give me the gun an' sit on the ground a bit."

Her daughter obeyed meekly, and for a while there was silence between the two women, in which they could hear the fitful stamping of the stabled farm horses, and the mew of a hawk overhead. Before and around was darkness suggesting illimitable space. Behind, the kitchen fire threw bright reflections on the broken ground shelving away into obscurity, the lamp in Sally's window farther up making a paler patch beyond. In the distance the light shone steadily.

Gradually a muffled throbbing came to their ears, so faint, so regular, that it might have been the beating of the heart of the brooding night.

"Now, my girl," whispered Mrs. Dubleek, softly, to Sally, who had risen quietly, "rest your arm on this fence rail an' shoot straight, for one o' them shots has got to do it!"

Sighting steadily, Sally fired again three times. At the third she dwelt upon her aim before pulling the trigger, and then instinctively lowered the weapon. No light was shining now. The last lucky bullet had shattered the lamp!

Sally burst into tears. Mrs. Dubleek laughed and patted the girl's heaving shoulders.

A minute passed slowly; then a faint, far-off thread of sound wavered against the languid breeze, and looking across the plain the women saw two red sparks speeding onward towards the dark patch that was Jaggersville. The whistle was repeated.

"The dogs! They can't signal back," muttered Mrs. Dubleek. "If they were anyway spry they'd have shown a fresh light, but I dessay they can't find a lamp, an' the

"SHE DWELT UPON HER AIM BEFORE PULLING THE TRIGGER."

firin's flusterated 'em. Listen, the train people want to know about that light."

There was a series of short, quick whistles, the twin sparks seemed to go more slowly. The two women listened breathlessly, every nerve tense with excitement. The throbbing of the engine ceased, the lights were motionless.

Not daring to move, scarce breathing, the two women looked on, clasped in each other's arms. There was another whistle, the lights began to advance again, the panting of the engine sounding like the snorts of some terrified creature. Then broke upon the night a patter of shots, first at one point, then at another, crossed by sharper detonations.

"Carbines," remarked Mrs. Dubleek, grimly. "The escort's replyin'. It's win or die with the road agents by this, for the Jaggersville Vigilants will be up in a jiffy. Hark! your father 'ud like to have a hand in that, lass, eh?"

The firing seemed quite general now—there were faint, treble cheers mingled with it, too, then shrill counter-cheering, then again the incessant rattle of revolver and musket, then silence, then scattered shots, then silence once more.

Sally uttered a little, sobbing laugh. Mrs. Dubleek understood.

"Come away, gal," she said, gently; "what's done is done, an' we can neither mend nor mar now. I reckon the hull country's up by this, an' a drop o' tea will do us no harm."

Sally shivering a little slipped her arm round her mother's waist, and together they went into the house.

The next news they had of the fight was an hour later from a messenger who came to Bull's Toe for lint. The robbers had been beaten off, and the rails having been repaired, the express passed on her way, leaving four of her escort dead at the little station, side by side with Nebraska Ben and six stout fellows who would never ride another raid. "The telegraph chap" was "pretty bad" and in bed.

Sally instantly declared the Jaggersville doctor to be "no good," and insisted on setting out at once for the station with all her mother's medical stores, reaching it just as Mr. Jackson in an access of brain fever was striking up "Annie Rooney."

A month later he retired from the service with a very substantial pension, nor was the company forgetful of what it owed his fascinating wife, formerly Miss Dubleek, for, despite shoe-peg oats, wooden nutmegs, and salted claims, the old virtues of courage and fidelity find their warmest welcome in the land of the West.

The Queen's Stables.

By C. S. Peliham-Clinton.

(This article has been prepared with Her Majesty's gracious permission and approval.)

THE buildings of the Queen's stables, though close to Buckingham Palace, cannot be seen from its grounds, as a large mound of earth planted with trees keeps them concealed, and the peep one gets from the street quite fails to give any idea of the size. There is, of course, a private pathway leading from the Palace to the stables; and a glimpse from the mound shows the garden and lakes, beautiful as they are, to have rather a deserted and lifeless appearance.

The entrance to the stables in Buckingham Palace Road is the main one, and is rather a noticeable structure of white stone, rendered somewhat grimy from the London smoke.

Passing through the gateway and under the arch, one enters a fine quadrangle of considerable extent. Directly opposite the entrance are the stables belonging to the creams and blacks, and also the thirty-two-stalled stable; on one's right are the carriage-houses, and to the left or west side are the State harness-rooms and ordinary stables, while on either side of the entrance arch are also stables for carriage horses and the riding horses, of which last there are over thirty in all. Some trees are planted in various places, which take away from the bareness of the quadrangle. Needless to say, it is kept in beautiful condition, and, indeed, perfect order and cleanliness may be said to be the watchword of the Royal Mews.

The name "mews," by the way, is derived from the old word *mew* or "meuse," the cry of a young falcon, and was the place where, in olden times, the Royal falcons were kept. The post of Royal Falconer in ancient days was one of great emolument, and one of the chief gifts in the hands of the Crown, though now it is stripped of all salary, and is a mere sinecure, the Duke of St. Albans being Hereditary Grand Falconer of England, the office having been granted by Charles II. to his son by Nell Gwynne, Charles Beauclerk, who was made Duke of St. Albans.

MR. EDWIN MILLER.
The Queen's State Coachman.
From a Photo. by J. E. Peach, Finchley.

The Royal Mews was situated in olden times near Charing Cross, where the National Gallery now stands, and was, of course, the place where the Royal falcons were kept. These were, however, moved away in 1537, as, a fire having destroyed the Royal stables then situated in Bloomsbury, it was decided to make the mews the stable, and the hawks were replaced by the stud. After certain alterations and additions had made the buildings suitable, this remained the site of the Royal stable until 1732, when George II. finding the place very dilapidated, levelled it to the ground, and rebuilt it entirely in the classical style, with central columns and a pediment, and adorned with cupolas and lanterns.

In 1825 George IV. pulled down the building at Charing Cross, and built the present stables, which, though not as ornate as the old ones, are not hemmed in by houses, as were the old mews near Charing Cross.

Having visited most of the Royal stables in Europe, and having been treated with great courtesy and kindness by those in charge, I do not intend to

From a Photo. by] "ZULU." *[E. Scamell, Finchley.*

make any comparisons between the Royal stables of England and those of other countries, but will simply give a description, to the best of my power, of Her Majesty's stables. One thing I may say, however, without being accused of insular prejudice, and that is that in almost every Royal stable the English horse is as much in evidence as his home-bred brother, if not more, a fact which speaks well for our breed of horses. This being the case, it is rather a curious coincidence that, though actually bred in this country, for both our "State" teams we are dependent on "foreigners"; I refer to the creams and the blacks. All at present in the mews have been bred in England at Hampton Court. Of the breeding of the creams I will speak later. The blacks came originally from Holland; and whether from careful breeding or some other cause, they certainly show a good deal more quality and blood, and at the same time more power, than most of those I saw in Holland.

Both the creams and the blacks last a long time, the average being close on eighteen years of service before they are pronounced unfit for work. Of course they have not much hard work to do, but the weight of the State harness is no light burden to carry, and must try their powers a great deal.

Among the blacks Zulu is a very handsome horse about seventeen hands high, showing a good deal of breeding, but having the coarse neck one always finds in the Frieslanders. His match pair is Kassassin, to whom Nature has denied the usual amount of hair on his caudal appendage, so art has supplied the want, and with his false tail he makes as brave a showing as his mate.

The creams will be employed to draw the Queen's carriage in the Diamond Jubilee procession. While these have always been the State horses, from 1803 to 1814 the blacks had to be used on State occasions, as Napoleon in 1803 appropriated the Royal stud at Hanover, including the creams, and used them himself at his coronation, but

From a Photo. by] "KASSASSIN." *[J. E. Peach, Finchley.*

TEAM OF SIX OF THE CREAMS WHICH WILL DRAW THE QUEEN'S CARRIAGE IN THE ROYAL PROCESSION.
From a Photo. by J. E. Peach, Finchley.

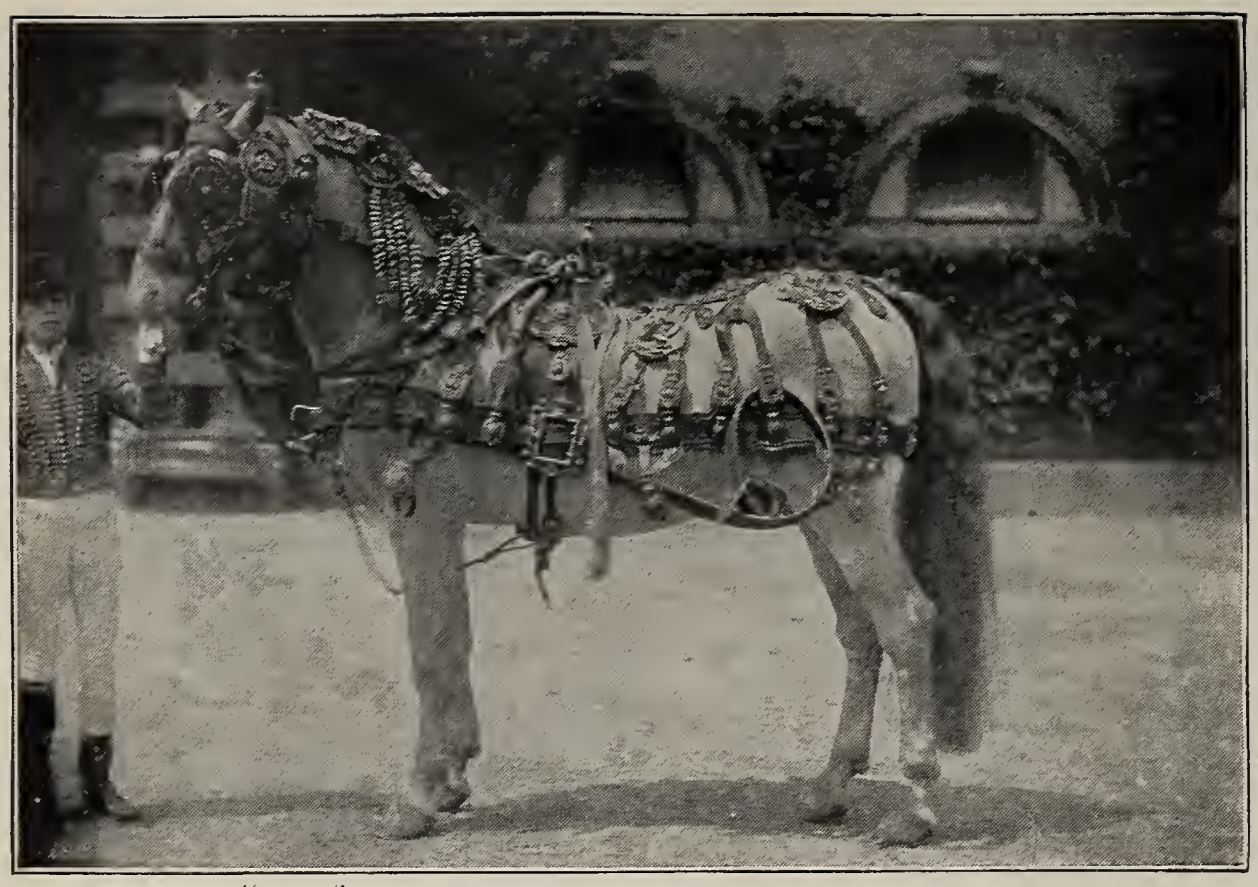
they were restored in 1814, when his downfall took place.

The creams, like the blacks, are all stallions. Their odd colour, long tails, white, cold, almost fish-like eyes, and pink noses give them a curious appearance; but they look very different when, in State harness, they draw the coach. When you come to examine them, they have many good points, and show a great deal of power, if not much "blood." Since 1837 they have been bred at Hampton Court, and so pure is the breed now, that not a foal ever shows a sign of any other colour. The pick of the bunch is Occo, standing about 16·2, with a smaller head than many, and with great power and substance. King George is another good-looking one, and goes with Occo. Emperor and Amarongen are another match pair, and so are Monarch and Majestic, the former being about fourteen years old. Sovereign and Middachten complete the list. It is wonderful how quiet and tractable they are, both in and out of harness, and give no trouble whatever.

The majority of the horses in use at the mews are bays, and it would be hard to find a collection of carriage horses of the same size, and showing such a lot of breeding. All are at least 16 hands 2in., and can get over the ground, as they do not have much time to loiter when in work, and most have good knee action. Blytheswood is a good-looking bay, and Bullion is worthy of more than a passing glance.

All the carriage horses purchased from

From a Photo. by] THE STABLE OF THE CREAMS. *[E. Scamell, Finchley.*



"OCCO"—THE LARGEST OF THE CREAMS, WITH HARNESS.
From a Photo. by J. E. Peach, Finchley.

dealers are so called that the name commences with the same initial as that of the dealer from whom they are purchased. They cost about £200 to £250 apiece, so they ought to be good, and have a very thorough "doing" in the riding-school before they are put to daily work.

The chargers are particularly well broken, and Mr. Nicholas will warrant that nothing short of an earthquake, and perhaps not even that, will disturb their equanimity.

In all, there are no fewer than 120 horses at the mews, and, needless to say, with the amount of work to be done, a small army of men are required and a very perfect organization needed.

The books are very carefully kept, and a glance at the day-book shows what work each horse has done, who used it, and who drove it.

While most of the carriages at the Royal Mews are not to be compared from an historical point of view with those at Munich or at Madrid, still, the Royal State coach is without doubt one of the most unique in the world. Londoners have not seen it outside the stables for many years, and it will probably never be used for State occasions again; the last time it appeared being when Her Majesty used it thirty-six years ago, in 1861, when opening Parliament in person. The sway from side to side is so great, that it is as uncomfortable as crossing the Channel in bad weather, which probably accounts to some extent for its relegation to the coach-house.

It is a magnificent carriage, and with the creams harnessed before it in the full splendour of their red and gold harness, must have made a brave showing. It was built in 1761, and was designed by Sir William Chambers; it has always been known

From a Photo. by] "BLYTHESWOOD." *[J. E. Peach, Finchley.*

From a Photo. by] "BULLION." *[J. E. Peach, Finchley.*

as the "Glass Coach," and cost upwards of £7,500, no small sum for a carriage even for Royalty.

The work was done in sections, and Mr. J. Nicholas, the superintendent, gave me the following figures: Carver, £2,504; coach-maker, £1,673 15s. 6d.; gilder, £933 14s. 6d.; lace, £737 10s. 7d.; chaser, £655; harness-maker, £385 15s.; painter, £315; mercer, £202 5s.; saddler, £107 12s.; bit-maker, £99 6s.; milliner, £30 4s.; draper, £4 3s. 6d.; cabinet-maker, £3 9s.; a sum total of £7,651 15s. 1d. The coach was built under the direct supervision of Sir William Chambers, and the paintings are by Cipriani.

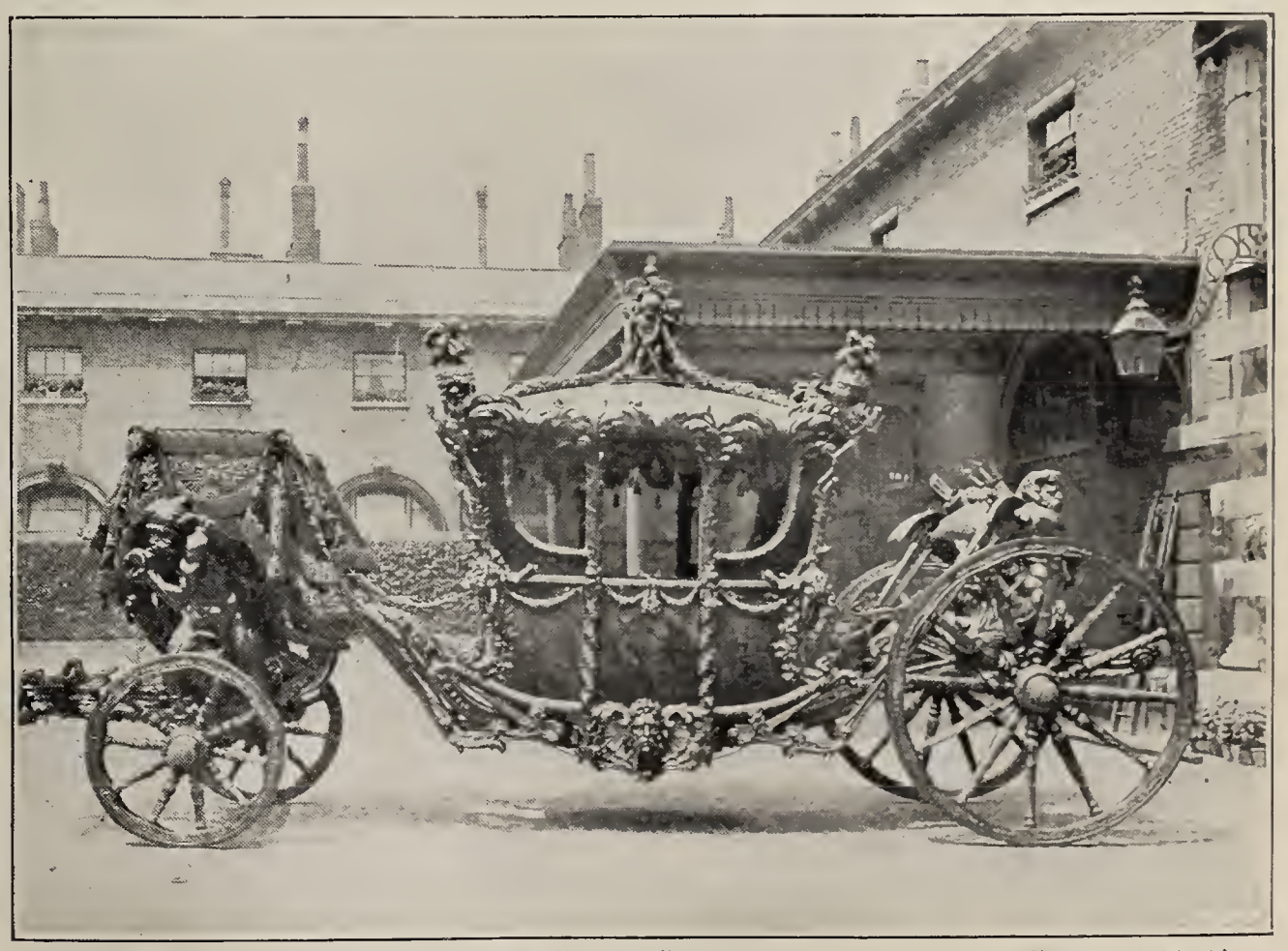
The front panel represents Britannia seated on a throne, holding in her hand a staff of Liberty, attended by Religion, Justice, Wisdom, Valour, Fortitude, Commerce, Plenty, and Victory, presenting her with a garland of laurel; in the background, a view of St. Paul's and the River Thames.

The right door represents Industry and Ingenuity giving a cornucopia to the Genius of England.

The panels on each side of the right door show History recording the reports of Fame, and Peace burning the implements of War.

The back panel gives us Neptune and Amphitrite issuing from their palace in a triumphant car drawn by sea horses, attended by the Winds, Rivers, Tritons, Naiads, etc., bringing the Tribute of the World to the British shore, and on the upper part of the back panel are the Royal Arms, beautifully ornamented with the Order of St. George, the rose, shamrock, and thistle entwined.

On the left door we have Mars, Minerva, and Mercury supporting the Imperial Crown of Great Britain, and the panels on each side of the left door represent the Liberal Arts and Sciences protected. The front and four



From a Photo. by] THE "GLASS" COACH. *[E. Seamell, Finchley.*

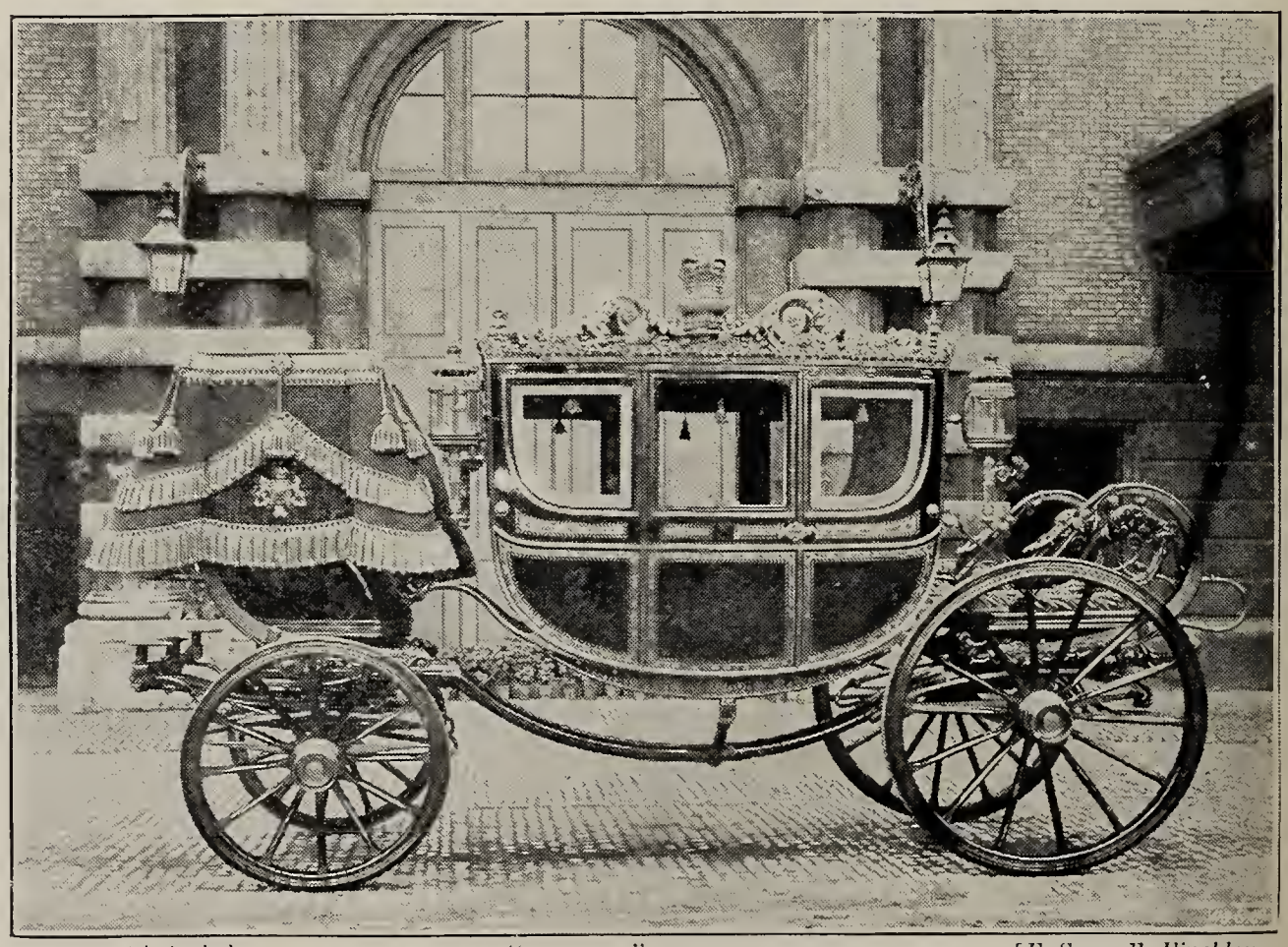
quarter-panels over the paintings are plate-glass.

The whole of the carriage and body is richly ornamented with laurel and carved work, beautifully gilded. The length, 24ft.; width, 8ft. 3in.; height, 12ft.; length of pole, 12ft. 4in.; weight, 4 tons.

The carriage and body of the coach are composed as follows: of four large tritons, who support the body by four braces, covered with red morocco leather, and ornamented with gilt buckles. The two figures placed in front of the carriage bear the driver, and are represented in the act of drawing the coach by cables extending round their shoulders and the cranes, and they are sounding shells to announce the approach of the Monarch of the Ocean; and those at the back carry the Imperial fasces, topped with tridents. The driver's footboard is a large scollop shell, ornamented with bunches of reeds and other marine plants. The pole represents a bundle of lances; the splinter-bar is composed of a rich moulding issuing from beneath a voluted shell, and each end terminating in the head of a dolphin; and the wheels are imitated from those of the ancient triumphal chariot. The body of the coach is composed of eight palm trees, which, branching out at the top, sustain the roof, and our angular trees are loaded with trophies allusive to the victories obtained by Great Britain during the late glorious war, supported by four lions' heads. On the centre of the roof stand three boys, representing the Genii of England, Scotland, and Ireland, supporting the Imperial Crown of Great Britain, and holding in their hands the sceptre, sword of State, and ensigns of knighthood; their bodies are adorned with festoons of laurel, which fall from thence towards the four corners. The inside of the body is lined with rich scarlet embossed velvet, superbly laced and embroidered with gold.

For just 100 years this coach was used on great occasions. George III., George IV., William IV., and Queen Victoria all rode in it at their respective coronations, and the opening of Parliament in person by their Majesties also saw it in use during 100 years of its existence.

The carriage we of the present day are accustomed to see on State occasions is that built by Mr. Hutton, a coach-builder who was Lord Mayor of Dublin on the occasion of the Royal visit to Ireland in 1852, and which is known in the stables as the semi-State coach. While not as gorgeous as the glass coach, it is a very handsome carriage, and is painted in lake and vermilion, picked out with gold, the wheels being vermilion and gold. The Royal Arms are painted on the panels, and the top is ornamented by gilt scroll-work, which culminates in a raised crown in the centre, four smaller crowns ornamenting the sides. The scroll-work is emblematic of the Empire, being of the rose, the shamrock, the thistle, and the pine. The hammer-cloth is of scarlet and purple, fringed with gold, and has the Royal Arms embossed on the sides. The last time it was used by the Queen in person was at the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of York.



From a Photo. by] THE "DUBLIN" STATE COACH. *[E. Scamell, Finchley.*

Besides this carriage there are eleven dress coaches, which are all painted lake and vermilion. They are not nearly as much decorated as the semi-State coach, though the lining of blue figured rep, the hammer-cloths, and the painting on the panels are identical. They are less ornate

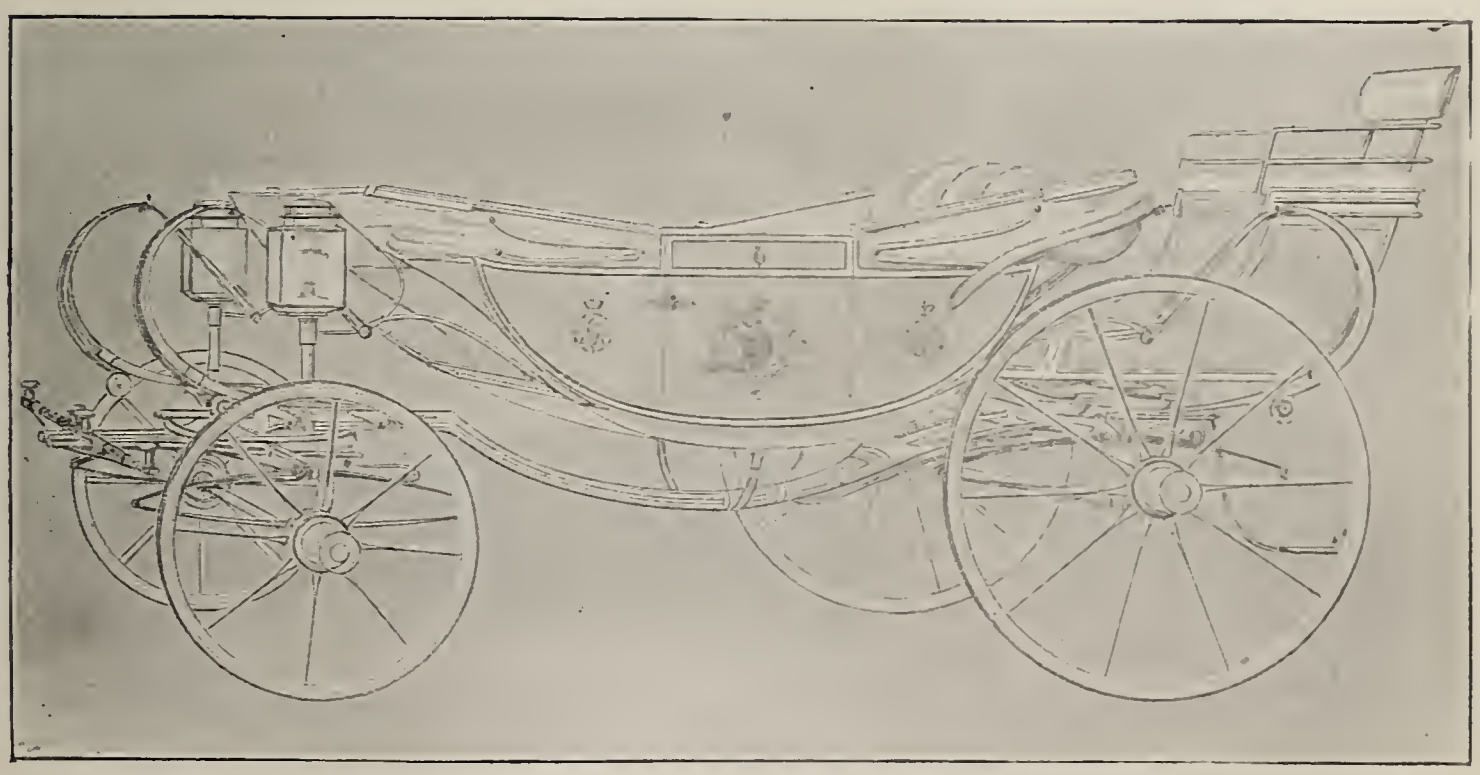
A DRESS CARRIAGE—TO BE USED IN THE ROYAL PROCESSION.
From a Photo. by J. E. Peach, Finchley.

on the top, having only four small crowns at the four corners, and are used, as necessity dictates, with either two or four horses.

We now come to the most interesting carriage of the lot, the landau which will actually serve as Her Majesty's State carriage in the Royal Jubilee procession. This landau is known in the Royal establishment as "No 1 Plain Posting Landau." It was built some twenty-five to thirty years ago, for Her Majesty's use in London on ordinary occasions, and for many years past has invariably been used to meet the Queen on her arrival from Windsor by train, and to take Her Majesty back to the station when returning to Windsor. It has been almost (if not quite) exclusively used when the Queen, during her short stays in London, drives in the park. During all these years the colour of the carriage has been that adopted for the plain carriages in the Royal establishment; viz., a dark claret ground, with one single line of vermilion on the wheels and underworks, and a similar, but narrower, line on the mouldings of the body, the interior being upholstered in dark blue cloth and plain ribbed silk to match.

The heraldic decoration was confined to the door panels, and comprised crest encircled by garter and motto and surmounted by the crown. The lamps are brass mounted, and there is brass bead round the junction of the leather hood with the framework of the body. Solid rubber tyres were fitted to the wheels some two years ago.

When the alterations are completed the body of the carriage will still be the usual dark claret, but round the mouldings there will be an additional bead of brass; brass bead will also be used to decorate the rumble, and the body-loops and lamp-irons will be gilded. The wheels and underworks are painted vermilion, with heavy lines of gold.



THE QUEEN'S STATE CARRIAGE—TO BE USED BY HER MAJESTY IN THE DIAMOND JUBILEE PROCESSION.
From a Drawing by Messrs. Hooper & Co., Ltd.

From a Photo. by] HER MAJESTY'S GARDEN-CHAIR, AND "SAM." *[Russell & Sons, Windsor.*

Perhaps the most interesting thing about this carriage is the extraordinary fondness Her Majesty has for it. Though the Royal stables contain an amazing number of carriages of all kinds, the Queen insisted upon using this particular one in the historical Diamond Jubilee procession; and this, notwithstanding that the alterations described above had to be made by the Royal coach-builders, Messrs. Hooper and Co., of St. James's Street. It is to the courtesy of this eminent firm that we are indebted for our information and for the illustration, which was made specially for this magazine.

As may be imagined, the Royal procession at the opening of Parliament, or any other full State function, creates a good deal of excitement, and is well worth seeing. But these things are as nothing compared with the splendour of the Royal procession this month.

The amount of work to be done necessitates a large staff, and there are over ninety men drawing pay at the mews, which include six coachmen, the chief of whom is Mr. Edwin Miller, the State coachman, who entered Her Majesty's service on 8th Feb., 1859.

MALTESE DONKEY "PRINCE" AND MINIATURE BAROUCHE USED BY ROYAL CHILDREN.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons, Windsor.

The stables of Windsor Castle contain, if I may so say, more personal marks of the Queen's presence than can be seen in the stables at Buckingham Palace or elsewhere. They show more evidence of Her Majesty's home life in the present and in the past, and must be more interesting to English people for that reason.

Though, of course, there are a number of things of interest with the reminiscences of bygone years amassed during Her Majesty's long reign, still what is so noticeable in our Royal stables elsewhere is noticeable here, and that is the absence of unserviceable things that so easily accumulate in a stable. Everything to be seen is useful and in use, and what is not serviceable is parted with or destroyed, thus giving a thoroughly workmanlike look to the stables, and making them as neat and tidy as is possible.

While the majority of the horses at Buckingham Palace are bays, the greater portion at Windsor are greys—excepting about twenty that are used chiefly for the suite, or for any van or brake work. Her Majesty, however, when at Windsor, always uses greys, and it seems a pity that the custom is not carried out in London as well as in the Royal borough.

The first courtyard is called the "Grey Pony Yard," and contains five stables, in which in all are forty stalls. When the Queen is in residence at Windsor these are all filled, but when at Osborne or Balmoral the numbers are considerably decreased.

The pony court coach-house contains some interesting carriages. One of the first is the Queen's garden-chair, made at Newport under Her Majesty's special instructions. It runs very lightly, and though being quite close to the ground is most graceful in build. It is painted lake with red lines, and has a hood, and is pulled by Sam, a black Exmoor pony about 12 hands high, that was out in a paddock enjoying life as much as the flies would let him. He is tremendously fast for his size, and is a great pet with everyone. In the same paddock was Fidget, a grey mare that was one of the best in the stable, but is now allowed to end her life grazing peacefully under the shadow of the Castle walls. Another occupant of this paddock is an especial favourite with the Royal children. His name is Prince, and he hails from Malta. The length of his ears denotes his breed, and hardly a day passes that he is not harnessed into a miniature barouche and taken out by the children. Yet another occupant is Jessie, a great pet of Her Majesty's, and a wonderful beast, as she is over thirty years old and still sound. The Queen used to ride her always, but for several years past she has been turned out close to the Castle. A minia-

From a Photo. by] THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE SOCIABLE. *[Russell & Sons, Windsor.*

ture cream pony, ludicrously like the large creams at Buckingham Palace, was a present from Sanger's Circus, when it appeared before the Queen two or three years ago at the Palace, and need not be noticed. The large landaus, however, that are used for Ascot are worthy of a word or two, as they are a very graceful, handsome carriage, and look un-

BASKET-CHAIR USED BY PRINCE OF WALES WHEN A CHILD.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons, Windsor.

Castle. It completed the occupants of this paddock, to which the Queen's garden-chair, or, rather, my allusion to Sam, has led me.

Near by is another garden-chair with no hood, now no longer in use, and by its side a little carriage that the children use with a small skewbald pony.

At the back is a phaeton formerly used by the late Prince Consort, and which has the peculiarity of being fitted with ivory. It is rather long and very high, and should, I think, ride most comfortably. Next to it is a double garden-chair now not used much, and Her Majesty's favourite sociable, of which a picture is given. A phaeton that the Queen used to drive, and several other carriages of one kind and another, complete the list.

There is room altogether for about a hundred carriages at Windsor. Most of the carriages are much like those at Buckingham commonly well with the four horses and postilions, whether closed or open.

In a corner is a very curious char-à-banc, presented to the Queen by Louis Philippe. It has four seats, a high canopy, and four lamps. It is of great length and weight, and having no brake a skid is necessary, which hangs underneath; of course, four horses are required to draw it, but it has not been put into use for several years.

A couple of droskies presented by the Emperor Nicholas, one for two people and the other a single, share a corner with two funny little basket-carriages used by the Prince of Wales when a baby, and the Royal children of that day; they date before the era of perambulators, and though perhaps not as comfortable, there certainly was no danger of anyone tumbling out of them. One of these is shown in the illustration above given.

At the Pistol's Point.

By E. W. Hornung.

THE church bells were ringing for evensong, croaking across the snow with short, harsh strokes, as though the frost had eaten into the metal and made it hoarse. Outside, the scene had all the cheery sparkle, all the peaceful glamour, of an old-fashioned Christmas card. There was the snow-covered village, there the church-spire coated all down one side, the chancel windows standing out like oil-paintings, the silver sickle of a moon, the ideal thatched cottage with the warm, red light breaking from the open door, and the peace of Heaven seemingly pervading and enveloping all. Yet on earth we know that this peace is not; and the door of the ideal cottage had been opened and was shut by a crushed woman, whose husband had but now refused her pennies for the plate, with a curse which followed her into the snow. And the odour prevailing beneath the thatched roof was one of hot brandy-and-water, mingled with the fumes of some rank tobacco.

Old Fitch was over sixty years of age, and the woman on her way to church was his third wife; she had borne him no child, nor had Fitch son or daughter living who would set foot inside his house. He was a singular old man, selfish and sly and dissolute, yet not greatly disliked beyond his own door, and withal a miracle of health and energy for his years. He drank to his heart's content, but he was never drunk, nor was Sunday's bottle ever known to lose him the soft side of Monday's bargain. By trade he was game-dealer, corn-factor, money-lender, and mortgagee of half the village; in appearance, a man of medium height, with bow-legs and immense round shoulders, a hard mouth, shrewd eyes, and wiry hair as white as the snow outside.

The bells ceased, and for a moment there was no sound in the cottage but the song of the kettle on the hob. Then Fitch reached for the brandy-bottle, and brewed himself another steaming bumper. As he watched the sugar dissolve, a few notes from the organ reached his ears, and the old man smiled cynically as he sipped and smacked his lips. At his elbow his tobacco-pipe and the weekly newspaper were ranged with the brandy-bottle, and he was soon in enjoyment of all three. Over the paper Fitch had already fallen asleep after a particularly hearty mid-day meal, but he had not so much as glanced at the most entertaining pages, and he found them now more entertaining than usual. There was a scandal in high life running to several columns, and sub-divided into paragraphs labelled with the most pregnant headlines; the old man's mouth watered as he determined to leave this item to the last. It was not the only one of interest; there were several suicides, an admirable execution, a burglary, and—what? Fitch frowned as his quick eye came tumbling down a paragraph; then all at once he gasped out an oath and sat very still. The pipe in his mouth went out, the brandy-and-water was cooling in his glass; you might have heard them singing the psalms in the church hard by; but the old man heard nothing, saw nothing, thought of nothing but the brief paragraph before his eyes.

ESCAPE FROM PORTLAND.

ONE CONVICT KILLED, ANOTHER WOUNDED, BUT A THIRD GETS CLEAN AWAY.

The greatest excitement was caused at Weymouth yesterday morning on the report being circulated that several convicts had effected their escape from the grounds of the Portland convict establishment. There appears to have been a regularly concerted plan on the part of the prisoners working in one of the outdoor gangs to attempt to regain their liberty, as yesterday morning three convicts bolted simultaneously from their party. They were instantly challenged to stop, but as the order was not complied with, the warders fired several shots. One of the runaways fell dead, and another was so badly wounded that he was immediately recaptured, and is now lying in a precarious condition. The third man, named Henry Cattermole, continued his course despite a succession of shots, and was soon beyond range of the rifles. He was pursued for some distance, but was ultimately lost to view in the thick fog which prevailed. A hue and cry was raised, and search parties continued to scour the neighbourhood long after dark, but up to a late hour his recapture had not been effected. Cattermole will be remembered as the man who was sentenced to death some years ago for the murder of Lord Wolborough's game-keeper, near Bury St. Edmund's, but who afterwards received the benefit of the doubt involved in the production of a wad which did not fit the convict's gun. In spite of the successful efforts then made on his behalf, however, the authorities at Portland describe Cattermole as a most daring criminal, and one who is only too likely to prove a danger to the community as long as he remains at large.

Fitch stared stupidly at the words for several minutes after he had read them through; it was the last sentence which at length fell into focus with his seeing eye. Henry Cattermole at large! How long had he been at large? It was a Sunday paper, but the Saturday edition, and this was among the latest news. But it said "yesterday morning," and that meant Friday morning last. So Henry Cattermole had been at large since

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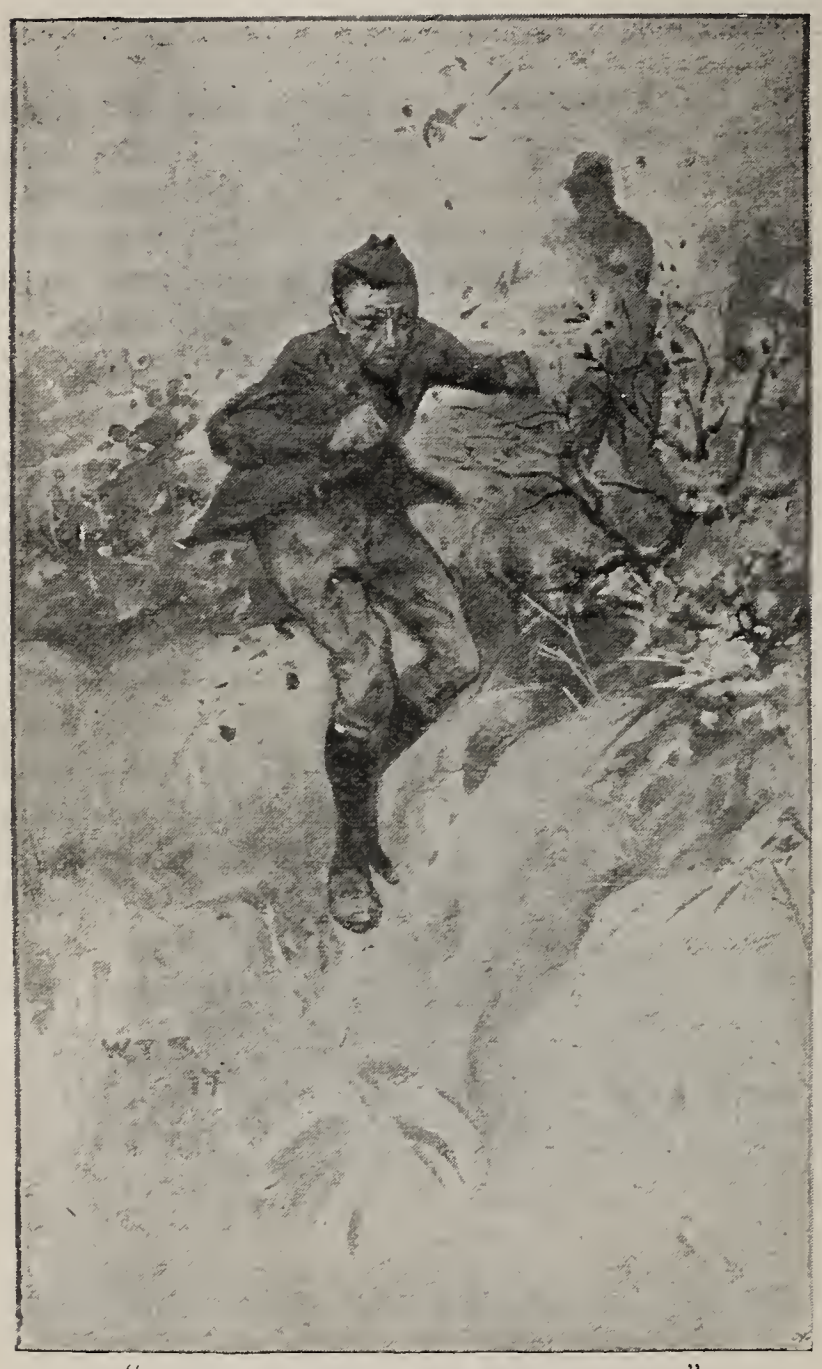


"HE WAS PURSUED FOR SOME DISTANCE."

then, and this was the Sunday evening, and that made nearly three days altogether. Another question now forced itself upon the old man's mind: how far was it from Portland prison—to—this—room?

Like most rustics of his generation, old Fitch had no spare knowledge of geography: he knew his own country-side and the road to London, but that was all. Portland he knew to be on the other side of London; it might be ten miles, might be two hundred; but this he felt in his shuddering heart and shaking bones, that near or far, deep snow or no snow, Henry Cattermole was either recaptured or else on his way to that cottage at that moment.

The feeling sucked the blood from the old man's vessels, even as his lips drained the tumbler he had filled with so light a heart. Then for a little he had spurious courage. He leant back in his chair and laughed aloud, but it sounded strangely in the empty cottage; he looked up at the bell-mouthed gun above the chimney-piece, and that gave him greater confidence, for he kept it loaded. He got up and began to whistle, but stopped in the middle of a bar.

"Curse him!" he said aloud, "they should ha' hanged him, and then I never should ha' been held like this. That'll be a good job if they take an' hang him now, for I fare to feel afraid, I do, as long as Harry Cattermole's alive."

Old Fitch opened his door a moment, saw the thin moon shining on the snow, but no living soul abroad, and for once he was in want of a companion; however, the voices of the choir sounded nearer than ever in the frosty air, and heartened him a little as he shut the door again, turned the heavy key, and shot both bolts well home. He was still stooping over the bottom one, when his eyes fell upon a ragged trouser-leg and a stout stocking planted close behind him. It was instantly joined by another ragged leg and another stout stocking. Neither made a sound, for there were no shoes to the cat-like feet; and the stockings were remarkable for a most conspicuous stripe.

Then old Fitch knew that his enemy had found him out, and he could not stir. He was waiting for a knife to plunge into the centre of his broad, round back; and when a hand slapped him there instead, he thought for a moment he was stabbed indeed. When he knew that he was not, he turned round, still stooping, in a pitiable attitude, and a new shock greeted him. Could this be Henry Cattermole?

The poacher had been stout and thick-set; the convict was gaunt and lean. The one had been florid and youthful; the other was yellow as parchment, and the stubble on the cropped head and on the fleshless jaw was of a leaden grey.

"That—that ain't Harry Cattermole?" the old man whimpered.

"No, that ain't; but 'twas once, and means to be again! Lead the way in beside the fire. I wish you'd sometimes use that front parlour of yours! I've had it to myself this half-hour, and that's cold."

Old Fitch led the way without a word, walked innocently up to the fire, and suddenly sprang for his gun. He never reached it. The barrel of a revolver, screwed round in his ear, drove him reeling across the floor.

"Silly old fool!" hissed Cattermole. "Did you think I'd come to you unarmed? Sit down on that chair before I blow your brains out."

Fitch obeyed.

"I—I can't make out," he stuttered, "why you fare to come to me at all!"

"O' course you can't," said Cattermole, ironically.

"OLD FITCH SUDDENLY SPRANG FOR HIS GUN."

"If I'd been you, I'd ha' run anywhere but where I was known so well."

"You would, would you? Then you knew I'd got out, eh, old man?"

"Just been a-reading about it in this here paper."

"I see—I see. I caught a bit o' what you was a-saying to yourself, just as I was thinking it was a safe thing to come out o' that cold parlour o' yours. So that was me you was locking out, was it? Yet you pretend you don't know why I come! You know well enough. You know—you know!"

The convict had seated himself on the kitchen table, and was glaring down on the trembling old man in the chair. He wore a long overcoat, and under it some pitiful rags. The cropped head and the legs swinging in the striped stockings were the only incriminating features, and old Fitch was glancing from the one to the other, wondering why neither had saved him from this horrible interview. Cattermole read his thoughts, and his eyes gleamed.

"So you think I've come all the way in these here, do you?" he cried, tapping one shin. "I tell you I've walked and walked till my bare legs were frozen, and then sat behind a hedge and slipped these on and rubbed them to life again! Where do you think I got these rotten old duds? Off of a scare-crow in a field, I did! I wasn't going to break into no houses and leave my tracks all along the line. But yesterday I got a long lift in a goods train, or I shouldn't be here now; and last night I did crack a crib for this here overcoat and a bit o' supper, and another for the shooter. That didn't so much matter then. I was within twenty mile of you! Of *you*, you old devil—do you hear?"

Fitch nodded with an ashen face.

"And now do you know why I've come?"

Fitch moistened his blue lips. "To—to murder me!" he whispered, like a dying man.

"That rests with you," said the convict, fondling his weapon.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Confess!"

"Confess what?" whispered Fitch.

"That you swore me away at the trial."

The old man had been holding his breath; he now expelled it with a deep sigh, and taking out a huge red handkerchief, wiped the moisture from his face. Meanwhile, the convict had descried writing-materials on a chiffonnier, and placed them on the table beside the brandy-bottle and the tobacco-jar.

"Turn your chair round for writing."

Fitch did so.

"Now take up your pen and write what I tell you. Don't cock your head and look at me! I hear the psalm-singing as well as you do; they've only just got started, and nobody'll come near us for another hour. Pity you didn't go too, isn't it? Now write what I tell you, word for word, or, so help me, you're a stiff 'un!"

Fitch dipped his pen in the ink. After all, what he was about to write would be written under dire intimidation, and nobody would attach any importance to statements so obtained. He squared his elbows to the task.

"'I, Samuel Fitch,'" began Cattermole, "'do hereby swear and declare before God Almighty'—before God Almighty, have you got that down?—'that I, Samuel Fitch, did bear false witness against my neighbour, Henry Cattermole, at his trial at Bury Assizes, November 29th, 1887. It is true that I saw both Henry Cattermole and James Savage, his lordship's gamekeeper, in the wood at Wolborough on the night of

September 9th in the same year. It is true that I was there by appointment with Savage, as his wife stated in her evidence. It is *not* true that I heard a shot and heard Savage sing out, "Harry Cattermole!" as I came up and before ever I had a word with him. That statement was a deliberate fabrication on my part. The real truth is——' but hold on! I'm likely going too fast for you—I've had it in my head that long! How much have you got down, eh?"

"'Fabrication on my part,'" repeated old Fitch, in a trembling voice, as he waited for more.

"Good! Now pull yourself together," said Cattermole, suddenly cocking his revolver. "'*The real truth is that I, Samuel Fitch, shot James Savage with my own hand!*'"

Fitch threw down his pen.

"That's a lie," he gasped. "I never did! I won't write it."

The cocked revolver covered him.

"Prefer to die in your chair, eh?"

"Yes."

"I'll give you one minute by your own watch."

Still covering his man, the convict held out his other hand for the watch, and had momentary contact with a cold, damp one as it dropped into his palm. Cattermole placed the watch upon the table where both could see the dial.

"Your minute begins now," said he; and all at once the watch was ticking like an eight-day clock.

Fitch rolled his head from side to side.

"Fifteen seconds," said Cattermole.

The old man's brow was white and spangled like the snow outside.

"Half-time," said Cattermole.

Five, ten, fifteen, twenty seconds passed; then Fitch caught up the pen. "Go on!" he groaned. "I'll write any lie you like; that'll do you no good; no one will believe a word of it." Yet the perspiration was streaming down his face; it splashed upon the paper as he proceeded to write, in trembling characters, at Cattermole's dictation.

"'The real truth is that I, Samuel Fitch, shot James Savage with my own hand. The circumstances that led to my shooting him I will confess and explain hereafter. When he had fallen I heard a shout and someone running up. I got behind a tree, but I saw Harry Cattermole, the poacher, trip clean over the body. His gun went off in the air, and when he tried to get up again, I saw he couldn't because he'd twisted his ankle. He never saw me; I slipped away and gave my false evidence, and Harry Cattermole was caught escaping from the wood on his hands and knees, with blood upon his hands and clothes, and an empty gun. I gave evidence against him to stop him giving evidence against me. But this is the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God!'"

"I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MINUTE."

Cattermole paused, Fitch finished writing; again the eyes of the two men met; and those of the elder gleamed with a cunning curiosity.

"How—how did you know?" he asked, lowering his voice and leaning forward as he spoke.

"Two and two," was the reply. "I put 'em together as soon as ever I saw you in the box."

"That'll never be believed—got like this."

"Will it not? Wait a bit; you've not done yet. 'As a proof of what I say'—do

you hear me?—'as a proof of what I say, the gun which the wad will fit, that saved Henry Cattermole's life, will be found——'"

Cattermole waited until the old man had caught him up.

"Now," said he, "you finish the sentence for yourself!"

"What?" cried Fitch.

"Write where that gun's to be found—you know—I don't—and then sign your name!"

"But I *don't* know——"

"You do."

"I sold it!"

"You wouldn't dare. You've got that somewhere, I see it in your face. Write down where, and then show me the place; and if you've told a lie——"

The revolver was within a foot of the old man's head, which had fallen forward between his hands. The pen lay blotting the wet paper. Cattermole took the brandy-bottle, poured out a stiff dram, and pushed it under the other's nose.

"Drink!" he cried. "Then write the truth, and sign your name. Maybe they won't hang an old man like you; but, by God, I sha'n't think twice about shooting you if you don't write the truth!"

Fitch gulped down the brandy, took up the pen once more, and was near the end of his own death-warrant, when the convict sprang lightly from the table and stood listening in the centre of the room. Fitch saw him, and listened too. In the church they were singing another hymn; the old man saw by his watch, still lying on the table, that it must be the last hymn, and in a few minutes his wife would be back. But that was not all. There was another sound—a nearer sound—the sound of voices outside the door. The handle was turned—the door pushed—but Fitch himself had locked and bolted it. More whispers; then a loud rat-tat.

"Who is it?" cried Fitch, trembling with excitement, as he started to his feet.

"The police! Let us in, or we break in your door!"

There was no answer. Cattermole was watching the door; suddenly he turned, and there was Fitch in the act of dropping his written confession into the fire. The convict seized it before it caught, and with the other hand hurled the old man back into his chair.

"Finish it," he said below his breath, "or you're a dead man! One or other of us is going to swing! Now, then, under the floor of what room did you hide the gun? Let them hammer, the door is strong. What room was it? Ah, your bedroom! Now sign your name."

A deafening crash; the lock had given; only the bolt held firm.

"Sign!" shrieked Cattermole. A cold ring pressed the old man's temple. He signed his name, and fell forward on the table in a dead faint.

Cattermole blotted the confession, folded it up, strode over to the door, and smilingly flung it open to his pursuers.

"HE FLUNG IT OPEN TO HIS PURSUERS."

Side-Shows.

IV.

MANY of the funniest and most successful side-shows are the result of more or less rapid evolution. You must know that the born entertainer is constantly on the look-out for new ideas. Let us take the case of Professor Thompson, whose portrait appears on this page. From very small beginnings he at length rose very high in his profession; this is perfectly obvious, even in the photo. The "Professor" really professes nothing more than an ability to make his audience laugh.

The manner of his evolution was as follows: He had been a humble singer at a humble hall in New York. Then he fell ill and out of an engagement. Something had to be done. The poor fellow thought of walking across the States on all-fours for a wager mainly laid with himself; only he had no one to organize a journalistic "send-off" or boom — that absolute *sine quâ non* of the notoriety hunter. Thompson's *deus ex machinâ*, however, turned out to be a boy — a small, ordinary boy on small, ordinary stilts. Now, he (Thompson, that is) went home and slept on those stilts—metaphorically, of course. Presently he got stilts on the brain. He would walk a thousand miles on stilts, he said to himself, magnificently; and forthwith he began to practise on stilts of varying lengths. Literally he had to stand before he could walk, and walk before he could run. And as the stilts lengthened so did the Professor's prospective journey. "I'll walk round the world," he said, and the notion found favour in his sight.

But the proprietor of a dime museum at Little Rock, Ark., whom Thompson consulted, thought otherwise. "Why not learn to dance upon the stilts?" he suggested. And Thompson did learn. True, his *pas de seul* was not particularly agile, but it was funny. Then came the question of costume, and over this the two laid their ingenious, notion-crammed heads together. "America towers over all nations," said the dime museum gentleman. The seed fell upon good ground. "Because," added Thompson, "we have progressed in giant strides"; and the dime museum gentleman realized in a moment that his pupil had thrown off the shackles of tutelage.

THE STILT-WALKER.
From a Photo. by J. B. Wilson, Chicago.

Evolution had done its work. The very first night that Professor Thompson burst upon a delighted audience he knew that success was his. "Uncle Sam" was his rôle, and he played it for all it was worth; which was a hundred dollars a week. The flag of the Union was about his venerable hat, and the sacred stripes ran down his phenomenal legs like the rails of a permanent way on a stretch of "straight." The Professor's "business," unlike his exaggerated stature, was not over the heads of his audience. His songs were unadulterated jingo; his dance was extensive—or rather expansive — and peculiar. In himself, he was the very personification of

"Uncle Sam," because, not merely did he require the whole stage for his brilliant gyrations, but he finally dominated the entire American Continent — acclaimed unique, fearing no rival.

The second photo. reproduced in this article serves *inter alia* to point my remarks as to the trouble artistes take in the matter of their photographs. What a business this "sitting" must have been, to be sure! There was the apparatus to be fixed up, M. Arhno himself to be dressed in his tights, and lastly this amazing pose to be taken up and maintained. And, of course, this most wonderful of hand-balancers and gymnasts had to remain perfectly still for many seconds—perhaps a full minute—to insure the success of the photo.

ARHNO, CHAMPION HAND-BALANCER.
From a Photo. by J. B. Wilson, Chicago.

M. Arhno is one of those Continental specialty artists whose performances are remarkable, firstly for the quantity of gorgeous and costly apparatus requisite, and secondly for the extraordinary finish and perfection of the feats accomplished. Necessarily the strength of such men's arms must be prodigious; and here I am reminded of another instance of the resource and inventiveness of the born entertainer.

A certain artiste of M. Arhno's class was suddenly stricken down with rheumatism and paralysis in both legs. He never recovered the use of his lower limbs, and yet, strange as it may seem, he not only continued his public career, but actually made a greater reputation than ever. Aware of the enormous muscular development of his arms, he conceived the idea of posing as an "upside-down man," performing a number of feats entirely on his hands. He ascended and descended ladders, walked, ran, and even danced on his hands, his legs swaying idly and helplessly over his head the while. Of course, his repertoire was limited, and this was a serious drawback, for a first-class entertainer, in any line whatsoever, must never allow his public to be familiar to boredom with his feats, but must constantly be devising new effects.

The evolution of the public performer is always more or less interesting. A hobby taken up in spare time, the discovery of some peculiar trait or gift — these, in many cases, lead to the stage. True, it may only be the stage of a humble dime museum, but it may ultimately lead to that of the magnificent premier variety theatre of a great European capital, with princely salary, and never an idle week.

Many men find that they possess great bodily strength, so that the acquisition of a few tricky "knacks" is all that is necessary to equip such as "strong men"—more or less. Others, again, discover in themselves great strength of jaw; this is not uncommon. The side-show performer seen in the next photo. possessed abnormal strength in his teeth, jaws, and neck. He is seen lifting by his teeth a large cask filled with water. There is really no humbug about it. Anyone may go upon the stage either before or after the accomplishment of the feat and try the thing for himself.

There is an interesting incident to relate about this particular feat. At one time the

LIFTING A BARREL OF WATER BY THE TEETH.
From a Photo. by J. B. Wilson, Chicago.

performer, after lifting the cask a foot or 18in. from the stage, used to let the whole concern fall back upon the boards with a respect-compelling thud. I will not bore you with details of the disaster. One night the cask burst. And it happened to be full of beer—a great barrel of porter, in fact, kindly lent by a licensed victualler over the way, in return for an artful advertisement in the strong man's "gag."

Really funny performing animals are a gold mine. Only too often it happens that the efforts of performing animals, from elephants to fleas (is the flea an animal?), are more pathetic than funny. But an animal that *looks* funny in the first place, and can also go through an ingeniously arranged show *tout seul*—such a one is to be treated as the apple of the lucky proprietor's omniscient eye.

I must here introduce Daisy, perhaps the cleverest trick monkey that ever delighted an audience (American or European). She was photographed specially, in Mr. J. B. Wilson's luxurious studio, at 389, State Street, Chicago. Daisy is no mere, vulgar, tumbling monkey, at the beck and call of an alien organ-man. She is a finished artiste. More than once, unfortunately, she has very nearly been finished altogether, owing to a momentary loss of footing. After each of these deplorable mishaps, no power on earth could induce Daisy to venture upon the treacherous pole until a respectable period had elapsed, and the proprietor himself had demonstrated the safety of the thing. This last was really a comic, unrehearsed effect, for Daisy's master was a plethoric German, weighing twenty stone.

Like others of her sex in the human genre, Daisy is wayward and capricious. Sometimes she bungles her business, and, worse still, there have even been horrifying times when she refused to perform at all. These distressing peculiarities make Daisy's contract with the side-shows an interesting document. Everything is subordinated to the state of the quaint little thing's temper.

The briar pipe is not a mere adventitious effect. Daisy would never perform without her pipe, together with a good supply of mild Virginia, stored in

DAISY, THE TRICK MONKEY.
From a Photo. by J. B. Wilson, Chicago.

From a Photo. by] THE DOG-CONTORTIONIST. *[Owen Brooks, Leeds.*

her breast-pocket. Most amusing it is to see her fill and light her pipe anew, as she sits gingerly on the seat at the end of the horizontal bar, after having made several precarious crossings. Frequently Daisy carries a gaudy Japanese parasol, which she uses coquettishly and like a practised equilibrist. The animal's phrensile feet, however, render her thoroughly independent of all such accessories.

Another remarkable animal performer—a contortionist this time—is next seen. This is an amazingly clever pug, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. B. Melville, who are well known in the entertainment world. This little dog takes the part of a "coon" baby in a picturesque little stage spectacle. Dressed in baby's costume, she walks about the stage on her hind legs, looking very quaint, as you may imagine. After this sketch she goes through a performance entirely on her own account, merely looking to Mrs. Melville for the cue. This is one of the cleverest dog contortionists in the world. In the accompanying photo. we see that the animal has thrown herself into the favourite posture of human contortionists—a kind of reversed S. Mr. Melville will tell you that this little pug has a natural aptitude for performing, which renders a great amount of training quite superfluous.

The next photograph to be reproduced in this article shows Madame Mozart, the great hypnotiste, and Jennie Quigley, the midget. Now, here is another instance of two living side-shows meeting fortuitously and afterwards combining in a sketch or joint entertainment. Both these ladies (little Miss Quigley is about twenty-three) originally "showed" separately, but meeting at a dime museum in Denver, and chancing to get very friendly, they devised their present hypnotic performance—if I may so call it.

I don't pretend to know how it's done. The midget is thrown into a trance. She then rises slowly into the air and rests with one arm upon an upright pole. The sounding of the trumpet, and the mysterious waving of the handkerchief (as who should say "The hour has come"), are recondite and impressive details devised by

From a Photo. by] MIDGET AND HYPNOTIST. *[J. B. Wilson, Chicago.*

madame, who, handsome and stately, stands at the side directing the entranced midget.

One of Mr. David Devant's very clever illusions forms the last illustration. It is entitled the "Spirit Wife"; and the secret is here revealed for the first time. Modern magicians are ever chary of giving away their secrets, but the popular Egyptian Hall entertainer has so many strings to his pro-

"The principle," says Mr. Devant, "is simply reflection. The stage is entirely covered with a huge sheet of very clear plate-glass, and as the audience see everything through this, they don't suspect its presence. Miss Marion Melville, who enacts the part of the spirit, is placed on a black velvet couch beneath the stage and a little in front of it—in fact, where the orchestra

MR. DEVANT'S "SPIRIT-WIFE" ILLUSION.
From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis.

fessional bow, that he won't miss this one; possibly, indeed, the show may be the more popular hereafter. Viewed from the auditorium, the thing is very effective. Mr. Devant simulates grief, and suddenly feels the power to bring before him the spirit of his absent wife. And so the vision floats before him, graceful, transparent, mysterious. And this is how it's done :—

usually sit. The couch can be readily moved into any position by mechanical means. A powerful electric light is cast upon the reclining figure of the lady, and the lights behind the plate-glass are slightly lowered."

A ghostly reflection is at once visible, and, of course, Mr. Devant is seen through it.

(To be continued.)

The TORTURE of the MIRROR

"SEEING," said the Inquisitor at the head of the table, "that thou art still obdurate and refusest to return to the arms which the Holy Church in her mercy holds out to thee, we deem it meet that thou shouldest dwell with thyself for a space. So mayest thou abhor thyself in dust and ashes, and at length find the repentance which worketh salvation."

I did not understand his words; but, indeed, I had understood little of the whole proceedings. I only gathered that the throes of the rack had wrested my name from some sufferer's lips in the hope of obtaining a mitigation of his torture. I had been seized one day in the streets of Madrid, and borne straight to the dungeons of the Inquisition. There I had lain for weeks, till even the summons to trial had been hailed as a welcome relief from unbearable suspense.

I was now conducted to a cell similar to that from which I had been taken. It was about twelve feet square, and was lighted by a small window up in one corner. There was also a bed, though it was but seldom within these walls that sleep meant rest.

I knew better than to make inquiries of the masked gaoler who led me to my new dungeon. I had tried it at first, but without avail. The warders of the Inquisition did not speak. They did not even shake their heads.

So the door was shut on me, and I was left alone, to suffer I knew not what. "Dwell with thyself for a space." What, after all, did the words mean but the solitary confinement which had been my lot for weeks past? It was the afternoon when I was examined, and as evening wore on without a sign, my apprehensions began to die down; I fell asleep, almost reassured.

I awoke in the dark of early morning with a sudden thrill of horror. As I strained my eyes in the gloom I saw that some change had taken place during the night. Right opposite my bed was a glimmer which had not been there before. The other walls were mystic with strange shadows.

As I lay wondering there was a click overhead, and darkness became complete. I looked up and saw that the window had been obscured. I waited for hours, but the dawn did not penetrate my room. Suddenly came a flash overhead. A hand had appeared at

an opening in the middle of the roof, and had then drawn back again, leaving a lighted lamp hanging ; and I was at last able to see.

To see what ? My first sensation was an ecstasy of terror. I turned dizzy, for I seemed to be standing unsupported amid a wild, kaleidoscopic jumble of things. Weird faces peered at me from every corner. Fantastic lights danced wherever my eyes rested. My cell seemed widened to a hideous immensity, in which there was no foothold or stability.

"MY FIRST SENSATION WAS AN ECSTASY OF TERROR."

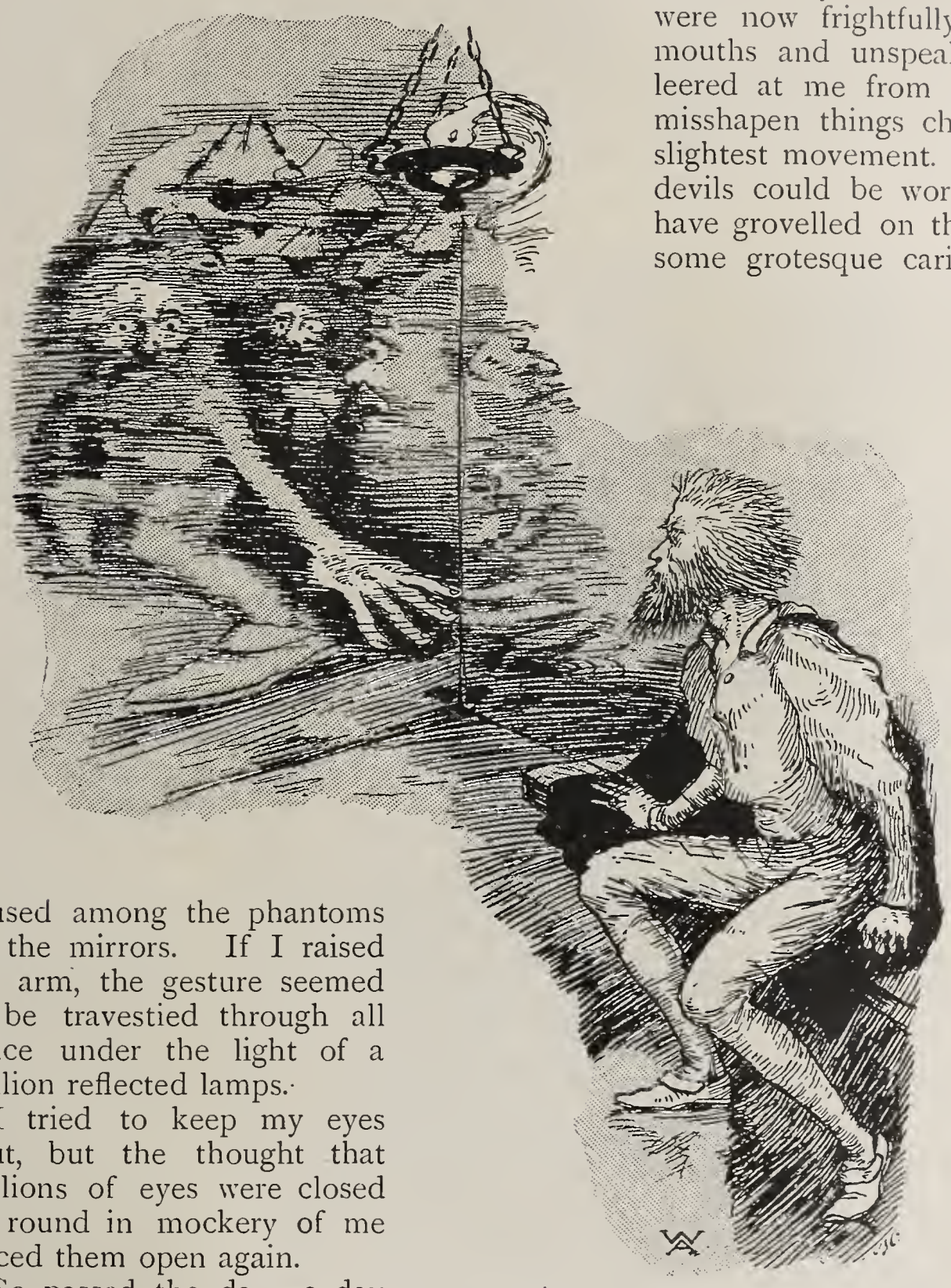
It was some time before I could grasp what had happened. During the night the walls, roof, and floor of my cell had been changed for mirrors of the same size. Even the places where the door and the window had been were now glass.

The face which stared at me from fifty directions at once was *mine*. So long a time had elapsed since I had seen it that it had almost passed out of my recollection. The face with which I was to dwell was wild and terrible to look at. It had a beard ; and the eyes had changed so much that I wondered how much more they might change during the time they were to watch me.

It was not for some hours that I had the courage really to look, for the frightfulness of the sight is not to be conceived. Whether I looked to right or left, or up or down,

there I saw myself in a hundred fantastic attitudes. There were front views, back views, side views. Here I was standing on my head: there I was seen in perspective from above. Halves and fragments of me, cut off by corners of the mirrors, were to be seen wherever my eye rested.

I was afraid to stir, so terrible was the commotion which my slightest movement caused among the phantoms in the mirrors. If I raised my arm, the gesture seemed to be travestied through all space under the light of a million reflected lamps.



"THE REFLECTIONS WERE NOW FRIGHTFULLY DISTORTED."

I tried to keep my eyes shut, but the thought that millions of eyes were closed all round in mockery of me forced them open again.

So passed the day—a day of anguish so terrible that I knew a few such would turn me into a raving madman. Food was let down to me from the hole in the roof in which the lamp was inserted, but I could not touch it.

Perhaps my tormentors saw that the end would come sooner than their plans intended, for next morning I awoke in my old cell. Never was the sight of prison walls so welcome. I spent an almost happy day, hoping for nothing more than that my torture was at an end.

But that was not the way of the Inquisition. Next morning the mirrors were again there, with this difference: that whereas they had formerly been plane, they were now slightly concave. Everyone who has looked into a concave mirror knows what that means. The reflections of myself, which had previously been merely innumerable and bewildering, were now frightfully distorted. Monstrous mouths and unspeakable eyes grinned and leered at me from the walls, and dreadful misshapen things changed horribly with my slightest movement. I felt that no abode of devils could be worse than this. I should have grovelled on the floor, but I knew that some grotesque caricature of myself would be there to meet me.

Next day — which was again a day of respite, though I no longer entertained delusive hopes — I set myself steadfastly to consider my fate. It was clearly the intention of my persecutors to drive me to madness, and I knew them well enough to believe that they had not yet reached the limit of their fiendish ingenuity. Had I had any weapon, I might have smashed their mirrors, but my bed was a mere shelf attached to the wall, and I had nothing else likely to be of service.

Escape was, of course, impossible. The Inquisition locks were good, and the Inquisition gaolers were faithful. But as I kept brooding on the subject my eye caught the spot in the centre of the roof where my lamp was passed in on the dreaded mornings. I had never seen more than a hand, which seemed to lift a pane of the glass backwards before reaching in to attach the lamp to a hook in it. As, however, the cell was a good 10ft. high, I did not see much hope in that incident.

But desperate men take desperate courses. I watched eagerly for the hand next morning. When it appeared I sprang for it, and just caught it. There was a scream of pain, and I fell back, hanging tightly on to the captive arm, and a body crashed through from above into my cell. I just managed to keep clear of it, and it fell on its head in the middle of the floor. The lamp was, of course, smashed to pieces. The man I at once saw was one of the warders, and he was quite stunned.

My plan had been made beforehand; and without a moment's delay I pulled off his cloak and mask and put them on myself. Then, putting my captive in a sitting posture, and using his shoulder as a stepping-stone, I made a leap for the opening above, where I saw an open trap-door led to a room over-head. My victim had simply crashed head-first through the upper section of the mirror.

By good luck I reached the edge of the aperture, and speedily scrambled out of my dungeon. There was no one about—the warder's scream as I pulled him through seemed to have passed unnoticed in a place where screams were not uncommon—and I carefully shut down the trap-door.

The rest of my escape was easier than might have been imagined—thanks partly to the serviceable mask and partly to the Inquisitorial watchword of silence. Though I met one or two of the servitors I was not detected.

I found my way into the garden, where, in a remote corner, a friendly tree assisted me to scale the wall. It seemed wiser not to risk discovery at the gate.

Then I had time to wonder what would be the feelings of my prisoner when he awoke among those infernal mirrors. His wrist was certainly dislocated, even if his neck were not. I felt rather sorry that he was not a Grand Inquisitor.

Witch-Scarers.

[*From Photographs by the Rev. John W. Sanborn, Smethport, Pa.*]

BEHIND the remarkable mask shown on this page rests the calm face of a dignified New York Indian. His militant attitude and terrorizing front would make one think that he was going to visit his mother-in-law ; but, as a matter of fact, he is simply taking the first step in a fearless attack upon a horde of witches, who are supposed to be congregated around the peaceful "corn-pounder" at the right of the second picture.

"Corn-pounders," be it known, are the hollowed blocks in which these Indians crush their corn, or maize. And witches are malignant spirits, supposed, by the Indians, to have come into their midst for the express purpose of causing commotion in quiet households, and stirring things up generally. According to the prevalent belief, even amongst the Indians who are educated, the witches come not single spies, but in battalions. They take possession of houses, stables, and wood-piles. They get into food and clothing. They keep the wood from burning and bother the cows. They play havoc with meat and potatoes and all other delicacies in the family meal. In short, the witches are a nuisance, and make home life unbearable.

THE WITCH-SCARER CHALLENGING THE WITCHES WITH RATTLE AND PESTLE.

Now, no peace-loving Indian will stand such goings-on. Accordingly, a clever and ever-successful plan has been adopted by these pestered mortals for scaring away the witches. The operation takes place in the early winter, after a fall of snow. The fearless man who undertakes it quickly adorns himself in manner wonderful to behold. He snatches up the first thing he sees, fastens a woman's skirt around his waist, gathers the folds about his knees, as shown in the first cut, and then slips on a highly-coloured waist. He then puts on his mask —an interesting bit of make-up, to be explained in detail further on—catches up a rattle made of the neck and shell of a huge snapping turtle, and seizing the pestle with which the corn is pounded, sallies forth and challenges the witches.

The advance toward the pounder is now made with the greatest caution, and yet, odd to say, with the greatest amount of noise. The man throws his pestle at the pounder, aiming just beyond it, in order that, when the pestle falls, one end of it shall stand on the snow and the other on the edge of the block. He now takes up another pestle and a sifting-basket, and, as he nears the pounder, shakes his rattle with the utmost vigour of which he is capable. The possibilities of

THE ATTACK ON THE WITCHES.

a mere turtle-shell for raising pandemonium are many, and no one better knows how to make use of them than an Onondaga Indian. Our second picture shows him with the rattle in his hand, nearing the witches with cautious and gigantic stride.

It is a brave witch who can stand such an onslaught as this, and as witches are proverbially cowardly when directly attacked, the onslaught is invariably successful. The expulsion of the hated spirits is signalized by a series of war-whoops and yells, to which the noise of the rattle is as the soughing of fairy zephyrs through the trees. When all the witches are frightened into the air, and the victory is complete, the conqueror takes up his position beside the corn-pounder, as shown in our third picture, and, for a moment, rests from his vociferous exertions.

In a few seconds the man retires, and a buxom Indian woman, with resolution in her face, comes out, and takes her place at the pounder. Her dress is after the Indian pattern, with silver brooches ornamenting the front. She also wears beaded leggings of broadcloth. She first puts the pestles and sifting-baskets in their proper positions, and then proceeds to pound the corn. The witches are gone, and she does not fear their further molestation.

The New York Indians, one of whose customs is thus described, are the remnants of the Iroquois, who, in the early days of American history, were the most powerful confederation of Indians on the continent. The Iroquois were originally composed of five tribes, known as Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas,

VICTORY OVER THE WITCHES.

AFTER THE CONQUEST—INDIAN WOMAN AT THE CORN-POUNDER.

Senecas, and Cayugas. Later, the Tuscaroras were admitted into the league, which was then called the "Six Nations." Their home was then, as now, the central and western parts of New York State. In the war of the American Revolution they fought on the side of the English, and in the long series of battles their power was almost destroyed. They originally numbered about 12,000, but are now scattered throughout the Government reservations, about 5,000 only now remaining in New York.

BURLESQUE MASK USED BY THE NEW YORK INDIANS TO REPRESENT AN INQUISITIVE MAN.

Unlike the Sioux and Apaches of the west and south-west, the New York Indians are peaceful and civilized, following the pursuits of the whites and dressing in modern costume. They still retain, however, many of their old-time customs, and when observing them, dress in the traditional fashion befitting each ceremony. Many of the members of the tribes peddle herbs and roots for a living; and a few of the chiefs are men of wide learning. John Jones, a Seneca Indian, travels about in American dress, selling sassafras root for a livelihood. Chief Daniel La Fort, an Onondaga, and descendant of Hiawatha, is the President of the Iroquois Confederacy. He is a prosperous farmer, and speaks the six different languages of the "Six Nations."

Among other virtues which might well be emulated by superior mortals, these Indians possess one quality which makes them much beloved and respected. They never pry into anyone else's business. They much resent and detest inquisitiveness. Accordingly, with a humour all their own, they have manufactured a burlesque mask of a "nosey" man, which is here reproduced. It tells its own story. It is made of cloth and turkey feathers. The nose is stuffed with pieces of cloth, and is solid enough to push into many things that it touches. The mouth, it may be noticed, has an inquisitive twist, and the eyes are contracted in the fashion peculiar to Paul Pry. It may also be noted that the man in the cotton mask wears a deer-skin coat of a salmon colour, tanned in

FRONT VIEW OF TWO WOODEN MASKS USED BY THE WITCH-SCARERS—CARVED WITH KNIVES.

smoke. The pride of an Indian heart, next to a good dog, is a coat of genuine buckskin.

When an Indian is ill, the "medicine man" is called in to effect a cure. The witch-scarers, in fact, are the medicine men of the tribes, and their theory of disease is that any portion of the body which is affected has been clutched by an evil spirit. The first step towards a cure is made by attacking the evil spirit with war-whoops and rattles, and when the spirit is frightened away the patient is on the fair road to recovery. There is a beautiful simplicity about this theory, and among the tribes a delightful absence of doctors' bills. The masks, rattles, and war-whoops are the permanent property of the tribes, and the masks especially are treasured with reverential care. They are, moreover, rarely shown to the whites, and it was only through the kindness of the Rev. John

BACK VIEW OF MASKS—SHOWING STRINGS BY WHICH THEY ARE TIED ON.

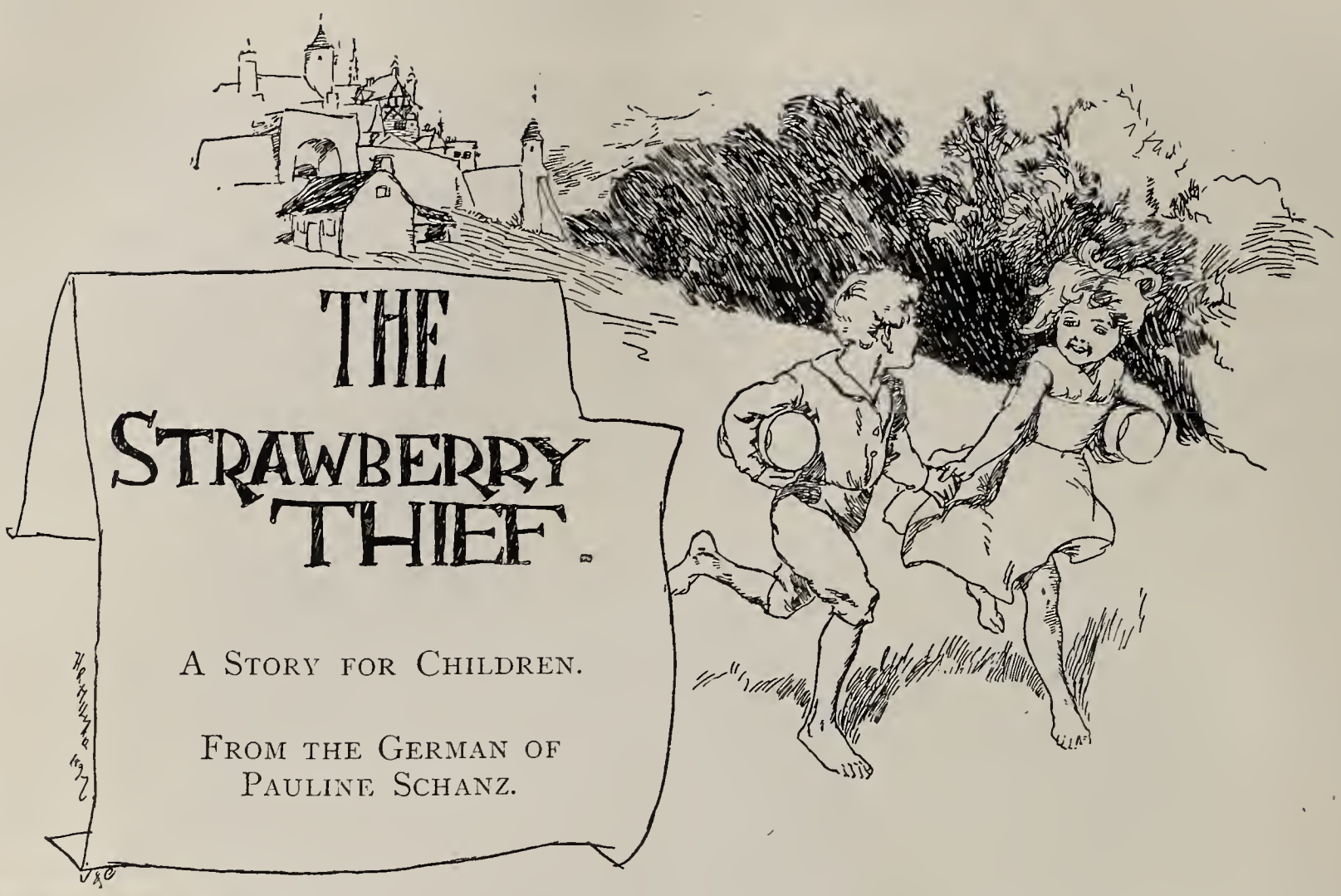
Wentworth Sanborn, of Smethport, Pennsylvania, that we were enabled to obtain photographs of these curious masks. Mr. Sanborn, by virtue of his great experience among the New York Indians, and his personal acquaintance with the greater part of the 5,000 members of the various tribes, was appointed official director-in-chief of the New York Indian exhibit at the Columbian Exposition of 1893, and was adopted into the Seneca tribe and inaugurated as its chief by the Indians themselves.

The reverse side of these two masks is also shown, the strap and strings by which they are held in place on the head being plainly illustrated.

The large mask shown on this page—a rare piece of workmanship—has seldom been exhibited to white men, and has never before been reproduced in a magazine. Mr. Sanborn, the only person who has been allowed to photograph it, says that it is the joint property of ten medicine men, and was made of wood by the Seneca Indians. The hair on either side of the face is the full tail of a horse. On the brow we may note two small bags. These are filled with Indian tobacco, which is sprinkled on the fire whenever the mask is used. In the right hand is the turtle-shell rattle already described, and in the left hand is the Indian "tom-tom" or drum. Both drum and rattle, as has been said, are supposed to aid the mask in frightening the bad spirits away and leaving the patient to get well. The shiny rings around the eyes are made of tin.

RARE WOODEN MASK, WORN BY WITCH-SCARERS—THE JOINT PROPERTY OF TEN MEDICINE MEN.

The masks on the preceding page are reproduced from photographs made especially for us by Mr. Sanborn. Both are the work of Senecas, cut from solid blocks of so-called "cucumber" wood. The mask at the left shows skilful carving, and that at the right bears upon its chin the marks of the knife used in whittling it into shape. On one of the masks a fragment of buffalo-skin has been tacked to serve as a moustache. The eyes, as usual, are made of tin, and the hair is the mane of a horse.



THE STRAWBERRY THIEF.

A Story for Children.

From the German of
Pauline Schanz.

THE mid-day sun was shining brightly as two children ran merrily down the steep grassy slope leading from the little village to the neighbouring forest. Their loose, scanty clothing left head, neck, and feet bare. But this did not trouble them, for the sun's rays kissed their little round limbs, and the children liked to feel their warm kisses.

They were brother and sister; each carried a small jar to fill with strawberries, which their mother would sell in the town on the morrow. They were very poor, almost the poorest people in the village. Their mother, a widow, had to work hard to procure bread for herself and children.

When strawberries or nuts were in season, or even the early violets, the children went into the forest to seek them, and by the fruit or flowers they gathered helped to earn many a groschen. The happy children ran joyously along as though they were the rulers of the beautiful world that stretched so seductively before them. The forest berries were still scarce, and would fetch a high price in the town; this is why they started so early in the afternoon, whilst other people still rested in their cool rooms.

Deep in the forest was many a spot, well known to the children, where large masses of strawberry plants flourished and bloomed, covering the ground with a luxurious carpet. White star-like blossoms in profusion looked roguishly out from the ample foliage; the little green and bright-red berries were there in crowds, but the ripe, dark-red fruit was difficult to find.

Very slowly the work proceeded, and as the gathered treasures in their small jars grew higher and higher, the sun sank lower and lower. Busy with their task, the children forgot laughter and chattering; they tasted none of the lovely berries, scarcely looked at the violets and anemones; the sun's rays peeping through the branches, the cock-chafers and butterflies were alike unheeded.

"Lorchen," cried Fried, at length, throwing back his sunburnt, heated face; "look, Lorchen, my jar is full!"

Lorchen looked up, her face flushed with toil; her poor little jar was scarcely half-full. Oh, how she envied her brother his full jar. Fried was a good boy—he loved his little sister dearly. He made her sit down on the soft grass, placed his jar beside her, and did not cease his work until Lorchen's jar was likewise filled. Their day's work was now ended. But it was so beautiful in the forest. The birds sang so joyfully among the leaves, everything exhaled the fragrance of the dewy evening that crept slowly between the trembling branches.

At a little distance a small stretch of meadow shimmered through the trees. The bright sunshine still rested on the fresh, green grass, and thousands of daffodils, bluebells, pinks, and forget-me-nots unfolded there their varied beauties. It was a delightful play-place for the children. They hastened thither, placed their jars carefully behind a large tree-trunk, and soon forgot

their hard afternoon's work in a merry game. Greyer grew the shadows, closer the dusk of evening veiled the lonely forest. Then the brother and sister thought of returning—the rest had strengthened their weary limbs, and their game in the flowery meadow had made them cheerful and merry.

Now the dew that wetted their bare feet, and hunger that began to make itself felt, urged them to return home. They ran to the tree behind which they had placed their jars, but, oh, horror! the jars had vanished. At first the children thought they had mistaken the place; they searched farther, behind every trunk, behind every bush, but no trace of the jars could they find.

They had vanished, together with the precious fruit. What would their mother say when they returned home, their task unfulfilled? With the price of the berries she intended to buy meal to make bread. They had been almost without bread for several days, and now they had not even the jars in which to gather other berries.

Lorchen began to sob loudly; Fried's face grew crimson with rage, and his eyes sparkled, he did not weep. The darkness increased, the tree-trunks looked black and spectral, the wind rustled in the branches. Who could have stolen their berries? No one had come near the meadow. Squirrels and lizards could not carry away jars. The poor children stood helpless beside the old tree-trunk. They could not return to their mother empty-handed; they feared she would reproach them for losing sight of their jars.

The little maiden shivered in her thin frock, and wept with fear, hunger, and fatigue. Fried took his little sister's hand, and said: "Listen, Lorchen: you must run home, it is night now in the forest. Tell mother our jars have disappeared, eat your supper, and go to bed and to sleep. I will remain here and search behind every tree and everywhere, until I find the jars. I am neither hungry nor tired, and am not afraid to pass the night alone in the forest, in spite of all the stories our grandmother used to tell of wicked spirits in the forests, hobgoblins who teaze children, will-o'-the-wisps, and mountain-demons who store their treasures beneath the earth."

Lorchen shuddered and looked fearfully around—she was a timid, weakly child. Wrapping her little arms in her apron, she wept bitterly.

"Come home with me, Fried," she pleaded. "I am afraid to go through the gloomy forest alone!"

Fried took her hand and went with her until they saw the lights of the village. Then he stopped and said: "Now run along alone; see, there is the light burning in our mother's window. I shall turn back, I cannot go home empty-handed."

He turned quickly into the forest. Lorchen waited a moment, and cried, "Fried, Fried!"

"LORCHEN BEGAN TO SOB."

Then, receiving no answer, she fled swiftly up the grassy slope she had descended so merrily a few hours previously.

Their mother, who had grown uneasy at their prolonged absence, was standing at the door when Lorchen returned, weeping and breathless. Poor child, she had scarcely strength enough left to tell that they had lost strawberries and jars, and that Fried had remained behind.

The mother grew sad as she listened—she had scarcely any bread left, and knew not

whence to procure more; but Fried remaining in the forest was worse than all, for she, like all the villagers, firmly believed in hobgoblins. Sadly she lay down to rest beside her little daughter.

Fried ran ever farther and farther into the forest, through whose thick foliage the stars looked down timidly. He said his evening prayer, and no longer feared the rustling of the leaves, the cracking of the branches, or the whisper of the night wind in the trees.

Soon the moon arose, and it was light enough for Fried to seek his jars. In vain his search—the hours passed and he found nothing. At length he saw a small mountain overgrown with shrubs. Then the moon crept behind a thick cloud, and all was dark. Tired out, Fried sank down behind a tree and almost fell asleep. Suddenly he saw a bright light moving about close to the mountain. He sprang up and hastened towards it.

Coming closer, he heard a peculiar noise, as of groans uttered by a man engaged in heavy toil. He crept softly forward, and beheld, to his astonishment, a little dwarf, who was trying to push some heavy object into a hole, that apparently led into the mountain. The little man wore a silver coat and a red cap with points, to which the wonderful light, a large, sparkling precious stone, was fastened.

Fried soon stood close behind the dwarf, who in his eagerness had not observed the boy's approach, and saw with indignation that the object the little man was striving so hard to push into the hole was his jar of strawberries. In great wrath Fried seized a branch that lay near, and gave the little man a mighty blow. Thereupon the dwarf uttered a cry very like the squeak of a small mouse, and tried to creep into the hole.

But Fried held him fast by his silver coat, and angrily demanded where he had put his other jar of strawberries. The dwarf replied he had no other jar, and strove to free himself from the grasp of the little giant.

Fried again seized his branch, which so terrified the dwarf that he cried: "The other jar is inside, I will fetch it you."

"I should wait a long time," said Fried, "if I once let you escape; no, I will go with you and fetch my own jar."

The dwarf stepped forward, the light in his cap shining brighter than the brightest candle. Fried followed, his jar in one hand and the branch in the other. Thus they journeyed far into the mountain. The dwarf crept along like a lizard, but Fried, whose head almost touched the roof, could scarcely get along.

At length strains of lovely music resounded through the vaulted passages; a little farther on their journey was stopped by a grey stone wall. Taking a silver hammer from his doublet, the little dwarf gave three sounding knocks on the wall; it sprang asunder, and as it opened such a flood of light streamed forth that Fried was obliged to close his eyes. Half-blinded, with hand shading his face, he followed the dwarf, the stone door closed behind them, and Fried was in the secret dwellings of the gnomes.

"I WILL GO WITH YOU."

A murmur of soft voices, mingled with the sweet strains of the music, sounded in his ears. When at length he was able to remove his hand from his eyes, he saw a wondrous sight. A beauteous, lofty hall, hewn out of the rock, lay before him; on the walls

sparkled thousands of precious stones such as his guide had worn in his cap. They served instead of candles, and shed forth a radiance that almost blinded human eyes.

Between them hung wreaths and sprays of flowers such as Fried had never before seen. All around crowds of wonderful little dwarfs stood gazing at him full of curiosity.

In the centre of the hall stood a throne of green transparent stone, with cushions of soft mushrooms. On this sat the gnome-King; around him was thrown a golden mantle, and on his head was a crown cut from a flaming carbuncle. Before the throne the dwarf, Fried's guide, stood relating his adventure.

When the dwarf ceased speaking, the King rose, approached the boy, who still stood by the door, surrounded by the gnomes, and said: "You human child, what has brought you to my secret dwelling?"

"My Lord Dwarf," replied Fried, politely, "I desire my strawberries which yonder dwarf has stolen. I pray you order them to be restored to me, and then suffer me to return to my mother."

The King thought for a few moments, then he said: "Listen, to-day we hold a great feast, for which your strawberries are necessary. I will, therefore, buy them. I will also allow you to remain with us a short time, then my servants shall lead you back to the entrance of the mountain."

"Have you money to buy my strawberries?" asked the boy.

"Foolish child, know you not that the gold, silver, and copper come out of the earth? Come with me and see my treasure-chambers."

So saying, the King led him from the hall through long rooms, in which mountains of gold, silver, and copper were piled; in other rooms lay like masses of precious stones. Presently they came to a grotto, in the centre of which stood a large vase. From out this vase poured three sparkling streams, each of a different colour: they flowed out of the grotto and discharged themselves into the veins of the rocks.

Beside these streams knelt dwarfs, filling buckets with the flowing gold, silver, and copper, which other dwarfs carried away and stored in the King's treasure-chambers. But the greatest quantity flowed into the crevices of the mountain, from whence men dig it out, with much toil.

Fried would have liked to fill his pockets with the precious metals, but did not dare ask the gnome-King's permission. They soon returned to the hall where the feast was prepared. On a long white marble table stood rows of golden dishes filled with various dainties, prepared from Fried's strawberries. In the background sat the musicians, bees and grasshoppers, that the dwarfs had caught in the forest. The dwarfs ate off little gold plates, and Fried ate with them. But the pieces were so tiny, they melted on his tongue before he could taste them.

After the feast came dancing. The gnome-men were old and shrivelled, with faces like roots of trees; all wore silver coats and red caps. The gnome-maidens were tall and stately, and wore on their heads wreaths of flowers that sparkled as though wet with dew. Fried danced with them, but because his clothes were so poor, his partner took a wreath of flowers from the wall and placed it on his head. Very pretty it looked on his bright, brown hair—but he could not see this, for the dwarfs have no looking-glasses. The bees buzzed and hummed like flutes and trombones, the grasshoppers chirped like fiddles.

The dancing ended, Fried approached the King, who was resting on his green throne, and said: "My Lord King, be so good as to pay for my berries, and have me guided out of the mountain, for it is time I returned to my mother."

The King nodded his carbuncle crown, and wrapping his golden mantle around him, departed to fetch the money. How Fried rejoiced at the thought of taking that money home. Being very tired, he mounted the throne, seated himself on the soft mushroom cushion from which the gnome-King had just risen, and, ere that monarch returned, Fried was sleeping sound as a dormouse.

Day was dawning in the forest when he awoke. His limbs were stiff, and his bare feet icy cold. He rubbed his eyes and stretched himself. He still sat beneath the tree from whence, on the previous evening, he had seen the light moving. "Where am I?" he muttered; then he remembered falling asleep on the gnome-King's mushroom cushion. He also remembered the money he had been promised, and felt in his pockets—they were empty. Yes, he remembered it all. This was the morning his mother should have gone to town, and he had neither berries nor money. Tears flowed from his eyes, and he reviled the dwarfs who had carried him sleeping from the mountain, and cheated him out of his money. Rising sorrowfully, he went to the mountain, but though he searched long and carefully, no opening could he find.

There was nothing for it but to return home, and this he did with a heavy heart. No one was stirring when he reached the village. Gently he knocked on the shutter of

"IT IS TIME I RETURNED TO MY MOTHER."

the room where his mother slept. "Wake up, mother," he cried. "It is I, your Fried."

Quickly the door of the little house opened.

"Thank Heaven you have returned," said his mother, embracing him. "But has nothing happened to you all night alone in the forest?"

"Nothing, mother," he replied; "I only had a foolish dream about the gnomes who dwell in the mountain."

And whilst his mother lit the stove, Fried related his dream. She shook her head on hearing it, for she believed her boy had really seen and heard these wonderful things.

Then Lorchen came in, and her mother told her to unfasten the shutters. The child obeyed, but on re-entering the room, she cried aloud, and placed her hands on her brother's head.

Something heavy and sparkling fell to the ground. They picked it up. It was the wreath of many-coloured flowers Fried's partner had given him at the dance. But the flowers were not like those that grow in the fields and meadows: they were cold, and sparkling, like those that adorned the walls of the mountain hall, and which the gnome-maidens wore in their hair.

It was now clear that Fried had really spent the night with the dwarfs. They all thought the flowers were only coloured glass; but as they sparkled so brilliantly, and filled the cottage with indescribable splendour, the mother determined to ask advice about them. She therefore broke a tiny branch from the wreath and took it to the town to a goldsmith, who told her, to her great astonishment, that the branch was composed of the most costly gems, rubies, diamonds, and sapphires. In exchange for it, he gave her a sack of gold so heavy she could scarcely carry it home.

Want was now at an end for ever, for the wreath was a hundred times more valuable than the tiny branch. Great excitement prevailed in the village when the widow's good fortune was made known, and all the villagers ran into the forest to search for the wonderful hole. But their searching was vain — none ever found the entrance to the mountain. From henceforth the widow and her children lived very happily; they remained pious and industrious in spite of their wealth, did good to the poor, and were contented to the end of their lives.

Curiosities.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

OLIVER CROMWELL'S WATCH.

Here is a unique relic ; there is every reason to suppose from its general appearance that it was used by Cromwell from 1625 until his death in 1658. The watch dates from the former year, when it was made by John Midnall, of Fleet Street. It is a plain silver watch in an egg-shaped double case, and a circular glazed aperture, which reveals the silver dial-plate. The watch is attached by three short silver curb chains to a small plate, on which Cromwell's arms are engraved. The family crest was originally a demi-lion holding a ring on its paw, but the Protector characteristically substituted for the ring the handle of a tilting spear. Four short chains are attached to the plate of the watch for seals.

AFRICAN NATIVES WORSHIPPING A PILE OF GIN-BOTTLES.

This almost incredible incident was witnessed and sketched by the famous African explorer, Joseph Thomson. The boast of hundreds of Kru Coast villagers, he told the Royal Geographical Society, was the amount of vile gin they could afford to drink. It was the gauge of their wealth, and their proudest monument was the great pyramid of empty gin-bottles that adorned the village square. This extraordinary mound—"a new African god"—was regularly worshipped just as we see in the picture, particularly after a big orgie. In many villages smaller pyramids were stacked before each hut door. We are indebted for the use of this curiosity to the Rev. Josiah Mee, editor of the *Banner of Hope*.

CURIOUS RELIC OF OLD VIENNA.

It is known as the Stock-im-Eisen, and may be seen to this day at a street-corner in the centre of the beautiful capital of Austria. The Stock im-Eisen is an old tree covered with nails. In the old days this tree stood in the midst of a great wood that encircled the growing city. One day a workman who had to take a quantity of nails to a building some ten miles away, lost his way in the wood, and he marked out this tree for his guidance—only, however, to return to it again and again. Every time the tree was reached the man drove a nail into it ; but some days later he was found dead beneath its branches. The city kept absorbing the forest, and as this nail-studded tree came within bounds it became a sort of shrine at which wayfarers offered homage by driving in a nail. Finally the trunk bristled with nails, and the tree died. Still it is cherished by the Viennese, who have built for it the elaborate shrine shown in the photo. below. The photo. was sent in by Mr. M. P. Percival, of St. Edward's School, Oxford.

THE MOST WONDERFUL CHAIR IN THE WORLD.

This chair was brought from South Africa by a traveller ; and it would appear from his account that a native, having seen such chairs in use among the early settlers at the Cape, and thinking he would like to furnish his own hut with a similar article of furniture, set to work to make one for himself. Now, having no idea that the original was made up of separate parts, the ingenious savage, with admirable perseverance, worthy of a better cause, cut the entire chair *out of a solid block of wood!*

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GRANARY WHICH WAS TO RENDER INDIA FAMINE-PROOF.

The beehive-shaped "Gola" at Bankipore, in Bengal, is an immense masonry structure, built by the British Government in 1786, for use as a granary. Several of these were to be erected throughout the country, so that they might be filled with grain in years of plenty, and drawn upon in years of scarcity. After the first was built, however, the scheme was abandoned as unworkable, and this great structure has remained unused. A tablet bears the following inscription : "No. 1. In part of a general plan ordered by the Governor-General and Council, 20th of January, 1784, for the perpetual prevention of Famine in these Provinces, this Granary was erected by Captain John Garstin, Engineer. Compleated on the 20th July, 1786. First filled and publickly closed by————." The gola was never filled at all, and so the space in the inscription has remained a blank. Photo. sent in by Miss Blechynden, of 52, Alexandra Road, Wimbledon.

TONSURE PLATE OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

The custom of shaving the head, which was so rigidly observed by the monastic orders in the middle ages, is well known to most of us ; but the fact that the hair was obliged to be cut to measure is somewhat of a new idea. Yet such would seem to be the case, for the small plate represented here was in use in

St. Paul's Cathedral during the thirteenth century for regulating the exact size of the shaven circle on the heads of the priests. The original is of copper, slightly convex on one side, and, of course, concave on the other. It is 3in. in diameter. Attached to the tonsure plate is an inscription in Latin to the following effect : "This is the measure of the corona (or crown) of those who have officiated in the Church of St. Paul, London, since its first institution ; and it has been used by many venerable fathers, bishops, and deans, and by the chapter."

KAFFIR "CATHEDRAL" IN COURSE OF ERECTION.

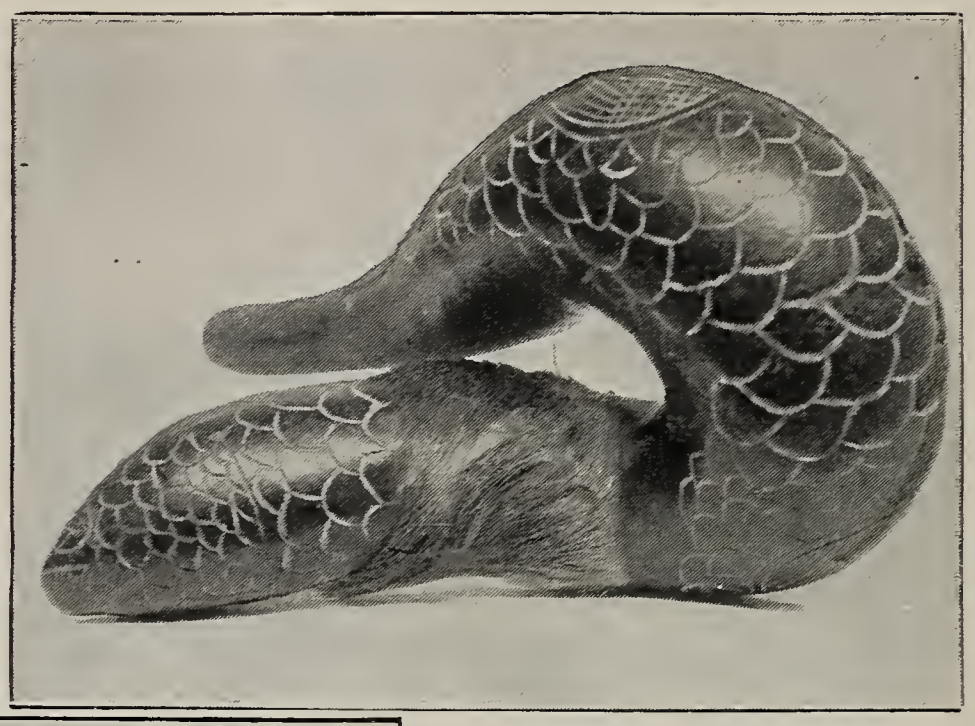
The above photograph was sent to us by Messrs. Goldsborough and Son, of Port Elizabeth, South Africa. It shows a relatively important Kaffir church in course of erection, the material used being entirely the well-known "wattle and daub" of native African architecture. The exact location of the "cathedral" is at Kowie, near Grahamstown. Observe on the left the "deacon," as he is called, ringing a very rustic bell to summon the faithful to service. All the native churches have similar bells, whose altitudes and frameworks vary in a surprising manner.

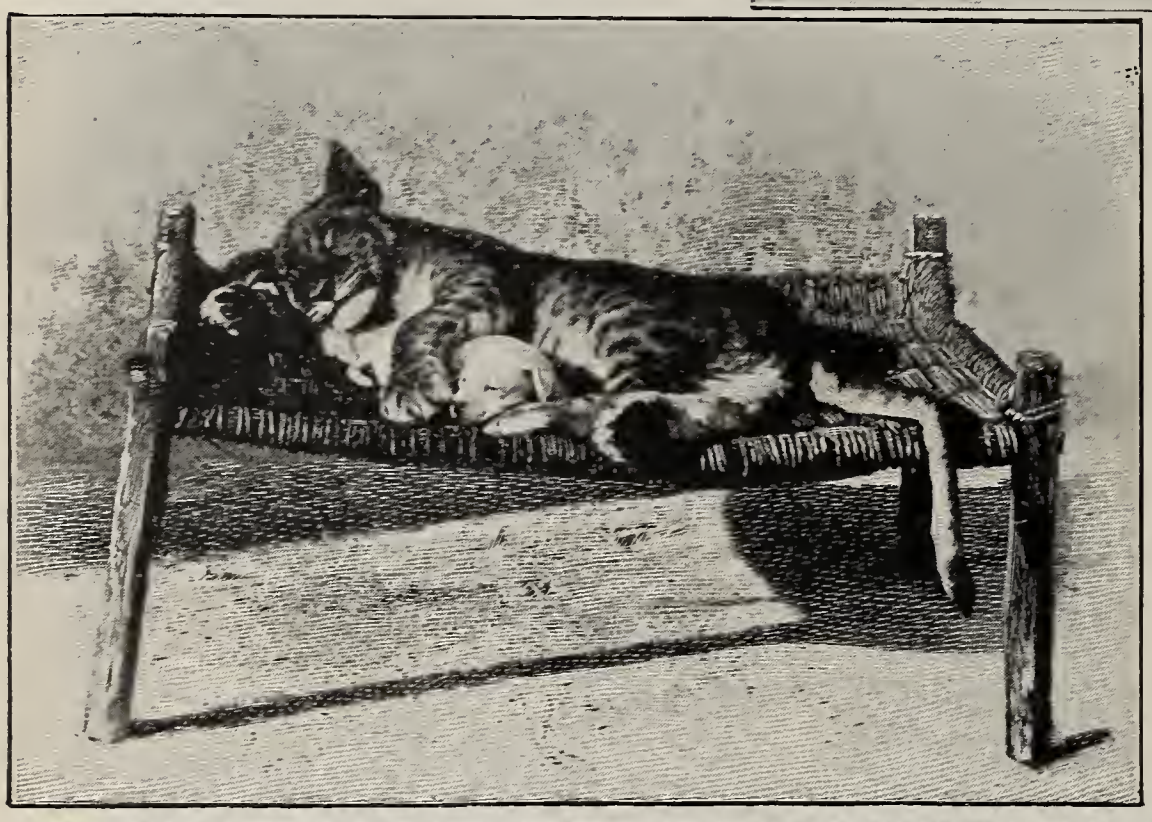
HUMAN FACES DRAWN BY A PROJECTILE ON AN ARMOUR-PLATE.

This curious freak was discovered at the testing-ranges of the Carnegie Company, of Pittsburg, Pa., which company manufactured the plate. This particular armour-plate was intended for use in war-ships of the *Kearsage* and *Kentucky* class. After the first two shots had been fired, it was noticed that the "splash" of the projectiles on the face-hardened steel had formed the likeness of human faces, one leonine in character, and surrounded by a halo. These singular portraits will bear very close examination. We are indebted for the use of the photo. to Mr. R. F. Gamley, of 81, Black Lion Lane, Hammersmith, W.

CURIOUS GROWTH OF A GOURD.

In the Sandwich Islands and other places where it is indigenous, the gourd plays an important part in the daily life of the natives—particularly in the domestic life. Gourds being of many sizes, they are made into various articles, from portmanteaus to plates and dishes. The peculiar growth of the gourd shown here is both unusual and remarkable. In shape it resembles a snake, and the natives have added to the delusion by carving upon the exterior, and by filling with a white sub stance certain marks in imitation of a snake's skin. This gourd was afterwards used as a powder-flask, the head being made to take off; and at the smaller end there is also an opening, which is separated from the larger part, and was probably used for carrying water when hunting.





LIONESS CUB BROUGHT UP WITH DOGS.

The interesting photo. here reproduced was taken by Captain E. H. Stafford, R.F., at Berbera, on the Somali coast. At the time the photo. was taken the lioness was nine months old and the bull-terrier pups six weeks. The captain bought the cub when she was only a month old, and weighed but 10lb. She was kept as a pet until she was thirteen months old, when she weighed 10 stone. This lioness was perfectly tame, constantly playing with the pups and their parents. She was kept loose in the house by day and only chained up at night. Captain Stafford tells us she was "very fond of her master, and followed him about out of doors like a dog."

A SALT-INCRUSTED LAKE.

One of the great curses of the gold-bearing districts of Western Australia is lack of water. The Government constructs rain-water "soaks" or reservoirs, and the owners of sheep-runs sink spouting artesian bores, and yet in some parts decent water fetches 3s. a gallon and upwards. Black Flag Lake shown in the above photo. serves to indicate the dreary desolateness of the region. The lake is incrusted with salt, much as a lake in more favoured climes might be covered with ice. The tracks of a regular highway are seen across the solid salt surface, and a horse and vehicle are seen near the rocks that rise in the middle. It was Mr. J. H. Carlton Levick, of 13 and 14, Abchurch Lane, E.C., who kindly permitted us to reproduce this interesting photo.

JAMAICA, ss.

Know all Men, by these presents, That I Thomas Jackson of the Town and Parish of Port Royal in the County of Surry and Island of Jamaica Merchant

for and in consideration of the sum of One Hundred Pounds - - - - - - - - - - - - - current money of Jamaica, to him in hand paid, at and before the sealing and delivery of these presents by Lionel Beale of the said Parish County and Island Master Shipwright - - - the receipt whereof I do hereby acknowledge, have bargained and sold, and by these presents do bargain, sell, and deliver unto the said Lionel Beale his Heirs and assigns a Certain Negro man Slave named Charles - - - - - -

TITLE-DEED RELATING TO THE SALE OF A SLAVE.

The entire original of the curious document here reproduced lies before us as we write. It is now in the possession of Miss Sophia Beale, of The Mount, Wilton, Salisbury. The agreement was "signed, sealed, and delivered" in the presence of a witness, one Percy Whitaker, "on the 21st day of March, in the forty-fourth year of His Majesty's reign, and in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and four." A stag's head appears in relief on the seal. The receipt for the hundred pounds—"the consideration sum" for the "negro man slave named Charles"—appears below the seal. Only the upper half is here reproduced, much of the document consisting of the tautological jargon beloved of lawyers in all ages.

THE LONGEST-HORNED COW IN THE WORLD.

Mr. Phil R. Palmer, of Johannesburg, writes us as follows: "Here is a photo. of a South African *cow* whose horns measure 6ft. 6in. from tip to tip. In an *ox*, as doubtless you know, great growth of horns is not unusual, but in a cow it is quite unprecedented, especially to this extent. I took the photo. myself. The cow belongs to Mr. A. S. Gibson, of Waterfall Farm, about twelve miles from Johannesburg. Mr. Gibson and the Dutch farmers throughout the country agree in describing the cow's horns as absolutely unique. This extraordinary cow is perfectly quiet; and she was placed side by side with an ordinary-horned animal in order that an astonishing contrast might be perceptible in the photograph."

CURIOUS RAT-TRAP MADE BY SAVAGES.

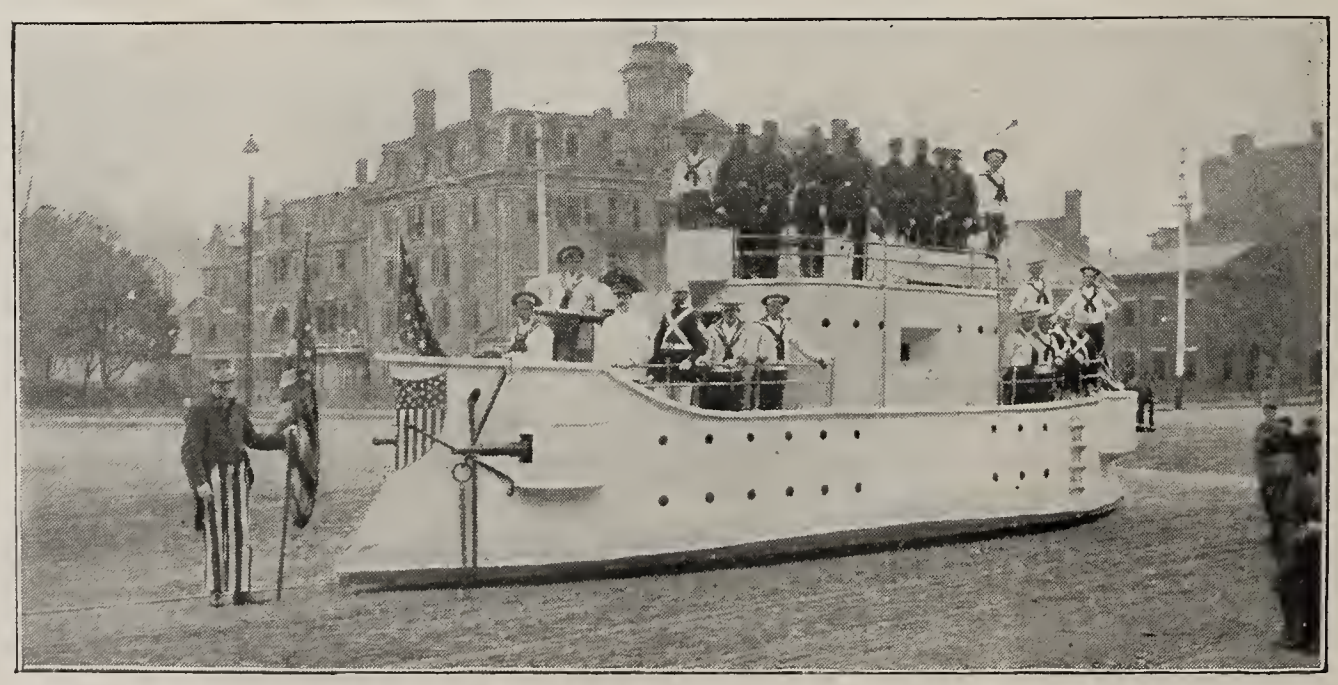
This ingenious and curious rat-trap is a wicker imitation of a snake, having a real snake's head fastened to the end of it with some adhesive substance. The bait is a piece of skin, containing some vegetable substance to which rats are supposed to be very partial. The trap is on the collapsible principle, and it is set by being pressed together at the ends between the hands, until it is large enough to admit the body of a good-sized rat. The spring is then fastened, and as soon as the rat touches the bait at the extreme end of the interior, the whole thing collapses and resumes its original shape, squeezing the rat tightly and effectually securing him, the open work rendering abortive all his attempts to escape. This kind of rat-trap is made and used by the natives of Loanga, West Africa.

ONE BULLET SHOT THROUGH ANOTHER IN FLIGHT.

An extraordinary incident which occurred at the Army Rifle Range near Fort Thomas, Ky., U.S.A., where the Sixth Infantry Regiment conducts its annual target practice. Two officers chanced to be firing at right angles, and at last they fired simultaneously. The markers failed to record both shots, which was surprising, since the marksmen were the flower of their corps. The two bullets were at length found on the grass as we see them in the photo. The smaller bullet, coated with nickel steel and fired from a Krag-Jorgensen magazine rifle, had pierced the first one, which was an ordinary bullet from a ·45 cal. Springfield rifle. This curiosity was picked up by Lieut. B. W. Atkinson, of the United States Army, and the photo. was sent to us by Mr. H. L. Bridwell, of 108, West Canal Street, Cincinnati.

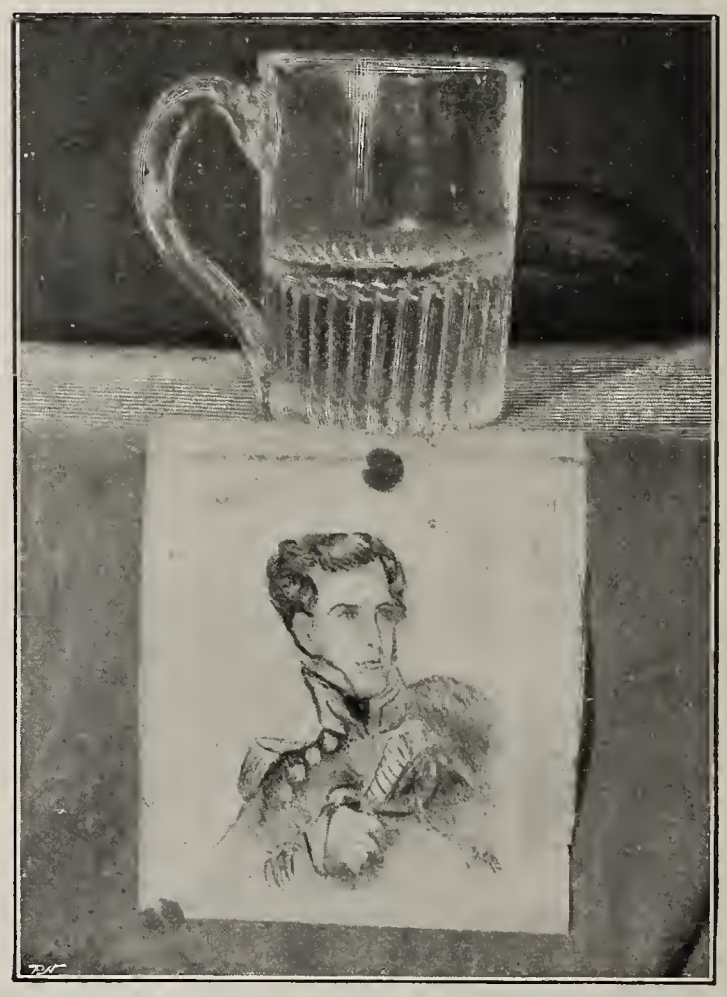
THE McKINLEY CRUISER.

This interesting vessel, photographed by F. C. Moulton, of Fitchburg, Mass., has "never been upon the sea." It was built upon a car-truck by the Fitchburg and Leominster Street Railway Co., of Fitchburg, Mass. Briefly, it was an electioneering novelty, and a first-rater at that. During the last Presidential campaign the cruiser figured very prominently in processions. It was illuminated, and it created a great sensation as it passed through the towns. Possibly the crew knew more about politics than about naval warfare, but "'twas a famous victory" they won, all the same.



GROG-GLASS THAT HAS BEEN TWICE TO THE ANTARCTIC REGIONS.

A most interesting relic is here depicted. It is the grog-glass of an old sailor, and it went twice to the Antarctic regions with its owner, James Savage, a native of Brighton. Savage served as an A.B. in Sir James Ross's expeditions of 1841-7. The fragile nature of the thing makes its survival really remarkable The vessel, together with the portrait of Ross, shown in the photo., was given by Savage's sister to Mrs. J. Vallance, of 18, St. Aubyn's, Hove, who was kind enough to send us the photo. and details. In Mrs. Vallance's china cupboard the glass rested for years, but the lady recently presented it "for luck" to Dr. Nansen.



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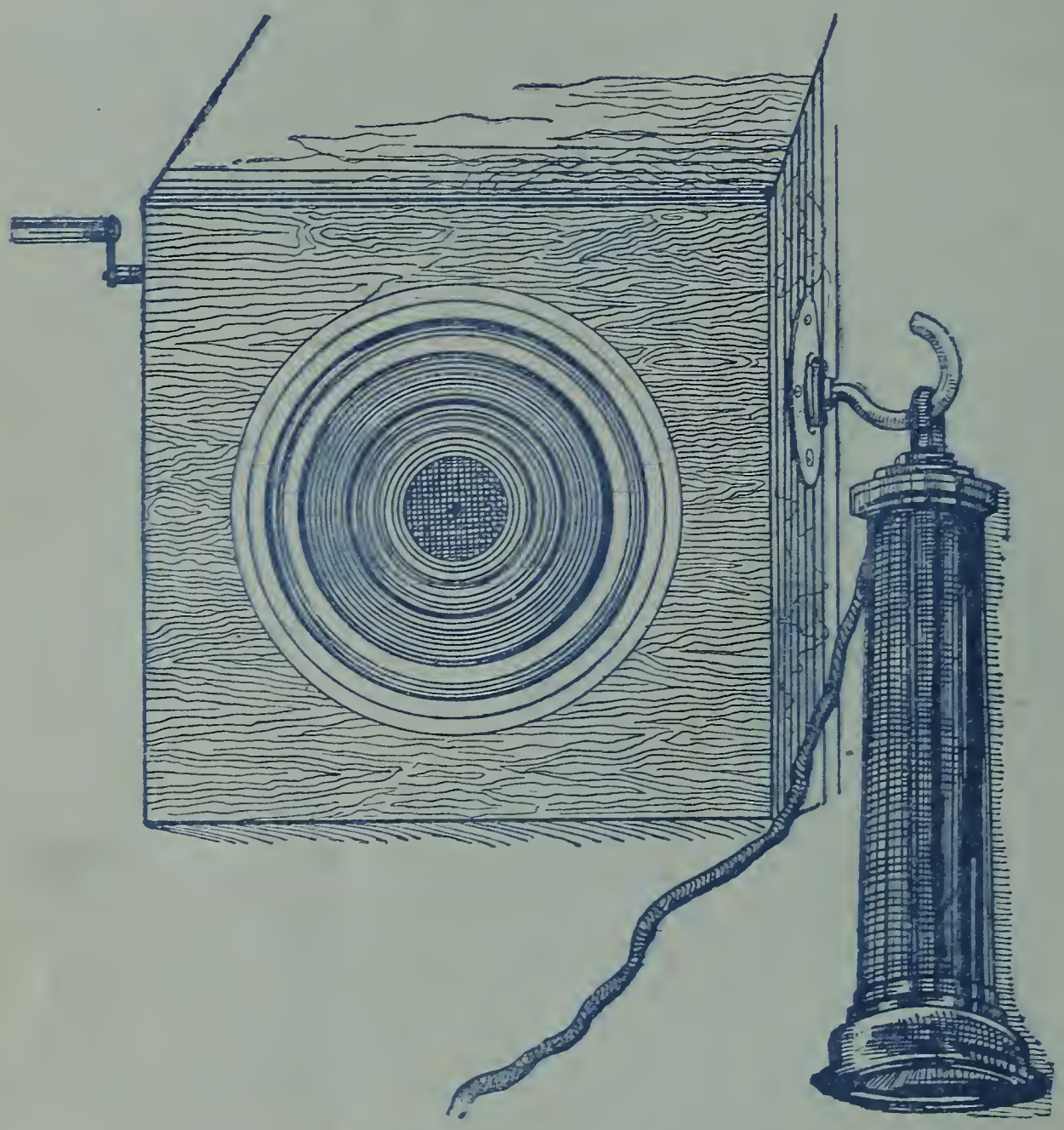

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See Page 285.

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IT IS INCONTROVERTIBLE!

The Editor of the "CHRISTIAN MILLION,"

under the heading of General Notes, on August 20th, 1896, wrote:—

"A good article will stand on its own merits, and we may rely upon it that nothing will continue long which does not, in a more or less degree, harmonize with the statements which are published concerning it."

Mr. HALL CAINE,

Author of "The Deemster," "The Manxman," &c.,

when speaking on "Criticism," recently said:—

"When a thing that is advertised greatly is good, it goes and goes permanently; when it is bad, it only goes for a while: the public find it out."

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ictures on the Human Skin *See Page 425.*

See Page 373. EASTER EGGS. FLOODS. *See Page 441.*

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